

FIREMEN'S MAGAZINE.

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Written Expressly for Firemen's Magazine.

HOW THE OLD YEAR DIED.

BY MALCOM MEREDITH.

"No pitying heart may vainly turn aside
In ways of charity; no soul so dead
But may awaken strong and glorified
If something good be said."

—James W. Riley.

"Charley," said Tom Allen to his friend and partner, "I think when I see that long face you put on occasionally, you ought to have been a preacher."

"There may be 'more truth than poetry' in your remark, Tom," was the quiet reply.

Tom Allen was one of those jolly, kind-hearted, irrepressible fellows, bubbling over with health and life, and never—that is as he said—"hardly ever," wore a long face.

These men were lawyers and partners, and entertained for each other the firmest friendship.

They had met each other at law school, where they had become classmates, room-mates, and, when they left, partners.

They had come from the city where they practiced to the great city to spend the holidays. This had been their custom from their first acquaintance at law school. This was their only real time of rest during the year.

It was the last night of the old year, and they had visited many places where crowds were assembled to study human nature under its varied phases.

Charles Raymond was not a member of any temperance organization, though he was a total abstainer from the use of intoxicating beverages. It had not always been so with him, but he thought he saw danger ahead, and wisely concluded that the safest course would be to let it alone. He knew that his will was strong, but he had seen men with just as strong wills as his, ruined by its use, men who had laughed to ridicule the warnings of friends, and had been buried beneath the quicksands of intemperance. Occasionally, Raymond had found it necessary to say to those who

urged him to drink, "I do not believe a man who habitually uses liquor is a fit person to discharge an important trust. I have seen and known of too many mistakes made by men under this influence while attempting to discharge some trust that had been reposed in them. To faithfully discharge trusts of importance requires a clear brain. Liquor has no influence over me, nor do I purpose it shall. It is something I do not want, nor need, and if used will cause a needless expenditure of money. You often hear a man say, 'He was a whole-souled fellow, generous to a fault; or, he was a fine physician, a talented lawyer, a successful business man, &c., but whisky ruined him.' Now, I do not intend to put any one to the trouble of pronouncing any such eulogy over me."

It was 11 o'clock, and they had just returned to their room.

"You perhaps wonder," said Raymond, "why my 'long face,' as you term it, to-night. Well, I will tell you. I have seen played upon the stage of real life to-night the beginning of some of the saddest tragedies of human life; and, I have seen other acts which are nearer the end. But infinitely sadder are the acts I cannot see. Those are the acts which are left to the mothers, wives and sisters. The piece that is being played is the Tragedy of Intemperance. It has many, very many acts."

"Pshaw! Charley, you are always looking through the glasses of tragedy. Why, old boy, all I saw to-night was comedy; and many a hearty laugh I'll have when memory recalls to-night. The jokes those fellows told would have upset the gravity of the most sober-faced judge that ever sat upon the bench; and those fellows never would have thought of such ridiculous stories without something to liven them up."

"Yes, there is a thread of comedy to some of the actors, and the audience; but to other actors—and the great majority of them—there is no element of comedy. It is a sad, dreary, heart-breaking tragedy; and, all in all, there is no compensation

in the little mirth for the bitter teardrops of agony. Go ask the mother, sister or wife, who has felt the blighting curse of this vice, how much comedy they have known. The wife's idol and the mother's pride have been laid low. How beautiful the scene to them; but the storm came and left death and desolation in its track. Where stood the pride of the forest, now stands a wreck."

Footsteps pass the door, and some one enters the adjoining room.

In a few moments lighter footsteps pass, and the same door opens, and a voice that is recognized as belonging to the landlady, is heard asking if some one is there.

"Yes, Mrs. Jones, I am here," was the answer.

"Well, you can get up and get."

The tone of the woman was cooler and more cutting than the air of that December night.

The reply of the man—"All right Mrs. Jones, I will,"—and the intonation of the voice revealed so much, that it could not have done otherwise than touch the sympathies of any one whose heart had not been hardened against misfortunes.

The landlady went back to her room. Soon the steps of the man were heard, on his way out, but at the head of the stairs he paused.

Tom Allen was a generous-hearted man. Much as he had seen of the selfishness of the world, it had never closed the door of his heart against misfortune. He knew that there had been unworthy recipients of his charity, but when reminded of the fact, his answer was—"I would rather give to an undeserving person, believing him to be worthy, than, by refusing, to risk not helping one who really deserved it."

The look of amusement had left his face, and in its place was one more sober. As if prompted by some impulse he arose, and opened the door.

In the dimly-lighted hallway, at the head of the stairs, stood the man. As the door opened he turned partially around. The face, marred by dissipation, was yet handsome, but there was such a hopeless, despairing look upon it as one sometimes sees, but hopes never to see again.

The voice of Allen broke the silence by asking, in an assumed tone of carelessness, "where the person was who had just been ordered to leave."

The voice of the man faltered, notwithstanding the attempt to speak calmly, as he replied, "I am the person."

"You may come in and stay with me to-night, if you will," said Allen.

An expression of doubt came over the

man's face. Allen repeated the invitation more kindly than before. In a dazed way he followed him into the room and took the proffered seat.

The dress and manner of the man indicated that he had seen better days.

Recovering his self-possession somewhat, and addressing Allen, he said, "My friend—for such you have certainly shown yourself—words will not express the gratitude I feel to you for your kind offer. You have done what only one man in a thousand would have done under like circumstances."

"Then," rejoined Allen, "the nine hundred and ninety-nine would fail to do 'as they would like to be done by' under like circumstances. You are a stranger to me. I don't know what your misfortune may be, but so long as any one is guilty of misfortune only, I cannot see him turned houseless, on such a night as this, into the street, when it is in my power to shelter him."

The voice of the landlady, from the room beyond, interrupted the conversation by saying, "I don't want you men to think that I am a hard-hearted woman. Night after night, for a long time, that man has staid here, without paying me a cent. Everything he gets goes for whisky."

Receiving no answer, she again subsided into silence.

"You seem tired," said Allen. "When you get ready there is a bed for you. My friend and I will occupy this one."

"Thank you; but it would be useless for me to try to sleep the way I am feeling now."

Raymond, who up to this time had said nothing, inquired of the man how long he had been in the city.

"Three years," was the response.

"Have you any relations here?"

"No. They all live in a distant State."

"What have you been engaged in during the time you have been here?"

"I have been bookkeeper for a mercantile house."

"Out of employment now, are you?"

"Yes."

"May I ask what the trouble is?"

"The woman has told you the trouble. Whisky has ruined me. I have had a good situation which I have lost. I have been taken back several times, but it is the same old story over again—temptation comes in my way and then I have to yield."

For a few moments Raymond's head was bent in thoughtful meditation. Again he glanced at the form before him. That faculty, called by phrenologists "human

nature," was large in him, and it was very seldom that he was mistaken in his opinion of another's character. He felt, as he looked at the man, that whatever misfortune or indiscretion had brought his trouble upon him, that he was worth redeeming.

"May I inquire your name?" said Raymond, resuming the conversation.

"Herman Halstead," was the answer.

"Very well, I shall take the liberty of calling you by your given name."

"I am indeed sorry for any one who has had the misfortune to have acquired any injurious habit. Most men have their failings. 'To err is human,' and I am not an exception. As one who has erred and battled with temptation and finally came off victorious, I know the power of evil over one. Having known the power of kindred evil, I can, therefore, to a certain extent, 'put myself in your place.' Now—though stranger you are—I would like to be a friend to you; and, if you are willing, we will talk the matter over and see if some good will result from it."

"You and your friend have treated me, an outcast, with such kindness and consideration, that I will gladly listen to what you have to say, hoping that good may come from it, though fearing it is too late."

"Very well; let us look this matter squarely in the face. I do not want to say an unkind word to you, and what I shall say that may seem harsh will be to place the matter before you in a way that will most likely do some good."

Raymond was not only a fine conversationalist, but an eloquent orator. Few men, when he chose to exert himself, could withstand the charm of his manner and voice; and to-night he seemed to be calling all the power in his nature to his aid. Herman's mind was, no doubt, busy with the thoughts of his misfortunes, and none knew better than the man who was to undertake it, the difficulty of words having their desired effect under such circumstances as those by which he was surrounded. Few, perhaps, would have undertaken it.

Raymond had paused a moment. He now addressed Herman, quietly rising as he did so. The voice was so low as not to disturb any one in the other rooms.

"Here you are to-night, homeless, and would have been houseless, but for the kindness of another. Where your next meal is to come from you do not know. The fickleness of human nature and your own conduct have left you friendless. If you continue in such a course, the drunkard's grave will be your fate. How different

you might make life. How much brighter, better, and more useful. Money, friends, position, happiness, and the love of some good, pure woman might be yours, if you would come out from under the bondage of this fearful slavery. Now I want you to answer this question honestly: Do you see your danger and feel the great need there is to lift this curse from your life, and do you really desire to do so?"

"I do, and have tried, but I cannot resist the temptation. I have 'seen my danger and felt the great need of a change,' but it seems impossible."

"Herman, no sane man is compelled beyond all he can do to continue in any bad or injurious habit. When a man says he can't break away from a habit, he means either, that he does not want to, or he is not willing to use that exertion by self-denial or otherwise, requisite to win victory over habit. If he will bring all his power of mind and soul to bear, and will avail himself of other needful helps, which he may, he can break the chain of habit, and be free. Now, another question presents itself. Are you willing to use every effort in your power to reform? If you are, you can; if not, you cannot. You will have to fight this battle with temptation without one compromise. It must be a battle to the death of the habit, or a yielding to a terrible slavery."

"I am what is termed 'a man of the world,' though not in all that term, in its widest acceptation, implies. By this I mean that I am a man belonging to no religious denomination, or holding out to the world in any other light than that I desire to be a moral, law abiding man. But while this is so, I find many things in the Bible that I believe are good and true; much that is wholesome and instructive. And so there is one part of it comes to me now that will help place this matter before you in its right light: that is it will place you right before yourself, as to whether you are willing to use that self-denial and exertion necessary to bring about a reform. 'Good master, what good thing shall I do that I may have eternal life?' was the inquiry of the young man to the Saviour. You perhaps remember that Jesus, after saying to him: 'If thou wilt enter into life, keep the commandments?' was asked, which of them? And he mentioned several. 'All these things have I kept from my youth up; what lack I yet?' was the answer, and inquiry. 'Sell that thou hast, and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven: and come and follow me?' was the instruction. But when the young man heard that saying he

went away sorrowful: for he had great possessions. Now herein lies the similitude. In each case something must be done to produce the desired effect. The young man desired life eternal, but he was not willing to do that which was in his power to do, to attain it. It was not that he had not the power, but that he would not do it. Self-denial was necessary in your case as his. You are required to give up the use of liquor if you expect to attain temporal salvation. That which is pleasant to the sensation of the taste must be given up. To do this will require self-denial and watchfulness. You say: 'I want to redeem my life. I want to be free from this bondage?' Well you can be if you will pay the price. 'You can not serve two masters?' Then which do you choose to serve? The choice is for you to make. Self-denial will bring its reward finally; but before you can 'wear the crown,' you must 'bear the cross.'

"You are, no doubt, far better acquainted with the character of this land of intemperance and its inhabitants than I am, but I will briefly compare it with that land of sobriety where you formerly resided. The inhabitants are vassals, rendering service to the conqueror, rum, and his allies, the men to whom he gives the titles of barons and lords. They are under the conqueror, but the vassals owe them allegiance. It is strange indeed that adjoining and holding communication with the other civilized lands, this country maintains its tyrannical laws and customs; but so it is. Conquering hosts have invaded the country, and such victories have been won as have made the lords tremble. To one who has not become an inhabitant, it seems a land of death and horror. Its very soil breeds murder and licentiousness. Across it blow heated simoon winds which wither morality. Its main highway leads to the 'house of her whose steps take hold on hell.' The sickly flowers of misery, and the poisonous vines of sin, flourish, while the beautiful flowers of the soul wither and die. You never expected to become a resident of this country, but you had strayed here before you were aware of it. This is not what that beautiful land of sobriety was to you. It is away in the distance now, but you have yet strength to reach it. Go back to the land of your birth. Feel once more the healing breath of temperate air. Leave this land of nightmare and heartlessness, and go back to the friends of your youth. In that country you were peer to any; here you

are a vassal of the meanest kind. Here these lords deal you out this poisonous drink while your money lasts, and kick you from their doors when it is gone. Remove this poison from your system, your soul and your life; and try again that liquid with which God intended you should quench your thirst. Is there a spark of manhood left yet?—then rebel against this slavery. The conqueror and his allies have issued an imperial order that none shall leave the land. They are mighty, but there is a help above and within you, that is mightier than they. You have a will and it can be sovereign. You may not be strong enough to fight the battle alone, but over the telegraph wires of human sympathy, you can send a message, and there will be an army of friends to come to the rescue. Fight the battle nobly and manfully. Call in every ally you can, and you will march back to your native land. Old friends who were grieved to know that you had emigrated from the country of sobriety, will give you as glad a welcome back to your old home, as though you were risen from the dead."

Raymond paused. His words seemed to have affected Herman, for into his face there had come more of a hopeful look.

"I would," said Herman, "like to regain my place among men. But there seems to be little hope for me. How am I ever to make a beginning again? Who will listen to my oft repeated promises of reformation? Who that has known me will have faith enough in me, to try me again? As I have said, they have tried me time and again, until they have lost faith in my promises, and patience with me. But to add to this, the woman whom I love better than life, long ago—before I had fallen so low as I have—broke her engagement with me, and has lost even the respect she had for me. She might have redeemed me, but as it is my burden is only heavier."

"Did she ever accept the attentions of anyone else?" asked Raymond.

"No; I am satisfied that she has not. She said that hard as it would be to harden the affections against one she loved, it would be better than to run the risk of becoming a drunkard's wife or widow."

"You may live," said Raymond, "to see the truth, and acknowledge the wisdom of that decision. I have sisters whom I dearly love; but I would rather look upon them in their coffins, than to know that they were the wives of hard

drinkers, or drunkards. Hard as it would be, it would be far better. Whenever a woman is influenced through her affections to marry a man with the hope and expectation of reforming him, she has made a mistake; that is, from the evil power of strong drink. Marriage will lessen instead of increasing her influence over him, under such circumstances; and by refusing to marry him she escapes, generally, the saddest tragedy the human heart can know, save the dishonor of some loved one. Until you stand a free man, liquor has a greater influence over you than this woman, and would if she were your wife. The assertion that it helps to reform men is disproven by observation. It is possible that it might occasionally succeed, but the failures would so far outnumber the successes, that it is too dangerous an experiment. And now, in concluding what I have to say in the nature of an appeal to your higher and better manhood, I will say that I feel that your life is worth redeeming. If I had not believed this I would not have talked to you as I have. Before you lies the possibility of a better life. It may be that there are grand possibilities awaiting you. It is now getting late, and if you earnestly desire to redeem the past, I will tell you how I think it can be done. Do you feel that you are willing to make this effort?"

"Your words have inspired me with more courage than I ever thought I could feel again, and I do not hesitate to say that I will make the effort," said Herman.

"Alone," resumed Raymond, "you are unable to fight this battle; therefore you want all the help from whatever source you can get. First then the highest and best help man gets, comes, I believe, from God. As I understand this it is having a belief in the teachings of Christ and letting your life be governed by them. What your belief is I do not know, but if you can not avail yourself of this help, from want of faith or other reason, you will miss the highest help."

"Next to this, your help must come from the elevating and ennobling power of pure women. So conduct yourself as to win their respect. Seek their society. This will not only be a great help to you, but a great safeguard."

"Unite with some temperance organization, for there you will meet those having like purposes as yourself. 'In union there is strength'; and each member, so long as he remains faithful, is a support to the rest. Seek that company and those places farthest from temptation."

"And now, good night, or, rather, good morning. The old year has been dying, and now is dead, and I trust that with the new year you will begin your new life."

It was after seven o'clock the next morning before Allen and Raymond awoke. Herman was sitting as they had left him. It was evident that he had not retired. There was a look of weariness upon the face. Evidently there had been a battle fought with self, and bitter reflections.

"How are you feeling this morning?" inquired Allen.

"It would be no easy matter to tell you how I feel—tired enough." And the same sad refrain—"Nothing a man knows, in grief or in sin is half as bitter as this,—what I might have been, keeps repeating itself."

"I thought," said Raymond, "that you had concluded to 'let the dead past bury its dead,' and 'act in the living present.' This is the new year, and I wish it may be a happy one to you. What a beautiful day to begin the new life. Come, we are going to breakfast, and want you to go with us."

"Thank you, but that would be trespassing too much on your kindness."

The friends both insisted, and Herman seeing that they would be disappointed, consented to go.

Breakfast over they returned to their room. Raymond had found out the name of the firm where Herman had been employed. He also ascertained that Herman would gladly go back to the position he had lost. Without giving him any idea that he intended to get the firm, if possible, to take him back again, he went to their place of business. There he was very pleasantly surprised to meet an old friend, who was one of the members of the firm. Raymond told him the story of the past night, and said he thought that with the right kind of help a permanent reform might be brought about. He interceded so well that it was agreed, after the friend had consulted with the other members of the firm, to give Herman one more trial.

Raymond carried the news to Herman, who said that words would fail to express his gratitude for such kindness, and that he would try, by thorough reform, to be worthy of such trust as had been reposed in him.

During the few remaining days of their stay the friends did what they could to strengthen his purpose. The day before they left they saw him back in his old

place, in the mercantile house. Before leaving they bid him good bye, and told him that at the end of the year they hoped to hear that he was loyal to the faith reposed in him. And then they were gone, and Herman was left alone to fight his battle with the terrible foe.

II.

Three years have past since that memorable December night. Allen has returned to his Eastern home to spend the holidays with the "old folks," as he affectionately calls them. Raymond was again in the great city. One year after that New Years they were in the city, but they did not see Herman for he was away at the time, on business connected with the house; but the report which the friends received was satisfactory. The second year business compelled them to break through their custom, and so they had not seen Herman since that night. But he had written them. The first year there had come a letter from him saying that he was holding out faithfully; that from all the suggested sources help had come. First and greatest from God. Secondly, from women, and the temperance organization. Friends had come back to him again. But the crowning pleasure was, that he won the consent of the woman of whom he had spoken, to become his wife; and that when spring came he was to lead her to the altar.

The next year another letter had come, telling of a partnership in the house he was in; of a cozy home which had been bought; and of a happy marriage, which had made that home a paradise.

The bells of the churches were calling to services, and Raymond wended his way to one of those beautiful edifices in which worship was held. The voices of the singers, blending harmoniously with the deep tones of the organ, came floating out to him as he ascended the steps of the building. That beautiful piece of sacred music, "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," was being sung. The usher showed him to a seat near the center of the house. Something in the sound of that beautiful tenor voice caused him almost involuntarily to turn his head. The eyes of the singer met his. Where had he seen that face before? Surely he had seen it, and where?

The song was ended; and then came the announcement of the text. The minister was a true orator, and so thoroughly in earnest, that Raymond, following intently the thought, forgot, for a time, the face in the choir.

The sermon is over and the congregation dismissed. Raymond passed slowly along the aisle until he is near the door, when he feels the touch of a hand upon his arm, and he turns to meet the face he saw in the choir. He steps aside to let the throng pass. Once more he looks intently at the face. Ah! he knows it now; but it is so changed from what it was three years ago. It is Herman. The look of hopelessness and unrest are gone, and in their place peace has come. By his side stands a fair form, with a pure, womanly face. Raymond bows from the manner of the introduction to Herman's wife, that she knows the story of that December night and New Years day. He is to both a dear friend. They had hoped, they said, that a time of meeting would come when they could thank their friends for what they had done; and now that time had come.

Raymond could not resist the invitation so earnestly given, that he should go with them to their home. It had been a pleasant thought, they said, to them, that they one day could entertain their friends in their home; and they regretted that Allen was not present.

And so he went with them to their home. Everything spoke of refinement. There was no lavish display, but the necessities and comforts, and many of the luxuries were there. But it was filled with the "sunshine of happiness." Vice could have no power to lure from such a paradise.

The past and the present. Ah! how they contrasted. The darkness and misery of the one, the sunshine and happiness of the other.

Dinner was announced, and when they were seated at the table, Herman offered a prayer of thanks which contained the following beautiful and touching sentiments:

"OUR FATHER: Accept the thanks our hearts would offer, but which our lips can not speak. Bless, we pray thee, the friend who is with us to-day, and the one now far away, who were instruments in thy hands for so much good. May the curse of rum be lifted from the lives it is blighting and crushing, and peace and happiness come back to the hearts and homes of the thousands in all civilized lands, whence they have been banished by this evil. Help us to conform our lives to the teaching and example of thy dear Son. Make our conversation and life pure. May we, feeling our own errors and frailties, have a charity for the erring, and an influence to bring them

back to the paths of morality and sobriety. Help us to remember the 'almost Almighty power of human circumstances' to make us what we are and not speak uncharitably of the failures of others."

In all that great city there were no homes where peace and happiness reigned more supreme than in this one.

And with conversation and the singing of beautiful hymns, the day passed, and the night came. But how different the tableaux to-night, and the one of that December night three years ago.

For Firemen's Magazine.

THOUGHTS FOR THE NEW YEAR.

How quick the evanescent wing of time,
Flies swiftly on from year to year:
And scarcely dies the welcome chime,
Till a farewell strikes upon the ear.
Ambition cannot check its speed,
To gain the goal its heart desires,
Nor can the selfish will of greed
Or power; however it aspires.

With time—ambition, greed and power
Are as bubbles on a rushing stream;
They float and dance and sport an hour,
Then vanish like actors in a dream.
Beauty and youth like flowrets rise
Which spring and perish in a day;
First feed on dew from morning skies,
And sink with eve's declining ray.

And millions come and millions go
And kingdoms fall and empires change
And peoples rise and nations grow
Yet undisturbed time onward ranges.
And all that was and all that is,
Or in the coming time may be,
Shall sink into time's dark abyss,
But time rolls on eternally.

How few and transient are the years
That gauge life's mortal span;
But oh! what floods of blood and tears
Have traced the steps of man.
The slaughtered victims of his hate
Have fertilized the earth that bore him;
And nations prone and desolate
To glut his greed, have sunk before him.

Intolerance marked his zeal for God,
And corpses paved his way to glory;
Ignorance incarnadined the despot's rod,
And scribes proclaimed the murderous story.

But thought is changing; light is breaking
Truth is spreading everywhere,
Man is from his dream awaking
Despots quaking in their lair.

Let us to whom the light is given,
Assistance lend the glorious scheme,
To build on earth a branch of heaven
Where peace and love shall reign supreme
On this auspicious New Year's morn
When merry bells in gladsome chime
Announce "Another year is born,
And fondling in the lap of time;"
Let us renew our hopes and vows
To persevere in doing good;
Till olive wreathes deck manly brows
And races join in Brotherhood.

Dear brethren of the mystic tie,
This day to you with promise rare,
Is beaming from hope's radiant sky,
And brightening round you everywhere.
Seven years ago your ranks were small
And clouds beset your dawning day;
But few responded to the call
When a brother's life was swept away.

Suspicion watched with jealous eye,
And vicious tongues assailed your fame,
But you've withstood the test of rivalry
And maintained prestige and your name.
Designing traitors in your band,
Had plunged you in the maddening strife,
When bloody riot convulsed the land
And labor struck for bread of life.

A financial crisis next appeared,
Caused by mismanagement, most base,
Of unworthy men who reckless steered
To ruination and disgrace.
But now the strife and storm is over
Success has crowded your brave endeavor,
With ranks more compact than before,
And prospects brighter now than ever.

The organ of our Brotherhood,
A weak and sickly print for years,
Is now a power for doing good
And precedence yields to no compeers.
See, it comes forth, this New Year's day,
With polished dress and widened page,
With wit as bright as heaven's ray
And moral lessons wise and sage.

Let every man and every branch
From Montreal to New Orleans,
From J. M. Dodge's orange ranche
To Yankeedom—the land of beans;
Resolve with all his soul and sense
To labor now more manfully,
And spread the seeds of "Benevolence
As well as Sobriety and Industry."

THOS. P. O'ROURKE.

H. H. L., of No. 45, reports the promotion of Bros. W. Saunders and Jep Stout, of No. 45. They are now full fledged engineers, and we wish them every success.

OUR EXCHANGES.

KATE SHELLEY'S HEROISM.

HOW SHE SAVED A TRAIN FROM DESTRUCTION.

The Boone (Ia.) Democrat, on Monday, published a complete and connected account of the now almost world-wide story of Miss Kate Shelley's daring mission of mercy during the storm of Wednesday night, July 6th.

A fair idea of the extent of the wash-outs and damage to culverts and bridges by this storm can be formed from the fact that, had not the subsequent rains taken place, which increased the damage of Wednesday night, a week's labor with the largest repairing corps possible to be used, would have been barely sufficient to place the road in a condition for the renewal of business. Honey Creek, from Boone to Moingona, is a rapid and treacherous stream, fed by many others of smaller size, all of which contribute to swell the usually unpretentious creek to the volume of a mighty river, the force of which was a severe test upon the strength of any structure opposing its course. Of the twenty-one bridges between Boone and Moingona, southwest a distance of five miles, eleven were destroyed or badly damaged, those with stone abutments alone resisting the flood.

Two accidents made Moingona the scene of excitement and sorrow during the night. At this place pushers are stationed to help trains over the steep grades east and west, and also watchmen are employed for the east and west sections, whose duty it is to examine the road after the passage of all trains and ascertain if the track is all safe. This precaution has always been provided by the company as a means of guarding against accidents on what would otherwise be at all times a very dangerous section of the road. Just before the storm broke, pusher engine No. 230, had returned from helping a train over the hill to Boone. During the evening, railroad employes, with lanterns in hand, were gathered at the depot, anxiously discussing the alarming situation, and wondering what would be the orders, if any.

It was in obedience to the order requiring section men to carefully examine the track after a storm, and the following

further order received from the train dispatcher at Boone, that men went out to learn the extent of the damage:

Wood, Moingona:

Run to Boone and return to Moingona regardless of all trains, W. P. WARD.

Engineer Charles Schram, with engine 230, started west with his party of men, among them O'Neal, who lost his life by stepping upon the loosened tie of a bridge, and falling into the water below. At the same time Ed. Wood, with the pusher engine No. 11, started east, having with him George Olmstead, fireman; Adam Ager, brakeman, and Pat Donahue, east section boss. Olmstead and Donahue being the two men who lost their lives at the broken bridge hereafter mentioned. Of the accident which occurred, Ed Wood says:

"These men were sitting down on the tender, and Donahue was signaling me both with his voice and lantern. We had passed over the Des Moines River bridge near town in safety, and when reaching Honey Creek, about one mile from the depot, I was backing slowly and suggested an examination. Donahue signaled 'all right, go on, the track is here, and the timbers all in place.' We had not passed on the bridge, as it now turns out, much more than twelve feet when I heard the timbers begin to crack, but, in the darkness, with the headlight behind instead of before me, I could not tell just what part of the bridge I had reached; though I was near the center of the stream, and might possibly make the east bank. I then sprang from the end of the tender, where I was standing, into the cab, and threw on a full head of steam. The weak place proved to be in the center of the bridge, directly over the main current, which we had not yet reached. To this point the engine leaped in a second, and down we went with an awful crash into twenty-five feet of surging water. I could not see the other men. I was in the cab when the engine struck the water, but how I got out I can't tell; think the cab was torn loose by the force of the current. I knew I could not swim, and my first thought was to guard against filling my lungs with water. This I succeeded in doing. The first thing I came in contact with, I think, was the tank, and my hold must have been on the round roll around the top. It was surging and tumbling, and finally threw me loose. I was then washed down stream,

and when three feet under water struck driftwood. Here the water was about twelve feet deep under the drift, but I managed to hold on. I don't think I could have done so had it not been that just then a large tree came sweeping down the stream, roots foremost, caught fast, probably against the tank, and veered around in such a way as to break the force of the current sweeping against me. The water went down very fast, and in about half an hour was not more than up to my waist, but was still very deep between me and either shore. Next I noticed the waves rolling down towards me four or five feet high, and I felt sure that the Boone Reservoir had bursted, and that it was all over with me then. The sight was grand and terrible, but it was all over in a moment. The waves swept over me and the waters again went down quickly, leaving me clinging to the branches of a willow tree. As the stream kept going down I was finally safe on a sand-bank, though surrounded by water.

Of his rescue, Wood says his first ray of hope was when, soon after the crash and he had called for help, he saw the light of Kate Shelley's lantern gleaming in the dark woods. Next he saw the brave girl peering down from the broken timbers of the bridge into the rushing flood below, and calling to know who was there. He called her further down stream, and after a moment of hurried conversation she started on her perilous mission of mercy to Moingona.

Adam Ager, who was also in the water, clinging for life to the root of a tree, in his experience, as published in our former report, spoke to the reporter of Kate Shelley's welcome appearance at the wreck, and said that while she was gone to Moingona himself and Wood managed to make their voices heard one to the other.

The wreck at the bridge, where men were struggling for their lives in the water, and the further fact that the hour for the approach of the regular passenger train was so near that another dreadful calamity might be added to the already mournful disaster, are now sufficiently understood by the reader. We therefore omit all other portions of the former article, giving in conclusion simply that which made record of the noble and daring work of Kate Shelley during a night when the wrath of an appalling tempest, before which even brave men shuddered, was upon the land.

Miss Kate Shelley is perhaps 18 years of age, comely and neat in appearance,

modest and unassuming in demeanor, with an intelligent, thoughtful countenance and womanly expression, plainly indicating that very early in years life's real battle, and not its rosy dreams, came upon her, and that in bravely accepting the hard struggle she had unconsciously fitted herself to become the heroine in the story which the Democrat gives without exaggeration. For fifteen years her home has been in a small house in the woods on the hill southeast from the scene of the accident, and commanding from its somewhat lonely position a full view of the fatal bridge. For six years, and until his death three years ago, her father, old in railroad service, was the faithful and intrepid night-watchman on this dangerous section of the road, losing his health by exposure in the discharge of his duty, and finally, while out at his post in the night during a terrible storm, so aggravated his disease that death from consumption was rapidly hastened, and to this came to Kate the added sorrow of having her brother drowned in the stream near by. Since that time the superintendence of the work upon the little "clearing" has fallen to her, and neighbors say she has not failed in being a faithful support to her widowed mother.

Kate's first experience the night of the storm was in going down the hill to the stable, which was rapidly filling with water and releasing their scanty herd of stock. Upon her return to the house her mother says she was pale with anxiety, and insisted on going at once to give an alarm for the safety of the bridge. She could see the waters dashing against it, and was certain it must give way, as no such flood had ever tried its strength. Her mother attempted to quiet her alarm by assuring her that Dennis Murphy, the section watch, would be there, but Kate replied: "If it was pa, I know he would be there; but it won't do to feel sure that any one will go." For a long time she sat at the window peering anxiously out in the darkness at the threatened structure, and finally lay down on her bed, but did not sleep. Presently she heard an engine bell give two weird taps, and said she knew it was No. 11. A crash followed, then the hissing of the hot boiler striking the water, and then two cries for help! The stillness which followed, Kate describes as awful. Nothing could be heard except the roar of the thunder mingled with the sullen wash of the surging steam. In response to her mother's entreaties not to go—that it would be

certain death to venture out in a place so dark and dangerous—her brave reply was: "Mother, I could never forgive myself if I did not make an effort to save those poor men calling for help, and the passenger train should be warned. I will go to Moingona, or die in the attempt." They had only the globe and framework of a lantern, the oil cup and burner being melted away, but Kate hastily improvised a light by hanging an old miner's lym in the bottom of the lantern, and leaving her mother, and little sister and brother all crying as though at a final parting, she started out alone in the awful tempest.

From the house the Democrat reporter followed the route taken by the intrepid, girl to the bridge. This was Saturday, and the ground was yet water-soaked and the way difficult, but nothing in comparison with what it must have been when dense midnight clothed the woods in darkness, and a rushing flood swept down the hillsides and through the gully, weighting the thick underbrush low to the ground. The route was necessarily nearly a mile in length, leading in places close to the swollen stream, through marshes, and once into a swiftly-running slough out of which the girl says she came thoroughly soaked, but managed to save her life. Once she was lost in the woods, but the moment she found a path she knew which way to go. Ed. Woods says he was well nigh overjoyed when he saw the light approaching the clearing near the end of the bridge, and that he will never forget the sight of Kate Shelley making her way out over the twisted and broken work to the last tie yet hanging over the wreck in the boiling flood below, and calling down to know who was there. He summoned her further down the stream, and after a moment of consultation she left, assuring him that she would bring help from Moingona. Before her yet lay her most hazardous journey, to undertake which required the cool, calculating bravery of a heart not insensible to fear, but inspired by that sublime determination which risks danger when duty calls. Following the track, she made her way to the long, high bridge over the Des Moines river. This was already sweeping far beyond its banks and floating debris battered against the trestles and piers. Along the high approaches of open timber work, and over the body of the river, thirty feet above the roaring current, she made her way, stepping from tie to tie. A single misstep would be fatal, and, to add to the horror of her ter-

rible venture, just as she reached the bridge her flickering light went out, leaving her in total darkness. Providence must have guided the footsteps of the intrepid girl, for she made her way over in safety. She informed a reporter that once she feared a monstrous tree floating down the river might move the bridge, and halted for a moment, and that the lightning flashes were all the time blinding, leaving the darkness more intense, also that the wind and rain made her shiver with cold. Having crossed the bridge, she soon followed the track along the embankment to the depot. The danger of the passenger train rushing into the yawning vortex was now compassed, and Kate Shelley's horrible tidings had been added to the sad news of O'Neal's death.

A rescuing party was quickly gathered and started on engine 230 to the wreck, taking the heroine of the night with them in the cab. At the wreck it became necessary to reach the opposite shore. How to get there none of the willing men knew, but in a moment Kate was at their head piloting them through the darkness by a slippery pathway through dense underbrush close to the edge of the sloping cliff overhanging the swollen stream. This took them around the letter S described by its current, and down through the oats patch near her home to another bridge, crossing which the way to the end of the wreck opposite Moingona was easy, and the work of rescuing Wood and Ager was at once begun.

And the hour and a half past must have been of thrilling suspense to all, but right nobly had Kate Shelley done her work. For the purpose of saving imperiled lives she has made for herself a record of sublime daring which in an era less selfish than the present would promptly meet with that substantial recognition which gratitude bestows upon the worthy, and win for her name a wreath beautiful and fadeless as the immortelles with which history entwines the memory of Grace Darling.

At present Miss Shelley is lying seriously ill at her house from the effects of the exposure sustained in her perilous trip, but it is believed that her restoration to health will be speedy.

A meeting of citizens was held last Friday, at which a committee to receive subscriptions for Miss Shelley, who is the sole support of a widowed mother, was appointed. The committee consists of

Dr. A. A. Deering, Postmaster at Boone, Iowa, and John McCabe and John Payton, of Moingona, Ia.

A HERO.

Centralia (Ill.) Herald.

A terrible accident occurred on Friday morning, about 4 A. M., by which Robert R. Wild, son of Samuel R. Wild, lost his life. It appears that after having held the momentum of the train, as is customary there, he let off his brakes and was in the act of stepping from the cars into the engine tender when the engine broke loose, and he fell down in front of the train. When picked up he was in an unconscious state, from which he never rallied, but passed quietly from earth on Sunday, the 24th, at 8:30 P. M. His right leg was badly mangled, and would have been amputated had he recovered, but he died from internal injuries, after three days of agonizing suffering.

Robert came to our city when a child, and received all his schooling here. He was by profession a locomotive fireman, and was resolved on being an engineer, but was unable to get such a position at home and accepted employment as brakeman temporarily on the I. C. R. R., with the above result. He was of a bright and joyous nature, loved by his companions and idolized at home. His parents and sisters are completely prostrated by his melancholy and untimely end.

"Could love at home his death have prevented, His life on earth would not so soon have been spent."

Robert was a member of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, and this organization held appropriate exercises at the grave. A delegation of brakemen acted as pall-bearers. The funeral services were conducted by Rev. Frederick, assisted by Rev. Thompson. Mr. Wild and family have the sympathy of the entire community in their sad bereavement.

STRANGE SHADOWS UNDER THE HEAD LIGHT.

From Detroit Free Press.

There are living in Detroit to-day perhaps fifty men who have left the cab of the locomotive for some other employment, and in some cases the reasons for leaving are curious enough. It is hard

to find a drinker who will admit that liquor hurts him, or a user of the weed who will agree with the doctors that nicotine slowly and surely shatters the nervous system. And it is harder still to find an engine driver who admits that the long hours, ceaseless vigils and rough riding have weakened his nerves or affected his courage.

"He was an excellent man for years," said a depot official as he pointed to a retired engineer lounging around the Union Depot, "but the time came when he saw phantoms and we had to retire him."

"Phantoms?"

"Yes. They seemed realities to him, of course, but to others they were shadows and phantoms. In the last year of his run I was on his train one night when he stopped twice in twelve miles for obstructions on the track, and yet there wasn't so much as a straw on the rails. Another night he stopped dead still at the end of a bridge, believing the structure gone, and towards the last began picking up corpses at the cross-roads."

"How?"

"Well, his nerves were so unstrung that when his train dashed across a country highway on a dark night he would imagine the locomotive had struck a farmer's wagon, and he would halt the train to run back and investigate."

"Do all engineers become affected in this way?"

"No. There are men on the roads centering here who are as good to-day as they were when they entered the cab fifteen or twenty years ago. It is according to the temperament. The constant vigilance and burden of responsibility are a terrible worry to some and no burden at all to others. The motion of an engine alone would break down some men. The engineer who takes out the Pacific express to-night grows fat over his hard work, and twenty years service would not break him down. His predecessor broke down and died before he had been at the throttle six years."

"And so some of them see phantoms, eh?"

"Yes; and let me tell you of an instance. Three or four years ago the engineer of a Lake Shore train began chasing a horse. One night after leaving the junction a black horse jumped on the track ahead of him and led him a race of several miles. It was only his imagination, but he was as certain in his own mind that he saw what he did not see as

you are that you sit here. He not only quarreled with his conductor and fireman about the matter, but insisted that the superintendent should send some official to verify his statements. I was selected to go out in the cab. Soon after leaving the junction the horse appeared not to my eyes, but to the driver's. I saw nothing but the black rails and smooth road bed, but he saw the horse. He identified the color, marks and other particulars, and in his eagerness to get closer to the animal he ran the train past one of the stopping stations at the rate of fifty miles an hour. We had to take him off the train and give him other work, but he did not live long. We had almost a parallel case to-day."

"Who is it?"

"It is an old fireman from the Grand Trunk who left here several years ago and took an engine on the Illinois Central. He held out well for five or six years, and then began to race with a phantom. It was that of an Indian warrior mounted on a white horse and speeding along the prairie beside the track. In this instance the fireman's superstition was excited, and he, too, saw the phantom. Would you believe that they flung lumps of coal at the shadow and fired at it with a revolver? They actually did, and one night over-run their time and brought up against a freight train, making a terrible mess of it. The engineer of a train running out of this depot walked into head-quarters the other day and asked for a lay off for three months. At first he would give no excuse, but finally admitted that he was killing too many men on his run. He was breaking down, and instead of racing with imaginary horses he was running over imaginary persons. He is the first driver I ever knew to admit his nervousness, but this admission will be his salvation. He will get a rest for three months and go back to the cab with his old nerve restored."

A MILLIONAIRE'S SAY.

Lebanon, Pa., Gazette.

Few of the visitors to the great Cornwall iron estate, in this county, receive invitations to inspect the workshop of the young millionaire, Robert Coleman. Mr. Coleman destroyed a palace half built when his young wife died, a year ago, and her embalmed body was brought from Paris to be entombed in a mausoleum here, in the shape of an Episcopal cathedral, that cost \$250,000.

Since the death of the young bride, the grief stricken widower has paid much attention to machinery and engineering. He had a building erected containing a single large room, with high ceiling and frescoed walls. A circular roadway, with a double line of steel tracks, extends around the room. Patent safety switches, electric crossing signals, safety frogs and the latest methods of fastening rails are in use on this play house railway. The total length of track is about 150 feet, double-track and two sidings. At one end is a round-house, with turn-tables that operate automatically. Three miniature locomotives are employed. Every piece of mechanism, every rod, bolt, screw lever, spring, tire, cock, pipe and pump are on these locomotives. The boiler rackets, rods and drivers are nickel-plated. The cabs are made of solid walnut, and the boilers proper and the fire-boxes are of wrought steel. The tenders are of copper, and their water supply is taken by scoops from vats on the roadway while the locomotives are in motion.

The locomotives are about four feet in length, including the tender, and are marvels of beauty. They are of English design, so far as high driving wheels are concerned; otherwise, they are advanced American ideas, and have many original appliances of Mr. Coleman's invention.

The locomotives are fired and set in motion. Around the tracks they go, while the millionaire owner watches the movements of the miniature machinery. Hours are thus passed; all sorts of experiments are tried; high speed and low speed are tried to determine the comparative effect of friction.

To develop his railway ideas, Mr. Coleman has determined to build and equip a road extending from the Cornwall estate to the Pennsylvania railroad, a distance of about twenty miles. In all probability this road, for its size, will be one of the best equipped in the country. It will carry the iron from the Cornwall furnace to market over a shorter route than is now in use.

THE MUTILATED CURRENCY QUESTION.

Brooklyn Eagle.

"I can't take that nickel," said a horse-car conductor to a man who got in at the City Hall.

"Vat vas de matter mit dat goin" asked the passenger, blandly.

"It's no good. Its got a hole in it," replied the conductor, gruffly.

"Ist dot so? Off you plase, you show me dot holes."

"Look at it. We can't take any such money as that."

"Oxcuse me," smiled the passenger, and he handed over a dime.

"That's worse yet," growled the conductor.

"Vos dot dime full of holes, too?" asked the passenger, looking up innocently.

"Here's a whole side chipped out. We ain't allowed to take mutilated money," and the conductor handed it back.

"So?" inquired the passenger. "Haf you got changes for heluf a tollar?" and he passed over another coin.

"What's this?" asked the conductor, contemptuously. "It's as bald as a deacon. There ain't a scratch on it to show whether it's an overcoat button or a skating rink. Haven't you got any money?"

"Vell, I should make smiles!" said the passenger, good humoredly. "Here is a fife dollar, and you can baste it together ven you got some leasures. Haf you got changes of dot fife dollars?" and he handed over a bill torn in four or eight pieces.

"I don't want no more fooling," said the conductor. "If you can't pay your fare, get off."

"Vell, don'd make so many troubles; I vill bay you," and he pulled out a Mexican quarter. "Gif me bennies," he suggested.

"Look here, are you going to pay your fare or not?"

"Off gourse. Maybe you vas waiting for dat money," and he took back his quarter and substituted an English sixpence.

"Now, you get off this car!" roared the conductor.

"Vere has dese cars got by?" asked the passenger, rising to obey.

"Fulton Ferry," said the conductor.

"Den I may as vell got owit. You dell dem gompnies dot somedime da make more money as oder dimes off dey dook voteffer dey got instead of going mitout nodings, don'd it?"

And the smiling passenger, having ridden to the end of the line, crossed the ferry, observing to himself: "Dot was petter off I safe such moneys and somedimes I go owit to East Nyarick, und it don'd gost me no more as noddings at all."

BRO. H. WILLIAMS, Magazine Agent of No. 25, has been promoted to the right hand side.

THE FORTUNATE AND THE UNFORTUNATE.

H. N. SPAAN.

It sometimes seems to me that our Heavenly Father in His wisdom has divided His children into two great classes, the fortunate and the unfortunate. No sorrow seems to rest upon the former. Life holds for them its pleasures manifold. The sun rises but to ripen their life's vintage. Warmly clad and safely housed, the days all appear to them rose-lined and tinted with gold. The breezes of the ocean waft home their ships to them laden with the comforts and luxuries of a thousand lands. Friends cluster about in sunshine and in shade; and if, haply, they make a misstep on the path of life, kind and willing hands are outstretched to save them from a fall. Music and laughter, poetry and song gild the horizon of their skies all around; and when at last they sink into the bosom of our common mother, angels fan them with their wings to a dreamless sleep.

Not so the unfortunate. For them disappointment sweeps with trembling hand the harpischord of life. Pain awaits them at dawn, and sorrow lies down with them at night. The midday sun shines lurid through the sigh laden atmosphere of their existence. Hope is born in their hearts but to die upon the rocks of despair. The twin sisters, Want and Pain, walk with them to the shoreless ocean of death. If ambition ever burns within their breasts, it is balked when reaching highest. When trouble comes with stealthy footstep, friends disappear. When their hearts sit brooding over ruined affections and shattered lives, no balm comes to them, wafted from Sympathy's golden censer. The summer sun blasts them with ferocity, and the winter's cold brings suffering and desolation. No rose lined and gold encrusted days do the fleeting years bring for them; no full fruition of love's young dream; no perfected plans of manhood's ripened years; no green old age blossoming with winter roses. Hand in hand the unfortunate walk with fear and death, and when at last the great scene shifter rings down the curtain on their unhappy lives, no requiem rings, no sad-faced angel stands sorrowing by the pallid face. No hopeful words are said; but, dreary and alone, they seek refuge in the cold breast of death from the pains and ills of a wrecked life.

THE FIRST WATCH.

Scientific American.

At first the watch was about the size of a dessert plate. It had weights, and was used as a "pocket clock." The earliest known use of the modern name occurs in the record of 1552, which mentions that Edward VI. had "one larum, or watch of iron, the case being likewise of iron gilt, with two plummetts of lead."

The first watch may readily be supposed to have been of rude execution. The first great improvement—the substitution of springs for weights—was in 1560. The earliest springs were not coiled, but only straight pieces of steel. Early watches had only one hand, and, being wound up twice a day, they could not be expected to keep the time nearer than within fifteen or twenty minutes in twelve hours. The dials were of silver and brass; the cases had no crystals, but opened in front, and were four or five inches in diameter. A plain watch cost more than fifteen hundred dollars, and after it was ordered it took a year to make it.

AT ROCK ISLAND.

From Rock Islander.

Messrs. Samuel M. Stevens, of Terre Haute, Ind., Grand Organizer of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, and John H. Walsh, of Lodge No. 50, B. of L. F., of Chicago, arrived in this city, last Saturday, by invitation of the locomotive firemen of the Twin Cities, and were met at the depot by a committee and conducted to the Harper House.

On Sunday, in the hall of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, over Hass's store, they organized Twin City Lodge, No. 39, B. of L. F., composed of locomotive firemen from this city and Davenport. The following officers were elected: Samuel A. Maxwell, Master; Samuel Nichols, Vice Master; Jas. W. Cavanaugh, Financier and Treasurer; W. F. Jones, Recording Secretary. There are yet to be appointed some six or eight other officers.

We learn from Mr. Stevens that there are now nearly 100 lodges in the United States with some 3,500 members, an average of 30 to 35 men to a lodge. His whole time is occupied in organizing lodges, and the brotherhood bids fair to become a strong and useful one. The Twin City Lodge starts with about 30 members, and will be a large and excel-

lent lodge, probably 40 to 60 members, which will be considerably above the average lodge. We hope that harmony and prosperity will attend them in their efforts for increased intelligence and improved standing among the working men of the United States.

MORTALITY OF BRAKEMEN.

Boston Commercial Bulletin.

The brakemen on our railroads find it quite difficult to get their lives insured. It is estimated that there are at least ten brakemen killed throughout the country every day. The reader of the daily newspaper learns how this class of men are killed or maimed while coupling cars and making up trains, while others are knocked from the tops of cars by bridges, or slip or fall, or are injured and killed in collisions. Then there must be at least three times as many brakemen injured as are killed, of whom the public knows nothing about or gets no account.

At the lowest calculation, if ten brakemen are killed every day, that would be equivalent to 3,650 during the year, which, added to the number injured in various ways while on duty, would give the sum total of death, and injuries about 14,600 a year. These are frightful figures of a fatality, a loss of life or injury to the body, that is attributable either to accidents, carelessness or negligence.

We, therefore, venture to assert that it is a fact that the public has no idea of the number of accidents that occur on the various railroads throughout the country every day; and it is also true that there is no vocation so fraught with danger to life and limbs as that of brakemen on our railroads, particularly on freight trains; men on passenger trains having a great many lives intrusted to their care, and, consequently, have a greater responsibility resting upon them than that which rests with the freight men.

Indeed, the life of a freight brakeman is a precarious one. Some insurance agents, in some parts of the country, do not take risks on employes on freight trains, but conductors and brakemen on passenger trains are insured by their paying an extra per cent. Railroad men say that only about 25 per cent. of the brakemen of freight trains die a natural death; also, that the average life of the brakeman, after he goes on the road, is about ten years.

For Firemen's Magazine.

MY VISION.

BY J. E. D.

Last night, as I sat by the fire,
Enjoying its ruddy glare,
Feeling worn, and stupid, and weary,
I soon fell asleep in my chair.

How long I had slept, I know not,
But this I surely knew,
I had a most wonderful vision
That I shall relate to you.

Methought as I sat there nodding,
The door was pushed softly ajar,
And in crept a cute little fellow,
Of the size babies usually are.

Hesitating only an instant,
He made straightway for my chair,
Was on my knee in a moment more,
Tying knots in my iron gray hair.

His actions amused me greatly.
And filled me with surprise.
For he seemed to have queer notions
For one of his years and size.

I watched his antics, musing,
Who is he? how came he here?
And resolved to closely question him,
The mystery endeavor to clear.

So putting him farther from me,
I looked in his face, so bright,
And said, Come, tell me, urchin,
How came you out to-night?

I thought, as I held him from me
And looked at his innocent face,
A wonderful child, this truly;
So winning and full of grace.

I thought of the many happy days
I had spent with one like him,
And buried hopes were brought to mind,
'Till my eyes with tears were dim.

I rallied, then, and this I said:
My boy, how came you here?
How came you to stray so far away
From a tender mother's care?

How came you out, so late as this?
How came you to be alone?
Have you come to comfort my old age
And brighten my dreary home?

Or has some mother, untrue to her trust,
In hope to hide her shame,
Left you with me, hoping that I
Would give you home and name?

If such be the case 'twould please me,
And be my greatest joy
To call you my own, and only one;
My bright-eyed, happy boy.

Then spoke my little visitor.
In voice, round, full and clear,
If you will but listen a moment,
I'll tell you how I came here:

First of all I wish to thank you
For offering me a home.
For your name, I am truly grateful,
But I have one of my own.

You see, I am young and tender,
Having but just been born.
The cold winds made me shiver,
So I came in here to warm.

And finding you quietly sleeping,
I climed upon your knee,
And searched your hair, for marks left there,
By many you knew like me.

Oh, no; I am not an orphan,
In quest of a name and home.
I but fulfill my mission
In coming thus alone.

The history of my family
Would take too long to tell.
Nor is it to my liking
On the retrospect to dwell.

My work is all ahead of me,
And plenty I see to do:
Completing ventures, worn with age,
Beginning many new.

I'll see many things accomplished,
That were tried before in vain.
Many long forgotten ideas
Be brought to light again.

There are tunnels and bridges to finish,
Telegraphs and railroads, no end;
Electric lights, telephones and such things,
Man's good to improve and extend.

To humanity's good and improvement,
I cheerfully give my mite;
But there'll be sorrow as well as pleasure.
Bright day and darksome night.

And many you know and dearly love,
Ere my short life be done,
Shall have passed away, to a brighter day,
Beyond the setting sun.

Much wished for am I by the young,
The old my coming dread;
But I pursue my course unheedful
Of the living or the dead.

I have no friends, nor have I foes;
All are to me the same.
Though many there are who dread to hear
The mention of my name.

Bad, wicked men, whose ill-spent lives
For their misdeeds must pay.
For whom there is no earthly hope,
Their race run, to a day.

Dread, famine, war and pestilence,
Do follow close to me,
O, God ! in thy benevolence
Let this fair land go free.

She's had her share of suffering.
Which meekly she has borne;
For 'tis but a short time ago
Her tender heart was torn.

So grant her peace, prosperity.
And may she always be
Th' haven of oppressed and poor,
The home of brave and free.

I now have said more than I ought,
More than is good for you to know.
I'm nice and warm, and feeling strong,
So, I believe I'll go.

Then sliding down from off my knee,
Hestood upon the floor.
I was surprised to see him walk
Straight to the open door.

Your name ! your name ! I shouted then.
Back came his answer clear :
I am he you dread to see,
The Happy, Bright New Year !

ELMIRA. N. Y., January 1st, 1881.

EDITORIAL.

THE SQUARE MAN.

While there is nothing meaner among men than the sneak, there is none grander or better than the square man. The sneak no one respects. The square man everybody honors. Riches and social position may belong to the former, but they will not bring him that mead of self-respect, that full measure of love from his fellows, which the square man enjoys as a result of his grandeur of character. Poverty and toil may be the lot in life of the latter, but he walks with his head amidst the stars. He is a king among his fellows.

The square man sympathises with his friends in distress. His is the kind heart to devise means of help for the down-trodden and the lowly, and his is the hand to do the kindly bidding of his heart. The widow and the fatherless have a sure friend in the square man ; nor does he wait till they come to him for his ready succor. He goes to them quickly when the heart is bleeding and trouble is lurking about the path of life, and by his earnest, hearty, helpful sympathy soon drives sorrow and trouble away. Everybody respects the square man. He may not wear good clothes ; he may be a little ungrammatical in speech ; he may even swear a little, and look rough and uncouth, but the good,

honest, square man is there. If the square man grasps the throttle of an engine there will be no sleeping at that post. Lives are entrusted to him ; all his faculties are on the alert for danger. No drink touches his lips while he is making his run. Clear-brained, keen-eyed, strong-armed he stands at his post, and if the hour of danger overtakes him while there, he will never desert it. Duty does not call to him in vain. All the time while his engine is skimming along the rail like a thing of life under the sun's light ; while it thunders into the darkness of night ; while it crashes into the storm and out again into the morning light, he stands there silent, watchful, fearless. All who know him feel safe, for a square man is at the post of duty. So it is with the square man in all the walks of life. It makes no difference where you find him—on an engine or in a palace, homely, uncouth and poor, or rich, elegant and handsome, he is always the same undaunted, honorable, square man.

EVERY member of the Brotherhood is doubly compensated for his labor in behalf of the Order, for it teaches him to love more, to believe more and to have more appreciation of the kind services of true friendship and the noble qualities of humanity.

"A HAPPY NEW YEAR!"

The Magazine makes its regular appearance with a new dress, woven in loom of prosperity, and wishes each and all of its readers a Happy New Year.

To our Order the year that is passed has certainly been one of unparalleled progress. At its beginning we were encumbered with debt and embarrassed in countless other ways. At the close, we are not only free from every species of encumbrance, but we have taken time by the forelock and have made many preparations that will enable us to prosecute the good work successfully during the year to come.

In passing this mile stone upon the endless highway of time, we have reason to congratulate ourselves upon the high position of usefulness we have attained. This splendid condition of things has been brought about by a careful management of affairs and a hearty co-operation of our Lodges and our members.

It must be remembered, that much energy has been required and that many efforts have been expended to bring about the triumphs that have lifted us from the depths of despair to the very summit of ambition.

To each and every member who contributed his mite in this great work, we return our sincere thanks. Then, too, we must not forget the generous public everywhere. Wherever they have been properly appealed to, they have never failed to render us justice. They have subscribed for our Magazine and in many other ways have contributed to our welfare. Of all these favors we are not unmindful, and we hope, by the good we are doing for our fellow-men, to repay them, in a measure at least, for their generous response to our calls. We are also greatly indebted to the railroad officials throughout the land for the many favors they have shown us. By granting us transportation over their various lines, they have assisted us materially in carrying out the purposes of our organization.

But in speaking of the prosperity that has attended us during the year, we are reminded that the hand of fate has also weighed heavily upon us.

Thirty of our members have been taken from us in so short a time. Nearly all of them came to a violent death while upon their engines in the discharge of their duties. A few of them succumbed to the fatal bed of sickness, surrounded by their families and their friends. But no matter in what manner they were called away, thirty homes have been made fatherless and husbandless. But, deep as the gloom might be by which they have been enshrouded, we have been enabled, in a measure, to lighten the cares and sorrows of their occupants. They, at least, were not permitted to feel the pangs of poverty.

To these helpless ones, our Order paid nearly eighteen thousand dollars during the year, and it is beyond our power to estimate the amount of suffering that has thus been averted.

Commencing with the new year, the amount we shall pay in each case of death or disability among our members will be One Thousand Dollars—nearly double the amount paid heretofore.

This will enable us to deal out charity more extensively than ever before among the homes of the needy and distressed.

Before closing, we wish to say a few words in relation to the Magazine.

Let each and every member use his efforts to increase its circulation and thus extend the usefulness of the Order. Last year we had Five Thousand subscribers; this year we should double the number. It can be done easily if every member will but do his share of the work. We have now fully entered upon the new year. Let every heart be filled with hope and ambition in entering the new field of duty. The Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen hails it with delight, and its members will unite in the grand work of making the year 1882 the most prolific harvest field the Order has ever known.

OF WHAT benefit is the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen to its members?

We can give no better answer to such a question than this:

He that is most benefitted is he that most benefits others.

He that receives most is he that gives most.

He that is most happy is he that causes the most happiness.

If there is a single member of our Order who has not been benefitted by his connection with it, he has himself to blame, because he has not obeyed its teachings.

He has not been charitable, or he would have reaped the benefit that comes in the knowledge that one has relieved a suffering fellow man. He has not cultivated friendship among his fellow workmen or he would rejoice in the knowledge that they are his friends.

He has not been a truly manly man or he would delight in the happiness one feels when he has so lived that he can call every honest man his friend.

THE work of our last Convention will soon strike with full force among the members of the Order, for there will be no hesitancy in the future in enforcing the Constitution and By-Laws. Let all slack and careless members take notice! We have resolved to adopt heroic measures, and what we have resolved to do we intend to carry out to the full extent of the law. Hereafter we shall expect every member to give us an exhibition of his worth.

WE ARE in receipt of a letter from a man who claims to have been a member of the Order for the past two years, and during all of that time he never received the slightest benefit from it. He also takes the trouble to inform us that he has already applied for a withdrawal card. The poor fellow certainly has our sympathy, but before we part company with him we will venture the assertion that he never attended the meetings of his Lodge

to assist in the good work—that he had to be dunned for his dues, and that he was always the first to find fault with those who were trying to make the institution a success. In our judgment he is one of a class of men who are continually accusing others of trying to run the Lodge.

To him and all others of his kind we have this to say: we are proud to know that the Order contains men of sufficient ability and energy to conduct successfully the affairs of an entire Lodge, but we are disgusted, beyond the power of language to express, to find members so devoid of interest in the Order as to throw the burden upon them and allow them to bear it. Fortunately such men are rare. It does not detract from the merit of the Brotherhood in the slightest that they exist at all, for the very best societies will ever labor under the distressful disadvantage of having to float just such material. The church has its lukewarm communicants—the Masons and Odd Fellows their drones, and our country to-day harbors citizens who enjoy its blessings and thrive under the protection of its laws, who are utterly unworthy of American citizenship. Let a foe land upon our shores, or let a call be made for men to step to the front and face the leaden hail in defence of the flag that defended them, and this class of citizens will be found seeking more congenial climes. They don't like war—the smell of gunpowder is offensive to them beyond endurance. Consequently they emigrate and return only when victory is won and protection is guaranteed. We glory in the knowledge that our country does not depend upon cowards for salvation. Neither does our Order, or the widows and orphans it seeks to protect, depend upon these soulless individuals who joined hands with it for the single purpose of enhancing their own selfish interests.

M. COYLE and C. Archambault, of No. 19, are requested to correspond with their Lodge forthwith.

SCIENTIFIC.

For Firemen's Magazine.

"FORCE."

BY C. O. M.

[This topic will embrace a series of articles, written expressly for the Magazine. We invite its careful perusal, for it is written by a young gentleman of profound ability, and will prove interesting and profitable to every reader.—ED.]

The locomotive fireman, as I have found by good experience with him, is a kind of philosopher, in his way; of a practical kind, if you wish, though none the less real. The very conditions of his occupation, the very nature of his function, force him to be thus. The mind of man who is fitting himself for a work combining scientific knowledge with mechanical precision, such as his is anticipated to be when he at last becomes engineer, must, to be well adapted, be of that inquiring disposition which will grasp facts and principles whenever and wherever they can be found. Our average fireman, however, has to get so much of his knowledge by the routine of practice, and his opportunities for the study of underlying principles are so limited that he loses much of the benefits which follow the knowledge of the relations existing between the different elements of the whole subject in which it is his desire and even his duty to become proficient. It is upon the locomotive fireman and engineer that devolves the task of control of ponderous mechanisms, whose function is to produce "force." All day long these men are busy either in promoting or watching the evolution of "force," or directing its action; and yet how few of them understand the why and wherefore of this series of wonders so constantly before their attention! Oftentimes having no ready means of finding the explanation of phenomena, they have to content themselves with the knowledge of the facts, and frame a theory to suit themselves; while a thorough knowledge of the causes and purposes of these facts would not only make the use of them more precise in results, but would almost always lead to the acquisition of other knowledge by their application to cases more or less similar. A man who is so much dealing

with "force," as the locomotive fireman, should, therefore, endeavor to fathom the general laws and principles of its action. The number of varieties of forces is very great, indeed, as we shall find. But they all have something in common; indeed, they are more nearly related to each other than one would at first imagine. But by glancing at them all and noting their characteristics, he will be not only more intelligent and competent in the manipulation of those particular forces with which he has to do, but he will see the relations which they bear to the others, and, perhaps, even find means of using these to greater advantage than he had before done.

This is my apology for asking him to follow me attentively through a series of brief dissertations on "Force." It shall be my endeavor to take this practical philosopher—that I find him at the start, and make him still more efficient in that very practice by recalling his indulgent attention to the theoretical consideration of certain laws and phenomena with which he has had to deal heretofore only from the practical point of view.

We will first examine the subject of "Force" in general, and then, having arrived at a clear definition of fundamental principles, we can pass on to consider in turn each of the various modifications of forces which may be said to be the "fingers wherewith Nature does her work," and after having studied it briefly in its working in science or art, we can analyze its relations to life and mankind generally. Thus will the study of "Force" be of general benefit beyond the domain of your particular vocation by adding to your knowledge of the world around you, and even of yourself, as will be seen after giving a definition of the subject.

"Force" is the agent by which is performed every deed of man or nature, or, philosophically speaking, the *cause* of any movement of a body or bodies of any action of matter in itself of any result of the reactions of powers or their interferences with each other, is known as a "force." So comprehensive is the realm of force, that not only life itself, but even every condition under which it appears, is a manifestation of force. We have all heard that grand saying: "The most wonderful study of mankind is man."

Yea, have we not often paused to admire its wondrous truth after scanning the diversity of human attributes? How often we reflect on the complexity of the phenomena of human life, where is displayed the perfection of mechanism in its greatest nicety of working, and how often we wonder at the variety, as infinite as it is comprehensive, of traits which make up mankind! For we are all interested in humanity in some manner or other, and we all see the great practical benefit of studying its elements. After I state now, that when we inquire of Nature how and with what she designed this masterpiece of her handiwork, and find that she has done it by drawing from the vast fountain of her "forces," then we realize the great importance of our topic. Yes, so universal is its application, that we can peer by its assistance into the mysteries of man himself. When man thinks, speaks, and performs the manifold actions which are his exclusive faculties, the cause of it all is to be found in one word, "Force." No matter how delicate, or how great this action, it is yet produced at the expense of motive power, a force of some kind. From the sublime thought of the philosopher which is evolved in the brain, to the Herculean exertions of the brawny workman, which emanate from the muscles, everything which we know of man's deeds or actions, can be all embraced in the study of "force." Of the more subtle forces which appear in man we know yet only little; but the solution of the problem is every day drawing nearer to the grasp of science. Leaving those aside as extrinsic to our present purposes, there still remain more than enough in a long list of *physical* forces to choose therefrom a number of those of every day practical importance. Let us first speak of force in general. We can condense our first definitions so they may be more easily remembered:

1. We will define "Force," then, as "*that power imparted to matter which enables it to do work of any kind.*" Heat is force, because it is the means of moving engines when applied to their boilers. Light is force because its presence gives new power to certain elements. Take for instance hydrogen and chlorine, two gases; they may be combined in the dark with perfect safety. But, on the slightest exposure to light, the mixture explodes violently. Sound is another illustration of a force. It can impart power to matter, as we know by having heard and felt objects vibrate at the sound of a large

bell or powerful organ. We always estimate force by its amount. We never speak of the size of heat, or the weight of light and the width of sound, because force is *not a material object*, and therefore has not the general properties common to matter. Some of these words are occasionally used in a restricted sense, however; thus we say a "long" sound, but the word refers to the *time* of duration of the sound, and not to the length of the force producing it.

2. Force is said to be of two kinds, "latent," (or potential, in scientific technology), and "active" (or kinetic). When a force is not doing work of any kind, but remains suspended in its action, it is called "latent." It is all the while *ready* to do its full work, but it does not yield its power because the conditions are not just right for its development. It may remain in this condition indefinitely, *always ready*, waiting for a chance to be let out, though entirely helpless until the proper conditions are observed. An "active" force, on the contrary, is one which renders its presence at once evident by the effects it is constantly producing. We can illustrate both conditions by a loaded rifle. The powder contains a certain amount of force, which is in the "latent" state, because it does not move itself, show any pressure on the bullet, or in any way show that it possesses force or power. But when the rifle is fired, the "latent" force of the powder suddenly becomes transformed into "active" force, or, in other words, takes that condition wherein it is capable of producing work or other effects. In this case it makes the bullet move. Scientists usually give the name "force" only to the "active" condition. As the "latent" state is more properly a *source* from which "force" can be derived, it is called "energy." This is the meaning of these words when used without any other to modify its meaning. If, however, we supply with them the words *active, latent, potential, kinetic*, then we can use the words force or energy for each case indiscriminately, because it is evident the words active, or kinetic, etc., would explain the sense in which it is to be understood.

3. *Force cannot be created or annihilated.* We can transform "energy" into force, and force into "energy," with a hundred modifications of kind and degree, but the *total* of the power will remain always the same. There may be a slight amount lost from the work done, but the force is still *somewhere*; it has not been annihi-

lated. A man trades away a watch worth twenty-five dollars for one of less value. Of course there is loss to him, but there has been a corresponding benefit to somebody. The person he exchanged with gained a value equal to his loss. There has been no value lost nor gained, since the watches taken together are worth neither more nor less than before the exchange. Their value was stationary. So with force. No matter in what way we use it or transform it, its total remains the same. If there is a gain at one point in any way there is sure to be a loss equal to it exactly, at some other point, in some other manner. There is absolutely no exception to this rule. So true is this principle that science recognizes it under a special title, "The law of the conservation of energy." Its truth had been suspected for nearly a century, but it is only within twenty years that an English physicist, Mr. Joule, has demonstrated its

absolute correctness, and gained the merit of having produced the greatest discovery of the nineteenth century. This law is to be remembered as of the highest practical importance to all who have to deal with applications of force. We shall see as we pass by the various forces, that it is of immense value to science. When we come to consider "heat," we shall notice especially its application to the forces at work in the locomotive. So let us bear it well in mind. Man can neither make force nor destroy it. He can manipulate it in thousands of ways, to suit his tastes and convenience, but he is treading the wrong way, though, for a little escapes him each time, and goes off on its own way, out of his reach, to return to its place in the arms of Nature, who receives and absorbs it in her bosom like a prodigal son who has been enticed away by a freak, and must work his way back as the servant of a wicked man.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HUMOROUS.

WHEN dogs die do they go to the "happy land of canine?"

WHEN a man gets tight the devil generally gets loose.

A PERFECTLY square man is 'round at the right time.

THE pleasure of doing good is the only one that never wears out.

COMING to grief—meeting a boy on the street who has stubbed his toes.

MAUD S is merely another illustration of the fact that time is money.

PROSPECTING miners in search of "paying dirt" usually look in vain for ore.

IT is difficult for a man to die now who isn't a prominent citizen. What becomes of the prominent citizens?

THE best Summer resort for a spitz dog is a watering place. The dog should be placed about four feet under water.

THE word "crank" is of Irish origin. In Ireland a fellow whose mind is a little out of balance is called a "crank."

THERE is a young woman in Arkansas so sweet that she has to wear a wire net to keep off the honey bees.

"WHY men drink is what staggers us," says a woman's journal. What men drink is what stagger them.

By a mother-in-law: "You can deceive your guileless little wife, young man, but her father's wife—never.

THE game of poker is very old. Shakespeare excelled in it. You remember where he says: "I'll call thee, Hamlet."

A NEW YORK judge has recently decided that cigar smoke puffed into one man's face by another is assault and battery.

"Is your father a Christian?" said a gentleman to a little boy. "Yes, sir; but I believe he hasn't worked at it much lately."

'Tis said the oyster frequently gets into a stew, but it has never been as yet reported that he jumped out of the frying-pan into the fire.

A FARMER near Momenec, in this State, has 200 acres of watermelons and six dogs. There is not a whole pair of pants in the neighborhood.

SQUIBBS was asked what made his face so red. He said he'd been down South for awhile, and he supposed that's how he got the Florida complexion.

A NEW YORK social economist is writing articles to show how a man can live on \$10 a week and save money. The easiest way to do it is to spend only \$9.

"THIS safe is empty—call at the house," was the card which burglars found on the safe in a Green Bay office. They called at the house and robbed it of \$600.

NEW YORK's tattoo artist says he has few girl customers. When they do come they want their lovers' names, surrounded by roses, put on their arms.

It isn't because a woman is exactly afraid of a cow that she runs away and screams. It is because gored dresses are not fashionable.

OSCAR WILDE, the new English poet, speaks of "un-kissed kisses." The trouble with Oscar is that his poems are made up of unthunk thoughts.

WHEN the Old Testament is revised and modernized it will probably state Adam, after eating the apple, received word that his resignation would be accepted.

A HUNGRY friend said at Brummel's table, after the beau had fallen in fortune, that "nothing was better than cold beef." "I beg your pardon," said Brummel, "cold beef is better than nothing."

"It's not the phisky a man dhrinks that makes him dizzy," said O'Flatherty, "but it's lukin' at the bartinder's diamond through the bottom iv the tumblers, begorra!"

THE Boston Times tells of a man who forgot he was going to get married. We know of several fellows forgetting that they were married, and others who wished they could forget.

A FATHER said to his little five-year-old, who came in late to dinner, from school, "Robbie, why are you so late?" "Didn't you hear the bell?" "Yes, sir; but I didn't hear it plain."

REFERRING to the passage, "This is the cow with the crumbled horn," in the poem of the house that Jack built, a correspondent asks: "What is a crumbled horn?" We do not know exactly, but suspect it is some sort of a mixed drink.

A LITTLE boy asked his mother what blood relations meant. She explained that it meant near relations. After thinking a moment, he said: "Then, mother, you must be the bloodiest relation I've got."

A FASHION writer complains that there is too much sameness about our weddings, and wishes some one would introduce a novelty. How would it do for the best man to sing a comic song, or for the bridal couple to do a double clog dance before the ceremony is performed.

A BROOKLYN man stole up behind a lady in a dark room and kissed her, and when he found it was his wife, and she found it was her husband, they were both as mad as wet hens.

IN Colorado the people are poetical. They never use the word "die." It is too harsh. They announce the demise of a fellow-man by saying, "He turned up his toes to the daisies."

"ALL sorts," of the Boston Post, tells of a New Hampshire hotel keeper who hired a man to take a violent emetic while on the street, and then explained to the sympathising crowd that he had dined at a rival house.

A DOWN east editor said he was in a boat when the wind blew hard, but he was not at all alarmed, because he had his life insured; "he never had anything happen to him by which he could make money."

BAILEY says: "What men call accidents is God's own part," but it is hard to convince a man of this when he steps down a step that he didn't know was there and bursts a pet corn. He thinks it that other party's part.

TWO elderly ladies approached a display of burial caskets at a fair. One of them pointed to a casket and remarked complacently "When my husband died I bought him a coffin like that, and I have never regretted it."

WHISKY is a great braggart, although it comes from the still. One application of it to the roots of a man's tongue will loosen that member to such an extent that the whole world will speedily come to the conclusion that its owner is an ass.

A MOTHER had taught her little girl to repeat, at a Sabbath School concert, the text: "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters!" When evening came, she very calmly, and with perfect self-possession, said: "Every one that ho'es, come and get a drink!" Her astonishment was great when she saw the laughter of the audience.

SAYS the Philadelphia Record: Not content with making man a higher development of the ape, Mr. Darwin is now engaged in tracing the origin of the human race back to the earthworm. He has just put forth his investigations on this point in a book. His theory may tend to humble the pride of some persons, but it had already been suggested and enforced in the tuneful hymns of Isaac Watts.

SOME one wrote to Horace Greeley inquiring if guano was good to put on potatoes. He said it might do for those whose tastes had become vitiated with tobacco and rum, but he preferred gravy and butter.

A BUTCHER'S boy carrying a tray on his shoulders accidentally struck it against a lady's head and nearly knocked her hat off. "The deuce take the tray," cried the lady in a passion. "Madam," said the boy, gravely, "the deuce can't take the tray."

LITTLE Lucy fell and hurt her knee badly, which her mother, when she went to bed in the dark, tried to bandage. Soon the little one was heard calling, "Mamma," said she, "this bandage is not in the right place, I fell down higher up."

"MINE poy Hans," said Smigglefritz to a friend, "is the piggesht pig der vas in Galveston." "What did he do?" "Vell, I sends him the odder day to the groshery to pring me a pucket of peer for mineself all alone, and, py shimmy, he drinks himself almost a pint on de way home."

THE English language is wonderful for its aptness of expression. When a number of men and women get together and look at each other from the sides of a room, that's called a sociable. When a hungry crowd calls upon a poor minister and eat him out of house and home, that's called a donation party.

THE new Sunday School scholar who was better versed in the trotting vocabulary than in Moses and the prophets, astonished the superintendent of the Sunday School last Sunday, by replying to his question, "Which class would you like to go into, my little man?" "The 2:40 class."

FOREMAN to witness: "If you know of any crime of any kind having been committed in Galveston, please tell the grand jury all about it." "Ha! you catch me helping you out unless I am paid for it. The county pays you \$2 a day to find out all that sort of thing. You can't dead-beat me that way."

THE English language is so rich in synonymous terms. A mechanic in search of work is "out of a job;" a clerk in the same predicament is "disengaged;" and a professional man similarly placed is "at leisure." The mechanic gets work, the clerk "connects" himself with some establishment, the professional man "resumes" practice.

AN old man-of-war sailor, who had lost a leg in the service of his country, became a retailer of peanuts. He said he was obliged to be a retailer, because, having lost a leg, he could not be a whole sailor.

TEACHER: "What is a score?" Pupil: "A base-ball record." Teacher: "No, no; what I mean is, how much does a score signify numerically? What idea does it give you? That is to say, if I were to tell you that I had a score of horses, what would you think?" Pupil: "Please, marm, I should think you was stuffin'."

AN American found it very cheap talk to condemn flogging, and he told his audience he would prove it. "My father," he said, "once flogged me very severely when I was telling the truth." "Wall, now," observed another American, at the end of the table, "I have known you since you growed up, and it appears to me that your father cured you."

"WANT any spices or cloves?" asked a peddler of a saloon keeper one day last week. "Vat for I vant um?" asked the proprietor. "Take away the smell of beer from the breath," exclaimed the peddler. "Take away dot smell ov beer!" exclaimed the man behind the counter. "You got somedings vat makes der smell stay on, I buys him."

If he puts his arms around her like a bear and stops her breath, when he kisses her, they are not married, but are likely to be. If he puts his hands on her shoulders, leans forward a little, snatches the prize and falls back, they have been married two weeks. If he comes up with his hands in his pockets, looks out of the window, says, "Well, good-bye," gives her a tasteless smack and rushes off, they have been married two years and life is a desert.

JOHNNY had a little sister who was suffering with the toothache, and the mother put some camphor in it to ease the pain. The young man watched the operation, and then went out and told the neighbors that his sister had moths in her teeth, and his mother put camphor in her mouth to drive 'em away.

AN old man was fishing on Sunday morning, just before Church time, when the curate saw him, and inquired in dulcet tones: "My man, don't you hear those Heavenly chimes?" "Eh?" "Don't you hear those Heavenly chimes calling you?" "Beg pardon, sir; but I really can't hear what you say for those infernal bells."

"MA," said she confidently, "Henry has asked me to marry him." "And you accepted?" was the query. "No," was the reply, "I didn't, and neither did I reject him. If I can keep him on the string till Christmas he'll make me a handsome present to induce me to say 'yes.' You know I've been wanting a gold watch for a long time."

It was Sunday night in Leadville. Six rough miners were playing poker. But as the clock struck the hour of twelve, proclaiming that the Lord's day had come, with one accord they threw down the cards and left the saloon. They went across the street to a dog fight.

"GEORGE," she said to the perspiring young man, "I love you just the same, but as our city relatives are coming next week, mother thinks you'd better stay away, because your red hair and freckles might make them think our acquaintances weren't very high-toned." The young man is staying.

JAMES AUINN, of Bridgeport, was accidentally shot through the foot by the discharge of a friend's gun. The Standard says the charge tore a hole in the foot six inches in diameter. This will give the reader an idea of the tonnage of the Bridgeport foot.

"Is THERE any opening here for an intellectual writer?" asked a seedy, red-nosed individual of an editor. "Yes, my friend," replied the man of quills. "A considerate carpenter, foreseeing your visit, left an opening for you. Turn the knob to the right."

A WESTERN Coroner's Jury returned a verdict that the deceased came to his death from exposure. "What do you mean by that?" asked a relative of the dead man. "There are two bullet holes in his skull." "Just so," replied the Coroner; "he died from exposure to bullets."

At the beginning of the eighteenth century the English language was spoken by less than 8,000,000 people; at the beginning of the nineteenth by less than 20,000,000, and now with one-fifth of the century yet before it in which to spread, it is the mother-tongue of 90,000,000.

ENGLAND's blind Postmaster General, who wins golden opinions, even from Tories, has scored another success. You can now write a telegram on ordinary note paper, stick on postage stamps sufficient to pay it, and put it in a street post-box, and it will be sent as soon as the box is emptied.

"HOW ARE you and your wife coming on?" asked a galvestonian of a colored man. "She has run me off, boss." "What's the matter?" "I is to blame, boss. I gave her a splendid white silk dress, and den she got so proud she had no use for me. She 'lowed I was too dark to match the dress."

While an Idaho girl was sitting under a tree, waiting for her lover, a grizzly bear came along, and approaching from behind, began to hug her. But she thought it was Tom, and so leaned back and enjoyed it heartily, and murmured "tighter," and it broke the bear all up; and he went away and hid in the forest for three days to get over his shame.

A late judge was a noted wag. A young lawyer was making his first effort before him, and had thrown himself on the wings of his imagination far into the upper regions, and was seemingly preparing for a higher ascent, when the judge exclaimed: "Hold on, hold on, my dear sir! Don't go any higher, for you are already out of the jurisdiction of this court."

"STOLE any chickens dis week, Brudder Jones?" said a searching class leader to a member of a suspiciously-thieving proclivities. "No, sah—tank de Lor." "You'se done well," said the leader, and passed on, while Brudder Jones turns to Brudder Brown and whispers: "Lucky he said chickens; if he'd said ducks he'd had me shuah!"

"QUIZ" has for some time been regarded as an authority on society matters and now we know that it is. In the last number it says: "Ask no woman her age. Never joke with a policeman. Do not play at chess with a widow. Never contradict a man that stutters. Be civil to rich uncles and aunts. Your oldest hat, of course, for an evening party. Always sit next to the carver, if you can, at dinner."

It was a Boston Girl who asked: "Why is it that two souls, mated in the impenetrable mystery of their nativity, float by each other on the ocean currents of existence without being instinctively drawn together, blended and beautified in the assimilated alembic of eternal love?" That is an easy one. It is because butter is thirty-five cents a pound, and a good seal skin sacque costs as high as \$500. The necessities of life must experience a fall in price, before two souls will readily blend in the assimilated alembic and so forth.

"Your mind is in a twilight state," observed the good man. "You cannot differentiate the grains of mistrust from the molecules of reasonable confidence. You are traveling the border land, the frontier between the paradise of faith and the arctic regions of incredulity. You are agnostic." "Divil a bit," said Pat, with mingled amazement and indignation; "I'm a Dimmycrat, ivery inch 'o me."

"Do you love me sweet?" was the wail he wole,

As he pressed her close to his heart's wild throbbing;

"Does love's fierce tide irrigate your soul?

Is your heart with mine simultaneously bobbing?"

Her soulful eyes flew up in his face,

And pierced his own with their lovely glitter,

Then soft she murmured with witching grace:

"Do I love you, George? Well, I should twitter!"

THE fashionable girl now lays her head on the shoulder of her male companion when traveling, according to the Cincinnati Enquirer writer, who says: "The nicest girls do it, and they are so demure, so innocent, so unconscious in their manner that nobody could deem the practice harmful. They have the unconcerned air of using a pillow. This would have been reprehensible a year ago; now fashion and mothers permit it. But the man must not so far forget himself as to slyly hug the girl. If he does, she pops bolt upright, and will lean to him no more forever. This is new but approved etiquette."

MARK TWAIN TELLS OF HIS TRAVELING EXPERIENCE.

I got into the cars and took a seat in juxta-position to a female. That female's face was a perfect insurance company—insured her against ever getting married to anybody but a blind man. Her mouth looked like a crack in a dried lemon, and there was no more expression in her face than there is in a cup of cold custard. She appeared as though she had been through one famine and had got about two-thirds through another. She was old enough to be the grandmother to Mary that had the little lamb. She was chewing prize pop-corn, and carried a yellow rose with a band-box and a cotton umbrella nestled sweetly by her side. I couldn't guess whether she was

a mission of charity, or going West to start a saw mill. I was full of curiosity to hear her speak, so I said:

"The exigencies of the times require great circumspection in a person who is traveling."

Says she, "What?"

Says I, "The orb of day shines resplendent in the vault above."

She hitched around uneasy like, then she raised her umbrella and said, "I don't want any of your sass—get out," and I got out.

Then I took a seat along side a male fellow, who looked like a ghost of Hamlet lengthened out. He was a stately-looking cuss, and he was reading.

Said I, "Mister did you ever see a camelopard?" I said camelopard because it is a pious animal, and never eats grass without getting down on his knees. He said he hadn't seen a camelopard. Then said I:

"Do you chew?"

He said, "No sir."

Then I said, "How sweet is nature?"

He took this for a conundrum and said he didn't know. Then he said he was deeply interested in the history of a great man, "Alas!" he exclaimed, "we are but few!"

"I told him I knew one, 'the man that made my cooking stove was a great man.'"

Then he asked "Would I read?"

Says I, "What have you got?"

He replied: "Watt's Hymns, Revelries by Moonlight, and how to spend the Sabbath."

I said, "None of them for Hannah, but if you had an unabridged business directory of New York city I would take a little read."

Then he said, "Young man look at these gray hairs."

I told him I saw them, and that when a man got to be as old as he was he ought to die. Said I, "You needn't think those gray hairs are any signs of wisdom; it is only a sign that your system lacks iron, and I advise you to go home and swallow a crowbar."

He took this for irony, and what little entente cordial there was between us was spoiled. It turned out that he was a chaplain of a base-ball club.

When we got to Rochester I called for a bowl of soup. I send you the receipt for making it: Take a lot of water, wash it well, and boil it until it is brown on both sides; then carefully pour one bean into it and let it simmer. When the bean begins to get restless sweeten it

with salt; then put it up in air tight cans, hitch each can to a brick and chuck them overboard, and the soup is done.

The above receipt originated with a man in Iowa, who got up suppers on odd occasions for Odd-fellows. He had a receipt for oyster soup, leaving out the salt.

Speaking of Iowa reminds me of the way I got my money to pay for my ticket and that fellow's supper. I bet a fellow a dollar that I could tell how much water to the quart went under the railroad bridge over the Mississippi at Dubuque in a year. I won the bet, but after all, the supper was an awful swindle.

Dubuque is celebrated for its fine turn-outs on the streets; while I was there a wagon upset and spilled a lot of women. I didn't see it. I looked the other way. No cards.

CHEERING HIM UP.

Detroit Free Press.

An old man, who claimed to be ninety-seven years of age, and to have been turned out of doors by his son, drew a sympathetic crowd around him at the Central Market yesterday.

"I do not know what is to become of me," he said in answer to a question. "I'm old, poor, weak and helpless."

"Oh, you're all right, old man," remarked a bystander, as he came forward. "Can you walk as far as the City Hall?"

"I—I guess so."

"Well, go right up there and ask for the Board of Public Works. They'll put you on the street-cleaning force and keep you there until you are 150 years old."

"I don't believe I could do anything."

"Well, that's just the reason why you'll get the job. Brace up, old man—twelve shillings a day ahead for you."

HOW THEY SLIPPED.

Detroit Free Press.

At 11 o'clock yesterday forenoon a couple of excursionists took seats on the east portico of the City Hall, directly under the window of the Chief of Police. He was a bean-pole looking chap of twenty-three, with dust an inch deep on his back, and she was an auburn-haired angel of twenty, wearing a solid shoe and chewing three quids of gum rolled into one. For a long time they sat and looked at the fountains and sighed and were silent. Then he tenderly queried:

"Hanner, isn't it dreamy?"

"Yum," she answered.

"I could sit here forever," he whispered.

"I don't believe I could—I'd be hungry." More silence and sighs, and then he took her elbow in his hand and said:

"Hanner, I'm hungry now."

"Didn't you bring a biscuit along?"

"Hungry for your love, Hanner—not for biscuits. Hanner, 'sposen we 'sposen a case."

"Well?"

"'Sposen I knew a Justice of the Peace who would marry us?"

"How much?"

"Two dollars."

"Have you got the money?"

"Hanner, do you doubt my love? I've got seventy-five cents, and I'll hunt up the Harker boys and borrow the rest."

"I'm afraid."

"Now, Hanner!"

"Oh, I can't; you know my folks don't like you."

"Hanner, hitch this way till I talk to you. 'Sposen I bought you peanuts and candy and watermelon? 'Sposen you realized my great love, and concluded to hitch to me before some other girl captured the prize? We'd gently slip down these steps, turn the corner of this stately edifice, walk to the shop of a justice, and you'd have me and I'd have you."

"Oh, dear, but pa would rave."

"Hold on, Hanner. Your par needn't know it—no one will know it. We'd keep it as silent as the grave until I had made your old man respect me for what I are. Gimme half a show and I'll make your par foller me around like a calf within a year, and your mar will fairly love the ground I walk on. Come, Hanner, let's slip."

"Oh, Gawge!"

"Hanner—Hanner! Think of the romance—the love—the mystery—the tenderness—the gold watches and diamond rings and silk dresses."

"Where?"

"Why, next year when wool comes off. Don't I own forty acres of land? Don't I dote on you? Would I ask you to slip around if I didn't love you above the best hoss in our county? Hanner, let us slip."

"And you really love—"

"And they slipped. They caught sight of a six-foot farmer coming up the walk, with a big cane on one arm and his wife on the other, and the girl slid for Michigan avenue and the lover to Griswold street, the latter whispering to himself as he dodged through the City Hall:

"That's her old dad, and he knocks oxen down with that club!"

For Firemen's Magazine.

THE OLD HOMESTEAD.

Ah, here it is, the dear old place !
 Unchanged through all these years,
 How like some sweet, familiar face
 My childhood's home appears.
 The grand old trees behind the door
 Still spread their branches wide ;
 The river wanders of yore.
 With sweetly running tide ;
 The distant hills look green and gray,
 The flowers are blooming wild ;
 And everything looks glad to-day
 As when I was a child.

Regardless how the years have flown,
 Half wondering I stand ;
 I catch no fond, endearing tone,
 I clasp no friendly hand ;
 I think my mother's smile to meet,
 I list my father's call,
 I pause to hear my brother's feet
 Come bounding through the hall ;
 But silence all around me reigns.
 A chill creeps through my heart,
 No trace of those I love remains,
 And tears unbidden start.

What though the sunbeams fall as fair,
 What though the budding flowers
 Still shed their fragrance on the air
 Within life's golden hours ;
 The loving ones that clustered here
 Those walls may not restore ;
 Voices that filled my youthful ear
 Will greet my soul no more.
 And yet I quit the dear old place
 With slow and lingering tread,
 As when we kiss a clay-cold face
 And leave it with the dead.

"BABY IS DEAD."

Telegraph Operator.

"Baby is dead!" Three little words
 passing along the line, copied somewhere
 and soon forgotten. But after all was
 quiet again I leaned my head upon my
 hand and fell into a deep reverie of all
 that those words may mean.

Somewhere — a dainty form, still and
 cold, unclasped by mother's arms to-night.
 Eyes that yesterday were bright and blue
 as the skies of June, drooped to-night
 beneath white lids that no voice can ever
 raise again.

Two soft hands, whose rose-leaf fingers
 were wont to wander lovingly around
 mother's neck and face, loosely holding
 white buds, quietly folded in confined
 rest.

Soft lips, yesterday rippling with laughter,
 sweet as woodland brook falls, gay as trill
 of forest bird, to-night unresponsive to kiss
 or call of love.

A silent home—the patter of baby feet
 forever hushed—a cradle bed unpressed.
 Little shoes half worn—dainty garments
 —shoulder knots of blue to match those
 eyes of yesterday, folded with aching
 hearts away.

A tiny mound, snow-covered in some
 quiet graveyard.

A mother's groping touch in uneasy
 slumber, for the fair head that shall never
 rest upon her bosom. The low sob, the
 bitter tear, as broken dreams awake to
 sad reality. The hopes of future years
 wrecked, like fair ships that suddenly go
 down in sight of land.

The watching of other babies, dimpled,
 laughing, strong, and this one gone ! The
 present agony of grief, the future empti-
 ness of heart, all held in these three little
 words, "Baby is dead !"

Indeed, it is well that we can copy and
 soon forget the words so freighted with
 woe to those who receive and send them.
 And yet it cannot harm us now and then
 to give a tender thought to those for
 whom our careless pen stroke is prepar-
 ing such a weight of grief.

MOSAICS.

FAME is the thirst of youth.—*Byron*.

LITERATURE is the immortality of speech.
 —*Wilmott*.

THE stateliest building man can raise is
 the ivy's food at last.—*Dickens*.

HYPOCRISY admits the worth of what it
 mimics with such care.—*Cowper*.

A TALENT is perfected in solitude ; a
 character in the streams of the world.—
Goethe.

Our tormentors may in length of time
 Become our elements.—*Milton*.

THAT virtue which requires ever to be
 guarded is scarcely worth the sentinel.—
Goldsmith.

'Tis ever common
 That men are merriest when they are from
 home.—*Shakespeare*.

AN irritable man lies like a hedge-hog
 rolled up the wrong way, tormenting
 himself with his own prickles.—*Hood*.

And the best I have felt or known,
 Is less than the least I dreamed.

—*Bayard Taylor*.

CORRESPONDENCE.

A VOICE FROM SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

Editors Firemen's Magazine:

It is a pleasure for me to know that the Magazine is about to start upon a new year of existence, under such favorable auspices, and I cheerfully contribute what I can towards its success; and I take this opportunity of extending congratulations to the Brethren of the Order from whom I have been so far separated.

Though not in actual employment in the old way, I yet feel a deep interest in all the labors of my former companions, and I still desire to identify myself with them and to be reckoned one of their number. I read the Magazine regularly; pay my required dues, with my assessments, and the only insurance policy I have is that of the Brotherhood, and so I consider myself still entitled to share in your councils, as also in your prosperity.

My home is in a country where railroads have been unknown until within a few months past. A start has now been made, and a few days ago I was invited to take a ride on the California Southern Railroad, whose track has been laid some miles, and accordingly mounted engine No. 2, driven by Brother R. V., the well known "Dick," of 47. Although liking ranche life very well, he yet returns to his old work with a great degree of pleasure. This railroad is to be another connecting link between the Atlantic and Pacific, and no doubt is to be Boston's great thoroughfare, for the commerce of the Orient and the Isles of the Pacific. It will be but a few months, when the connection will be fully made, and no change of cars will be needed between the two great extremities, San Diego and Boston.

It is a very difficult matter to engineer a road through this country, owing to its mountainous character; some of the grades are fearful, being from one hundred to one hundred and sixty feet to the mile. The class of engines now in use here are of Rhode Island build, 16x22 inch cylinders, and their power is not sufficient to draw more than seven loads over these grades. The terminus of the road is at National City, a town about three miles nearer than San Diego to the dividing line between California and Mexico. There will be located the workshops, &c., but the main depots will be in San Diego.

Railroading in this country has its advantages over that in the East; no snow; no ice; no extremely cold weather; and, indeed, no extremes of either heat or cold in Southern California, but an equable temperature—all contributing to make it far less laborious than it is with you. We only wish that there was more room, so that many of you could find employment here, who have to pass through such severe ordeals of weather.

I enjoyed my ride upon the engine, and felt some of the old enthusiasm as I relieved Bro. "Dick" in handling the throttle; but still I must confess that I prefer my present business, that of ranching.

I pass now to express the satisfaction I felt in hearing of the successful results of the late Convention at Boston. The prosperity that has attended the Order; the high position in which it now stands, and the spread of the principles it advocates, are, indeed, subjects of high gratulation. Especially was it gratifying to learn that the Magazine had emerged from the gloom of debt that had so long settled upon it, and seemed almost to have threatened its existence. That it should have done so, with such rapidity, reflects great credit on its managers, the executive officers, and the Brotherhood who have so nobly rallied to its support. The promise held out by the Editors, for the coming year, is an indication of continued and enlarged prosperity. Only let all time friends of the Order give earnest labor to the work, and one year from now the circulation of our Magazine will be so great as to place it on a sure basis for all time to come; and I sincerely hope that in the future fewer names will appear upon the black list than hitherto, thus showing that none but true men are found within our ranks.

It may not be long before a Lodge will be established, either in San Diego or National City, in which it will be one of my highest pleasures to enroll myself and engage in those services that were so delightful to me when an active member of No. 47. And then may you expect to hear occasionally from this remote corner of the land, what we of the Brotherhood are doing in carrying out the purposes to which we are pledged.

Yours, Fraternally, J. M. D.

AN EARNEST APPEAL.

DANVILLE, ILLS., Dec. 8, 1881.

Editors Firemen's Magazine:

We are entering upon another year under the most favorable auspices. Never, since the organization of our fraternity, has the outlook for the future appeared as bright, and success seem so assured to us, as now. As we review the past year and note the increase of membership, also the obstacles that have been met and overcome, and see that steady, reliable and willing support that has been given, one cannot but feel that the coming year will be one of success.

The time has at last arrived when the actions of a few men cannot injure us. We can now feel that independence and pride, which, heretofore, we were, unfortunately, deprived of by that terrible obstacle, debt. We have nothing in our path to prevent the good work, which we pledged ourselves as men to perform, from being accomplished.

We wish a repetition of the steady efforts given in the past year. We must work hard and earnestly. Remember, we cannot afford to lose one inch of the valuable ground already gained, but we must press on, increasing our capacity for doing good. We wish every person in our land to notice the good work we are striving to perform.

To do this all must assist.

One must not wait for another to begin. Commence yourself! Put your own shoulder to the wheel; set the example for others. Let each member feel that the maintenance of the Order depends upon his individual efforts. Let him think that if he does not labor hard, the Order will fall. Not one must stop now, for upon the hearty co-operation and good will of all must our dependent ones look for their safety, should misfortune overtake us.

We have a grand and good work before us. A work that anyone may be proud to support. The principle, and, in fact, the only manner that we can successfully accomplish relief, is by the use of money.

We have only two modes for securing funds for this purpose. They are the prompt payment of dues, and a generous circulation of our Magazine. These are our resources, our only capital to depend upon. Then let each be prompt in the paying of dues, and work for the circulation of our Magazine. Strive to increase its circulation. Each member has his friends, and can at least secure a few subscribers. Remember that the addition of

one or two books, that each one can secure by a little effort, makes a great gain in the whole. I do not think that there is one in our fraternity who cannot secure at least three subscribers. And as our membership is now nearly three thousand, what a grand list this would make. I find that the great trouble has been—first, there are many of our members that do not subscribe for the book, and, second, that the majority of Lodges depend upon the efforts of one or two Magazine Agents. Now, this is entirely wrong. It is impossible for one or two persons to cover the space of ten times that number.

Let each one interest himself, and I venture to say that if every one will strive and assist, that the circulation will reach fifteen thousand copies. This may seem a large number, but with proper effort it can be secured. Brothers, recollect that every dollar that is secured in behalf of our book, lessens the tax upon each individual member in the Order. It is for our interest to use every effort in its behalf. We need more actual workers among us. We have too many that simply pay their dues, and when that is done all is said. Ambition seems to be an article that could be distributed among us to great advantage.

Brothers, I appeal to you all to assist in this great work.

If each one will assist, just a little, be it ever so small, the result will be one of satisfaction, and a great benefit to our Order. With hopes for a successful, prosperous and happy year, I subscribe myself your well wishing Brother.

As ever,

"HANK LOVELY."

OUR MOTHERS.

MEMPHIS, TENN., Dec. 10, 1881.

Editors Firemen's Magazine:

This is my first attempt to write for our Magazine, and I hope you will grant me space to pay a tribute to our mothers.

Dear Mother! See how time has scattered the snowy flakes of age on her wrinkled brow, and plowed deep furrows in her cheeks.

Her lips are thin and shrunken, but they are the same lips that in our infancy and youth kissed away many a tear from our cheeks.

Her eyes have lost their youthful lustre, yet in them we see a ray of love that can never fade.

As we look upon her, we see that the sands of life are fast running out. But,

feeble as she is, she will go farther and stoop lower to serve us than any other being on earth. We cannot wander into a darkness where she will not find us. No prison bars are strong enough to keep her from the cell of her accused son. She will even mount the scaffold to kiss and bless him in evidence of her undying love. When all the doors of society are closed against us, and we are despised, forsaken and left upon the highway to perish, she will hasten to our side and tell us of our virtues, until we almost forget that we are outcasts.

If, in after years, we become respected men and useful citizens, we owe more to our mothers than to any other human agency, for it was their guiding hand that pointed out the path of right. Their watchful eyes were ever turned in the direction of the couch of their restless loved ones. How, then, can we pay just tribute to our mothers? How can we cancel the vast debt we owe them for the constant care they bestowed upon us, from infancy to the full dawn of manhood?

To those who have lost their mothers, there is a hallowed spot, dear to memory, that causes the mind to wander back to the old home and old scenes. Recollections of sinless days greet their vision, only to be hushed into silence by the tumult of the great struggle of life. Friends may be torn from our hearts, hopes may be blasted, and our love for others may grow cold as death, yet every principle of gratitude, and every sentiment of the heart prompts us to cling with fervor to our mothers—loving them devotedly, serving them faithfully, and always giving them every attention that a dutiful son can give, while they live, and cherishing their memory after they have passed into the vast hereafter.

A MOTHER'S PROTECTOR.

FROM NO. 26.

BABABOO, WIS., NOV. 13, 1881.

Editors Firemen's Magazine:

I have never seen anything about No. 26 in the Magazine, so I thought I would write you a few lines and let you know how she is getting along. She now has twenty-five members in good standing, with five applications for membership. The boys are all well pleased with the work, and I will venture to say that the day is near at hand when we will have a majority in this Division.

We have had one death among us, and that was Brother Frank Willott. His insurance was paid yesterday, and the

members of No. 26 all join in thanking the Grand Officers for their promptness in the matter. Our Lodge was presented with a beautiful framed picture of our deceased Brother, by his sister Roena, for which she has the thanks and best wishes of all our members.

Several of our boys have taken partners for life recently, among whom I may mention Brother E. Thompson to Miss Sophia McGilvra, N. W. Bennett to Miss Emma Thompson and A. A. Johnson to Miss Carrie Wild.

There have been promoted to the right hand side, Brothers G. M. Dopp and A. D. Brewer. They are first-class men, and we all wish them success. J. D. Coughlin is feeling very proud over his new boy. We don't wonder about that. Several of our members are on other roads. C. F. Smith and T. Thompson are on the C., St. P., M. & O. R. R., and J. McMahan is on the W. & St. P. R.R.—all doing first rate. We hope soon to see them on the right side. Two of our members are working hard to get a Lodge started at Madison and Eau Claire, and we have no doubt of their success. Wherever the Order is known it stands high in reputation. We look upon it as a grand institution, as every one should, and while we have life and strength, we shall do what little we can to make it grander still. With best wishes for your continued prosperity, I remain

Yours, Fraternally, F.H.

A TRIP TO THE HUB.

COLUMBUS, O., Dec. 14th, 1881.

Editor Firemen's Magazine:

It was our pleasure, on the evening of December 13th, to meet with Eureka Lodge, No. 14, at Indianapolis, the "Hub" of Indiana. The night was exceedingly unfavorable, and we hardly expected any of the members to venture from their homes. However, when the clock struck eight, the boys began to come in and in a little while the room was well filled with eager and earnest men, who came there in the interest of the Lodge they love so well. It is but common justice to say that Eureka Lodge, No. 14, is now one of the very best in the Order. We ask those who were familiar with her condition a few months ago to compare her condition then and now. Left in an utterly demoralized state by one who presided over affairs, in an incredibly short time she has risen to the surface and now presents a magnificent condition of things. This goes to show,

plainer than words can depict, the great amount of labor that can be done in our Order by the earnest and energetic co-operation of a few men. But a little while ago this lodge was loaded down with debt—the members had lost all interest, and meetings were of very rare occurrence. See, now, what a vast change has taken place! The Lodge has paid off every dollar of its debt and has one hundred and twenty dollars deposited to its credit in the bank. Forty names are now enrolled upon her list of membership and she bids fair soon to outrival her neighboring sister Lodges.

All of these splendid results have been accomplished by a few. Among them, are conspicuous, Wm. Hugo, John Tweedie and J. A. Northway. Lately a number of new members have been admitted, who promise to do good service. At the meeting of which we speak we were pleased to see Bros. D. D. Harrington, Harmon Hugo, Cal. Elliott, Ben Gordon and Jos. Schmidt, all of whom are in the field of duty and will be substantially heard from.

At 11 o'clock the meeting closed and the members dispersed, thoroughly imbued with the duties of membership. It shall be a pleasure to us, as often as opportunity may permit, to visit Eureka, No. 14, and spend a few hours in company with her esteemed members.

Yours fraternally,

DEACON.

OUR BADGE.

EAST ST. LOUIS, ILL., Dec. 17th, 1881.

Editor Firemen's Magazine:

Will you please explain to me, through the columns of the Magazine, the signification of the inscription upon the official badge of our Order.

A number of them have been sent to me by Instructor Stevens, who has them in charge, and I wish to be able to make due explanation to those who purchase them. Yours fraternally,

THOMAS ROGERS.

ANSWER: The official pin or badge of the Order is made from a design executed by Instructor Stevens and consists of an enameled shield with a gilt edge. The inscription consists of cross shovels intersected with a pick and the letter "B," while the handles of the shovels are joined together by four links. The shield is symbolical of our aims and purposes. We seek to shield our members from

temptation and vice as well as from suffering and distress. The cross shovels are emblematical of the two countries in which our Order exists, while, with the pick, they form the implements of our calling. The four links bind the two countries together in one cause and are emblematical of a common union. The letter "B" stands for "Benevolence," the principal object of our existence, while at the same time it is the bevel of our Brotherhood by which our implements are brought in sympathy with our objects, and they are made to sustain each other in the good work of the Order.

—EDITOR.

FROM NO. 32.

ELLIS, KANSAS, Dec. 28th, 1881.

Editors Firemen's Magazine:

As a member of the B. of L. F., and Lodge No. 32, I wish to express my opinion of the Order in general, and No. 32 in particular. Their actions to me speak for themselves. On June 14th, 1881, I was taken dangerously ill. As soon as my sickness became known to my worthy Brothers, they responded at once to the call of our worthy Master, Col. F. J. Schuyler, to perform the noble mission of Benevolence; they watched by my bed side, night and day, until I was able to help myself again; they supplied myself and family with everything we needed. I wanted for nothing that money could procure. Finally, they decided that I was not getting proper attention from my physicians, who pronounced me as incurable; they procured the services of a physician of their own, and after a painful illness of several months, through the skillful treatment of said physician, my sickness finally yielded, and to-day I am at myself again. During all these weary months, the Brothers forwarded more than \$500.00 to my support, and that without one word of discontent; on the contrary, they stood by me like true brothers, and are equally as joyful of my recovery as I am myself. In no Lodge is charity more strictly observed than in No. 32. Trusting that all Lodges may follow in the footsteps of noble 32 in aiding their sick, I now sign myself,

Yours in B., S. and I.,

W. E. WALSH,
Border Lodge, No. 32.

FROM NO. 27.

CEDAR RAPIDS, IA., Dec. 15, 1881.

Editors Firemen's Magazine:

The knowledge that an appropriate communication contributed now and then tends to make our Magazine interesting, and also to bring the Sub-Lodges into more intimate relationship, impels me to furnish bits of information concerning No. 27.

Owing, at the present time, to the vast amount of business done by the respective companies, by whom we are employed, we are kept almost continually on the road, and consequently our meetings are not very well attended, but the few who are present, work with a determination, and those who are deprived of the luxury of attending in person, furnish power in an indirect manner.

Among the latest promotions we note the names of Bros. W. W. Carey, Riley and Cutting. The latter is best known by the name of "Pine Timer."

On the sick list is Bro. Blatt, who, by the way, is convalescing.

Bro. Floyd has severed his connection with the C., N. & St. P. R.R., and can now be found on the Iowa Route.

Our visiting member, Bro. Green, has again taken the scoop on the B., C., R. & N.

Entered into the holy bonds of wedlock—Bro. Fitzgerald, who, very wisely, has gone to housekeeping, and Bro. Wm. Brant, our delegate to last Convention, also paid the County Clerk a visit, which, by the by, is rather a trying ordeal, as we can testify by our own experience.

The lady friends of Hawkeye contemplate giving the boys a benefit shortly. We appreciate the honor, and accept the favor.

We heartily recommend any traveling Bro., who may chance this way, to call on us, and he shall have the best in the house. If you doubt us, we refer you to Bro. Upton, of No. 15, and Brother Tooper, of No. 54. They have been among us. Bro. Bassett, of No. 85, also paid us a short visit.

Trusting you will find space for the above, and if acceptable, you will hear from us again. E. X.

AN APPEAL TO THE LADIES.

CHICAGO, ILL., December 9th, 1881.

For the Firemen's Magazine.

LADIES:—Contribute to our magazine; give us your ideas on any subject; tell us if our Order makes John a kinder husband; that by relieving the widows and orphans it makes him appreciate home

more by realizing that the grim destroyer Death has snatched one from the same position which he occupies in his own little circle.

Tell us if it makes Willie a more dutiful son; if the teachings of our institution has the effect of improving him morally; that instead of allowing him to bring sorrow and suffering to his aged parents, it elevates him until they are proud of their noble boy. Does he appreciate the many little acts of kindness that a sister knows so well how to bestow? Does he come to her for sympathy and advice in the many troubles that beset him in his every day life? Is he a more devoted lover? Does he lavish any more favors upon her whom he hopes to protect through life? If he refuses a delicate hint to buy bon-bons or other delicacies for you with the plea that he will be unable to square up on pay-day, tell us what you think of him.

Make suggestions in the culinary art; teach other, for instance, how to make first-class pies. Tell each other how to make home attractive; what to wear and how to wear it. In short, advance ideas upon any subject that you think will be of interest to the readers of the Magazine.

GARDEN CITY.

JERSEY CITY, N. J., Dec. 15th, 1881.

Editor Firemen's Magazine:

As I have waited in vain for somebody else to send in items for Magazine, I will make a beginning, hoping that the rest may fall in and do likewise. We are all well and doing well; our Lodge is prospering finely and we are striving to make her number among the best in the East before the next Convention. Several of our boys contemplate entering into the married state; Bro. McQuade has taken the lead, others will follow in rapid succession.

Our delegate, Bro. Eaton, returned safely and looking well, which fact speaks well for Boston hotels.

I shall henceforth be on the alert for news and shall furnish you with same from time to time.

Fraternally yours, C. A. W.

VERY favorable reports come to us concerning the condition of Bro. H. Chamberlain, of No. 54, who was so seriously injured in a wreck near Moberly, Mo. We will all be right glad to welcome our brother when he has so far recovered as to be able to join us again.

FROM NO. 86.

LARAMIE CITY, W. T., Dec. 23d, 1881.

Editors Firemen's Magazine:

Not having seen any word from the Brothers of 86, concluded that it would be of interest to our readers to hear how we are getting along. I am happy to say that 86 is in a prosperous condition; more than one-half of our members are now engineers. Among those recently promoted to that responsible position are Bros. Mathison (late delegate to the Convention), Lewis, Zinke, Roth, De Mars, Wheat and Collins. Bro. Bickford is day "hostler" and Bro. Callipriest night "hostler." All the boys are doing excellent work in their new positions and are earnest in their endeavors to keep up the reputation of 86.

Our Magazine Agent, Bro. Quigly, is around rustling for subscribers. He says that No. 179 being laid up for repairs had one good result, namely, it has given him time to work for the Magazine. He has now between eighty and ninety subscribers and expects many more. Immediately after the arrival of the "stamp wagon" you will receive his order.

A good many of our boys have been speculating as to Mrs. Lickshingle's identity, especially as we have never had a married Master. I hope Mrs. L. will not think me ungallant for saying this, but as all our old Masters are still here and well known, and some of them earnestly considering the question of matrimony, they object to rest under the imputation of being already done for, as Mrs. L.'s letter would imply.

I will close by saying, that all the boys of 86 are united in well wishing to the Magazine and the noble B. of L. F.

Fraternally yours,

BLACK JACK TWEED.

RAILROAD CENTER, NO. 31.

ATCHISON, Kan., Dec. 28th, 1881.

Editor Firemen's Magazine:

It is with pleasure and pride that we refer to the pages of our Magazine as being free from political and religious strife. It is a production such as any body can read without passion or bitterness. The circulation thereof has increased during the past year through the untiring efforts of our Grand Lodge Officers, Magazine Agents and individual members of the Order. It is gratifying to see how much we can accomplish by earnest and steady application, and our excellent success of the past is an incentive to strive still harder in the future. In behalf of our Lodge, No. 31, and in justice to our Agent, Bro. Harry Davis, I would say that he is making every effort to enhance the interest of the book. To our agents in general I extend thanks for what they have accomplished and for what they yet purpose to do.

Our book is meritorious and I feel quite sure that there is enough talent in the Order to make it interesting and entertaining even to the most indifferent readers.

By combining our efforts, one and all, we will reach the height to which we aspire and success will be ours.

R.R. CENTER No. 31.

 PERSONAL.

ENTERPRISE, No. 75, is true to her title. She is an honor to herself and the Order.

JOHN PERRY, of No. 72, is requested to correspond with his Lodge.

J. J. HANNAHAN, of Garden City Lodge, No. 50, is making a grand record as a Magazine Agent.

CHAS. DODD, of Fargo Lodge, No. 85, is respectfully requested to correspond with his Lodge.

A. FETTERLY, of Cactus Lodge, No. 94, is now running a switch engine. The boys hope to see him out on the main line soon.

BRO. BEN. YAPP, of Avon, No. 38, was recently married, and we extend our hearty congratulations upon the happy event.

J. B. MILTON is one of the grandest men in our Order. He is a member of West End, No. 18, and is ever steadfast in the discharge of his duties of membership.

MORNING STAR, No. 88, reports the promotion of Bros. Morgan, Carr and Hamilton to the right side, while Bro. Kiehm is despatching, with good prospects ahead. The boys at Evanston have our faith and good wishes.

E. GREENLEAF, of No. 94, is rejoicing over an eleven pound boy. Welcome little stranger!

A. H. CHAPMAN, Financier of Border Lodge, No. 32, is the right man in the right place. His books are like himself—always square.

We take pleasure in returning our thanks to Bro. Rankin, of No. 56, and Bro. Brown, of No. 21, for the excellent work they are doing at Moberly.

BROS. NEELEY and Jones, of No. 54, paid us a flying visit recently. They are two representative men and we shall be glad to see them whenever they chance this way.

A PAINFUL MISHAP befell Bro. Moore, of No. 54, a short time ago, which resulted in the amputation of a finger. Our sympathy goes out to him.

J. DIPPLE has been elected Magazine Agent of Success Lodge, No. 33. As an agent he will be what the title of his Lodge indicates—"a success."

We are glad to learn that Bro. E. H. Bancroft, of No. 18, is recovering from his late sickness. He is a worker in our cause, whose worth cannot be estimated.

BROS. HOLLAR, Coughlin and McCabe, of Forest City, No. 10, have been promoted to the right side. They will make reliable and competent engineers.

THE new Lodge at Roodhouse, Illinois, will be substantially heard from on the Magazine question. Bros. Stoffels and Holmes are the agents and will give it a wide circulation.

H. H. LINDENBERGER, the able Master of No. 45, is a Brotherhood man in the best sense of the word. We hardly know how our Rose City Lodge could get along without him.

BRO. T. McTAGGART, of No. 38, is hereby requested to correspond with the Financial Secretary of his Lodge—(F. Mingay, Statford, Ont.; Box 103)—and learn something to his interest.

ON Thanksgiving Day, last, a little son of Bro. and Mrs. Aldrich, of Lodge No. 31, first opened his eyes to the light of this world. All parties concerned are well and happy.

AND still they go. Bros. Kinzle, Tunnicliff, Shippie and Hyatt, of No. 31, now occupy the right hand side of their respective engines, and will make trustworthy engineers.

CHAS. F. HAHN, the enterprising Financier of No. 23, paid us a short visit recently. Charley is a real handsome young fellow and as good as he is handsome. He is always a welcome visitor here.

L. F. STEPHENS, the "old reliable" Master of No. 54, has been promoted and is now in charge of an engine at Kansas City. He is a man deserving of prosperity.

As we go to press, Boston Lodge, No. 57, has ninety-nine members on her rolls and sixteen applications on file. Her members are working hard to make her the "Banner Lodge" for 1882.

E. U. is authority for the statement that Bro. Thomas Clark, of St. Laurence Lodge, No. 15, was recently made happy with a young daughter. The boys extend their congratulations.

W. H. DAVIS, of No. 31, has our heartfelt sympathy in his misfortune. He lost a finger recently, which has caused him many sleepless nights since. Bro. Davis is one of our most emphatic members.

OUR worthy Vice Grand Master, W. E. Burnes, is in luck. He has been promoted to the other side and is now located at Gilman, Ills. His superior officers know him and are not afraid to trust him with a responsible position.

HAVING served a thorough course of firing, Bro. J. H. Kelly, of Silver State Lodge, No. 89, has been deservedly made an engineer, in which capacity he is serving in the yards of Winnemacca, Nev.

Two of No. 10's members, Bros. Summers and Walters, passed through here a few days ago on their way to the far West. They are good men and we were pleased to meet them. We wish them much success wherever they may locate.

THE occasion demanded it lately that the old shoe of good luck was thrown after Bros. McDonald and Blake, of No. 31. The names of the ladies we are unable to learn, but accept them as sisters and extend them a welcome.

MR. ED. HOGAN, of Creston, Iowa, has manifested his love for the Brotherhood by assisting to enlarge the Magazine list of Bro. Sullivan, of No. 43. He succeeded in enlisting the attention of quite a goodly number, and in conjunction with Bro. Sullivan, they have accomplished sufficient to be placed before us all as examples of what we can do when we try.

W. E. MOTT, of No. 21, had a finger crushed a short time ago, which has temporarily laid him off duty. This prompted him to make us a short call, which we enjoyed very much. He is a "Brotherhood" man and we like him. We hope soon to see him at the post of duty again.

CHAS. C. BUNKER, the able and energetic Master of No. 71, made us a business visit just previous to the holidays, and gave us good reports from the Order in the East. We were much impressed with his earnestness in the cause. The members of No. 71 are to be congratulated for having such a gallant leader.

A SPECIAL from No. 93 instructs us that Bro. Justice has been promoted to the position of Road Engineer, while Bros. Zeb. Moore and H. E. Clark have taken a lien on the right hand side of Switch Engines. Better men, there are none in the Order, and we here see that honest labor always has its reward. They well know that they have our best wishes.

THE boys of No. 86 are coming to the front in good style. Bros. P. Demar, C. Zinkey, E. H. Lewis, J. Hickey, J. Wheat, C. Hadison, E. Rath, S. Collins and P. Hathison have taken their stand among the other Engineers.

THE members of Vigo Lodge, No. 16, express many thanks to Mrs. S. M. Stevens, wife of our worthy Grand Instructor, for a beautiful altar cover, presented to them a short time ago. It is a magnificent piece of needle work, appropriately inscribed, and the boys are very proud of it.

THE members of Golden Gate Lodge, No. 91, take pleasure in informing us of the marriage of Bro. T. W. Martin, which event occurred November third. The bride's name is Miss Anna G. Morgan. Their numerous friends wish them a happy journey through life.

THE members of Forest City Lodge No. 10, wish to have it distinctly understood that P. J. Cullitan is an expelled member. They have been informed of his representing himself as a member in good standing. The last heard of him he was in Sedalia, Mo.

THIS item comes from a member of No. 28: J. N. Bonner and W. T. Chadwick, are now pulling the throttle. Chadwick (sometimes called "Baby," on account of diminutive proportions—245 pounds), runs a Tweed two-wheeler, and Bonner, a short-legged Rogers. "Yankee Sullivan" will be the next to cross the deck.

T. H. SHEPPARD and H. Hollar, of Forest City No. 10, have taken their Lodge in hand and propose to make her one of the best in the Order. They are earnest workers, and we have no doubt of their success.

FRED LAMBKA, of Summit Lodge, No. 87, formerly employed by the Union Pacific Railroad, is now running an engine on the Rio Grande division of the Texas & Pacific Railroad. He is a splendid man, and his many friends will be glad to learn of his prosperity.

F. P. SWIFT's eyes beam with a brighter lustre than usual. A little girl has been added to his family, and this is the cause of his happiness. Bro. Swift is one of the bright lights of Border Lodge No. 32.

SAMUEL MYERS, a very esteemed member of No. 10, was married a short time ago without the slightest knowledge of the members of his Lodge. The fact was not discovered until he made application to have his insurance policy transferred to his better half. He has our hearty congratulations.

JEFFERS BRANNIN, of Vigo Lodge No. 16, has just recovered from a long and severe spell of sickness. His many friends are very glad to see him out again, for they are not yet prepared to spare him. He wishes to return his sincere thanks to the members of No. 16 for the kind attention they gave him during his illness.

WE have a right to expect a great deal of Minnehaha Lodge, No. 61. Three of the most energetic members of our Order are running in there, viz: Bro. Harry Barnes of No. 16, Bro. L. E. Beckley of No. 22, and Bro. J. B. Miller, formerly of No. 40. They can't be beat.

THE members of No. 47 return many thanks to the members of No. 50 for aiding them in making their second annual ball a success. The members of the latter Lodge were present "en masse," and rendered valuable service on the eventful occasion.

RICHARD GRIFFITH, the respected Vice Master of Washington, No. 13, left the road November 1st, and went back into the shop at his old trade—machinist. In the Spring he contemplates going West to locate. The members of No. 13 take great pleasure in recommending him to his fellow-craftsmen, as he has proven himself the right kind of a man in every trial.

BRO. ST. CLAIR, of West End Lodge, No. 18, is the proprietor of the St. Clair House, at Roodhouse, Ill., and with the able assistance of his excellent wife, they make it pleasant for those seeking comfortable quarters. Our Order finds in Mr. and Mrs. St. Clair two firm supporters, and we wish them much success.

OUR Camden (N. J.) members were recently made the recipients of a beautiful motto with a locomotive wheel in the center and inscribed, "Welcome, Lodge No. 72, B. of L. F." It was presented by the wife and daughter of Bro. Henry Thomas, and the boys are real proud of their gift. A unanimous vote of thanks has been tendered the generous donors.

ON his recent visit to Moberly, Mo., Instructor Stevens was handsomely entertained by the members of No. 54. Before opening the Lodge Bro. Moore played several beautiful selections on the organ, and Bro. Straton (who, by the way, is the smallest man in the Order) rendered in a most charming manner the well known song, "The Old Arm Chair."

ONE of the narrowest escapes on record is that of N. Chamberlain, a member of Anchor Lodge, No. 54. On the evening of December 8th, St. Charles bridge, over the Missouri river, gave way as a freight train was passing over it. Engineer Kirksby was instantly killed, while the fireman was very seriously injured. That he was not killed outright is a matter of the greatest wonder, and with countless others, we congratulate him upon his narrow escape.

THE following array of promotions is reported by H. H. Lindenberger, of No. 45: B. F. Campbell, E. W. Mills, Joe Grosble, Wm. Cogne, Luther Hardison, J. A. Morley, Chris. Pekerson, Frank Wilson and John Scott. They are all members of Rose City Lodge, No. 45, and engineers on the Iron Mountain road, and we have no hesitancy in saying that they are a credit to the Order as well as their employers.

"WILLIAM ALDRICH, for the past five years a fireman and brakeman on the bridge, has been promoted to an engine, which he will run on the bridge hereafter. Mr. Aldrich has been a faithful and efficient man and richly merits the advance he has received."

The above is taken from the Atchison Champion, and is especially attractive to us, because Mr. Aldrich is one of our members, belonging to No. 31.

WEST END LODGE, No. 18, contains a great many whole-souled noble fellows. Among them we must mention Bro. Gibney, who always tenders a hearty welcome to a Brotherhood man.

GRAND MASTER ARNOLD has just recovered from a long and serious siege of sickness. It has taken some of the vitality from him, but not enough to cause him to relinquish his interest in the Order. He is out again and we are glad of it, for he cannot well be spared.

ONE of the members informs us that he met Bro. Rogers, of No. 44, recently, and that he wears the same bland smile that captured the boys at the Boston convention. Brother Rogers is a good fellow and one of the hardest workers in the Order, but that smile makes him almost irresistible, and were it not for his well known honesty, we should feel our duty to caution the unwary against him. Question—"Were you in the Art Museum while in Boston, Tom?" Answer—"I was!"

ONE of the finest entertainments of the season was that given by Challenge Lodge, No. 66, at Belleville, Ontario, on the evening of November 23d. Great pains were taken by the members to make it an occasion long to be remembered, and, from all reports, they succeeded beyond all expectation. The music was splendid, the supper unsurpassed, and the entertainment throughout a most enjoyable affair. Much credit is due the members of No. 66 for their enterprising and skillful management of affairs. We are proud to number them among us, and hope they may always meet with the success they so richly deserve.

ROBERT WILD, a member of New Hope Lodge, No. 37, died on the 27th of November, of injuries received on the 25th by falling between his engine and train while in the discharge of his duties.

The deceased was but 21 years of age and had been a member of the Order but a few days. He was the son of Bro. S. R. Wild, of the same Lodge, who was the delegate from Centralia at the last Convention. Robert was the only son of his devoted parents and his death has bowed their heads in inconsolable grief. They have our deepest sympathy in their sad misfortune.

Deceased was buried under the auspices of the Lodge. The members attended in a body and paid him the highest tribute of respect.

MR. S. M. STEVENS, Instructor for the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, called at our office last week. He reports Missouri as being the best organized of any of the States. He organized a Lodge of thirty-one members at Rock Island November 27th, and one of twenty members at Sedalia, December 4th. He also gives a flattering account of Success Lodge, of this city. The firemen of the C., R. I. & P. are exceptionally good fellows, and the Order is calculated to be a great benefit to those who are unfortunate. We are much pleased with Mr. Stevens and his report of his work.—*Trenton (Mo.) Star.*

THOMAS LONG, an old and respected Engineer on the Vandalia Line and a member of Vigo Lodge, No. 16, died at his residence at Terre Haute, Ind., on the 1st of December.

The deceased was 49 years of age at the time of his death, and leaves a wife and several children to mourn his loss.

He was a man of excellent qualities and had a large circle of admiring friends.

The funeral took place on the 2d and was largely attended. Vigo Lodge, No. 16, turned out in a body and made a very creditable procession.

The family have our full sympathy in the loss of a devoted husband and father.

OUR Grand Instructor has just returned from a successful trip in the interest of the Order. As a result of his efforts three new Lodges have been organized. Twin City, No. 39, has been instituted at Rock Island, Ill., Golden Eagle, No. 78, at Sedalia, Mo., and J. M. Dodge, No. 79, at Roodhouse, Ill. We now have 99 Lodges, nearly all of which are in working order. Those that are not will be reclaimed by the Grand Lodge and their places filled with better material, so that in a very short time we will number a round and solid one hundred Lodges.

A CERTAIN Western member of our Order seems to be thoroughly proficient in his duties. While out on the road the other day, his Engineer cautioned him several times against firing so heavy. As Pat seemed to pay no attention to these instructions, the Engineer suddenly lost forbearance and said—"Pat, you must fire her lighter or you'll choke her up!" Pat looked at him a moment in blank amazement, and throwing back his head and giving a knowing wink he rejoined with—"You watch the cows, and I'll bile the wather!"

THE death of Bro. David McLunn, of Central Lodge, No. 22, is one of the saddest it has ever been our painful duty to chronicle. It took place near Indianapolis, on the Indianapolis, Decatur and Springfield R.R., November 18, 1881, and was caused by his engine going through a culvert, which had been washed away by the heavy rains. Bro. McLunn stuck to his post like a hero and went down with his engine, ending his earthly duties in a watery grave. Away from home and the loved ones of his hearthstone, and out on the broad road of life, he tendered up his material existence to the inevitable.

FRANK OSBORN, of Fargo Lodge, No. 85, died of consumption, November 23d. The deceased was a highly honored member of his Lodge, and the members sincerely mourn his loss. He had only been married six months, and the blow falls with unspeakable severity upon his afflicted wife. He was buried on the 25th under the auspices of his Lodge. The ceremonies were simple, but impressive, and made a lasting impression upon the mourners. The members of Fargo Lodge did their whole duty during the illness of Bro. Osborn, and in death they paid him the highest respect that the living can bestow to the dead.

MALCOLM MEREDITH.

WE call the attention of our readers to the author of the story in the opening pages of these columns. Mr. Meredith is a young gentleman of high literary merit who is just beginning his career as an author, and there is no doubt but that his writings will soon place him in the front ranks.

He is a warm supporter of our Brotherhood, and, in fact, of every movement that has for its object the elevation of mankind.

While his style is easy and graceful, his thoughts are deep, and his sentiments noble. Not only does he interest his readers, but he educates them as well, for his productions are filled with the choicest gems of thought. We bespeak a brilliant future for him.

TRANSFER OF CHARTER.

On the 16th of December the charter of Hudson Lodge, No. 68, was reclaimed by the Grand Lodge and the said Lodge was consolidated with Adopted Daughter, No. 3. Both Lodges are located at Jersey City, and the consolidation was made by mutual consent.

IN MEMORY

Of J. T. Cliffe and W. Hislop, who unfortunately lost their lives in a collision at Bainesville, while in the discharge of their duty in the service of the G. T. R. Company, August 28th, 1881.

It was early on Sunday morning,
Before the dawn of day,
The fog prevailing densely thick,
We could scarcely see our way.

Our Engine working fine and sweet,
The Train was running well,
When one mile west of Bainsville,
As near as we can tell;

Through some misunderstanding,
This the public know,
We collided with Thirteen going East,
Which threw us to and fro.

Our bodies are badly scalded,
Our limbs are broken too,
We can but live just long enough,
To bid our friends adieu.

Our Engine now is cold and still,
No water does her boiler fill,
Our coal affords us flame no more,
Our days of usefulness are o'er.

Our wheels deny their wonted speed,
No more our guiding hand they heed,
Our whistle now has lost its tone,
Its shrill and thrilling sounds are gone.

Our valves are now thrown open wide,
Our flanges all refuse to guide.
Our Clacks arise though ne'er so strong,
Refuse to aid the busy throng.

No more we feel each urging breath,
Our steam is now condensed in death.
Life's Railway o'er, each Station past,
In death we're stopped and cease at last.

Farewell, dear Friends, and cease to weep,
In Christ we're safe, in Him we sleep.

E. N. M.

RECLAIMING OF CHARTERS.

The Charters and works of Kennesaw Lodge, No. 42, Atlanta, Ga., and Missouri River Lodge, No. 84, Omaha, Neb., were reclaimed by the Grand Lodge, December 21st, 1881, owing to the failure of the said Lodges to pay their Death Claims and Grand Dues.

E. V. DEBS, F. W. ARNOLD,
G. S. & T. G. M.

FINANCIER'S REPORT.

The undersigned, Financier of Chicago Lodge, No. 95, B. of L. F., begs leave to submit the following quarterly report for the quarter ending November 30, 1881:

The balance on hand at the commencement of the quarter was \$151.35. There was received from all sources during the quarter \$234.00. During the same time the expenses amounted to \$309.72, leaving a balance on hand of \$75.63. The annexed statement of receipts and expenditures will show in detail the sources from which the receipts were obtained and the objects to which the expenditures have been applied:

All of which is respectfully submitted.

J. S. ROURK,

Financier.

CHICAGO LODGE, NO. 95, B. OF L. F., IN ACCOUNT WITH J. S. ROURK, FINANCIER, DR.

To Bro. G. H. Tibbetts, sick benefit . . .	\$ 12 00
To M. W. Hayes, carriage bill	3 00
To E. V. Debs, for Grand Lodge dues . .	1 00
To E. V. Debs, for death claims Nos. 40,	
41, 42, 43 and 44	85 00
To J. S. Rourk, miscellaneous expenses .	2 25
To B. of L. E., for hall rent	32 00
To E. V. Debs, for Grand Lodge dues . .	45 00
To E. V. Debs, for supplies	11 00
To E. V. Debs, for death claims Nos. 45,	
46, 47, 48, 49 and 50	102 00
To J. S. Rourk, miscellaneous expenses .	2 47

Total expenses \$309 72

BY BALANCE ON HAND FROM: CR.

W. T. Ross and J. M. Miller \$151 35
By members' dues and fees for the
quarter 234 00

Total receipts \$385 35

Balance \$ 75 63

We, the undersigned, Trustees of Chicago Lodge, No. 95, B. of L. F., have examined the accounts and vouchers of the Financier and find them correct, and that the balance in his hands is \$75.63.

G. H. TIBBETTS,
WILLIAM MORONEY,
OTTO B. FROGNER,

Trustees.

THURSDAY, Dec. 1st, 1881.

This report is published for the benefit of Financiers of other Lodges.—Ed.

ALONZO L. PARKS.

We caution our members against the man whose name heads this article. He is on his way West, claiming to be traveling in the interest of the Order and collecting money under that pretense. He is a fraud and an absconder and everybody should beware of him.

WAGER, THE ENGINEER.

BY CARRIE V. SHAW.

From the Republican.

Here is the bridge—two miles from Schell,
Where the engineer fell,
By yon lone tree, where the waters rage,
Between the banks of the dark Osage.

A mile from here,
They picked up Wager, the engineer,
With his battered head,
Gory and red,
Wager, the engineer, who died
To save his train from the foaming tide.

This was the way, perhaps you've not heard,
How it all occurred ;
As the train drove on through the autumn
night,
With never a moon nor star for light.
A frightened mule
Jumped on the bridge like a crazy fool,
And stood on the track,
No time to slack.
Bell and whistle could not prevail,
And the plunging iron horse jumped the rail.

Wager, the hero engineer,
A soul without fear,
Saw in a moment that die he must
If he saved the souls that were in his trust.
"All right," he said,
"Death is below me, but God o'erhead."
With his brawny arm
He threw his boy in the stream from harm,
On with the air-brakes—that was the last—
The wheels of the coaches were locked and
fast.

Onto its side with a piercing yell
The engine fell,
As the bridge gave way, and the engineer
Went down to death with his engine here.
True to the last,
Perils by rail and flood all past ;
Glorious boast,
Died at his post.
Just on the brink—the coaches stopped—
Of the gulf where the engine and tender
dropped.

Only a starless autumn night,
With never a light ;
Only a practical engineer,
Who met his death on his engine bier ;
Only a crash,
A dizzy whirl and an icy splash
In the stream below.
For the rest, we know
Plenty there are to fill the space
The dead man left, and the bridge replace.
But if, of those who beheld the scene,
That night, I ween,
One should travel the road again,
A night as chilly and dark as then,
And I that one,
A phantom engine would seem to run
Over the ridge,
Onto the bridge,
And sharp and shrill, like a soul in pain,
Would Wager whistle "down brakes" again.
A mule would leap on the track ahead,
With noiseless tread,
And half-way over the rushing tide,
The phantom engine fall on its side,
And pale and white,
As he peered out into the ebon night,
Ready for death,
At a moment's breath,
The face of the hero engineer
In the shadowy cab would again appear.

RESOLUTIONS.

FROM NO. 66.

BELLEVILLE, ONT., December 2, 1881.

Editor Firemen's Magazine :

At a regular meeting of Challenge Lodge, No. 66, of the B. of L. F., it was unanimously

Resolved, That to W. T. Reed, Esq., Locomotive Foreman, Belleville, we tender our sincere thanks for his kindness in

granting leave of absence to all firemen and shopmen who desired to attend our annual ball.

Resolved, That this resolution be entered upon the records of our minutes, and that a copy be forwarded to Mr. Reed, under seal of Lodge, and also sent to our journal for publication.

ROBERT GERMON,
JOHN LOGUE,
THOS. COLLINS,
Committee.

FROM NO. 16.

TERRE HAUTE, IND., Dec. 18th, 1881.

Editor Firemen's Magazine:

At a special meeting of Vigo Lodge, No. 16, held December 18th, the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, Our Lodge has been made the recipient of a most elegant and richly embroidered Altar Cover, inscribed "Vigo Lodge No. 16, B. of L. F." and

WHEREAS, The said beautiful present was tendered us by Mrs. S. M. Stevens, wife of our Worthy Grand Instructor, therefore be it

Resolved, That we accept this present with feelings of profound gratitude.

Resolved, That we regard this as a very flattering compliment, and that it shall ever be our highest aim to so live and conduct ourselves as to be worthy of the continued good will and friendship of the esteemed donor.

Resolved, That we tender Mrs. S. M. Stevens our heartfelt thanks for her splendid gift and that we convey to her our sincere appreciation of the same.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to Mrs. Stevens and that the same be published in the Firemen's Magazine.

ROBERT EBBAGE,
O. E. RAIDY.
J. N. VAN CLEVE,
Committee.

FROM NO. 18.

SLATER, Mo., Dec. 12th, 1881.

Editor Firemen's Magazine:

At a regular meeting of West End, Lodge, No. 18, B. of L. F., the following resolutions were unanimously adopted, viz:

WHEREAS, Our recent ball was a great success and many of our friends assisted in the good work, therefore be it

Resolved, That we extend to Mrs. Casey and Mrs. Peabody our sincere thanks for the hall which they donated for the occasion.

Resolved, That our thanks be also tendered to Mrs. J. Steding and Mrs. Wm. Lane for the beautiful white cake presented for the benefit of the Lodge.

Resolved, That we also extend our gratitude to the Misses Anna, Mary and Sarah Smart and Miss Fannie Hammond for the elegant mottoes they presented us with which to decorate the hall.

Resolved, That we are under obligations to Messrs. J. Peabody, C. R. Jamison, H. L. Perkins and G. J. Towson for their able management of the floor.

Resolved, That we heartily thank Mr. McPhail, Div. M. M. and P. V. Mead for lighting the hall for the occasion.

Resolved, That we also thank Mr. Nanerth and Mr. Cordenar for favors shown us.

Resolved, That our thanks be also extended to Mr. and Mrs. Stewart for the elegant supper prepared for the occasion, and to the people of Slater for the liberal patronage extended us.

Resolved, That these resolutions be forwarded, for publication, to the Firemen's Magazine.

L. M. ELDRIDGE,
J. B. MILTON,
Committee.

FROM NO. 85.

FARGO, Dakota, Dec. 5th, 1881.

Editor Firemen's Magazine:

At a special meeting of Fargo Lodge, No. 85, of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, It has pleased our Heavenly Master to remove from our fellowship our most worthy brother, Frank F. Osborn, who died of consumption, November 23d; therefore be it

Resolved, That while we bow in humble submission to His divine will, guided by the power of love, we sincerely sympathise with the bereaved wife and relatives, and hereby tender them our heartfelt sympathy in the hour of their affliction. For while they mourn the loss of one so dear, we also grieve at the departure of him who has so long held an exalted place in our estimation.

Resolved, That we have a deep concern in the future of the bereaved ones, and hope they may find consolation in Him who doeth all things for the best.

Resolved, That by the death of Bro. Osborn the B. of L. F. has lost a true and worthy member, and as a mark of our respect for his memory, we drape our charter in mourning for the space of thirty days.

Resolved, That these resolutions be entered on the minutes of our Lodge; that a copy be forwarded to the wife of our deceased brother, and that the same be published in the Firemen's Magazine.

ARTHUR BASSETT,
GEO. E. MCCORMACK,
DAN. BUCKLEY,
Committee.

FROM DEER PARK NO. 1.

PORT JERVIS, N. Y., Nov. 31st, 1881.

Editor Firemen's Magazine

At a regular meeting of Deer Park Lodge No. 1, B. of L. F., held November 29th, 1881, the following resolutions of sympathy were passed:

WHEREAS, It has pleased God, in His infinite wisdom, to remove from our midst, one of our most estimable Brothers, Mark Coxson, who was killed in a collision on the N. Y. E. & W. R.R., on November 8th, 1881, therefore be it

Resolved, That in the death of Bro. Coxson our lodge has lost an earnest and faithful member, his family a dutiful husband and kind father, and the community an upright and honest citizen.

Resolved, That we, as a lodge, sincerely sympathize with the family and sorrowing friends, who were so soon compelled to part with one so dear to them, and we trust that his home on earth has been changed for a brighter and happier one, in which grief is unknown.

Resolved, That our charter be draped in mourning for the space of thirty days and that a copy of these resolutions be sent to the bereaved wife of our late brother and that the same be published in the Locomotive Firemen's Magazine.

EDWARD HARDING,

WM. JOHNSON,

FRANK S. SMITH,

Committee.

FROM NO. 16.

TERRE HAUTE, IND., Dec. 11th, 1881.

Editor Firemen's Magazine.

At a regular meeting of Vigo Lodge, No. 16, B. of L. F., the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, Death has once more invaded our ranks and taken from our midst our worthy and esteemed Brother, Thomas B. Long, who died December 1st, after a long and painful illness; therefore be it

Resolved, That in the death of Brother Long our Lodge has lost a faithful and devoted member, who, by his consistent course of justice to all, had made every Brother his unwavering friend.

Resolved, That we mourn his loss more than human speech can express, and that we shall keep in remembrance his many noble traits of character, as long as life may last.

Resolved, That the sincere sympathy of our Lodge be extended to his stricken household, and that we convey to its afflicted members the assurance of the high esteem in which their loving husband and parent was held, and of the shadow his death has cast upon every heart.

Resolved, That as a mark of our respect for the memory of the deceased, we drape our charter in mourning for the space of thirty days.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be forwarded to the afflicted family, under seal of our Lodge, and that the same be published in the Firemen's Magazine.

J. N. VAN CLEVE,

O. E. FOX,

JOHN SMITH,

Committee.

FROM NO. 72.

CAMDEN, N. J., Nov. 18th, 1881.

Editor Firemen's Magazine:

At a regular meeting of Welcome Lodge, No. 72, of the B. of L. F., the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, Bro. Win. Cows, of our Lodge, recently lost, by death, his beloved wife, therefore be it

Resolved, That we deeply sympathize with our worthy brother in his sad bereavement, and that we hope he may bear it with Christian fortitude.

Resolved, That these resolutions be spread upon the record of this Lodge and that the same be forwarded, for publication, to the Firemen's Magazine.

JOHN COLTON,

Chairman Committee.

FROM NO. 71.

ONEONTA, N. Y., Dec. 5, 1881.

Editor Firemen's Magazine:

At a regular meeting of Susquehanna Lodge, No. 71, B. of L. F., held November 27th, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, It has pleased our Heavenly Master to remove from our midst our worthy Brother, Lathen Mackley, who was killed at Oneonta on the morning of November 22d, while in the discharge of his duties, therefore be it

Resolved, That while we bow in humble submission to the will of the Almighty,

we sincerely sympathize with the bereaved wife and relatives, and tender them our heartfelt sympathy.

Resolved, That we extend our grateful thanks to the Rev. A. B. Richardson for the able and appropriate sermon delivered on the occasion.

Resolved, That as a token of respect for our departed Brother, we drape our charter in mourning for the period of thirty days.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be presented to the wife of our deceased Brother, and that they be published in our village papers and the Firemen's Magazine.

GEORGE SMITH,
GEORGE EISINGER,
GILBERT ENGLISH,
Committee.

FROM NO. 54.

MOBERLY, Mo., Nov. 18th, 1881.

Editor Firemen's Magazine:

At a regular meeting of Anchor Lodge, No. 54, B. of L. F., held at their hall, October 11th, 1881, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, The Almighty Ruler of the universe has seen fit to remove, by death, our worthy Brother, M. P. Kelley; therefore be it

Resolved, That we deeply mourn the loss of our departed brother, and that we extend to the bereaved relatives our heartfelt sympathy.

Resolved, That as a token of respect to the deceased, our charter be draped in mourning for the space of thirty days.

Resolved, That a copy be forwarded to the relatives of the deceased, and that they be published in the Locomotive Firemen's Magazine.

GEO. R. STACY,
M. STANTON,
L. WILLOTT,
Committee.

FROM NO. 47.

CHICAGO, DEC. 7th, 1881.

Editor Firemen's Magazine:

At a regular meeting of Triumphant Lodge, No. 47, B. of L. F., held Sunday, November 27th, 1881, the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, It has pleased Him who doeth all things well to remove from our midst the wife of our brother, H. H. Kane, and sister of our brother, T. P. Murphy; and

WHEREAS, Realizing that in her death Bro. Kane has lost a devoted wife, and Bro. Murphy a loving sister; therefore be it

Resolved, That we extend to our bereaved Bros. Kane and Murphy, and their respective families, our heartfelt sympathy in this sad hour of trial.

"Weep not dear friends, she has gone before, Her pains on earth will be no more.

With you she could not longer stay,
For death hath summoned her away."

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to Bros. M. M. Kane and T. P. Murphy, and be published in our Magazine.

JAS. C. GLOVER,
A. WINWOOD,
L. BURNS,
Committee.

FROM NO. 61.

ST. PAUL, MINN., Dec. 13th, 1881.

Editor Firemen's Magazine:

At a regular meeting of Minnehaha Lodge, No. 61, B. of L. F., held November 13, 1881, the following resolutions were passed on our friend and fellow-fireman, Thomas O'Brien, who was killed on the night of October 12, by his engine being thrown from the track; remembering that if he had lived a few days longer he would have been an honored member of our Order:

WHEREAS, It has pleased Almighty God to remove from our midst, in so sudden a manner, our friend and fellow-fireman, Thomas O'Brien; therefore be it

Resolved, That while we bow in humble submission to the will of the Almighty, whose providence is based upon infinite wisdom, guided by the holy power of love, that we, as a Lodge, sincerely sympathize with the parents, brothers, sisters and sorrowing friends who have been called upon to part from one whose prospects for the future were so bright, and we trust he has exchanged his earthly career for a brighter and happier one, where parting and sorrow are unknown.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be presented to the bereaved family; that they be spread upon the records, and that they be published in the Firemen's Magazine.

S. J. MURPHY,
P. K. SULLIVAN,
J. H. SAWYER,
Committee.

FROM NO. 37.

CENTRALIA, ILLS., Dec. 4, 1881.

For the Firemen's Magazine.

At a regular meeting of New Hope Lodge, No. 37, B. of L. F., the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, Our Brother, Robert Wild, the only son of Brother J. R. Wild, met with a fatal accident while in the discharge of his duties on the I. C. R.R., and

WHEREAS, In the decease of Bro. Wild, New Hope Lodge, No. 37, has lost a beloved Brother; our Order a good and true member, and his parents a loving son and brother; therefore, be it

Resolved, That New Hope Lodge, No. 37, mourns the loss of a Brother who was ever ready to extend the hand of help and give a kind word to the needy and distressed, and who loved the Order of which he was an honored member.

Resolved, That we extend to Bro. S. R. Wild and his family, our heartfelt sympathy in the loss of their only son and brother, and we commend them to Almighty God, who has power to relieve all suffering and heal all wounds.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family of our deceased Brother, and that they be printed in our city papers and the Firemen's Magazine.

F. M. JAMES,
D. J. FIELDS,
J. B. MAWBY,
H. D. HOWARD,
Committee.

FROM NO. 75.

PHILADELPHIA, PA., Dec. 4, 1881.

At a regular meeting of Enterprise Lodge, No. 75, B. of L. F., held in Grand Army Hall, Nov. 6th, 1881, the following resolutions of condolence were adopted:

WHEREAS, It has pleased Almighty God, in His infinite wisdom, to remove from this earth the youngest son of our worthy Brother, Joseph McCleese, therefore be it

Resolved, That, while we submit to the will of Divine Providence, we deeply sympathize with the bereaved parents in this, their great loss, and may we all so live in this world that at the end of time we may meet with those who have gone before us.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to our worthy Brother, and be entered on the minutes of this Lodge, and published in the Magazine.

HENRY WALTON,
W. J. WHEELER,
JOSEPH TREGO,
Committee.

FROM NO. 68.

JERSEY CITY, N. J., Nov. 6th, 1881.

At a meeting of Hudson Lodge No. 68, held in their hall November 6th, the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, It has pleased an all-wise and merciful God to remove from our midst our worthy Bro. John McAnly, therefore be it

Resolved, That we sincerely sympathize with the bereaved wife and parents of the deceased in their sad affliction and that we commend them to Him for consolation who doeth all things for the best.

Resolved, That in the death of Bro. McAnly Hudson Lodge No. 68 has lost a worthy and devoted member, his wife a kind and noble husband and his parents a dutiful son.

Resolved, That out of respect for the deceased we drape our charter in mourning for the space of thirty days.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be forwarded to the bereaved wife and also that the same be published in the Locomotive Firemen's Magazine.

THOMAS LAWLER,
WM. DUFFAY,
E. W. DAVIS,
J. E. OPP,
Committee.

FROM NO. 61.

At a regular meeting of Minnehaha Lodge, No. 61, B. of L. F., the following resolutions of sympathy were passed on the death of the wife of our worthy Brother, P. K. Sullivan, whose sudden illness, ending so sadly, reminds us that "in the midst of life we are in death:"

WHEREAS, It has pleased Almighty God in His infinite wisdom to remove from our midst the wife of our worthy Brother in so sad a manner as to cause us clearly to see our total dependence upon his benevolence and mercy for daily life; therefore be it

Resolved, That we, the members of Minnehaha Lodge, No. 61, do sincerely sympathize with our Brother in his bereavement, and that the breach made in his family is deeply mourned by this Lodge.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be forwarded to Brother Sullivan; that they be entered upon the records of this Lodge, and that they be sent to the Firemen's Magazine for publication.

F. W. DYER,
JAS. SPELLMAN,
J. H. SAWYER,
Committee.

ADMITTED BY CARD.

- No. 28.—E. J. McQuirle, of No. 84.
 No. 40.—Wm Weichlein, from No. 40 (rejoined).
 No. 63.—David Morgan, from No. 36.
 No. 76.—E. H. Barnard, from No. 70.
 No. 88.—Thomas Allen, from No. 89.

REINSTATED.

- No. 37.—Frank Maley.

WITHDRAWALS.

- No. 9.—Wm. Harris.
 No. 14.—Wm. Coakley, final.
 No. 19.—George McLain, to join No. 89.
 No. 22.—D. C. O'Donnell, to join No. 51.
 No. 45.—W. M. Barrett.
 No. 57.—W. R. Cutter, withdrawn to join No. 3.
 No. 61.—Knut Holden, final.
 No. 63.—James Hather, to join No. 47.
 No. 66.—C. McKnight, final.
 No. 66.—J. C. McKnight, final.

BLACK LIST.

No. 4.—George W. Menish, expelled for non-payment of dues and disgraceful conduct.

No. 7.—B. R. Crook, expelled for non-payment of dues.

No. 9.—George Ketcham, expelled for non-payment of dues.

No. 10.—T. Callahan and J. McGuire, expelled for non-payment of dues.

No. 14.—Frank Presler, expelled for non-payment of dues.

No. 14.—Peter Staff, expelled for non-payment of dues.

No. 15.—Oliver Hebert, expelled for non-payment of dues.

No. 15.—A. McConnell, for non-payment of dues.

No. 22.—R. W. Dunlap, for drunkenness and unbecoming conduct.

No. 28.—J. A. Dolson, expelled for non-payment of dues.

No. 32.—Barney Gaughan, expelled for disgraceful conduct.

No. 33.—W. H. Perdue, expelled for non-payment of dues.

No. 36.—Walter S. Baker (fraud), G. G. Harris and Andrew Fleener, expelled for non-payment of dues.

No. 43.—Rufus Stuart, expelled for non-payment of dues.

No. 43.—L. H. Ingersoll, expelled for drunkenness and defrauding Lodge.

No. 54.—John Hummert, expelled for defrauding and contempt of Lodge.

No. 60.—A. B. Collom and Andrew Miller, expelled for non-payment of dues.

No. 72.—G. Murphy and W. Pine, expelled for non-payment of dues.

No. 74.—John J. McGaughey and Chas. Mason, expelled for non-payment of dues.

No. 87.—Sidney Butler, expelled for non-payment of dues.

No. 94.—J. B. Baker, expelled for non-payment of dues.

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A TERRIBLE NIGHT.

In 1870, Job Morrison, guide and frontiersman, was acting as paymaster in the Yellowstone division, U. S. A., having been temporarily employed to fill the place of an officer, whose sickness prevented him from performing the regular duties of the position. As such assistant, it became necessary for Morrison, early in May, to traverse a large section of country, visit a number of outlying posts and pay the troops. He was entitled to a guard, but having visited Laramie, Fetterman, McKinnie and Kearney, he dismissed his escort and proceeded alone across the Big Horn Mountains by Indian trails toward Camp Brown, from which point he could strike the railroad again at Green River and thus return home.

The greater portion of his funds was exhausted. Only some fifteen hundred dollars remained to be paid at Camp Brown. He was unknown as a government officer, was a thorough mountaineer, and well armed, and therefore had no fear nor hesitation in proceeding as described. It would be far quicker than to follow the beaten road with his guard.

It was the third day of his solitary ride, toward midnight, that he struck the Bay Water Creek, a tributary of the Horn. Following this stream, he would at length leave the mountains and enter upon an open plateau, across which a ride of thirty six miles would bring him to his destination. One more night in the wilderness and the risk of his adventure would be over.

Musing, as his horse picked his way along the obscure trail, yet watchful, Morrison rode a dozen miles, and the shadows of the coming night were warning him that it was time to camp, when suddenly there fell upon his trained ear the bark of a dog.

He halted, and again it sounded not far in front.

He urged his horse onward and upon rounding a bluff thirty rods ahead, to

his astonishment he saw a small cabin, a white man standing in the door and a hound at his feet.

A veritable hunter's retreat. Morrison's heart was gladdened. He rode rapidly forward.

"Evenin', friend," he called to the man. "Yer deep in the timber, but it's lucky for me. Can I stay all night?"

The fellow raised his head, and a terrible recollection passed the paymaster's brain. This newly found friend was none other than Dan Lamoreaux, a border ruffian of the worst stripe, whom he had known in Kansas city years before—a man stained with crime, and for whose head a reward was even now offered.

The cabin in the wilderness was a hiding place not a home.

But the other seemed to regard Morrison as an utter stranger, and looking at him carelessly he drawled:

"I reckon ye kin light. Thar's a blanket inside, and the women-folks 'ill knock ye up suthin' to eat."

"Women-folks!" Morrison stared, but obeyed his host's injunction, and, dismounting, entered the cabin.

A mere hut, with hewn logs for a floor, two rooms below and a loft above. Two women were near the fire. One full sixty, of hideous face and fixture, with bent frame, and long, claw-like hands; the other much younger, but with a hardened expression of countenance. Even as the agent recognized the man, so he knew these women. They were Lamoreaux's slaves—the elder, his mother, a hag of the vilest nature; the other his wife.

Morrison had camped in a viper's den. He must look sharp that he was not bitten.

As yet no sign of recognition had appeared upon the face of Lamoreaux. If the man did not suspect him as a government officer or an old enemy—for Morrison had been connected with the detective police while in the east—he might safely remain. He represented himself as a mere voyager, half prospector, half hunter—a sort of mountain raif.

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A coarse supper of venison, tea and hard bread was spread, and seated with the desperado and his wife, Morrison ate. Then, removing his pistol belt, he hung it upon the wall and filled his pipe for an evening smoke.

Lamoreaux, at the close of the meal also arose and left the shanty, remarking that he would see to the horse.

As the paymaster knelt upon the broad, rough hearth-stone to draw a coal from the fire with which to light his pipe, the old woman who shivered in the corner, shot one sharp glance at him, and then, rubbing her hands together until the joints cracked and the long nails rasped upon her tough and leathery skin, she muttered some hardly distinguishable words:

"Under the stone; under the stone! Ha! ha! And I did it; I did it! His throat was soft and smooth, and I did it! Under the stone! Ha! ha!"

For an instant the mountaineer's hand trembled, and he paused. Was he kneeling above a grave? Then the sense of his danger came to him. Self-possession returned, for by coolness alone could he save himself, and he applied the coal to the waiting pipe. But the muttered words of the hag had warned him.

"Be them thar weepins loaded?" asked the young woman as he resumed his seat, pointing to his revolvers. "I'm desperit afraid o' powder."

"What! A hunter's wife afraid o' powder. That's a good un," and Morrison laughed heartily, even while his heart quaked at the suggestive question. "Well, I'll put them on again, and then ye won't be in any danger."

He arose to execute that suggestion. But at that instant Lamoreaux entered, and as if cognizant of what happened, he raised his hand, took the pistol belt from the wall and placed it carefully in a deep chest that served as a seat near the fire, closed the same and locked it, remarking as he did so:

"There, Lizette, ye needn't be skeered now? Them pistols is safe." Then turning to his astonished guest: "No need of weeping in these digging, an' they'll be ready for ye in the mornin'."

There was nothing for it but to acquiesce, and so unarmed this old enemy of Lamoreaux's sat in his den, and with the certainty in his heart that the desperado had discovered him and meditated his death, he coolly speculated on his chances of escape.

Small indeed he found them, trapped as he was, and the words of the old

mother again recurred to him with more of fatal meaning than before—"Under the stone; under tife stone!"

The evening wore on. Morrison attempted some conversation with his host, but the man was taciturn and morose, and answered him shortly. The younger woman busied herself about the room, and the older one croned and muttered in her chimney corner, her ugly and wrinkled face lit by the fitful gleam of the dying fire, until, to the brooding imagination of the watchful traveler, she seemed a very witch gloating above the grave of her victims. Bad thoughts for one whose wits alone must save him from the murderer's knife ere morning, and as the tallow dip shortened and its "winding sheet" grew long and white, Morrison arose from his stool, knocked the ashes from his pipe, and asked that he might be shown where to lie, as he was worn and weary.

He felt sure of one thing—no attack would be made upon him until he slept, unless he should show a fear of attack, and he therefore desired by an apparent trustfulness, to obtain all possible time, in order to plan a defense or escape. —

At his request Lizette arose.

"Ye kingo to the loft," and she pointed toward the rough ladder. "Thar's a blanket thar, an' I reckon ye'll be comfortable. Ef ye hear any noise below don't be disturbed, fer the old woman sleeps by the fire, an' she talks an' walks around sometimes. She's broke kinder."

Morrison smiled lightly.

"I'm too heavy a sleeper to notice that under a roof. In the timber one's ear is open all night, but when I bunk in a cabin I sleep."

He took the candle offered him and climbed to the loft above. Then, finding the blankets, he threw himself down, extinguished the light and waited.

One weapon his enemies had left him—his trusty knife in his boot top—and with this closely grasped in his hand, he turned his face to the roughly-hewn floor of logs and listened.

For a little while no sound broke the silence below. Without, he could hear the occasional stamp of his horse, tethered near the hut, and the sighing of the night wind in the pines.

There was no window in the attic and the roof was of heavy logs. Flight was out of the question. If attacked he must fight for his life.

He set his teeth grimly. This was not the first time he had faced death. But the odds were fearfully against him.

An hour passed, when suddenly there was a stir below. With bated breath he listened.

Lamoreaux had evidently arose, for his heavy feet could be heard on the floor beneath. He stopped near the fireplace.

"Git up!"

The words were half-whispered, but they came clearly to Morrison's ear. And it was the hag who answered, cackling meantime:

"Under the stone; under the stone! I did it!"

"Curse ye and the stone too!" hissed the man. "Ye must do it agin. Git up an'—ye know what."

There was silence for a moment.

"Come, be quick ye old devil."

"Under the stone; under the stone!" crooned the witch. "What, more?" she suddenly continued in an intense tone. "Ah, has he money, money—gold? An' will ye give me some if I tear his throat out? More than before?"

"Aye, I'll give ye more. Git up, quickly, too, an' see that he does not cry out. See," continued Lamoreaux, as the woman arose, "he must not awake. Ye must shut yer hands so—tight! Tight! an' never open 'em!"

"I know, I know," croaked the murderess, hoarsely. "Help me up."

And from the sound, Morrison knew that together they were approaching the foot of the ladder.

His blood ran chill. Must he kill this old woman? Was she the strangler who carried out the crimes her demon son planned? It would seem so.

The ladder was creaking beneath her ascending tread. A moment later and the waiting man in the loft could discern a crouching figure upon the floor, creeping cat-like toward him. He even noted the glisten of her fiendish eyes, the light scratch of her claw-like nails against the logs. Motionless he lay, his knife thrust back into his boot-top, both hands ready for the attack.

The woman was alone. Her noble son waited below until the danger was past.

Nearer and nearer she drew, now halting to listen and again advancing, but so directing her course as to come upon her intended victim from the direction in which his head lay. So doing, she could seize his throat with her whole strength, and he, thus terribly awakened, would vainly beat the air without danger to the strangler. It was a simple plan, yet diabolically cunning.

Already the hag was in her place, already her skinny arms were outstretched;

her sinewy hands open to grasp the warm throat of her victim; her poisonous breath upon his brow—when, with a sudden sweep of his arms of steel, Morrison caught his assailant as in a vice, lifted her bodily from the floor, and buried her face downward in the blankets upon which he lay, winding her body from head to feet in the heavy cloth, until she was securely gagged and bound; then he again drew his knife and crept silently to the edge of the hole.

Lamoreaux was standing below. The sound of the struggle had reached him; and now with outstarting eyes and trembling limbs, he awaited the signal to seize his prey. But it came not.

The man was troubled. He whispered softly, then called:

"Granny! How is it?"

No reply, and only the far-away cry of an owl broke the deathly stillness of the night. Lamoreaux's breath came hard and hissing through his teeth.

"Curses upon her wrinkled hide! What has happened?" he muttered, and called a second time.

Still no reply. Even the cry of the owl was silenced now. Night and mystery reigned.

"The devil's witch is robbing the corpse herself," exclaimed the desperado, in a low, intense tone. "I must see to it."

And the man began slowly and with the utmost silence to ascend the ladder.

Above crouched Morrison, every nerve tense as steel, his eyes gleaming with that light which shines from those of a panther ere he springs, his breath indrawn—waiting.

Step by step Lamoreaux drew near, until first his head, then his neck, and last his shoulders appeared above the level of the floor; then with a fierce yell—an Indian war-cry—Morrison's arm shot forward like the bolt from a bow. There was a single gleam of a flashing blade, a half-uttered cry of horror cut cleanly in two, a sudden sinking of the man's body, and with a heavy plunge the desperado went backward to the floor below, dead.

Morrison was saved.

And then terror seized him, and the strain once gone, he trembled like an aspen leaf.

Quickly descending, with a shudder he passed the motionless figure at the ladder's foot; stayed not to secure his pistols even, mounted and spurred his astonished steed through all the hours of the starry night that remained, he rode southward until, just as the bright sun tipped

the eastern sky with red, the stars and stripes above Camp Brown gladdened his weary eyes, and a little later, exhausted and wan, he told his tale to the wondering officers at the post.

Ere night a mounted guard had investigated the cabin upon Bitter Water Creek, found and buried Lamoreaux and his mother, who had died the death she would have meted out to others, strangled by the blankets in which she was bound, and returned to Morrison his stolen pistols. But the younger woman was never seen again.

The hut was burned, the lonely graves hidden beneath its ashes, and no trail to-day remains of the den or its inhabitants; but the memory of that terrible night will sadden the life of Ben Morrison, even though he lived beyond the allotted period of three score years and ten.

THE WORKMAN'S TEST.

It was surely a scowling set of workmen who stood around the door of Mr. Plaine's office on the Saturday night in question.

"I tell you the boss'll come to it!"

"He'll have to when he finds we won't budge an inch nor take a cent less."

"There's those contract jobs to be completed by July or forfeit bonds."

"And lots of more work pressing—the busy season, too."

"Oh, he can't do otherwise than come to our terms if we stand firm."

These were the sentences that could be heard as the men crowded together and talked in low tones, with determined looks and nervous, angry gestures.

"Are you with us, Tom," asked one of them of a fresh arrival—a slim, slight man, with a fair, pleasing countenance.

"With you, how?"

"Why, on the strike—you know well enough."

"Oh, yes, I have heard," said the new comer, in an uneasy way, shifting his position and moving away, as if he was not anxious to mingle in the proceedings.

"You'd better be. We'll make it hot for the 'rats,' said another.

"I tell you we've got the boss where the hair is short. You see, he's got all these contracts that he's working us so all-fired hard on, to fill before the fifteenth day of July. We may as well have seventy-five cents more a day as not—it's worth it, our labor is—and I, for one, am in for it," said another of the group, stepping up and button-holing the man whom his comrades addressed as Tom.

"Very well—it is worth it. But do you not see that Mr. Plaine will fill our places with others, if we desert him at this time."

"They can never get into the Carpenters' Union," sneered the others.

"Mr. Plaine, as you say, will lose a large sum of money if his contracts are not completed. But he is not a man to be balked by anything or to be bullied. Don't you think it would be better to lay our case before him and ask an increase of wages, rather than try to force him into it? He is a trying man to work for, but he pays promptly, and I think he has a kind heart."

"Pooh; nonsense! As if he would care for us unless we make it necessary for him to do so. He represents capital; we represent labor. Capital and labor are eternally at war, the way things are now-a-days. If capital has got the grip, labor must show the grit."

"I don't see it in that light. Capital and labor ought to harmonize—"

"Come, boys! Three dollars and a quarter a day! Follow me; I'll open the ball. Every man of you resist till our terms are complied with," cried the voice of a sturdy mechanic, as he brandished a hand-saw over his head, and led the way across the yard into the little office.

"Come! You'll regret it if you don't strike; and it isn't healthy to be unpopular in these cases," shouted Tom's interlocutor, as he sprang across the yard and followed his mates.

Tom stood irresolute for a moment, took a step toward the office, then turned and walked quickly out of the yard into the street, home.

"I couldn't do it just then, Mary, I wanted to talk it over with you, you know," said Tom Wright to his little wife, as they sat at supper, after the matter had received due attention.

"Well, Tom, I presume you know how I feel about it."

"How?"

"Just as you do, of course. I never knew you to go far out of the way in your opinion yet, on any matter right or wrong."

"Thank you. I appreciate a compliment from you, wifey. But tell me what I can do?"

"Do? Why, do your duty. Keep at work. By so doing you will do your duty to your employer and yourself at the same time."

"But the Union—"

"Oh, those troublesome unions," said Mary. "They ought not to be a source

of trouble, but harmony. The union ought to be between master and men, instead of binding only to the men. What can the Union do to you?"

"I don't think they will do me any real harm. They may make it very unpleasant for me for a time. But with your strong heart and help to cheer me, and the sweet face of little Bessie there to encourage me, I can face them, please God, and do my duty, as you say, like a man."

"It is your duty to yourself. There's this snug little house, Tom, that you have been finishing off at odd hours—the notes for the lot and lumber come due in August. I've been calculating, and if your present wages comes in regularly we can meet them all right; if not, we shall have to lose all."

"That would be a bitter thing, Mary—far worse than facing the Union. Then, too, outside of Mr. Plaine's force there will be no jobs to get in Boxboro all this season, if these fellows strike and stick to it, and you and Bessie must have bread."

Strong in heart and resolution, Tom went to work the next Monday morning. He was the only one of Mr. Plaine's force that appeared on duty.

One of the idle carpenters passed that way and saw him alone at work on the interior of a building.

"Ho! Leave off there. Don't you know we struck on Saturday night? You'll be cashiered by the Union," cried the workman.

"Perhaps so."

"Will you quit?"

"No."

"Then I'll report you to the secretary. The boys will make it uncomfortable for you."

He made no reply, but worked on.

"You'd better quit," said the man. "Old Plaine swore he'd see us roasted before he'd submit to our imposition, as he calls it. He's gone to Gotham to engage a fresh lot of hands; but we telegraphed to the union there how matters stood with us, and he'll find we've blocked his little game. I say, will you come down and quit work?"

Still Tom made no reply, but kept steadily on. The man went away muttering curses.

At noon, when Tom went to dinner, a stealthy foot stole into the unfinished building; and a deft, noiseless hand cut slanting slits in the props which upheld the staging where Tom had been at work.

* * * * *

"Oh, sir, father's hurt! He sent me to say that he can't work to-morrow."

"What's that? Whose little girl are you?" asked the quick, eager tone of Mr. Plaine's incisive voice.

"Tom Wright's, sir. My name is Bessie."

"Ah, he's hurt, is he? Perhaps that a dodge. Where do you live? I'll go and see him. When did it happen, little girl?"

"To-day. He fell from the staging?"

"Ah! In the Grosvenor square building?"

"Yes, sir. Let's walk around that way."

Bessie took the contractor's hand, and they went together to the scene of the accident.

"Some of their infernal rascality. They ought to be made to suffer for it—and they shall. Not a man of them shall ever work for me again!" was Mr. Plaine's ejaculation, as he inspected the cause of fallen staging.

"See here, little girl, the villains sawed the post two-thirds off and left it as they did this one, so that the least sway of the staging under a man's tread would throw it over from the wall and let your father down."

"Who do you suppose did it, sir?"

"Lord bless you, that's more than we can find out. I'll punish him, whoever it was."

Thus talking they came to the house where Bessie lived.

"Well, Tom, how are you?" cried the contractor, as they entered the neat room and saw the workman bolstered upon a lounge, his wife holding his hand.

"Only a broken arm and a sprained side, sir, with a few bruises," said Tom, cheerfully.

"Take a chair, sir. You are very kind to come and see my husband," said Mary.

"I'd be a dog if I didn't," growled the contractor. "So that's all that ails you, is it? I should think it was enough. You didn't come for your wages last Saturday night?"

"No, sir. The men were striking."

"I understand. Here they are. Now, when can you be out of doors—I don't mean work, but keep on your feet?"

"By three days, I hope, though the doctor said longer."

"Lie still until next Monday morning. Then come to my office. I've engaged a full gang of fresh men in the place of those miscreants who left me in the 'lurch,' and have caused your accident, and I'm going to make you my foreman. You are not to work, remember; only

oversee the jobs and hurry them along. Your salary will be just double your present wages, and will date from to-day. Not a word—there—don't think of me! I've found a man I can rely on for business, and it's a Godsend for me. Get along as soon as possible. Good night.

Tom Wright owns a handsome cottage now. It is all paid for, and Tom has stock in the bank besides. Mr. Plaine made him his partner last year, and Tom has learned to realize the advantage of doing his duty to his employer and himself.

A FABLE.

"WE MUST HAVE REFORM."

Detroit Free Press.

One day a Lobster, who had been beaten at Old Sledge, went over to see the Shark about it, and the poor souls talked it over, wiped their eyes, and finally decided to call a convention. A call was written out, signed "Many Citizens," and duly posted so that all might read. When the hour arrived it brought the Shark, the Lobster, the Devil-fish, the Wolf, the Tiger, the Eagle, the Serpent and the Alligator, and it was really affecting to see their tears as they shook hands and spoke of the painful necessity that had brought them together.

The Shark took the chair and announced that he was a strong advocate of reform. He had heard of the Wolf eating sheep, and he felt that such things must be stopped, or the country would be lost.

"If it's any worse to eat sheep than sailors, then I want to know it!" retorted the Wolf. "Besides that, it is the Tiger who raises all this outcry by his misdeeds. I move you, sir, that he be reformed."

"Gentlemen," slowly remarked the Tiger, as he rose up, "I've been maliciously slandered. I'm a peaceable, law-abiding citizen, and I think it too bad that every murder committed by the Devil Fish should be laid at my door. I hope he will reform."

"Mr. Chairman, I'm astonished," remarked the Devil Fish, as he took the floor. "I supposed you all knew me to be one of the humblest, feeblest creatures in the world. I wouldn't hurt anybody for a cent, but it is the Alligator and his doings which has made this convention necessary."

"That's another!" exclaimed the Alligator, as he left his chair. "For years

past I have borne the odium of crimes committed by the Eagle, and I'll be hanged if I stand it any longer! Reform must begin with the Eagle."

"I rise to say," explained the Eagle, "that I look so much like the Serpent that he shoulders his misdeeds off on my back. I hope the convention will hurt his feelings as he has hurt mine."

"Well, now, but I *am* surprised!" observed the Serpent. "The wicked Lobster has so managed that I must suffer for his crimes. He comes on shore, kills an ox or horse, directs the finger of suspicion at me, and then hustles back to his water home and is safe. Gentlemen, I ask to be set right in the eyes of the world."

The Lobster arose, heaved a deep sigh as he looked around, and then said:

"If the Fish-Worm had been invited to this convention I should have had a chance to clear myself by charging him with having committed crime in my name. Under the circumstances I move that we adopt a resolution to the effect that the Hare must be hung for highway robbery, and then adjourn."

MORAL:

Never begin a reform at home.

WELL, NOT THIS EVENING.

HARVARD LAMPOON.

"Twas a bright and moonlight evening
As they wandered on the shore,
And she gently pressed his coat sleeve,
As she oft had done before.

And they talked about his college,
While she charmed him with her looks;
Then she called him very naughty,
Not at all well up in books.

"Have you ever read," she murmured,
"Squees' Memoir? I wish you would."
"Well, since you insist," he whispered,
"I will try and be so good."

"Take your arm away—you monster!—
From my waist, you awful man!
That's not what I meant at all, sir!
There, you're breaking my new fan!"

"'Twas the life of Joseph Squees, sir,
And I think you're awful bad!
Am I angry? Take me home, sir.
Yes, I am just fearful mad!"

"Twas a bright and moonlight evening,
As he wandered on the shore;
But no maiden pressed his coat sleeve
As she used in days of yore.

OUR EXCHANGES.

THE MAN WITH THE FLAIL.

Detroit Free Press.

It carried the beholder back to thirty years ago, when the thrashing machine was heard only at rare intervals, and the honest farmer spread his golden stalks on the clean barn floor, and flailed away with such tempered blows that not a kernel was broken. The man who had it sat down on one of the benches in the West Circus Park. The rare sight of such an article halted every pedestrian, and the man had to keep explaining over and over:

"Well, I'll have some beans to shell this fall, and I kinder thought 'twould be easier to flail 'em out. The hardware man told me he had to send to Vermont for it."

Pretty soon there came along a gray-headed alderman, and when he saw that flail he looked ten years younger all at once.

"I handled that for over ten years," he said as he picked it up and spit on his hands. "Seems like old times to get hold of this hickory again."

He stepped out one side to give the crowd an exhibition on the grass, and his success was great. At the second blow the flail end hesitated in mid-air, wobbled about, and finally came down with a whack on the patriot's head, making him see more stars than a winter's night ever brought out. He dropped the weapon with the remark that he was already ten minutes late in keeping an appointment, and he was rubbing his skull as far down the streets as he could be seen. The next to try it was one who got off a passing car under the idea that a dog-fight was in progress.

"A flail? Ha! ha! Why, I haven't seen a flail since I was married," he chuckled as he reached for it. "I presume I have flailed a thousand bushels of wheat in my time. You boys stand back there."

The boys retreated, and the man lifted the flail on high and patted the grass in a vigorous manner.

"Yes, my stint used to be twenty bushels a day," he continued, "and though I do say it myself I——"

Something happened. He dropped the flail, seized his jaw, and danced off as if

he had springs under him, and although a dozen voices asked what hit him he refused to tell.

By and by a third man came sailing along, and when he saw the flail he remarked that his father had used one like it nearly all his life, and was called the smartest flailer in New Hampshire.

"Can't you use it?" inquired one of the crowd.

"Why, of course. If you boys want to see how our fathers got their wheat to mill I'll give you a little exhibition. Here, bub, hold my hat."

He buttoned his coat, moistened his hands, and began work. The first blow nearly broke a man's knee; the second cracked against a boy's elbow, and at the third the flailer grabbed the top of his head and sat down with a subdued look in the corners of his mouth.

"Well, I guess I'll be jogging along," said the owner of the flail as he rose up. "It's all in getting the kink of it. A feller who makes twists and wobbles a special study won't git his head broke over twice a day, but a green hand might as well sit down under a brick kiln durin' a tornado. Day, gentlemen."

THE SEAT OF EMOTION.

Leigh Hunt.

I must give here as my opinion, founded on what I observed, that lips become more or less contracted in the course of years, in proportion as they are accustomed to express good humor and generosity, or peevishness and a contracted mind. Remark the effect which a moment of ill-humor and grudgingness has upon the lips, and judge what may be expected from an habitual series of such moments. Remark the reverse, and make a similar judgment. The mouth is the frank part of the face; it can the least conceal its sensations.

We can hide neither ill-temper with it, nor good; we may affect what we please, but affectation will not help us. In a wrong cause it will only make our observers repent the endeavor to impose upon them. The mouth is the seat of one class of emotion, as the eyes are of another; or rather, it expresses the same emotions, but in greater detail and with more irrepressible tendency to be in mo-

tion. It is the region of smiles and dimples and of trembling tenderness, of a sharp sorrow, of a full breathing joy, of candor, of reserve, of a carking care, of a liberal sympathy.

KATE OR KITTY.

"What a surprise I have had, Kitty!" said Mrs. Lemoine, coming in from her neighbor's five o'clock tea one afternoon. "I have met an old friend—a gentleman I used to know when I was a girl."

Kitty took no notice of her mother's blushes. She was thinking of young Frank Pincott, who had a very pleasant walk with her that afternoon.

Mrs. Lemoine had been a widow for many years, and the gentleman she had just met was her first lover. They had quarrelled and parted, and she had married Mr. Lemoine. But now the old memories came back again. He had asked leave to call, and she had given it to him.

Mr. Marlbury called next day, and Kitty saw him. He told her she was her mother over again, and soon he was thoroughly established on the footing of a family friend.

He came and went without ceremony; he offered his escort to mother and daughter alike; and soon Mrs. Lemoine began to hear on every side praises of "Kitty's admirer."

"A little old for her, perhaps!" said the inquisitive friends; "but so elegant, so distinguished; and well off, too, is he not?"

Mrs. Lemoine only shook her head and laughed; but to herself she said, "It is very probable that these good folks are right; the thing often happens. Kitty is like me. It is a compliment to me, certainly, and men never know that they grow old as well as we. Why should I object?"

But she sighed a little, and that day put her hair in a plainer way.

One day—it was six months from the evening on which Mr. Marlbury had renewed his acquaintance with the widow—Mrs. Lemoine sat alone in her little parlor. Kitty was out and her mother was sunk in so deep a reverie that she did not hear the bell nor the door open, and started with surprise when Mr. Marlbury stood before her.

"Alone?" he asked, looking at her with a kindly smile. "Kitty is off, enjoying herself, I suppose. May I sit here—beside you?"

She made room for him on the sofa.

"It is a good many years since we used to sit in this way together in your father's house," said Mr. Marlbury. "'Kate,' they called you. I like Kate better than any other name I know. I never saw a Kate who was not pretty."

"I wonder whether I was pretty," said Mrs. Lemoine.

"Oh, yes, pretty; not as handsome as you are now," said Mr. Marlbury.

"Oh, I am quite an old woman—I shall be forty next birthday," said she.

"And I forty-five but I feel young," said the man laughing. "Tell me, am I too old to mend an old bachelor's life by marrying, Mrs. Lemoine?"

"But it is different with *men*," said Mrs. Lemoine, sighing. "Certainly not. A man, I believe, is *never* too old."

"The French have a saying, 'A man is as old as he feels; a woman is as old as she looks,'" said Mr. Marlbury.

"That's unjust. Why should not a woman be as young as she feels, too?" said Mrs. Lemoine.

"Because I have heard women talk of being old, when they looked almost like young girls," said Mr. Marlbury. "Kate, at least we are old enough to know our own minds now. Do you think I should make a woman happy; or am I, what you once called me, a jealous fool that would make a woman's life wretched?"

"Oh, I was a goose, then, you know," said Mrs. Lemoine. "I was sorry afterwards; but dear me, all that was ages ago."

"And you understand what I mean," said Mr. Marlbury. "You know whom I want for a wife?"

"I suppose I do," said Mrs. Lemoine.

"Can I have her?" asked the gentleman.

"Oh, Mr. Marlbury," said Mrs. Lemoine, "I can only give my consent to the match after you have learned her sentiments. I find it hard to make sure of what she thinks. I—in fact, if you want Kitty, you must propose to Kitty."

"Ah," replied Mr. Marlbury, "but you see, Mrs. Lemoine, I no more want Kitty than she would have me. I want Kate—my own Kate—whom I have never ceased to love."

When Kitty came home that night, she was very pale, and her eyes shone wonderfully. Mrs. Lemoine was alone, and Kitty sat down on the little stool at her feet.

"Mamma," said she, "I have something to say to you. Frank Pincott proposed to me to-night, and I accepted him. You don't object mamma?"

"Oh, my dear! I—such a fool as I am—objecting to anything?" cried Mrs. Lemoine. "I'm ashamed to look at you, child."

"Why?" answered Kitty. Then suddenly she drooped down, looked into her mother's eyes, and said, "Mamma, I believe you have been doing the same thing. You are engaged, too."

Mrs. Lemoine did not contradict her daughter.

WOMAN AND HOME.

A BATTLE CRY.

Indianapolis Review.

Foremost among the rights to which woman is entitled is the right to have a good husband. Every lassie should have her laddie, or her possessions are incomplete. In Eden, Adam awoke and found Eve by his side, and we have been led to suppose that the surprise was mutually agreeable. Chroniclers have failed to state which one of these remote relations of ours first said, "Come live with me and be my love;" but from that time to this, man has had the right to make the choice of a life companion. When an individual abuses a right or neglects the proper use of it, it is time it was taken from him and given to some one who will properly appreciate and use it. For untold ages man has had the right to propose. The long list of bachelors in a late Review proves that he is neglecting that sacred right. We hear a great hubbub raised about women who are seeking to unsex themselves, to discard their womanly attributes and obtain those hitherto allotted to man. The fierce anti-suffragist sits up late at night to picture a world of women flinging to the wind the ungainly garments man has heretofore monopolized. Dear sisters, while we are unsexing ourselves, let us make a complete success of it. Man is neglecting the right to propose. Let us take it away from him. We are becoming a nation of superfluous women, and Indianapolis gloats over her three or four columns of unmarried men. Shame!

The cry of the times is for novelty. Give us novelty or we perish. What would be more novel than a practically-minded woman to walk up to a man, take him by the lapel of his coat, draw him into a retired nook, and say, "My dear fellow, I have long admired you for your many virtues. Will you marry me?" Or, the sentimentally inclined could say,

"Beloved Augustus, I love you madly, will you be mine? If you reject me, I will perish by my own hand." No form of proposal will be interdicted except flopping down on the knees. Let no woman forget her dignity so far as to imitate man in his weakly-minded method of urging her suit. We must meet man on an equal plane to become recognized as his peer.

This reform in matrimonial matters will redound to the glory and advancement of woman. She is more in chains in this respect than any other. She cannot vote but she has a right to name her favorite candidate. She cannot propose, neither dare she indicate her preferences. Her hands are tied, but one strong wrench will set them free. Now then, sisters, all together!

When women have a voice in making the laws by which they must be governed, they will first put down intemperance, that curse of the world; they will next abolish bachelors, those plagues of society. A single woman—palsied be the fingers that would write her down an old maid,—no woman who respects herself and her sex will ever permit the word to pass her lips. A single woman has always a nook to fill, and her life generally confers showers of blessings all around. But, please tell me, of what earthly good is a bachelor? He is neither useful nor ornamental, and should be classed among the monstrosities of nature.

When the halcyon time which ushers in the matrimonial revolution arrives, the man who is a bachelor will have to show good cause for being one. If it is because he cannot afford to marry, he will be sent to "A Home for Indigent Old Men." If his celibacy is due to bashfulness, a committee will be appointed to wait on him, ascertain his choice, notify the lady, who will then take all proposals into her own hands and seal his fate. If by some extraordinary combination of circumstances both parties should be afflicted with extreme modesty, telephonic communication will be furnished without extra charge.

Wealthy bachelors, who refuse marriage, will be subjected to heavy taxation for the support of the women they have rejected. Bachelors, who are not too bashful, too poor or too rich to marry, but who refuse from what has been strikingly termed "pure cussedness," will be sentenced to hard labor for life-time on a desert island. All obstacles will be removed, and every path made straight. If a bachelor has a widowed mother or

family of unmarried sisters to support, the committee will furnish bachelors to marry them and leave him untrammelled.

The true place for woman is the

"Sweet, safe corner by the household fire,
Behind the heads of children."

If obdurate man refuses to furnish the fireside, we will find the means to make him do it.

Cheer up, faint heart! The dawn of a new day comes slowly up this way! The mist of prejudice will vanish before it, and this worn-out world will bloom once more an Eden!

Bachelors, take warning! Look well to the joints of your armor! Polish up your airs and graces—rub the rust off your winning ways. A new champion is in the field, and she will not strike lance until your ranks are routed and the victory is gained.

PENELOPE.

"PRACTICE ECONOMY."

Lucius Goss.

"Practice economy"—the most exasperating advice you can give to a poor man or woman. There is the forced economy of making a little go a great way, which the laboring man's wife practices when she sweetens the pies and cakes which the family do not have, with the sugar which she has not got, and allows the expectant children to draw on their imaginations for the balance of the material. What a saving, indeed, to do without that which they continually long for, but are never able to purchase. As a general rule, poverty's hoardings, if not locked within the gates of a castle in the air, are hidden down deep in the hold of that wonderful ship always coming "over from Spain," but which never arrives.

To retort in the same fashion: Why should not a rich man economize, and thereby be enabled to give better wages to his deserving employees? Take Vanderbilt for example. Not having heard any high-salaried minister of the gospel "explain away" the story of the camel and the eye of the needle, even to a Sunday school class, he has determined to build a new Jerusalem of his own, so as to make a sure thing of his soul's happiness for a season. The rearer of his palace gives employment to hundreds of workmen. Good; but could not he, too, economize somewhere, so as to give his workmen higher wages—water the stock of their labor, as it were, and declare increased dividends at pay day? To avoid all hairsplitting, let us suppose that Van-

derbilt should give back, yes, give back, his wealth, except a million or two, to the families to which it once belonged—would it work evil? Would it not be right? Again: Is there no room for benevolence in the slums of New York that a 150-millionaire can find no nobler use for money than to build a cubic-acre house for himself? If one is afraid to undertake to lift a fellow-creature out of a quagmire at a single pull, lest the unfortunate man's arms be jerked off in the operation, there yet remains the conservative method of underdraining the slough, so as to allow the fellow to dig himself out as soon as the mud dries up. Does New York city need no underdraining? Of course, it is well to be cautious when buttering a poor man's bread, lest he choke to death on his victuals?

You do not understand how Vanderbilt's wealth once belonged to other folks. Did he, or his father, the Commodore, create the wealth he now owns? Certainly not. Poor men, day laborers—tens of thousands of them—gave him of the products of their labor; gave him two, three and four dollars' worth of production for one dollar of pay. If they grumbled at their low wages, they were told to "economize." So they did economize that they might furnish three dollars' worth of labor for one dollar of money. They sang the doleful chant of "economy" while the high priests of capital, those holy ones of unspotted garments, officiated at the altar of Mammon—and all the people shouted "Amen!"

Labor dug deep wells, and found never failing springs. Toilers by hosts dipped up the clear water and carried it to the channel of a mighty river. Each sunburnt slave was allowed, before pouring the contents into the river, to drink one swallow, lest he die of thirst—it was his pay for his work. The rest of the water went to swell the tide of the river which flows on, on, on to New York. There Vanderbilt and Gould have built a big dam which catches everything, and there they grind out their grist—as imperturbably as if the mills of the gods were their own.

In a story recently published in one of the popular magazines, a white maiden asked an old negro woman "What is hoodism?" "It's de ole African religion, honey. It's jes like white folks religion, only its heathenism, an' dey worships de debbil." "Worship the devil? I should think you would be afraid to." "I'se afeard not to," said the old darkey, with a groan.

Preachers, politicians, the press, the people are all in subjection to this devil of the money power. It is heathenism, and we all know it is heathenism—but like the old negro woman, we are afraid not to worship.

WOMEN AND HORSE-CARS.

The following is clipped from a Boston paper and of course refers only to women of that city:

An every day street scene—"Hi! hi! stop that car!" Driver screws down the brake so vigorously as nearly to dislocate the necks of the passengers, who fall up against each other and smile or look cross, according to their particular disposition. "Now, dear good-by, and be sure to come and see me very soon, and don't forget to give my love to Aunt Susan and Uncle John and all the rest of the folks; and remember not to trouble yourself about matching that ribbon unless you can as easy as not. And do take care of yourself, and tell Jane how glad I am that she's going to marry that young Mr. Smith, who is a good man, I know by his looks, and I hear he's got lots of money, which is most as good. Now *don't* take cold this changeable weather, and I'll send you that receipt for the muffins just as soon as I get home. Good-by—g-o-o-d by. Why, where's that car? If the hateful thing hasn't gone and left me! I thought the street cars were for the accommodation of people." So they are, and that's the reason why this one went on, instead of stopping at the crossing all day.

WORDS UPON DYING LIPS.

HOW SOME OF THE GREAT MEN OF EARTH
MET THE KING OF TERRORS.

From London Globe:

Queen Elizabeth, at the end of a most prosperous reign, begun amid dangers and difficulties that were overcome by bold measures and prudent councils, died exclaiming, "Ah, my possessions for a moment of time."

George IV. met death with almost a jest upon his lips. Turning to Sir Walter Waller, on whose arm he leaned, he said: "Whatty, what is this? It is death, my boy, and they have deceived us."

The Danish sovereign, Frederick V.,

greatly beloved by his subjects, cried, "There is not a drop of blood on my hands," as he passed away.

Henry VIII., who had altered the whole course of monastic life in England, exclaims, "Monks! monks! monks!"

Edward VI., the wan boy King, with his fast fading eyes, commended his soul to God, "Lord, take my spirit;" and Cromwell, as he listened to the discourse of those about him, said, "Then I am safe," and was silent forever.

The last words of Charles I. on the scaffold to Archbishop Juxson was "Remember," referring to his desire that his son Charles should forgive his father's murderers.

Anne Boleyn, in the same terrible situation, clasped her fair neck, saying, "It is small, very small;" and Sir Thomas Moore, as he yielded himself to the executioner said, "For my coming down let me shift for myself."

Joan of Arc, at the stake, ended her eventful stormy life with our Savior's name upon her lips, as brave as Gen. Wolfe, who, dying in the midst of victory on the battlefield, and hearing of the enemy's retreat, cried, "What! do they run already? Then I die happy;" or Sir Phillip Sidney, after he had relinquished the draught of water to an humble comrade, though parched with thirst, turned him round to die, saying, "Let me behold the end of this world with all its vanities."

Mirabeau desired to die while delicious strains of music floated on the air, but his last utterance was a demand for laudanum to drown pain and consciousness.

Mozart's last words were, "Let me hear once more those notes so long my solace and delight;" but Hayden forgetful of his art, cried, "God preserve my Emperor."

Alfieri's sympathetic nature displayed itself in, "Clasp my hands dear friend, I die."

Goethe cries, "Light, more light." Tasso, "In tuos manos, Domine." Byron, "Come, come, no weakness; let's be a man to the last; I must sleep now." And those who saw his embalmed body in 1824, when brought to England from Missolonghi, in the Florida, and removed to Sir Edward Knatchbull's house in Great George street, where the coffin was opened, describe the face as of marble whiteness, the expression that of stern quietude, lying wrapped in his blue cloth cloak, the throat and head uncovered, crisp, curling locks, slightly streaked with

gray, clustering over the temples, the profile of exceeding beauty.

Boileau congratulated himself, as he closed his eyes upon this world, upon the purity of his works, saying: "It is a great consolation to a poet about to die that he has never written anything injurious to virtue." And Sir Walter Scott, little thinking his end so near, said, "I feel as if I were myself again."

Dr. Johnson, the rough, kind heart, who loved a good hater, died as he said to Miss Morris, "God bless you, my dear."

Washington, at Mt. Vernon, cried, "It is well."

Franklin's last words were: "A dying man can do nothing easily."

Mme de Stael, whose trial was her enforced absence from her native land, died saying: "I have loved my God, my father, and my liberty."

Hannah More's last words were: "Patience—joy." Grotius, "Be serious;" Haller, "The artery ceases to beat." Adams, "Independence forever." Jefferson, "I resign my soul to God, my daughter to my country." Locke, to Lady Masham, who was reading the Psalms, "Cease now;" and poor Lamb, after the most self-sacrificing, existence, wrote his last words to a friend, "My bedfellows are cramp and cough—we three sleep in a bed."

Bishop Broughton's last words were: "Let the earth be filled with His Glory." Archbishop Sharpe, "I shall be happy;" Bishop Ken, "God's will be done." Farr Cranmer, Hooper, and George Herbert, "Lord, receive my spirit!" and these are but few of many such.

The Prince Consort confirmed the impression that prevails that the dying have sometimes a foretaste of coming happiness. "I have such sweet thoughts," were his last words.

MORE ABOUT SUNLIT ROOMS.

From Builder and Woodworker.

No article of furniture should be put in a room that will not stand sunlight, for every room in a dwelling should have the windows so arranged that some time during the day a flood of sunlight will force itself into the apartment. The importance of admitting the light of the sun freely to all parts of our dwelling can not be too highly estimated. Indeed, perfect health is nearly as much dependent on pure sunlight as it is on pure air. Sunlight should never be excluded, except

when so bright as to be uncomfortable to the eyes. And walks should be in bright sunlight, so that the eyes are protected by veil or parasol when inconveniently intense. A sun-bath is of more importance in preserving a healthful condition of the body than is generally understood. A sun-bath costs nothing, and that is a misfortune, for people are deluded with the idea that those things only can be good or useful which cost money. But remember that pure water, fresh air, and sunlit homes, kept free from dampness, will secure you from many heavy bills of the doctors, and give you health and vigor which no money can procure. It is a well-established fact that the people who live much in the sun are usually stronger and more healthy than those whose occupations deprive them of sunlight.

It is quite easy to arrange an isolated dwelling so that every room may be flooded with sunlight some time in the day, and it is possible that many town houses could be so built as to admit more light than they now receive.

THE NEW SOCIETY REPORTER.

HOW SOME OF THE FIRST FAMILIES USED HIM AT A HIGH-TONED PARTY.

From Brooklyn Eagle.

"Well, how did you get along at the party last night?" asked the city editor of a new reporter, whom he had sent to write up a social occasion.

"Not very well," responded the new reporter, gloomily. "I don't think Brooklyn society is the top notch racket anyhow."

"What's the matter?" demanded the city editor. "Didn't they use you well?"

"I can't say they did," rejoined the new reporter. "Now, I went up there last night and waded right into the fun. I asked for the chairman of the party and told him we were laying out to swell their heads in to-day's issue, and he'd better skip in and introduce me to some of the high bugs if he calculated to have his name mentioned in the report."

"What did he say to that?" asked the city editor, with a calm gleam in his eye.

"He wanted to know who sent me. I told him the main guy of this literary bank had fired me in there, and that when I'd got through shaking a leg I'd like some facts about the lay out. If he couldn't give 'em, I told him, he'd better get the secretary to heel up pretty lively,

or I'd give the whole outfit a deal in the paper that would make him think every hair on his head a band of music and all playing different tunes."

"And what did he say to that?" inquired the city editor, the gleam deepening ominously.

"Oh, he said he would do what he could for me. I told him he'd better hop right at it, and first I wanted to meet the gals. If he calculated to hold the friendship of the Eagle, I said, he didn't want to waste much funny business before he had me bumping around in the mazy. He said if I'd go up stairs and take off my hat and overcoat, he see me later."

"Did you do it?" asked the city editor, in a constrained tone.

"No. I said I wanted some grub first. So he took me down in the front kitchen and asked me if I liked boned turkey. I told him I'd take a leg and some of the breast. What do you think he gave me? Head cheese! If he didn't you can lick me. I couldn't eat that, and so I asked him for a glass of beer and a cheese sandwich. He said he had some wine, so I drank a bottle and put a couple in my pockets."

"What did you do then?" interrogated the city editor, fingering a length of gas pipe.

"I went up to the parlor, and he said I'd better take a description of the scene before I danced, and he gave me the names. Here they are. Mary Monroe, red frock, white sack and hair bunched; Emma Latrobe, yellow dress and high heeled slippers; Marion Willoughby, some kind of thin stuff, white, and tied with blue tape, and hair frizzled; Jennie Murchison, black clothes and a feather in her hair; Ella Wexford, red hair and gray suit, flat in front and stuck out behind; Pauline Tresley—I tell you, boss, she was a daisy. Bigger'n a tub and dressed to the top branch. She had on a velvet outfit a mile long, and sixteen rows of teeth on her gloves. Her hair was a dead yellow, tied up like a bun and had a lot of vegetables in it. Florence Ross, green dress, flipped with velvet and hoisted up at the side with a check rein; Vinnie Hammersly, white net work with red streaks, walked with a limp and hair frescoed. That's all I got. There was a lot of old pelicans there, but I know you didn't care for them, and as for the men, I told 'em it would cost 'em a dollar a piece to get in, and as they wouldn't put up I shoved 'em. I can state that they were a cheap lot who don't know any more about society than a fig does of poli-

tics, and that'll teach 'em a lesson. And I say, we'd better give the chairman a rub. He didn't introduce me to a solitary hen. Better say that he hasn't paid his gas bill for several months, and that day before yesterday his accounts were found short. What do you think?"

"Got any more about the party?" demanded the city editor, rising slowly.

"Nothing, only that the grub wasn't fit to eat, though furnished by that popular caterer, Mr. Traphagener. I told him I'd give him a puff. You might say too that the whole party was a dead failure on account of the villainous treatment to which our new society reporter was subjected when he asked for a handful of cigars. Say, what have you got for me to do to-night?"

"Not a thing!" yelled the city editor, as he brought the gas pipe across the new reporter's ear. "You infernal reptile, don't you know that was one of the best houses in town, and the affair the finest of the season?"

"I'm going back to St. Paul," groaned the new reporter as he fell down stairs. "If that's Brooklyn society, I'm going where they have some style," and he struck off towards the Northwest, largely afoot.

BEHAVIOR AT THE TABLE.

Harper's Young People.

"I wish my mother would never have company. A fellow can't get enough to eat when people are staring at him."

As I was visiting Frank's mother at the time, I thought this remark was rather personal. I suppose I blushed. At any rate, Frank at once added:

"Now, Aunt Marjorie, I did mean you when I said that; I meant ministers and gentlemen from out West, and young ladies."

"Oh," said I, "I am very glad to be an exception, and to be sure that I do not embarrass you. Really, Frank, it is an unfortunate thing to be so diffident that you cannot take a meal in comfort when guests are at the table. I suppose you do not enjoy going out to dine yourself?"

"No," he said, "I just hate it."

Perhaps one reason why boys and girls do not feel so comfortable and so at ease on special occasions at the table is because they do not take pains to be perfectly polite when there is no one present but the ordinary home-folks. In the first place, we owe it to ourselves always to look very neat and nice at our own tables. Nobody should presume to sit down to a meal

without making a proper toilet beforehand. Boys ought to be careful that their hair is brushed, their hands and faces clean, their nails free from stain and soil, and their collars and ties in order before they approach the table. A very few moments spent in this preparation will freshen them up and give them the outward appearance of little gentlemen. I hope girls do not need to be cautioned thus.

Then there are some things which good manners render necessary, but about which every one is not informed. Of course you know that you are not to eat with your knife. Fifty years ago people frequently ate with their knives, and it is quite possible that now and then you may see some old-fashioned person doing so; but it is not customary now, nor is it safe or convenient. When you send your plate for a second helping, or when it is about to be removed, you should leave your knife and fork side by side upon it.

It is not polite to help yourself too generously to butter. Salt should be placed on the edge of the plate, never on the table-cloth. Do not drink with a spoon in the cup, and never drain the very last drop. Bread should be buttered on the plate, and cut a bit at a time, and eaten in that way. Eating should go on quietly, and not hastily. Nothing is worse than to make a noise with the mouth while eating, and to swallow food with noticeable gulps.

Do not think about yourself, and fancy that you are the object of attraction to your neighbors. Poor Frank's unhappy state of mind was caused by his thinking too much about himself, as well as by a little uncertainty as to what were precisely the right things to be done.

QUAINT PHRASES OF THE PACIFIC COAST.

From Ogher, in Omaha Bee.

The great West has become noted for quaint and expressive phrases coined by the rough element of the coast. The miner and prospector, as he wandered through the hills and followed the circuitous valleys and narrow passes, prefixed names to these places, as "gulches," and "canyons," until almost every canyon and gulch has been dubbed with some old name which forever afterward will designate the locality. The mountaineer, after years of Western life, finds himself lost in an Eastern metropolis and fails to meet his engagement on prompt time, but is not at a loss to give a decided rea-

son for his delay, because of "getting lost among the box canyons." Terse and pointed remarks like that of the man who said: "I did not fight him, but had he come a step further the doctors would have thought when they dissected him that they had struck a new lead mine," are quite common among miners. How expressive are the sayings. "He is a gashed vein and has pinched;" "he shows well on the surface but there is nothing in his lower levels;" or, "he didn't assay worth anything." He who lacks courage is in Western parlance devoid of "grit" and has no "sand." Men who roughed in the early days on the Pacific coast are called "oldtimers," and when they die it is not uncommon for their associates to speak of their taking-off as their having "passed in their checks." Those who have toiled through the snows and braved the dangers of crossing great mountain ridges have coined a style of expression upon the death of an old friend which to them is fuller of meaning than the plainsman can realize—"he has gone over the range." Each State and Territory on the Pacific slope has its peculiar phrases, and there are many common to all.

DEATH RATE OF THE RICH AND POOR.

Scientific American.

An important paper on the comparative mortality of the rich and poor was read at the recent meeting of the American Medical Association. The author, Dr. Charles Robert Drysdale, of London, began by pointing out the achievements of sanitary science during recent years. Yet, with all these advantages, it was found that the death rate in London had rather increased than diminished, having been 22.2 per 1,009 in 1856, 22.3 in 1875, and 23 in 1877. In all England the rate had remained identically the same for three decades, namely, 22.35 per 1,000. The point Dr. Drysdale endeavored to elucidate was, that the great cause of this non-improvement resided in the mass of indigence which, now, as always, was instrumental in producing a large crop of premature deaths in all densely populated states. M. Villermé, the distinguished Parisian physician, and several of his co-laborers on the *Journal d'Hygiène Publique* had contributed some valuable facts to the argument. Thus, it had been observed in France that persons between the ages of 40 and 45 die, if in easy circumstances, in the proportion of 8.3 per 1,000, while, if

poor, they die at the rate of 13.7 per 1,000. That is, the mortality between these ages was twice and a half as large among the poor as it was among the wealthy. It was found, too, that in Paris, between the years 1817 and 1836, 1 inhabitant in every 15 died in the twelfth arrondissement, which is peopled in great part by the poor; while in the second arrondissement, inhabited by the wealthier classes, the deaths for the same period were only 1 in every 65. M. Garnier, of Paris, in 1857, speaking of the mean life in a large English manufacturing city, had found that it was only 17 years in the quarters inhabited by the poor against 42 among the higher classes. Villermé calculated that the probable life of the infant of a weaver at Mulhouse was as low as 1 year and 6 months, while that of the baby of the proprietor of the factory was 26 years. Dr. Drysdale cited from a pamphlet written in 1877 upon the dwellings of the wages receiving classes in Paris, some further suggestive figures, from which it appeared that a death rate which was the mean of the whole population is always misleading. Thus, in part of a sub-district in London, comprising houses in good condition, the death rate did not exceed 11.3 in every thousand, while there were adjacent dwellings in the same sub-district, in which the death rate had risen to 38 per 1,000; and it was now reported that there were particular districts in London where the death rate was 50 per 1,000. On the other hand, the average death rate of the whole population was only 24 per 1,000 in 1843, and had scarcely deviated from that since. If such statistics were insufficient, he would refer to the researches of Ansell, who collected the statistics of 48,044 children of the opulent classes in England, including professional men, the nobility and gentry. It appeared from Ansell's tables that, among these classes the death ratio was only 80.45 per 1,000 for children under a year old, while for all classes taken together it was 150. Dr. Little found the ratio in Berlin, a city of extreme poverty among the working classes, to be occasionally as high as 500 per 1,000. In conclusion, Dr. Drysdale referred to the statistics of New Zealand as a remarkable confirmation of Ansell's tables. In New Zealand, of late years, the wages of laborers had been very high and the profits of capital large, with meat only 3d a pound, so that a laborer was able to secure plenty of food without undue anxiety. The result was a death rate of only 12.5 per 1,000—a fact mainly due to the absence of an indigent and badly

paid class. In England and Wales, with the same death rate, some 230,000 lives would be saved every year. In passing, Dr. Drysdale took occasion to dissent from the view that alcohol is the great cause of evils in modern states. It was probable that a New Zealand laborer did not drink less beer than he did before he left England, and yet he lived nearly twice as long in New Zealand as he could expect to live at home.

LOST TIME.

Lost wealth may be restored by industrious and frugal endeavor; wrecked health may sometimes be regained by temperance and self-denial; forgotten knowledge may be brought back by earnest study; friends that have been alienated may be won again by assiduous attention; forfeited reputation may be measurably restored by penitence, humility and fidelity; but time once lost is lost forever.

The moments that are gone come back no more; the priceless hours that have escaped us in our listlessness, our idleness and our folly, no toils can win them, no wealth can purchase them, no effort can bring them back. No prayers, nor repentant sighs can give us that which, when we had it, we idly cast away.

To-day God gives us time, and with it opportunity. The precious gift is in our hands; the past cannot be recalled, the future cannot be foreseen.

To-morrow, of which we often boast ourselves, may never come to us. We do not live to-morrow. We cannot find it in title deeds. The man who owns whole blocks of real estate and great ships on the sea, does not own a single minute of to-morrow. It is a mysterious possibility not yet born. It lies under the sea of midnight, behind the veil of glittering constellations.

Now in the living present is the hour of probation, the opportunity for improvement, the day of salvation. Let us redeem the time, because the days are evil.

Mlle. Alice Grevy, daughter of the French President, has very nice eyes and a Valesquez face. — Detroit Free Press. Has, eh? Ahem! Pass that Grevy this way, please. — Yawcob Strauss. Do not believe they want any German silver spoons about that Grevy, Yawcob. — Commercial Bulletin. Who said anything about spoons? We meant that she would make a nice little ladle love.

SPONGES, AMERICAN AND FOREIGN.

HOW AND WHERE THEY ARE GATHERED, AND WHY THE PRICE IS HIGH JUST NOW.

New York Sun.

The best sponges are the best American sponges. They come from the West Indies and the extremity of Florida. But they are not sufficient to supply the demand in the United States alone, and so sponges are imported from the Mediterranean also. What is said to be the largest American sponge ever found in the West Indies or anywhere else is in a glass case before the door of a William street dealer. It is about two feet in diameter, and is said to measure eight feet in circumference when full of water. Many of the West India sponges are exported from New York to London, Paris, Germany and Holland. They are especially useful for washing carriages and similar purposes. Common bath sponges are usually from the Mediterranean, and Syrian sponges are the kind used in hospitals and by surgeons.

There are two ways of fishing for sponges. Clear water is necessary to the work, and sometimes a tub-like frame and magnifying lens is lowered into the sea to aid in discovering the beds of sponge. The sponges lie from twenty to forty feet deep, and in the Mediterranean Sea divers go down from boats and separate the sponges from the rocks. Off the Florida coast and in the West Indies rakes are dragged over the bottom and the loosened sponges come to the surface and are gathered. Agents for dealers in New York buy the sponges from the pickers in Key West and Nassau, dry and clean them and send them North in bales, from ten to forty at a time. The Florida supply is growing smaller year by year, and prices are accordingly higher. European sponges come 20 to 200 bales at a time. They, too, are scarce this year. The demand is always good. Sponges are sold by the pound, and the best sponges are those which are heaviest in proportion to their size. The small sponges sold so cheaply by street peddlers are from the West Indies, and are of fine texture, but are too light to be of any service. There are from forty to sixty of them in a pound, and they are not durable. One of the half dozen large dealers and importers of sponges in William street said yesterday that the best American sponges were the best in the world, but that the beds were nearly exhausted.

BENEFITS OF ASSOCIATION.

BY HELEN WILMANS.

All people derive benefit from meeting frequently. The old fashioned camp-meetings were schools where the primitive settlers were greatly benefitted. The greenback camp-meetings, gathering together the best brains of the nation to act as a stimulus one upon the other, are developing ideas of the highest order, besides educating those of a lower type of intelligence up to a higher standard. The desire of people to meet together is universal, and can only be overcome by almost life-long habits of seclusion. Persons sometimes take great credit to themselves and assume airs of superiority because they have succeeded in contravening the socialistic principle. They do not know that to overcome any native instinct whatever is so much physical and mental paralysis. More than this the man who, from any reason whatever, has soured upon his fellow-men, and desires to avoid them, had better search for the cause, and when found he should take every possible means to eradicate it. There is a periodical howl amongst newspapers about people crowding into cities, often to the detriment of those who live there, and still more often to their own detriment. But this desire to congregate together is natural and right, and the business of life should be so arranged as to give indulgence to it. Every form of isolation is ruinous, and especially isolated labor. Men working together in crowds do not get so tired as when each works alone. And this is very much the case where men and women work together.

I once heard a mechanic say that when he was ready to faint with exhaustion, if his wife or daughter would come out to him, talking to him, perhaps holding a board for him now and then as he planed it, showing a human interest in him, however slight, it rested him immediately. Men and women have needs beyond the mere need of living that at last begin to demand recognition. The man who hoos your potatoes is, in every sense, as much a man as you are. Who can look at his splendidly-muscled form, his well-balanced head, his strong, athletic movements, and not feel a proud sense of brotherhood in him? And who but a churl will pass him by without the acknowledgement of his manhood by a few friendly spoken and fraternal words? Why, it is the growing sense of fraternal

feeling that causes men to sacrifice good situations in the country and flock to the city, where they take their chances against fearful odds for bread. The salvation of the race hangs on that one word—fraternity. The hope of the race is in the fact that everywhere the bonds of brotherhood are growing and strengthening. All begin to recognize that all the rest are necessary to their happiness, and presently it will be seen that any system that works evil to one, works evil equally to all. If the finger is hurt the whole body turns faint with pain. The race is one. It is proving it by acts, as the race proves all things, leaving the few to speculate upon its acts and discover the reason therefore.

POSTAGE STAMPS.

FACTS ABOUT THEIR DESIGNS AND DENOMINATIONS—MINIATURE PORTRAITS OF SOLDIERS AND STATESMEN.

Brooklyn Eagle.

It is only thirty-four years that the first postage stamp was used in this country. Prior to 1846 postage was charged by the mile, and the postman received the price of the letter on delivering it to the person to whom it was addressed. For instance, in 1790 a letter was carried from Savannah to New York for 36½ cents, and Boston to New York for about 17 cents. Between the two points last mentioned the mail was carried on horseback, and the time occupied in going from one point to the other was three days in winter and two days in summer. In King James' time the rates of postage in Great Britain were 2d for a letter for a distance less than eighty miles, 4d up to 160 miles, 6d from any longer distance in England and 8d to any place in Scotland. Our stamps were issued on the 1st of July, 1847, in denominations of 5 and 10 cents only. In July, 1751, a new series was adopted, consisting of 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 12, 24, 30 and 90 cents. These continued in use till 1861, when another series of the same denomination as the foregoing but of different designs was adopted. The 2-cent stamp was first used on the 1st of July, 1863, to accommodate the local rate of postage. In the month of March, 1869, the 6-cent stamp was substituted for the 5-cent one, but the change was not considered a wise one, so that in May, 1870, the following 1, 2, 3, 5, 6, 10, 15, 30 and 90-cents series was adopted. The following is a description of these stamps:

One cent—Franklin; profile bust, after

Rubright; color, imperial ultra marine blue.

Two cents—Jackson; profile bust, after Powers; color, velvet brown.

Three cents—Washington; profile bust, after Houdon; color, milori green.

Five cents—Adopted 1875; profile bust of Jackson; color, dark blue.

Six cents—Lincoln; profile bust, after Polk; color, cochineal red.

Ten cents—Jefferson; profile bust, after Powers' statue; color, chocolate.

Fifteen cents—Webster; profile bust, after Clevenger; color, orange.

Thirty cents—Hamilton; profile bust, after Cerach; color, black.

Ninety cents—Commodore O. H. Perry; profile bust, after Wolcott's statue; color, carmine.

The 7-cent stamp, which contained the bust of Edwin M. Stanton, the 12-cent stamp, which had Henry Clay's picture, and the 24-cent stamp, with the bust of General Winfield Scott, have been discontinued.

The postage due stamp is a recent invention. It came to use on the 9th of May, 1879. It is used for collecting short paid postage. The stamps are of the following denominations: 1, 2, 3, 5, 10, 30 and 50 cents. Their color is a reddish brown, and the figure representing the denomination is placed in the center of the stamp, surrounded by an oval of delicate lattice work. On the upper border of this oval are the words "Postage Due" in white letters, and on the lower border is the denominational letter in the same color. On each side of the oval are the letters "U. S." in small white shields.

The highest price paid for a stamp is \$24. These stamps are only used on newspaper bundles. They are not often called for; nor is there much demand for 90-cent stamps, only one having been sold at the Brooklyn office during 1880.

The number of postage stamps issued to postmasters in the United States for sale to the public during the year ending July 1st, 1880, was 875,681,970, valued at \$22,414,928; and of postage due stamps 6,284,500 were issued, valued at \$251,836.

SCHOOLMASTER to new scholar: "Now, my boy, be industrious. Remember, what you have once learned nobody can take from you." New boy: "Yes, sir; but It'll be just the same if I don't learn anything at all. I'd like to know what anybody could take from me then!"

MANY MILLIONAIRES.

MEN WHO HAVE MORE MONEY THAN THEY
KNOW WHAT TO DO WITH.

From New York Star.

The wealthiest individual who dabbles in Wall street of course is William H. Vanderbilt. He did not appear as a heavy operator until after the death of his father, the late commodore Vanderbilt, who left his favored son \$45,000,000. Since that time he has added to his vast capital by judicious investments until now he is credited with being worth \$120,000,000. This is divided up in real estate, United States 4 per cent. bonds, Lake Shore, New York Central, Canada Southern, Michigan Central and Chicago & Northwestern stock. He is the heaviest individual holder of government securities in the world, his daily interest account from this source alone amounting to nearly \$2,700. Jay Gould ranks next to Vanderbilt, his wealth being estimated at \$75,000,000, which, with the exception of \$500,000 in real estate, is all invested in railroad and telegraph securities. The honor of being the third largest possessor of wealth on Wall street is divided between several gentlemen who touch their holdings by the millions, and who are variously estimated to be worth from \$1,000,000 to \$10,000,000. Among these are James R. Keene, D. O. Mills and Thomas Maitland. When Mr. Keene made his debut in Wall street a few years ago he was credited with transferring from San Francisco to Wall street \$10,000,000. Since then he has met many severe reverses, but has added to his store in other directions, and it is safe to say that he is worth at least \$6,000,000 to-day. Mr. Maitland is believed to be possessed of \$8,000,000. A good story is told by him, showing the caution he exercises in making investments, as well as his total indifference to adding to his vast wealth. Recently he was invited to take the initiative in improving the Long Island railroad property. It was shown clearly to him that by building the bridge from upper New York across Blackwell's Island to Long Island, and a judicious change in the time tables and running arrangements, the investment of \$3,000,000 would make a handsome return. Mr. Maitland examined the details of the project closely, regarded it with favor and felt convinced of its assumed success, when he turned toward his friend and said:

"I am getting along well in years and

want to avoid all the annoyance possible."

"But this will add greatly to your possessions," pressed his friend.

"I have all the money that I want, sir," was the response. "I have trouble enough with that, and I desire no more. I have no one to leave it too, and any additional treasures would add to my inconveniences. I am fully content with what I have, and shall enter into no more speculations."

The Seligmans also count their gains by the millions, so divided up between the brothers as to leave at least \$2,000,000 to each. August Belmont is another of the millionaires. He continues to manage the affairs in the city of the famous English banking firm of N. M. Rothschild & Sons, and is put down as worth at least \$2,000,000. George I. Seney, president of the Metropolitan bank, is another man whose actual wealth is unknown, but who is believed to be worth between \$3,000,000 and \$5,000,000. Cyrus W. Field has been very successful in his speculations, his cable, Wabash and elevated railway stocks and bonds having netted him a handsome profit. Mr. Field is set down as worth about \$2,500,000.

Wall street is full of business men whose wealth varies from \$500,000 to \$1,000,000, most of whom live sumptuously and enjoy life to its fullest extent, but who are daily toiling for more and more gains. H. Victor Newcomb, president of the United States National Bank, and formerly president of the Louisville & Nashville Railroad company, is said to be worth over \$3,000,000. His successor in the presidency of the Louisville & Nashville road, Mr. C. C. Baldwin, is estimated at from \$2,000,000 to \$3,000,000. H. C. Fahnestock, vice president of the First National bank, suffered a heavy reverse when the firm of Jay Cooke & Co., of which he was a member, failed. Mr. Fahnestock, having met all his liabilities is ranked as worth fully \$1,000,000. Among the other millionaires are ex-Surrogate Jenkins Van Schaick, F. B. Wallace, D. B. Hatch, Henry Clews, J. D. Vermilye, Henry D. Willard and Moses Taylor.

LITTLE PHIL, a bright five-year-old, is afraid of thunder. During the recent hot spell his mother would remark, "Oh, I pray for rain." One day when she said it, Phil thus addressed her: "Oh, mamma, I will tell you why it don't rain. When I say my prayers, I des say, 'Please don't pay any 'tention to what mamma says, coz I am 'fraid of thunder.'"

WOMEN AT FIFTY.

From The Spectator.

It is absolutely untrue that under tolerably fair conditions a woman is (if we may repeat that crude phrase) "played out" when she has seen forty-five. If all goes well, or even not very well, a woman more frequently than not takes a new departure at about fifty. It is preposterous to assume that a woman of mature age is likely to be behind her growing daughters, or her growing sons, in effectiveness of intellect, in aptitude for "subjects" new or old, in general brightness and susceptibility. In what might be called "quality," in the French sense of the word, she is, upon the suppositions that we have just made, so much the superior being, that if the daughters, and the sons, too, do not feel it, there is something wrong with them. It must, indeed, be granted as a preliminary that there is love between the husband and the wife, and that the young people are good in harness, and above all, in themselves; but with these inclusions, little more is needed. And the battle is to be won along the whole line. A gray hair is a gray hair, a crow's-foot a crow's-foot—and these rarely come to the young; but "certainly," as Lord Bacon says, "it is no marvel though persons in years seem many times more amiable, pulchrum antumnus pulcher; for no youth can be comely but by pardon, and considering the youth as to make up the comeliness." It is the mistake of giddy adolescence, or sand-blind conceit, to suppose that a woman of fifty cannot be exquisitely beautiful, cannot command a man throughout the whole range of his nature; cannot take up all the gladness of life, and beautifully radiate it again, for him and for others. In all this, we are, of course, leaving out, with a sad heart, the miserable life of the very poor. But even with the poor the general rule holds; and among them, some of the pleasantest, brightest, handsomest women are women of advanced maturity, but released from the pressure of the cares and toils which young children bring. Such women may even be observed to take a fresh start in mental growth; they read more, and, mixing more with men, pick up general knowledge, and become more agreeable companions than ever. These remarks become more strikingly true, as we carry our eyes upward in the scale of money and culture. Rahel, who was always ill, wrote at fifty years of age that she felt in

most particulars just as she did at fourteen or fifteen; that she had, on the whole, the same opinions and inclinations as at thirty, only that the back ground of her life was richer with garnered experience and well-connected thought. She laid stress upon the connectedness, meaning, no doubt, that she could take bird's-eye views better than in earlier life; and she adds, that at her ripe age a joyful yearning or tendency to look forward had sprung up in her, which was a kind of echo of the feeling of early youth.

Of course, every woman is not Rahel, but it certainly was no fault of hers to expect too much of the young; why, she asks, should they believe the old? "Wrinkles are no testimony." No; but one may add that they can believe "for the work's sake;" and, in spite of prejudice of nearness, apprehend a little of what Rahel meant, and what is exemplified in the lives and letters of numbers of women of ripe age. Not to quote other ladies of great ability and culture, take a very ignorant old country dame, William Godwin's mother. She puts "succage" for sausages, and had, on the whole, a hide-bound sort of intellect; but what wise, hearty, lively, penetrating letters she writes! The cold Godwin, himself forty-five, says at her death that he felt as if he had now no one to counsel him and take care of him. But, to go to a type common enough, something between Dame Burden and Rahel, take the mother of Frederick, in Mr. Coventry Patmore's "Faithful for Ever;" you may meet her any day in ordinary society. Nothing can be more beautifully wise than her letters; and though it is true that a poet writes the felicitous things for her, yet the poet has something of Richardson's truthfulness. Such a lady had no need to ask for toleration from clever young people.

A QUEER HOTEL.

A hotel in the exact shape of an elephant has been built at Atlanta City. The idea, of course, is to draw excursionists by means of the novelty. The structure is eighty-six feet long and sixty-five feet high. Stairways inside the legs lead up to a big restaurant and other rooms in the body, while on the back is a car forming a good place of outlook. The exterior is painted and sanded so as to resemble an elephant's skin, except for the windows. The cost was \$20,000.

SOME DOG STORIES.

From Burlington Hawk-Eye.

Old Mr. Thistlepod came in from Flint River yesterday and climbed up the long stairway to the sanctum, emptied a chair load of exchanges off onto the floor and sat down.

"Say," said the old man, chewing his morsel of navy plug with the rapid intonation of a man who was in earnest. "Say," you know that spotted coach dog of mine that bit his leg with a rattlesnake nigh onto three weeks ago?"

"Yes," the editor said, he remembered it. "Dog dead?"

"Dead?" said the old man; "no; live as you are, and all right, only he's tryin' to coil himself up all the time, and has eleven rattles growed out on the end of his tail. Has, for a gospel fact. Nights when he runs around the house, sounds like a drum corps goin' by. I declare to goodness, I wished I'd a brung him in to let you see him."

Yes, the editor wished he had.

"Nero, the dog's name is," the old man said, gazing earnestly at the editor's face. "Nero; six years old this spring. Raised him myself; Flint River dog; you've seen him hundreds of times under my wagon."

Yes, the editor thought he had seen him before he grew his rattles.

"Yes," the old man said, with a confirmatory sigh. Then he added: "You know that shaggy, rough-haired Scotch terrier of Ben Martin? Well, sir, Ben he sent to Philadelphia and got a couple o' dozen silk worms and fed 'em to the dog, an'—ye haint seen the terrier since last Saturday, have ye?"

No, the editor hadn't seen the dog nor Martin himself since April.

"Well, sir, I hope I may die some time, if that dog's hair hain't come out the softest, finest silk fringe ye ever saw in your life! Silk fringe with a braid two inches deep along his back an' a ball of chenille hangin' from the end of each ear. Ben's going to buy up a couple o' hundred cheap long-haired dogs, feed 'em silk worms and shear 'em every spring.

The editor thought there would be money in it.

"Better'n a gold mine," the old man said; "an' do you know, while he was feedin' of him, Ben forgot to take off the dog's collar, big leather collar."

"And what happened to the collar?" the editor asked, a little wearily.

"Velvet," said the old man, enthusi-

astically, "Lyons velvet with a celluloid buckle. You remember the dog, don't ye? Used to come to town with Ben regular three or four times a month. I declare, I wisht I'd a ast Ben to let me bring him in to show you this morning. Ben was too busy to come in himself. 'Snarly,' Ben calls him. Flint River dog; bred an' raised right here on Ben's farm."

The editor thought he would like to see the dog sometime, when Ben had time to bring him in. And he plunged his pen into the ink two or three times, as though he would write something.

"Yes," the old man said again. And once more brightening up, he resumed: "I say," he exclaimed, "you remember that long-legged, ornary lookin' meat hound of Dick Rogers', don't ye, that killed Len Crandall's sheep last February?"

The editor expressed a faint, a very faint, recollection of Dick Rogers' dog, and Mr. Thistlepod went on:

"Well, the boys had a little target shoot over to Mosey Stringer's place on the Fourth of July, and while they was shootin', if that blamed hungry, starvelin' of a dog didn't get at the box an' eat up more'n twenty cartridges! On my life, if he didn't! Make him sick? Not a hair of him; he just frisked around an' seemed to feel better for it. Well, sir about eleven o'clock that night the dog went off!"

"No?" exclaimed the editor, with more interest than he had yet displayed. "By George! Did he make a big noise? Did he though? Hurt anybody?"

"No," the old man said, rising to go, "reckon not; he just went off with Bill Hockenbury that comes to see Rogers' big red-haired girl. He come back next mornin'."

And the editor returned to the business on the speaker's tale, while the heavy tread of the honest old agriculturalist faded away down the distant stairs, amid the heartless, mocking laughter of the younger men on the staff.

(SCENE—A store in Saratoga.) Paterfamilias (buying presents for the folks at home): "This is for baby—this for Kate—this for Lizzie—this for the cook—but what on earth shall we get for grandma?" (*i. e.*, the mother-in-law.) Bob: "Take one of those toy pistols." Paterfamilias (aside): "How the duce does the child know that toy pistols cause lockjaw? He can't read yet."

A FIREMAN'S FUNERAL.

THE BURIAL OF MR. ANTON LONG, LAST
THURSDAY, BY THE BROTHERHOOD
OF LOCOMOTIVE FIREMEN.

Lake County (Waukegan, Ills.) Republican.

In our last issue there appeared a notice of the death of Mr. Anton Long, an engineer on the Northwestern road, which occurred December 20th, at his residence on State street, and was the result of diphtheria. The funeral of the deceased took place on Thursday, and was attended by the following named members of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, of which he had been an honored member for several years:

Brothers Winwood, Chicago Lodge No. 47; Jacobs, 47; Goldie, 50; Carlson, 95; Wilmer, 95; Kinne, 95; Field, 50; Green, 2; Delaney, 50; Gepper, 47; Moroney, Maxwell, Dean, McMahon, Clough, Kellar, Leahy, Aylsworth, Warn, Gerbing, Rourk, T. Martin, B. of L. E., No. 96.

The Brotherhood is a benevolent association, which was organized December 1, 1873. The society is divided into divisions or lodges, and on the death of a member, the afflicted family receives a sum of money amounting to between \$800 and \$1,000. Deceased was a member of Chicago Lodge No. 95, and his death was the first that has occurred in that division since the organization of the Brotherhood.

Immediately upon receipt of the news of Mr. Long's death, Bro. J. S. Rourk, Secretary, and Bro. James Lahey, Master, were notified. In due course of time both gentlemen arrived in this city, and commenced preparations for the performance of the last sad rites over the remains of their beloved, departed comrade.

Thursday was a gloomy, misty day—the very clouds seemed in mourning for the lone wife and mother, who but two short weeks before had been called to part with a sweet child, and while yet the tears of sorrow for her offspring's death were moist upon her cheek, she was again summoned by the dark angel to say her last farewell to him whose strong arm had been her support and protection.

Undertaker George Haarbauer had caused the remains to be placed in the parlor of the little cottage, where they reposed in a handsome casket, a look of peaceful, quiet rest upon the pale, sad features. As the hour of one o'clock approached a fine appearing body of

young men, clothed in the regalia of their Order, wended their way from the depot to the house. They entered the front door of the cottage and filed past the remains, each in his turn pausing to look for the last time upon that well known face and form which but a few short days before they had seen in all the strength and vigor of manhood—now cold in death. At the head of the casket was an elegant floral pillow with the initials "B. L. F." occupying its center, while garlands and wreaths of exquisite flowers were strewn upon the body of the coffin. After the Brotherhood had passed into another room, the final leave-taking of the relatives occurred. It was one of the saddest scenes we have ever witnessed. The long farewells having been taken, Bros. Winwood, Jacobs, Goldie, Carlson, Wilmer and Kinne, who acted as pallbearers, took the casket and placed it in the hearse, and the procession moved to the Catholic Church, where the service for the dead was performed by Rev. Father Gavin. Again the solemn procession formed (the Brotherhood marching in line) and proceeded to the cemetery. At the grave, Master Lahey read the following service:

"Brethren, we are assembled to minister the last rights that the living may bestow to the dead. We are gathered here to-day to take leave of a brother, and member of our beloved Order, to bid him a last farewell before his body is lowered in the silent tomb that now opens at our feet. In the death of Brother Long, the order of Locomotive Firemen has lost a member whom all delighted to call "Brother." His hand has grasped ours in the warmth of life and friendship, his smile and counsel have aided us to persevere in the battle of life, and his strong arm has done its share to preserve the fires of vitality that have kept the human locomotive on the track of existence. He has done his work well.

"His foibles, be they few or many, we will now bury beneath the earth that will now rest upon his bosom. His virtues let us cherish and imitate. The heart that now lies cold and still was as warm as ours, and quickened in pulsations of sorrow at the afflictions of suffering flesh with a sympathy that was pure and deep. And ere long he whose lips now utter these words will be as silent as the grave before us.

"Brethren, we are as the grass that falls before the mower's scythe. To-day we breathe the air that gentle heaven wafts about us; to-morrow the reaper of

death steals along, and we are cut down by the scythe of time. To-day we are men strong in health; to-morrow we may be as helpless and dumb as the form that lies in that coffin. While the sun yet shines we glide along the track of life, but before to-morrow's light shall dawn we may be as cold as our dear brother there. Brothers, the swelling waters of death are rolling near our doors, their mad tossings are heard in our daily labors, and we know not how soon our weary feet may stray from the track, and our bodies fall beneath the waves. Then let us so live that when our tired hands shall be wrenched from the throttle of life, we be not afraid to die. Let us work while the sun of time yet shines, for soon the darkness of death will come when no one can work.

Turning to the relatives, Master Lahey said:

"Friends, we condole with you in your great loss; we feel how it is that the loss of one member of the human family can effect others who claim no sympathy from blood. But he who was near to you, was also near to us, while the ties of consanguinity stamp the character of Brethren upon every member of the human family, he who we mourn to-day as dead, was bound to us by ties still dearer. Be assured that the sympathy of our Brotherhood is with you who to-day shed the tear of bereavement, and may the Power above bless and protect you each and all."

The Chaplain followed with prayer.

At the conclusion of the Chaplain's prayer, each member of the society stepped to the grave and dropped a sprig of evergreen upon the casket, and as the last sprig fluttered downward, the Master made a few extemporaneous remarks, and the burial was over.

In closing this report we desire to say a word in commendation of the gentlemen who compose the Brotherhood. It is seldom our city has been visited by as fine appearing a body of men. All young, athletic and gentlemanly in bearing, with hearts full of sympathy for those in affliction, they are a society of which any city may well feel proud. Having performed the sad mission which brought them here, they quietly departed for their homes, carrying with them the respect of all with whom they came in contact during their stay.

It is said that Canada's national game can La'crosse base ball or any other of out-of-door sports.

FIREMEN'S BALL.

A LARGE PARTY AND AN EXCEPTIONALLY PLEASANT TIME.

Cerro Gordo (Mason City, Iowa) Republican.

Invitations were issued some time ago for a grand ball to be given by the Lodge of Benevolent Order of Locomotive Firemen, of this city, on Friday evening, December 30th. The boys made extensive and elaborate preparations for a good time, and their efforts were not in vain. At the entrance to Lloyd & Tuttle's Hall were two large and brilliant engine headlights, while above these swayed a red, green and white lamp, the whole making a splendid appearance, the bright, strong light of the headlamps, facing north and south, lit up the whole thoroughfare for several blocks on either side. In the front windows of the dancing hall were placed lanterns, alternately red, green and white in color, producing a fine effect. Upon entering the hall, admission being by card, the proper committee greeted their friends in a cordial manner, provided them with cards of dancing and otherwise attended to their wants. The room was decorated with evergreens and draped with flags. From the ceiling were suspended divers colored lanterns, emblems of their society and their calling. Upon the walls were hung pictures of favorite locomotives, profuse in number, while over the stage was an arch, formed of evergreens, banners, insignia of the society, etc. Upon the stage was stationed the Decorah Band, which discoursed sweet music, while the dancers laughed and tripped away the fleeting moments, till the "wee sma' hours o' morn." All in all the party was immensely enjoyed by the participants. The gallery was occupied until a late hour by lady and gentlemen spectators. The several committees acquitted themselves well, nearly 150 tickets were sold, the Lodge realizing handsomely; and in every point the whole affair was success, and reflects great credit upon the Firemen's society.

"I CAN'T think that all sinners will be lost," said Mrs. Nimbletung. "There's my husband, now. He is a bad man—a very bad man; but I trust he will be saved at last. I believe he has suffered his due share in this life." "Amen!" shouted Nimbletung from the back seat. Mrs. Nimbletung gave him such a look, but said nothing.

A CITY BALLAD.

WILL CARLTON.

Yes, it's straight and true, good preacher,
every word that you have said;
Do not think these tears unmanly—they're the
first that I have shed,
But they kind of pressed and pounded on my
aching heart and brain,
And they could not be let go of, and they gave
me extra pain.

I'm an ignorant day-worker—work for food
and rags and sleep—
And I hardly know the object of the life we
slave to keep;
But I know when days are cheery, or my
heart is made of lead;
I know sorrow when I see it—and I know my
child is dead.

No, she isn't much to look at, just a plainish
bit of clay,
Of the sort of perished children you are see-
ing every day;
And how she could break a life up you'd be
slow to understand;
But she held mine, Mr. Preacher, in that lit-
tle withered hand.

I am just a laboring man, sir, of the kind that
digs and delves,
But I've learned that human natures cannot
stay in by themselves;
They will wander out for something, be it
good or be it bad,
And my heart with her had settled, and the
girl was all I had.

There are lots of pretty children, with a form
and face more fine—
Let their parents love and pet them—but this
little one was mine!
There was no one else to cling to when we
two were cut apart,
And it's rough—this amputation of the strong
arm of the heart!

'Tis consoling, Mr. Preacher, and it may be
as you've said—
God loves children while they're living, and
adopts them when they're dead;
But my brain won't quit contriving, do the
very best I can,
That 'twas not God's mercy took her, but the
selfishness of man.

Why, she lay here faint and gasping, moan-
ing for a bit of air.
Choked and strangled by the foul breath of
the chimneys over there;
For it climbed through every window, and it
crept beneath the door,
And I tried to bar against it, but she only
choked the more.

She would lie here with the old look that poor
children somehow get;
She had learned to use her patience, and she
did not cry or fret;
But would lift her pale, pinched face up, full
of early grief and care,
And would whisper, "I am dying for a little
breath of air."

If she'd gone out with the zephyrs, 't wouldn't
have seemed so hard to me,
Or among the cool fresh breezes that come
rushing from the sea;
But it's nothing less than murder when my
darling's every breath
Choked and strangled with the poison from
that cursed swamp of death.

Oh, 'tis not enough that such men own the
very ground we tread,
And the shelter that we crouch in, and the
tools that earn our bread;
They must put their blotted mortgage on the
air and on the sky,
And shut out our little heaven, till our chil-
dren pine and die!

Yes, we wear the cheapest clothing, and our
meals are scant and brief,
And perhaps those fellows fancy there's a
cheaper grade of grief;
But the people all around here, losing chil-
dren, friends and mates,
Can inform them that affliction hasn't any
under-rates.

Oh, the air is pure and wholesome where
some babies crow and rest,
And they trim them out with ribbons, and
they feed 'em with the best;
But the love they get's an insult to the God
of love on high,
If to earn those children's living some one
else's must die.

I'm no grumbler at the rulers of "this free
and happy land,"
And I don't go round explaining things I do
not understand;
But there must be something treacherous in
the steering of the law,
When we get a dose of poison out of every
breath we draw.

I have talked too much, good preacher, and
I hope you won't be vexed,
But I'm going to make a sermon, with that
white face for a text;
And I'll preach it, and I'll preach it, till I set
our people wild
'Gainst the heartless, reckless grasping of the
men who killed my child.

"WAITING" is the stumbling block of
progress and reform. "DOING" is the
lever that moves the world.

A MODERN RESTAURANT.

"This is the porterhouse, is it?" asked the sad passenger, sitting at the corner table in the restaurant. "Yes, sir," said the waiter, with the weary air of a man who was tired of having to tell the same lie a thousand times a day, "porterhouse steak, sir, same as you ordered, sir." "Do you cut porterhouse steak from between the horns this year?" asked the sad passenger, with the intonation of a man who wanted to know. "Sir?" said the waiter, "It seemed to be a trifle tenderer last year," the sad passenger went on, with the air of a tired man indulging in pleasant reminiscences of the past, "but I remember now; it was cut a trifle lower down then. Last year you cut your porterhouse stakes from the curl in the forehead, and the sirloin from the shin. But I think this comes from between the horns. I used to live in a boarding house where they cut the porterhouse between the horns, and this one reminds me of them. Animal dead this steak came from?" "Dead!" echoed the astonished waiter, "course, sir. He was butchered, sir." "Butchered to make a Roman holiday," sighed the sad passenger. "He would be more likely to make a Roman swear. Well, it was time he was killed. He hadn't many more years to live on this earth. Ah, here is the brass tip from one of his horn. Dropped into the steak, no doubt, while you were slicing it off. What do you do with these steaks when the guests are through with them?" The waiter looked puzzled. "Why, sir," he said, "they ain't nothing left of 'em when customers gets through with 'em, sir." "Possible?" said the sad passenger; "what becomies of them?" The waiter looked nervous. "What?" he said; "the customers eat them up." The sad passenger looked up with an air of interest. "Incredible," he exclaimed; "cannot accept your statement without proof. They may hide them under their chairs, or secure them in their napkins or they may carry them away in their pockets to throw at burglars, but I cannot believe they eat them. Here, let me see one of them eat this and I will believe you. Trust me, good waiter, I—"

But the waiter pointed to a placard inscribed "Positively no trust," and went to the cashier's desk to tell the boss to look out for that man at the corner table, as he didn't seem to be satisfied with his steak and had asked for trust.

THE CENSUS OF LOCOMOTIVES.

The total of locomotive engines in this country is 16,300. Of this total of engines New England has 1,700. Massachusetts leads with 968. The Middle States have 6,000 locomotives. It will humble New Yorkers a little perhaps to know the exact truth, which places Pennsylvania as the leading State, with 2,700 railway motors; New York comes next with 2,000. The young Western States, born only yesterday, already overtop all other sections of the land in the number of railway engines, the aggregate being 7,800. Illinois leads with 1,900. The Pacific States have 420, California having 220. The Southern States have 1,800 locomotives, Georgia leading with 303, Virginia coming next with 300, and North Carolina and South Carolina following with 146 each. Florida's position is shown by the cold-blooded statistician's figures of 38 locomotives for that State, large enough for an empire.

NEW YORK SIXTY-FOUR YEARS AGO.

THURLOW WEED.

Club houses had not then been inaugurated. The most fashionable and commercial gentlemen, including John Wells, Richard Riker, Dr. Samuel L. Mitchell and Thomas Addis Emmet, met at the rooms of a popular barber, in Broadway near Maiden Lane, where, while their hair was being dressed and powdered, they passed an hour or two every morning in gossiping conversation. There were no saloons. The first porter house at which files of newspapers were kept, was established in Fair, near Fulton street. The newspaper feature attracted large numbers of customers. The most popular and attractive oyster house was kept by Sandy Welch, in the cellar or basement of the then "Scudder's Museum," but now the Herald building. Gentlemen of that day pampered their appetites with a luxury rarely indulged in now as an evening repast. Professional gentlemen and merchants used to meet then, as they meet now, at their clubs during the winter months, at a house in William, near Frankfort street, kept by a colored man, amusing themselves with anecdotes, recitations, etc., closing at a late hour with a supper, consisting exclusively of buckwheat cakes.

NO END TO LOVE.

There is an end to kisses and to sighs,
 There is an end to laughter and to tears;
 An end to fair things that delight our eyes,
 An end to pleasant sounds that charm our
 ears;
 An end to enmity's foul libelling,
 An end to the gracious praise of tender
 friend;
 There is an end to all but one sweet thing—
 To love there is no end.

THINGS ARE NOT WHAT THEY SEEM.

Two lovers were out for a morning walk in the leafy aisles of a new Jersey forest. The birds sang blithely upon the boughs, the early sunshine quaffed the dew from grass and petals, and all nature seemed to rejoice like a bride on her wedding day. The maiden gathered violets, arbutus and cowslips, while he gathered what he supposed to be a white kitten that had taken refuge in the hollow stump of a long departed tree. Miserable fate! Strange catastrophe! Unhappy man! Referring to the incident afterward in a letter to a friend, the maiden wrote: "If George were boiled for a thousand years in the hot springs of Iceland, I don't believe he'd ever smell sweet again."

THE GOVERNOR AND THE STAGE DRIVER.

The late Mr. Seward, with his beak-like nose and not particularly powerful or striking-looking face, was often taken for what the "low-down" Southern crackers call an "ornery" person. Once, when he was Governor of New York, he was riding in the western part of the State on the outer seat of a stage with a driver, who proved to be not only loquacious, but a violent opponent of Seward and his policy. Finally, after he had denounced the Governor to his heart's content, Mr. Seward said: "What would you think if I should tell you that I am William H. Seward?" "What would I think?"—with a look of withering contempt—"I should think you a d— fool, if you expected me to believe that such a looking cuss as you are was Governor of the State of New York!" Mr. Seward used to tell this story against himself with much gusto.

In the voyage of life every man is provided with a skull with which to paddle his own canoe.

JAMES WOOD, now living at Vinton, Ia., saw the first train ever drawn by a locomotive. It was between Darlington and Stockton, England, and George Stevenson drove the engine. J. W. Otley, of Perry, Ia., also saw the first train. Mr. Otley writes: "I will go further by stating that I was present at the opening of the first railway (the Stockton and Darlington), which was before the advent of steam for the purpose of locomotion, and when four wedge-shaped cars constituted a freight train, and on each coach, similar to the old English stage, a passenger train. These trains were moved by one horse and driver, and in this manner started for school in the days ago."

FRIGHTENED INDIANS.

The building of Mexican railroads causes a superstitious panic among the Indians. In some places the savages regard the locomotive as a sanguinary god, think its whistle a scream for blood, and expect to be sacrificed to appease its wrath. This idea has caused great numbers of people to flee to the mountains for safety, and entire villages are depopulated. At Pueblo it was believed that the fat of dead Indians was used to oil the machines, and the alarm was such that for a long time no Indian could be induced to enter the town.

FIRM FRIENDS.

The lover of animals find interest in any anecdotes concerning their friendship for each other. A pair of horses whose box-stalls adjoined each other, were firm friends. The one who finished his hay first invariably received from the other enough to keep him busy until both lots were consumed. One day one of the horses made its way out of its own loose box, the door of which was unfastened, and found out a bucket of mash, which was standing in the entrance of the stable, and taking the opportunity while the coachman was in the loft overhead, he was helping himself freely to its tempting contents. The other horse, who was fastened to his own loose box, caught sight of his friend's proceeding, and neighed loudly, evidently demanding a share for himself, and the servant was astonished to see the horse which was enjoying himself fill his mouth with the mash and poke his nose through the bars of the loose box, for his friend to take it from his mouth. This was done several times, proving conclusively that the horse was capable of a generous friendship.

OUR REPUBLIC THE HOPE OF THE POOR THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.

SCHUYLER COLFAX.

We rejoice that our land has become the hope of the poor throughout the world. Here in our heaven-favored republic pauperism, with our laboring millions, is the exception to the general rule. But abroad, among those earning their living by the sweat of the brow, poverty is, alas, too often the common lot. And hence, wherever you may go, you will find the hearts and the hopes of the laboring poor turned towards America.

Go with me to the banks of the Shannon or the Rhine, to the Thames or the Neva, to the Seine or the Danube, the Baltic or the Adriatic, and wherever you find a poor man, longing to better his condition, ask him to what country he wishes to emigrate. Does he answer that he wishes to go to any of the nations of Europe, with all their ancient and historical renown? Oh no! All around the world, as from realm to realm and from continent to continent you ask this question, the answer from those of every creed and clime, from heart and lip, is that their hopes and prayers are turned towards this great country where the people rule and all are sovereigns in their own right.

Let them come. If they will join us to fortify and preserve the civil and religious liberty of which we are so justly proud—if they come to truly Americanize themselves and their families in heart and soul,—to forget all other lands in their lifelong devotion to the Nation that welcomes them, let them come, and with us possess and develop this goodly land. Stretching from the Atlantic to the Pacific in the temperate zone, which embraces nearly all the governing nations of the world, with its shores washed by these two great oceans of the globe; with a mineral area of nearly a million square miles, being larger than all the mineral area of all the world besides; with the Mississippi valley and our new Northwest, unparalleled in their fertility by any other land beneath the sun, and able to become, if necessary, the granary of the earth; with our commercial and manufacturing as well as our agricultural and mining resources who can forecast, who can limit the future of our Nation, to whose open gates the scores of thousands are flocking to-day?

IDLE DAUGHTERS.

It is the most painful of spectacles in families where the mother is the drudge, to see the daughters, elegantly dressed, reclining at their drawing, their music, their fancy work and their reading, beguiling themselves for hours, day and weeks—never dreaming of their responsibilities; but as necessary consequences of neglect of duty; grow weary of their useless life, laying hold of every newly-invented stimulant to amuse their drooping energies and blaming fate when they dare not blame their God for having placed them where they are. These individuals often tell you, with an air of compassion—for who can believe it real?—that poor dear mamma is working herself to death. Yet no sooner do you propose that they should assist her than they declare that she is quite in her element; in short that she never would be happy if she only had half as much to do.

WARM ROOMS.

The great tendency in winter is to keep rooms warm. The foundation of pneumonia, pleurisy and pulmonary consumption is frequently laid in over-heated, ill-ventilated apartments. The inmates become accustomed to breathing hot, close air, the system is toned down and relaxed, and a slight exposure to cold and wet results in serious illness. A uniform heat of seventy degrees is adequate from a sanatory point of view in any weather. If that temperature is not sufficient to give warmth, it is an indication that the person does not take sufficient exercise, and the cure for it is more miles than flannel. In the coldest weather, when the ground is like stone under our feet, when there is no drip from the eaves, and when snow lies on roofs, rooms should be ventilated. Pure air should be admitted through open doors and windows, so that the oxygen consumed by flame and by respiration may be replaced, and the effete and poisonous matter thrown off the body thoroughly driven away.

"Young man, is your father a believer of spirits?" asked a teacher of one of her scholars. The boy simply answered: "Gnome."—Rome Sentinel. A spritely paragrapher, that; you can tell by the way he ghost to work.

DOES THE WORLD MISS ANYONE?

Not long. The best and most useful of us will soon be forgotten. Those who to-day are filling a large place in the world's regard will pass away from the remembrance of man in a few months, or, at farthest, in a few years after the grave has closed upon their remains.

We are shedding tears above a new-made grave and wildly crying out in our grief that our loss is irreparable, yet, in a short time the tendrils of love have entwined around other supports, and we no longer miss the one who has gone.

So passes the world. But there are those to whom a loss is beyond repair. There are men from whose memories no woman's smile can chase recollections of the sweet face that has given up all its beauty at death's icy touch. There are women whose plighted faith extends beyond the grave, and drives away as profane those who would entice them from a worship of their buried lovers.

Such loyalty, however, is hidden away from the public gaze. The world sweeps on beside and around them and cares not to look in upon this unobstruding grief. It carves a line and rears a stone over the dead and hastens away to offer homage to the living.

CELESTIAL OBSERVATIONS

Brooklyn Eagle.

"I find," observed Dr. Budge, as he sat on the coping of his roof, with his elbows on his knees, and his chin in his hands, "I find, when the nucleus is very distinct, the tail appears to be obscured by the precipitation of moisture in the atmosphere. Does it not seem to strike you so, Dr. Todd?"

"Our observations agree minutely," replied the other scientist, from the scuttle of the adjoining house, "but I think the obscuration will afford additional facilities for investigating the coma. Do you notice, Dr. Budge, a peculiarity of this comet, that the convulsions are more manifest than in the comets of '58 or '61?"

"On the contrary, Dr. Todd," replied Dr. Budge, "I find the head more steady than in either of those phenomena. I ascribe that to the fact that this comet is receding from the sun."

"That is a common, but vulgar error," responded Dr. Todd. "The fact is the comet is approaching the sun, and to that

fact I attribute the involved appearance of the nucleus. Were it drawing away from the sun you would not detect those two dark radiations from the center to the circumference."

"You are misled, Dr. Todd. If you will notice those dark spots at regular intervals just inside the rim, you will readily agree that it must be approaching the sun, otherwise you could not see such shadows."

"Anybody who says those are shadows, Dr. Budge, is an old ass, and don't know a comet from a codfish. You see—"

"I see a bullet-headed old idiot who don't know the difference between the sun and a soap box," retorted Dr. Budge. "If you knew an asteroid from a jackass, I'd like to talk astronomy with you."

"You cussed old mule, you say I don't know astronomy? I'll punch your nose for you!"

"Come on, you mullet-headed ignoramus! you'd never knew it was a comet but for me! If you intimate that I ain't a scientist I'll shingle your eye for you! I've been in this business since I was a boy!"

"What's the matter over there?" yelled Daddy Hicks from his roof across the street.

The two scientists point out the object of dispute and each argued at length on his theory.

"That's all right," said Daddy Hicks, when they had finished, "but you don't either of you seem to have noticed that it is twenty minutes past eleven by your comet. That's one of the illuminated faces of the City Hall clock. Here's the comet over here!"

And the two blind old philosophers fell over backwards, each down his respective scuttle, and were seen no more by Daddy Hicks.

GEOLOGISTS estimate the area of the coal fields of the United States at over 2,000,000 square miles, with an average thickness of fifty feet.

"These are close quarters," remarked the butcher, as he hung up all the mutton in a row.—N. Y. Commercial Advertiser. "Shoulder to shoulder," remarked the same individual, as he placed the fore-quarters of the meat upon his block.—Norristown Herald. "Breasts out," he cried to a customer who called for a roast of veal.—Commercial Bulletin. "These are high livers," he remarked, as he hung a couple on the topmost hooks.

JAY GOULD AND JIM KEENE.

"Gath" was talking the other day with some Wall Street speculators, and thus reports what they said about Keene and Gould:

The conversation then turned to the principal operators. One gentleman asserted that in the year 1880 Keene had made \$11,000,000. "Well," said the broker, "he had great losses that year, too. My judgment is that Keene is worth about \$7,000,000 at present. Before he left California, according to his account, which he showed at the time, he had about \$3,690,000. If I am correct in my judgment, therefore, he has just about doubled his fortune since he came to the East, five or six years ago."

"How much money is Gould worth?" asked a person present.

"Gould," said Col. Logan, "cannot be worth less than \$50,000,000. He is the most remarkable man that has ever been seen in Wall Street, not excepting Commodore Vanderbilt. His following is so remarkable. You see, they not only take his cue throughout the other States of the union, but he can raise money in New York by the millions. He has made money for so many men that there is confidence in him such as no leader in Wall Street has got. This talk about his being forced to the wall I regard as absurd. A man of his breadth of view has not left himself naked on any side. As far as these cats and dogs are concerned," said the broker, "which have been forced up to an extravagant price, I don't believe there would be any sale for them at all if there should be a rapid panic in this country. It has been a common thing here to take some old Southern railroad, put a million of money into it, and then stock and bond it up to six or seven millions, and hold it up to that figure in the quotations. It won't survive a spell of sharp weather."

LES MONDES reports that Major Lauer, an Austrian engineer, has made some experiments at Krems, on the Danube, which have excited great attention. He placed a cylinder loaded with dynamite upon the surface of the rock and exploded it by an electric current. However small the quantity above the cylinder, the rock was so crushed that it was easily swept away by the tide. It is estimated that the adoption of this method will reduce the cost of removing submerged rocks 40 per cent.

For Firemen's Magazine.

THE BAPTISM OF CHRIST.

BY A FIREMAN.

Calm and clear the crystal river,
Flowing onward to the sea:
On its banks our blessed Savior,
Praising God in songs of glee.

Standing by John was our Savior,
Asking of him baptised to be;
But the answer He receiveth,
"I've need to be baptised of Thee!"

As dark clouds were gathering o'er them,
You have read in Scripture, how
Jesus commanded John by saying,
"Suffer it to be so now!"

Jesus was baptised in Jordan
By a man from God named John;
And the ringlets of the river
Spread the joyful news thereon.

And, lo! from Heaven came descending,
Falling on Him from above,
The Holy Spirit of his Father,
Which was like unto a dove.

Then the clouds were rent asunder,
For the will of God was done,
And a voice from Heaven answered,
"This is my beloved son!"

PORTLAND, MAINE, Dec. 12, 1881.

THE PEOPLE WHO DO NOT KILL THEMSELVES.

"Too much silverware at the start is a dangerous thing for a young couple," says a modern philosopher, "for it calls for other things to correspond, and will keep the young man on a strain to keep up appearances. I knew a pair of brass and irons to ruin a man thirty years ago, and he never recovered from it, for they called for a fender and the fender called for a fine rug and the rug for a carpet and the carpet for curtains and cornice, and so on and so fourth and fifth and sixth, until he got in debt and tried to sell his house to pay out and couldn't sell it, but the sheriff came along and sold it just as easy. Extravagance and trying to keep up with the neighbors is the great domestic trouble in this country. It brings on financial distress, and that causes speculation and embezzlement and bamboozlement and that ends in whisky and suicide. There is no security in this life but honest industry and living within one's means. Folks who do that don't kill themselves."

WHAT YOUNG MEN HAVE DONE.

Before he was thirty the great Napoleon had conducted one of the most brilliant campaigns the world ever saw. Casaubon, the famous scholar of the sixteenth century, was appointed professor of Greek at twenty-two, and Heinsius, of Leyden, at eighteen. At the age of twenty-eight, Linnaeus, the botanist, wrote his great work.

At twenty-six, Cuvier was appointed professor at Paris. Kent, the commentator on American law, was lecturer in Columbia College at thirty-one. Professor Dana, of Yale College, published his book on mineralogy at twenty-five, only four years after graduation.

Edward Everett, at twenty, was ordained pastor of a church in Boston, and within two years attained distinguished fame as an orator; at twenty-one, he was appointed professor of Greek at Harvard.

The late Benjamin Pierce, one of the profoundest mathematicians of America, was chosen professor of mathematics at Cambridge at the age of twenty-four.

Three of the well-known poets of this century—Byron, Shelley and Keats—died before the age of forty; Byron at thirty-six, Shelley as he was completing his thirtieth year, Keats at twenty-five.

"Thanotopsis," the most widely known of all the poems of William Cullen Bryant, was written in his nineteenth year.

RAPID TRANSIT.

Texas Siftings.

Unless a man has traveled on the Texas Central he can have no possible idea of how slow the trains go. The slowness of the trains has become proverbial.

A few days ago several gentlemen were seated in the back room of an Austin saloon, spitting tobacco juice on the stove and talking about old age. One man said that his father was eighty years of age, but was so active he could travel thirty miles a day without getting tired.

"He couldn't do it on the Texas Central, not if he was 180 years old," dryly remarked a solemn looking man, at which everybody present nodded assent.

In Norway, it is said, the erection of telegraph poles and wires scares all wolves away from the neighborhood, and many miles of line have been put up for the double purpose of securing rapid communication and immunity from the wolves. Large districts have thus been cleared of the dangerous and troublesome brutes.

THOUGHT TUNNELS WERE LONGER.

They were married in the morning and immediately stepped aboard the cars for a bridal tour to San Francisco. They attracted considerable attention on the way by their honeymoon actions and created a great deal of quiet fun among the goodly number of ladies and gentlemen who were passengers. In due time the cars entered a tunnel, and all for a few moments were enveloped in darkness. All too soon the cars emerged into the broad glare of the noonday sun, and our loving bride and groom were discovered locked in each other's arms and exchanging kisses at a rate seldom seen in public. The passengers took in the situation in about a second, and a shout went up that nearly threw the train from the track, and brought the conductor to the scene on a double-quick. "Pass it around," yelled a big man who was on his way west to get his wife. "Go back to the tunnel," said another man to the conductor. As the newly-made husband settled back in his seat, he was heard to say: "Sarah, I thought tunnels were longer. Darn a railroad company, anyhow."

THE LITTLE BOY'S FUN.

Louisville Courier-Journal.

This little boy lived on the levee, bought a pack of shooting crackers yesterday morning and stowed them away in the after hatch of his breeches. Spontaneous combustion exploded the fire-works, and the crackers no sooner went off than the boy "went off" also. The entire larboard bulkhead of his breeches were blown out, and his mother went out and towed him home by the ear, and now that boy is standing up around the room thinking of the uncertainties of this life and his latter end, and wondering which it was that makes him feel like he had sat down upon a ripe hornet's nest and it was red hot, the explosion of the fire-works or the rapid and lengthy application of a No. 14 slipper. He went to bed face down last night, and no doubt dreamed of the beautiful song, "What is Home Without a Mother?"

NERVOUS lady passenger on train, after passing a temporary bridge—"Thank goodness, we are on terra firma." FACE-TIOUS gentleman—"Yes, ma'am. Less terror and more firmer."

NATURE.

ORIGINAL.

Weekly Sun, Lowell, Mass.

It is a lovely summer day, mild and sunny. As I write, I pause to gaze upon the beauties of nature—the bright jewels with which the bosom of Mother Earth is so lavishly decorated. There is the grass, with its livery of green, so refreshing to eye. There is nothing in the natural world more common than grass, for it goes

“Creeping, creeping everywhere.”

It suggests to the mind the little kindnesses and every-day duties which, though seemingly insignificant, yet go to complete the sum of human life and happiness. Again raising my eye from my paper, it falls upon a bush near my window, covered with fragrant roses, their beauty being enhanced by the genial influence of the sun. How can we ever gaze upon the enchanted realm of Flora without being impressed with that blessed truth, that “Love is to human hearts what sunshine is to flowers!”

To those who understand its hidden meaning, every flower is significant of some trait of human nature. How sweetly emblematical are the expressions: “She is as pure as a lily;” “Then will this earth blossom like a rose.” Even the “rain,” which generally depresses our spirits, has been used by the immortal Shakespeare as a symbol in one of the noblest utterances ever penned: “The quality of mercy is not strained; it droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven, upon the place beneath; it is twice blessed; it bleaseth him that gives, and him that takes.”

As I am penning these lines, the robins are thrilling forth their sweetest melodies. God bless the little serenaders! Their

“Stirring music, rich and strong,
How it bears the soul along!
Blessed music! everywhere
It is rich with hope and prayer.”

One of the most charming features of natural scenery, without which no landscape view is perfect, is a body of water. What a flood of fond recollections it often brings back to us! A pretty sequestered pond in a country village brings to my mind pleasant memories of boat rides, of purling brooks, of “moonlight” saunterings, of delightful strolls through shady groves, and crowning reminiscence of all, my ascent of the grand old Kearsarge. Never shall I forget my exaltation of spirit as I stood on the summit of that historic mountain. The intervening space

between the mountains and the summit of Kearsarge is unsurpassed in picturesque beauty. The gleaming fields, the silvery lakes and ponds, the sombre forests, and the dwellings scattered over its surface, give to it a sprightly and diversified appearance, while on the south the mountains and hills have a wavy appearance that resembles “the ocean old.” While gazing upon this charming scene, the opening verse of an old school song occurred to me:

“The fields on every side,
The trees on every hill,
The glorious sun, the rolling tide,
Proclaim Thy wonders still.”

Mountains and hills are made use of by writers to symbolize progress and achievement; as, for instance, “The mountain-tops of progression,” or “The Hill of Difficulty” which Christian essayed to climb, as related in “Pilgrim’s Progress.”

Trees are often spoken of as symbolical of strength and weakness; as, for example, “He is as strong as an oak;” “She was bowed by her affliction, as the frail willow is prostrated by wind and tempest.” There are “Tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in everything.” In the “Fall o’ the year,” when the golden leaves are drooping, how beautifully it typifies old age, as the ripened spirit, casting aside its earthly covering, emerges into the sunlight of heaven.

If there is any spectacle in nature which inspires one with awe, it is to stand upon the seashore and gaze upon the boundless expanse of water. We fall into a reverie and ponder upon the limitless ocean of knowledge that surrounds mankind, stretching away, in its grandeur and sublimity, into the realms of infinity. In comparison with what remains to be learned, man’s boasted learning is but a mere rivulet in the ocean of truth.

As the disturbing elements of nature—the storm, the wind, the earthquake—make the atmosphere clearer, so the clashing of good and evil, resulting, eventually, in the upheaval and overthrow of wrong, purifies the moral atmosphere. Indeed, there is nothing in the natural world, no matter how insignificant or apparently useless, but what has its mission to perform, for.

“All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body nature is, and God the soul.”

Bones are hard to digest and are not suited to stay the stomach unless used in a corset.

For Firemen's Magazine.

PAST, PRESENT AND PROSPECTIVE.

BY THOS. P. O'ROURKE.

When the Creator breathed soul in man,
To clay gave animation,
He gave it reason, mind and will
To fill its high vocation.

He made it free as air and sea
And like Himself, immortal.
The shade of death that steals our breath
But ope's the golden portal,

Through which we pass to join the mass
Gliding down eternity's river—
Like clouds of night drift out of sight,
And thus are lost forever.

But perverse man defied God's plan
And reason's light discarded;
'Mid blood and tears right disappears,
And mind sinks unregarded.

The body's passions swayed the heart,
The heart the mind perverted
Till love of glory, lust of power,
Men into fiends converted.

Then selfish greed—man's Arab steed—
That hastes to desolation
And ruins spread o'er heaps of dead,
In every age and nation,

Ruled o'er the world, and justice hurled
From its lofty seat of glory,
Whilst bigotry dethroned charity,
And falsehood whined her story.

Greed and power made mankind cower,
And robbed the weak and lowly;
With vicious laws and church applause
Made hellish deeds seem holy.

Murder and plunder, neath Kingly mask,
Held high carnival on rich thrones,
And witless slaves ne'er dared to ask
Why Kings were fed on human groans.

Thus the tyrant and the slave alike
Into each other's hands played:
The cowering slave afraid to strike
The cursed idol he had made.

And earth a charnel house became,
Where despots plied their murderous deeds
And fanatics slaughtered in God's name
To propagate their countless creeds.

From pole to pole the God-like soul
Was swayed and tossed and driven,
And freedom's ark, the soul's bright barque,
By its Creator given.

With reason's ray was swept away
By passion's tempest swell;
Vile clods of clay, neath lusty sway,
Outrivalled fiends of hell.

But present thought with hope is fraught,
That freedom is returning:
The meteor light of reason bright
Through mind's dark night is burning.

Soon o'er the world will a voice be hurled
From the lowest depths of mankind,
That will shatter the thrones of despotic
drones
And herald the reign of mind.

FEMALE BARBERS.

There is a female barber in Bradford, and we are not surprised that she has the heft of trade, that men shave that never shaved before, and those who always shaved now shave the more. Why, they just tumble over each other to get her chair, and the lucky man just straightens himself out and puts himself under the influence of her hands as if she were a female doctor.

When she runs her fingers around his face and tickles him under the chin with the lather brush it makes his blood grow hot and his toes tingle, while his scalp prickles like an electric brush. Then when she slips one arm under his head and grabs hold of his off ear, and draws the razor to starboard, he feels like Paradise regained. It's bad on the nerves but it's nice. Then she hauls his face over towards her, and leans forward, bringing his nose up against her, and proceeds to clean the off side of his head.

That is the time the man calls up all his patriotism and his courage, recites the Declaration of Independence, and dreams of houris and the harem of the Old Man of the Mountain, and he gets so weak that he takes hair oil, bay rum, and a shampoo, and gets his hair cut twice.

THERE are a score of railway officials who graduated from the telegraphic service of the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern. Among those who were formerly employed as operators on that road are Geo. H. Graves, General Superintendent of the Walkill Valley Railway; W. P. Taylor, General manager of the Canada Southern; Charles F. Hatch, General Superintendent of the Chicago, St. Paul & Omaha Line Mr. Parsons, Superintendent of the Western Division; Mr. Cauniff, Superintendent of the Lancing Division, and Mr. Charlesworth, Superintendent of the Detroit Division of the Lake Shore Railway; P. D. Cooper, General Manager of the Atlantic & Great Western, and Ed Murray, Superintendent of the United States Division of the Canada Southern.

EDITORIAL.

SLUGGARDS to the rear! We want only good men in front.

UNITED EFFORTS.

No one can estimate the vast amount that can be accomplished in all enterprises with united efforts. No where is this fact made more manifest than in our organization.

In the whole history of its existence not a single Lodge has ever gone down from any other cause except a lack of co-operation. Neither has one ever prospered without it.

Members may have their personal feelings for or against each other but they should never allow them to predominate in the Lodge Room. When the good of the Order is at stake the bitterest enemies should work together in unison and harmony—remembering that only with united efforts can the purposes in view be accomplished. It is very unfortunate that members should fall out with each other at all and doubly so when it interferes with their duties of membership. The aim of every ambitious member should be to harmonize all factions of dissenters. Without harmony there can be no success in any enterprise.

Great armies upon the field of battle depend upon a harmony of action, as much as anything else, to carry them on to victory. Political parties, in antagonizing each other for supremacy, must be united to succeed. The most powerful are beaten if there is a division and a lack of co-operation while the weakest are triumphant if harmony prevails.

This fact should be borne in mind by our members. Whatever your relations may be with your fellow-members let them not interfere with your aiding them when they are engaged in enhancing the

welfare of the Order. We want only good Lodges and we will have no other kind if our members will pursue a straightforward, consistent and manly course and blend their efforts harmoniously, while discharging the solemn duties of membership.

A SUBJECT FOR CONSIDERATION.

We beg to call attention to the fact that this is a large country and that our organization contains a large number of Lodges which are located in all parts of the United States and beyond our boundary lines, even into the Canadas. Having called your attention to this fact, we offer for your further consideration the additional fact that the man who undertakes to visit all these lodges in the course of every two or three months is attempting a flat impossibility. He might do it, if, like Fielding's lawyer, in *Tom Jones*, he could divide himself into four and strike out for the four corners of the compass at once. Even then, it would require a fifth party to take care of the middle district and the chances are that it would make the fifth party mighty tired before he got over and across. Knowing the aims and ends of the Order, each lodge, once thoroughly organized, ought to be prepared to take care of itself, only looking for help from the Organizer, at such times as it becomes plain that his presence is absolutely necessary. Every mile that he rides is a mile of labor. Every hour he speaks is an hour of labor. Every hour he thinks for the Order is an hour of labor. By this computation he is to-day one of the most indefatigable laborers in America. Loss of sleep, loss of regularity in eating, loss of home comforts. These are some of his hardships. To-day we hear from him in Maine and to-mor-

row in Texas. Miles of travel become hundreds, the hundreds multiply into thousands, and in the course of a year compute the extent of territory he has gone over, the number of people whom he has addressed, and the fatigues endured, and you will begin to appreciate his services. His work is done uncomplainingly—nay, it is done cheerfully, and it is for this very reason that these facts are mentioned. His first duty is the organization of Lodges. After that, it is to weld them together in such a manner as to preclude a dropping asunder. To this end the Lodges themselves must join hands with him. He is one—you are many. Remember that. He will visit you as often as he can in reason. We know it to be his desire to meet often with all the boys—but he feels, and justly, that those lodges which are in good working order do not need his presence, and we all have the good of the whole order at heart, or if not, we ought to have. The well do not need a physician. The adage is an old one, but it is especially applicable in this case.

"THEY ARE DEAD!"

"They are dead"—has been said of Bros. Osborn, Wild, Coxson, McClun, Long and McAuley.

Within a few days, these six men and members have been snatched from our ranks. How soon this shall be said of the stoutest and healthiest amongst us, is sadly uncertain. It may come whilst in the quiet of home with loved ones around us, weeping at the thought of eternal parting. And it may be when the unsuspecting victim is upon the rail in the discharge of his duties. When least prepared, he is sent headlong into the fatal wreck, where his deep groans may be heard among the broken fragments of his engine; his body writhing with pain and his wounds open to the hissing steam and chilling air. The memory of home and friends rush across his mind, but no voice of love and tenderness reaches his ears.

Even yet the dreadful scene is not exhausted. Some of the bitterest pangs it inflicts are silent—alone to be told in the sad faces of the widows and unprotected orphans who have taken the last sad look at the upturned face of their kindred dead.

TAKE THE FIREMEN'S MAGAZINE!

IT CONTAINS INTERESTING MATTER FOR ALL.

To increase human happiness is the mission of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen. If a man has no feeling of sympathy for the unfortunate, what is there left for him to do after he has discharged the duties of his occupation—whatever they may be? Nothing but to eat, drink and sleep and to seek pleasure wherever his individual selfishness may dictate.

Masters of Lodges should, at every opportunity, give their members words of encouragement and advice relating to the duties of membership. The right words in the right place often bring about the most wonderful results.

"England expects every man to do his duty" made Nelson famous at the battle of the Nile.

Wellington's "Up Guards and at them," was the turning point in favor of British arms in the field of Waterloo.

The "Little more Grape" furnished by Captain Bragg at the battle of Buena Vista, made old Zack Taylor the most eminent warrior in the Mexican conflict.

QUICK WORK.

Within forty-eight hours two splendid Lodges were added to our ranks a short time ago. Eau Claire, No. 68, was organized on the 18th, and Elmo, No. 42, on the 19th of December. The former at Eau Claire, and the latter at Madison, Wisconsin. The work was done by Instructor Stephens, who assures us that the Order is very well established in that section and that other Lodges will soon follow.

HUMOROUS.

"Ocean me not" the lover cried,
 "I am your surf—to you I'm tied
 Don't break'er heart, fair one, but wave
 Objections thine—this sand I crave."

"Oh, billow Bill," she blushed, "I sea
 You would beach-osen shore by me;
 But I'm mermaid not yet in selne,
 And shell for years that way remain."

"Ish this'er postoffice?" inquired Cauliflower, slightly disfigured after nineteen rounds of sour mash. "No, this is a butcher shop," replied the sarcastic mailing clerk, licking a faded one-cent stamp. "Sho! Ish that sho! Well, give me a line for my muzzer."

"All aboard! keep in your feet!" shouts the conductor as the train starts from St. Louis. But in spite of this injunction an elephantine hoof protrudes here and there from a car window, to smash the first bridge that gets in the way.

MOTHER of æsthetic young lady at Long Branch—"Julia, you haven't been in bathing yet?" Julia—"No, mamma—" Mother—"What is the reason?" Julia—"I don't like to tell, mamma." Mother—"Stuff! let me know at once." Julia (blushing)—"Because Mr. DeLacey's dog comes down to look at me every time I go to the bath-house, and I know Mr. DeLacey sends him."

CORRESPONDENCE.

SOME PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

BOSTON, MASS., Jan. 13th, 1882.

Editor Firemen's Magazine.

In looking over the January number, I see that our old friends, "The Deacon," "J. M. D.," "Hank Lovely," and others, whose articles are becoming familiar to the readers of our Magazine, still continue to favor us with their interesting contributions. Please encourage them to keep on with the good work, for they greatly enhance the interests of the Order by giving our members subject matter for thought.

The Magazine, permit me to say (without flattery), is growing more valuable each succeeding issue. The editorials are to the point. One almost feels, after reading the "Square Man," like holding out his hand for a hearty shake with him. The comments on the member who was tired of the Order because he had not made a fortune by his two years' connection with it, is good, indeed, and ought to be applauded by every thorough Brotherhood man in the country. I, for one, endorse every word of it and hope you will keep it up until every "dead-head" and drone is driven from our ranks.

It certainly can do no harm, for the active members will keep on with their

work, while a stirring up will cause these sluggards to come forward and assist in the duties of membership, or make their lives so odious that they will flee from the presence of an honest man like a sneak-thief from an officer of the law.

Boston Lodge contains members who will wince when they read the editorial comment referred to, for it is a life-size picture of several I have in mind as I write this article. The artist could have given no better satisfaction had he been on the spot, camera in hand, with the originals before him.

But, Mr. Editor, you must not think for a moment that No. 57 is made up altogether of such material, for that is not the case. The majority of our members are honorable men, and as earnest workers as can be found in the Brotherhood from Maine to California. They are always ready to adopt and carry out any measure that will advance the cause, and their past record, as a Lodge, furnishes abundant proof for the assertion.

But we are going to make a still better record in the future. The Convention here in September did a vast amount of good for our Lodge, for it demonstrated to the timid ones that the Order is an established institution. They now see the advantage of being a member of it.

We also intend to give the Magazine a wider circulation in this vicinity than it ever had before.

We feel that you have done your best to produce a book that is a credit to the locomotive firemen of the country, and we propose to show our appreciation of it by spreading it among the people, so that they may learn of the good work that is being done by a class of men who, in the past, have been adjudged incapable of elevating themselves above the dust and din of their chosen calling.

Bro. W. C. Green is our Agent this year. He is one of Nature's noblemen, and never tires when laboring in behalf of the Brotherhood. I am sure he will give the work his undivided attention, and that he will sustain the reputation of the Lodge.

At any rate we are willing to risk our chances with him, and if he fails, I shall expect you to notify the hungry man from SALEM.

"THE TRAMP" HEARD FROM.

EAU CLAIRE, WIS., Dec. 28th, 1881.

Editor Firemen's Magazine :

Knowing that you are pleased to hear of anything relating to the Brotherhood, and more especially if it is of an encouraging nature, I am prompt to "come again."

The Firemen at this point are no longer in darkness, for Instructor S. M. Stevens, of our glorious Order, has been among them and now the beautiful city of Eau Claire boasts of another benevolent institution to gladden the hearts of the suffering.

The new Lodge begins its career under the most favorable circumstances, with a charter membership of twenty-one as earnest workers as can be found in the Order, marshalled under the leadership of Bro. Martin Cuddy, an energetic young man and a faithful employe of the Chicago, St. Paul, Minneapolis and Omaha R.R. Bro. Cuddy came here, after having spent five years in the regular army, entering the service as a private. By prompt attention to the duties of a soldier, he was promoted from one grade to another, until at the end of the term of his enlistment he was mustered out as First Sergeant of his Company. He thus rose by his individual efforts to a commanding position among his fellow-men.

After such an honorable record in the military service, we may reasonably expect much from him in his new field of action.

The rigid discipline taught in the army has not been forgotten by him. Under

his administration the laws of the Order will be enforced. The constitution is his guide, and the wrong-doer, let come what may, is sure to suffer. He is the very man for the position which he occupies by unanimous consent. In my opinion, if every Lodge in the Order were possessed of such a Master, it would be fortunate, indeed, and it would cover at one grand stride what it will now take years of hard and earnest work to accomplish.

The city of Eau Claire, from which the Lodge takes its name, is situated at the junction of the Chippewa and Eau Claire rivers, and contains a population of 11,000 inhabitants. The city was made famous at the outbreak of the rebellion, for it was here that the war eagle, "Old Abe" made his debut as a soldier.

The readers of your Magazine may be interested in knowing a few incidents in the career of this remarkable bird. He was purchased from a tribe of Chippewa Indians, who captured him when quite young, near Flambeau Lake, in consideration of a bushel of corn. He was afterwards brought to this city by a Mr. McCann and sold to a company of soldiers then forming for the eighth Wisconsin Infantry. In September, 1861, the Company left here for Madison. At LaCrosse they were offered two hundred dollars for their pet, but declined to part with him. Upon reaching Madison he was mustered into the service when his Company, the "Badgers," changed their title to the "Eau Claire Eagles," in honor of "Old Abe."

On the arrival of the command at Chicago, thousands flocked to see the feathered warrior. It was a regular ovation and "Old Abe" seemed to enjoy it. Perched aloft beside the stars and stripes he surveyed the situation with all the "sang froid" of a hero. From Chicago the regiment took a southward course. At St. Louis the illustrious bird broke the cord by which he was tied and escaped from his bearer and was only recaptured after some difficulty.

The next march of the gallant "Eighth" took them to Fredericktown, Mo., where, on the 21st of October, 1861, they stood up in defense of the Union. "His Eagle-ship" occupied a position on the top of the Court House, where he could take in the situation. This was his first appearance on the field of carnage. Many others followed in rapid succession. The last battle in which "Old Abe" took part, (Hurricane Creek, Miss.) is described by an able writer as follows: "On they rushed, intercepted by a muddy creek and

a thick clump of Elders, but forming on the other side, the steady column moved like a tornado, the "Eagles" wheeling to the back of the hill when "Old Abe" again, in all his glory, with eye of lightning, with head and neck elongated, to swiftest dash, with a whistle quick and startling, to nerve and pluck, charged with them up, up the rampart, flinging the enemy off as with the sweep of an eagle's wing, frightened, dismayed, broken, narrowly escaping at a fearful loss. As the dead and wounded lay side by side, brothers then, as by right they should be, at the portal of death, the very ground trembled from the shout of the victors, while the scream of the war-bird was heard clear and distinct amid the general carnival of groans and rejoicings. This was "Old Abe's" last battle in the great rebellion. It was the seal of his perpetual conquest. He was the hero of twenty-five great battles and as many skirmishes.

To what agency must we attribute his charmed life, when the story must be told again and again, by patriot sires to their worthy sons, that though in the fiercest fights, not a bearer of the colors or the eagle, ever conspicuous marks for the enemy, was shot down? The eagle seemed as protective to those around him as was the standard of the cross in the battles of Constantine.

If the eagle could dodge bullets, as the soldiers declare he did, not so the bearers. Many a sharpshooter fired at these boys, but failed to kill one of them. In the bloodiest carnage, they and their living standard were unharmed. Did it not portend the preservation of the Union? A Providence holding death at bay, as with our Washington, when the British soldiers singled him out, to prove that the American eagle of justice can never fall at the hands of an enemy."

On his return to Madison, he was presented to the State by a vote of his company, but was not long in idleness.

There were disabled soldiers and orphan children to care for, and "Old Abe" took an active part in the good work of making homes for them. He was on exhibition at almost every fair held for that purpose and the money paid by the people to see him, amounted to many thousands. He was the pride of the whole nation. Showmen tried hard to get possession of him. P. T. Barnum offered \$20,000 for him, but the old soldier was not for sale. From the bushel of corn his value had grown to a fortune.

The last years of his life were spent in quietude at the State capitol. On the

26th of March, 1881, he died, having lived twenty years, three of which were spent in the turmoil of war.

His stuffed remains can be seen in the rotunda of the State House. He is posed in such an attitude and with so much skill that he seems like a living bird. With a fixed gaze challenges the attention of every visitor and says, in stronger terms than words can express: "Behold! I have a place in the history of this Great Nation!"

But, I fear I am growing irksome to your readers, and so will close here. When opportunity permits, I will "come again."

"THE TRAMP."

A VISION OF HEAVEN.

PORTLAND, MAINE, Jan. 14th, 1882.

Editor Firemen's Magazine:

When night had shed its darkness around me, and I, wearied with the cares of the day, was bound with sleep's soft folds in deepest slumber, my spirit fled away, soaring with eagle pinions from star to star, through that vast illimitable space until, in the distance, Heaven's high and glistening portals met my vision.

I hastened over myriads of miles and passed myriads of stars in my ceaseless flight on high.

Planets, burning with glorious radiance, and comets, leaving trails of luminous vapor, flew past me lighting up my trackless way.

On, still on, I sped, until music, coming from the realms of an endless day, fell upon my ear, and then my spirit longed to grasp their golden lyres.

There I stood, near the portal, like one uncalled for, wondering whether I, a subject of earth and sin, a child of sorrow and care, could enter through that gleaming portal.

A voice said, "Why thus linger at the gate? know'st me not, even now when thou hast come to join our angel band? Here, take thy welcome—take thy angel sister's hand."

Then I gazed, and gazing, wondered; for she who died so many years ago, when I was a mere child, now stood at my side bidding me enter.

Said she, "Up amid the glorious temples, where all thy loved ones rest, they with joy will sing your welcome to those mansions where no sin can enter, to the home where the tried and faithful spirit finds release from all its trials, to golden courts where watchful cherubs tune their

harps to holy praise, and to those temples in which countless myriads raise anthems of mercy and praise to their 'Almighty and beneficent Father.'"

Then I entered those shining portals, guided by white-robed angel sister, when suddenly a glorious light, brighter than the noonday sun, shone around me.

There I met friends, whom death had severed from my companionship here below, with immortality glowing in each feature. All were there wearing robes of immortality.

I would touch their golden lyres when upon my ears there broke louder music —

At that moment I awoke from my glad vision.

All was silent; Scarce a zephyr stirred the balmy air of night, and I felt wiser and happier for my dream.

ELMON J. NOYES.

BALL AND SUPPER.

TORONTO, CANADA, Jan. 1st, 1882.

Editor Firemen's Magazine:

Would you kindly publish in the journal of next month, if possible, an account of the most successful ball ever held in Toronto in connection with railroad men. The ball was under the auspices of the combined Brotherhoods of Engineers and Firemen, and was held in Occident Hall, corner of Queen and Bathurst streets, on Friday, the 30th of December. A special feature of the occasion was the perfect harmony and smoothness with which everything passed.

The committees were composed of about an equal number of Engineers and Firemen and represented all the different roads running out of Toronto.

We wish to publicly thank the following named gentlemen for either encouraging us with their presence during the evening or by doing all in their power to make the ball a success:

Mr. W. Whyte, Assistant Superintendent G. T. R.R.; Mr. J. Webster, General Superintendent Northern Ry; Mr. P. Clark, Mechanical Superintendent Northern Ry; Mr. J. Armbago, Freight Manager Northern Ry; Mr. W. C. Holt, Locomotive Foreman G. T. R.R.; Mr. H. G. Taylor, Master of Transportation Credit Valley Ry; Mr. R. Pink, Mechanical Superintendent C. V. R.R.

The following notice appeared in the Toronto Mail the day after the ball.

"Occident Hall last night was the scene of one of the most successful and enjoya-

ble balls of the season. It was given by the combined Brotherhoods of Locomotive Engineers and Firemen. The hall was tastefully decorated with banners, flags and mottoes, and was well lighted. The floor was waxed after the usual fashion, and upon it to music provided by the Italian string band over one hundred couples enjoyed Terpsichorean art to the utmost. The majority of the guests arrived about nine o'clock, and immediately after dancing commenced. At twelve o'clock an excellent supper was served in an adjoining room and received a fair share of attention from the guests. Supper over, dancing was resumed, and was maintained until a very late hour. Much of the success attending the affair was due to the efforts of the committee and floor managers. Through their assiduity the evening passed off pleasantly, and no hitch occurred to mar the enjoyment. When the guests separated at the conclusion all were unanimous in testifying to their appreciation of the efforts made to entertain them and in wishing that the ball was a thing of the future instead of the past."

Hoping the coming year will be one of great success to the Order, and wishing all the boys a Happy New Year, I am,

Yours fraternally,

SID. VAUGHAN.

TUCSON, ARIZONA, Jan. 5th, 1882.

Editor Firemen's Magazine:

As a member of Cactus Lodge, No. 94, I would be grateful for the privilege of space for a short contribution in our Magazine. It was my good fortune to be able to make a visit to New England last fall, and I was shown so many favors by my brothers along the route that I take this mode of expressing my thanks to all who were so kind to me. Particularly do I feel myself under obligations to Bro. Savage, of No. 57, Bro. Haypothor, of No. 4, Bro. Barkman, of No. 1, Bro. Hiller, of No. 12, Bros. Hugo and Zepp, of No. 14, Bros. Mullen and Grace, of No. 16, and Uncle John Broderick, at whose house I spent a most delightful evening. I would like to mention them all but some of the names have escaped my memory. I was requested by many to write, which I hope to when time permits. All the boys of No. 94 are grateful for the favors and pleasure given me, and we will, one and all, freely reciprocate when an opportunity presents itself. Extending you all a right hearty welcome to give us a call, I am

Fraternally yours,

F. P. SARGENT.

PERSONAL.

BOOMING—The Canada Magazine lists.

STILL they go—to the other side: Bros. Alexander, Harrow and Rutledge, of Lodge No. 69.

It is only a surmise that Bro. Josiah Quigley, of No. 86, is the illustrious Josiah Lickshingle in disguise.

E. H. BECRAFT is Master of the new Lodge at Roodhouse, Ills. This is a sufficient guarantee of its success.

W. E. WALSH, of No. 32, is rapidly recovering from a protracted illness. His friends will give him a hearty welcome.

BRO. DAN LYONS, of Louisville Lodge, is one of the most reliable men employed on the S. C. & S.

JAMES MATHERS, of Hercules Lodge, No. 63, is employed on the Cincinnati Southern and running into Chatanooga.

BRO. JOHN TIPPING, of Pride of the West, No. 6, is now on the Illinois Central road, running into Chicago. He is a good and reliable man.

GEORGE McLAUGHLIN, of No. 36, is in the employ of the Ohio Central R.R., with headquarters at Bucyrus, Ohio. He is a faithful worker in the Order.

BRO. A. D. HENSLEY and lady, of No. 46, rejoice over the presence of a little son, who has been sent to gladden their home.

NOTICE.—Bro. P. Doyle and C. Mooney, of Orange Grove Lodge, No. 97, are respectfully requested to correspond with their Lodge.

CLINTON LODGE, No. 34, in conjunction with the Clinton Division of the B. of L. E. will give a grand ball February 22d. A grand time is anticipated.

JAMES MURPHY, of Anchor Lodge, No. 54, is located at Chama, New Mexico, where he is running an engine on the D. & R. G. road.

ONE by one they go, and Bros. Sammons, Shea and Curran, of No. 50, have gone to the right side, and with them our best wishes.

"A TWELVE-POUND boy is enough to make anybody happy." So says Bro. Ross, of No. 52. Let us all rejoice with him.

BORDER LODGE, No. 32, reports that S. A. Preshaw and A. Dodson now sit on the right side of their respective engines. Success to you, boys!

CHAS. J. MCGEE and J. S. Mills, of Hercules Lodge, No. 63, were guests at the ball of No. 36, on the evening of December 27th. They were welcome visitors.

INSTRUCTOR STEVENS returns thanks to C. G. King and C. F. Smith, of No. 26, for favors shown him on his late trip to the Northwest.

"A BETTER *Shepherd* she could not have found," remarked one of No. 37's members, when informed of the marriage of Bro. Chas. Randall to Miss Mollie E. Lamb.

HOMER HUTCHINS, of Van Bergen Lodge, No. 62, spent a day with us recently, which was much enjoyed in his company. He is one of the best of a first-class Lodge.

Two more of 23's boys passed over to the opposite side, Bros. Ben Schulte and N. Duvall, who are now running engines on the S. C. & S. R.R.

THROUGH the Magazine Bro. Coyne, of No. 6, wishes to extend thanks to Bro. McGee, of No. 63, and also to Bro. Williams, of No. 12, for favors shown him.

GEO. W. STEDING, one of the most prominent brethren of No. 18, is running from the round house to the turn-table, commonly called hostling.

W. H. WOODS, of No. 88, is Master and Financier of his Lodge. He fills both positions with admirable fidelity, and the result is that No. 88 ranks with our foremost Lodges.

JOSIAH A. QUIGLEY is his name. He is Magazine Agent of Black Hills Lodge, No. 86, and as such is sustaining the reputation of one of the best Lodges in the fraternity.

W. E. BURNS, of No. 47, met with the members of No. 48, at Peoria, a short time ago, and reports them in excellent condition. Bro. Burns bestows no undeserved praise.

REPORT has it that Bro. Jos. Healy, Financier of No. 70, has taken to the stage in Longview. Bro. Healy always had a leaning to the stage and we hope to see him brightest in the galaxy of stars.

JAMES LYNCH, one of 21's tireless workers, has recovered from a long spell of sickness and is on duty again. He handles the throttle now instead of the scoop, and we extend our best wishes.

THE boys of No. 85 say that Bro. Eastwood thought strongly of getting married, but circumstances interfered. We would like to know what these circumstances are, but our informant didn't divulge.

JOHN A. HAYES, of Industrial Lodge, No. 21; has removed to Terre Haute, where he has gone into the gent's furnishing business. John has many friends who will be glad to call on him at his new quarters.

HE has centered all his hopes in a very estimable lady and has entrusted his future happiness in her keeping. *Swiftly* he entered the matrimonial net and Mr. and Mrs. Swift, of No. 6, have our very best wishes.

AMONG the promoted in Lodge No. 79 are Bros. J. True, A. Sinclair, Wm. Klinger, F. Shields, L. Maher and Wm. Donnelly. All first class men who deserve the honor.

M. SHAUNNESSY, of Industrial Lodge, No. 21, died November 30th, after a lingering illness. He had a large circle of admiring friends who mourn his loss. The members of No. 21 attended his funeral in a body.

K. C. DONAGHOE, of No. 21, was seriously injured in a wreck on the Iron Mountain road a short time ago. He is a worthy member of our Order, and we earnestly hope that his recovery may be speedy and complete.

WE have use for many more such as Robert J. Turnbull, of No. 69. He is a credit to himself and to the Order. Such men are always in demand, as they never depreciate in value.

IT was our pleasure, a short time ago, to make the acquaintance of Col. E. J. Farr, the honorable Mayor of Eau Claire, Wis., who entertained us very kindly while in that city.

AMONG the hundreds of happy dancers at the ball of Tippecanoe Lodge, No. 36, none was more graceful or enjoyed himself better than His Honor, the Mayor of the city.

THE members of No. 36 in the employ of the L. N. A. & C. Co. speak in high terms of praise of the kind treatment bestowed upon them by Master Mechanic Leslie.

AT LAST—We have heard again of Bro. Hinman, of No. 59. He is one of our most energetic workers and we like to keep trace of him. He is at present stationed in Denver, Col.

THE esteemed Master of Clinton Lodge No. 34, H. W. Stephens, has been on the sick list for some time, but he is coming back to health again. We cannot spare him long at a time.

WM. T. POST, of No. 34, has retired from the footboard and has gone into the wagon-making and blacksmithing trade. He says he will preserve his standing in the Order just the same. "Old Post" is composed of the very best timber that grows.

● A CLOUD of grief is hanging heavily over the home of Bro. John F. Eusey, of No. 14. The reaper death has taken from him a loving sister and a most devoted brother. Both the sister and brother died of typhoid fever.

MRS. E. W. DAVIS, of Jersey City, N. J., must be placed on the roll of honor in this issue. She is a devoted admirer of the Order and does everything in her power to make it a success. We wish there were many others like her.

JOHN MULVILL, of No. 74, writes—"The great and only Mooney, of No. 43, presided over our Lodge at its last meeting. He fully sustained his reputation as an exemplary master." John is correct in his estimate of Bro. Mooney.

IN order to accommodate all of her members, Adopted Daughter Lodge, No. 3, will hereafter hold four meetings a month, to take place the first and third Wednesdays at 1:00 P. M., and second and fourth Sundays at 2:30 P. M.

NUMBER 54 is square with the Grand Lodge, the first time for several years. Let her members rise in a body and extend their thanks to Bro. Fred Nebergall, their Financier, to whose efforts much of this triumph is due.

M. H. STOCKWELL, a prominent engineer on the C., St. P., M. & O. Line, must have mention in these columns. We had the pleasure of meeting the gentleman recently and sharing his hospitality for which we are very grateful.

JOHN DIPPLE is Magazine Agent of Success Lodge, No. 33. He finds an able assistant in his wife, who goes to work in earnest in securing subscribers. She thoroughly understands the aims and purposes of the Order.

THE promotion of C. E. Miller is the last one reported from No. 23.

C. F. SMITH and Thomas Thompson, of No. 26, are traveling firemen on the C., St. P., M. & O. Line. Their duties are to instruct the firemen in the way to fire coal burners, which have recently been introduced there.

LODGE No. 79, at Roodhouse, Ills., is named after J. M. Dodge, one of the most popular members of our Order. At one time he honored the chair of Vice Grand Master, but he is now growing oranges in Southern California.

For the prompt payment of Death Claims, J. B. Milton (formerly of No. 18 and now of No. 79), takes the cake. He invariably pays them as soon as the circular reaches him. Oh, for a hundred like him!

THE boys at St. Joe say that Bro. W. E. Sullivan never knew his "canvassing qualities" until this year. He is taking the Magazine into hundreds of homes where it was never read before, for all of which we are profoundly grateful.

ISLAND CITY LODGE, No. 69, is deserving of much credit for the good work she has done since her organization. The members at Brockville are alive to the interests of the Order, and we have every reason to feel proud of them.

A VERY obliging gentleman is G. H. Webster, Esq., Master Mechanic of the C., St. P., M. & O. Line. He is thoroughly in sympathy with the Order, which will be very encouraging to our members, for Mr. Webster is universally appreciated for his many excellent qualities.

WITH the last letter we received from G. H. Haskins, the gallant young Financier of Black Hills Lodge, No. 86, came a fine cabinet photograph of himself, which now graces our album. We have placed him in the picture gallery of earnest workers in our cause.

EDWARD UPTON, of No. 15, says he is quite lost without the Magazine. Thank you for the compliment. When our very best and most intelligent members speak so favorably of our little book, we are led to believe that it is worthy of perusal.

"Two souls with but a single thought,
Two hearts that beat as one."

MARRIED—On Christmas Eve., Bro. G. E. Foote, of No. 61, to Miss Hattie Gardner, of St. Paul. The members of No. 61 wish them joy and happiness.

J. B. NEWCOMER, of No. 32, we are sorry to say, is on the sick list. We hope to see him out soon again.

ALTHOUGH the members of No. 94 regret losing Bro. Green, their honored Financier, yet they would not stay his progress. He has been placed on the right hand side, which will cause him to remove to Deming, Arizona.

A VERY distressing accident befell Bro. Thomas Howell, of No. 45, on the 21st of November. While taking water he fell from the tank and sustained injuries that necessitated the amputation of his left arm. Bro. Howell has our deepest sympathy in his misfortune.

BLACK HILLS LODGE enrolls among her members twenty engineers and one conductor. We notice among the former, recently promoted to that position, Bros. P. Demars, J. Wheat, E. Rath, J. Hickey, E. Lewis, J. Burk, S. M. Collins, F. Pickard, C. Brebner and C. Zinkev.

FRANK HAMMILL, of No. 26, is foreman of engines for the C. & N. W. Co., at Madison, Wis. He rendered valuable assistance in the organization of No. 42, and is ever ready to do what he can in the interest of the good cause. We look upon him as one of the brightest men in the Order.

A MODEL Master, who, by the way, belongs to a model Lodge, has made himself immortal in the Brotherhood by the following remark at one of their meetings: "Well, boys, next week brings pay day with it and I want you all to square up your accounts with Bro. ——— (Financier), or some of you will find the thumb-screw has been set upon you, for 1882 means business and no black list from No. ———."

THE following is taken from the Green County Advocate, which paper is published in Roodhouse, Ill.:

"W. H. Barrow while crossing the railroad at Main street, last Wednesday, his team became frightened at the approach of the pony and threw Mr. Barrow and his son out of the wagon directly on the track in front of the approaching engine, but the engineer, J. B. Milton, succeeded in reversing his engine in time to stop within six inches of the point where they lay. The engineer deserves great credit for the presence of mind displayed in stopping it, for when he seen what was about to take place he was within fifty feet of the prostrated man."

This is another victory for our Order, as J. B. Milton is a "Brother."

A GLANCE AT No. 56.—Bro. S. H. McGaffey is on the sick list; Bro. Hopson is running a switch engine, and Bro. Dailey is hosting at Council Bluffs; Bros. Fitzsimmons and Phelon are running switch engines at Stanberry, Bro. Bumstead at Brunswick, Nev., and J. P. Michael is the gentlemanly hostler at Stanberry.

MISS KITTIE BECRAFT, daughter of E. H. Becraft, of Roodhouse, Ill., died at her father's residence January 3d, of consumption. Miss Becraft was an estimable young lady and her death at the age of about twenty-four years will be deeply felt by her many relatives and acquaintances. Her remains were buried in Diamond Grove Cemetery, Jacksonville.—*Green County Advocate.*

E. H. Becraft is a resident of Roodhouse, and an honored member of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen. Every brother is with him in sympathy.

W. P. SHEETS, a new member of No. 10, was elected Magazine Agent of his Lodge, to the delight of all of the boys. It is his aim to secure the highest honors for No. 10 by getting the highest number of subscribers for the coming year. Any agent striving for the same object will have to be exceedingly active in order to throw Bro. Sheets in the shade, for he means business and proposes to bring down the prize. His assistants, Bros. Manfell and Myers, are also wide-awake young men, who will prove themselves masters of the situation.

CRUSHED BENEATH THE CARS.

John P. Farrell, of Indianapolis, was crushed beneath the cars at Kokomo, Ind., while on his way to Ft. Wayne, where he was employed as boiler maker in the W. St. L. & P. R.R. shops. It seems that when the train stopped at Kokomo, he alighted, thinking that he had reached Peru. When he realized the mistake he attempted to re-enter the cars while the train was in motion, but missing his footing he fell beneath the wheels and was almost instantly killed. The deceased was well and favorably known in Southern Illinois, having been employed at one time by the I. C. R.R., making his home at Centralia. His death will be deeply regretted by his large circle of sympathetic friends, who knew him to be honest, charitable and industrious. His son, John Farrell, is a highly respected member of Eureka Lodge, No. 14, at Indianapolis, Ind.

OPERATIC ENTERTAINMENT.

THE "FIVE BOYS" BEHIND THE FOOTLIGHTS.

Editor Firemen's Magazine:

Quite a novel entertainment was given recently at Parsons, Kansas, by the members of Great Western Lodge, No. 24. The following is a programme, with Bro. Fanning for the best man:

EDWARDS OPERA HOUSE.

TUESDAY EVENING, JANUARY 10, 1882.

FIRST ANNUAL ENTERTAINMENT OF THE

*BROTHERHOOD

—OF—

LOCOMOTIVE FIREMEN!

"Tom Taylor's" Celebrated Drama

"TICKET OF LEAVE MAN,"

IN FOUR ACTS.

Played with Great Success in all parts of the
(Civilized World.

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Melter Moss (an unprincipled Jew)

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Sam Willoughby AUSTIN DREW

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Emily St. Evremond, MRS. MAURICE DAVIS

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Guests, Navies, &c.

SPECIAL NOTE.—This play is under the management of Great Western Lodge, No. 24, Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, and the cause a noble one—namely, to provide for the widows and orphans left by those killed at the post of duty. We respectfully request your attendance.

The following comment appeared in the paper, which is indeed a very nice compliment to the boys and one that they richly merit:

"The rendition of the 'Ticket-of-Leave-Man' last night was made before one of the largest audiences that ever crowded the Opera House. To say that it was a

grand success fails to express its merits. Everybody was well pleased, and nobody better than the performers who, with the natural timidity of amateurs, more than half expected a complete failure and break down. We would like to mention several especially commendatory features, but where all was so well executed to do so would seem invidious. We congratulate the Brotherhood on their success and present them with the thanks of a grateful public for having presented them with an interesting and exciting drama. They have covered themselves with honor and proved the existence of fine histrionic talent in Parsons."

APPRECIATIVE EXCHANGES.

Saturday Courier.

WE have received the January number of the Firemen's Magazine, the organ of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, edited by Eugene V. Debs, of this city. Besides containing all matters of interest to the Brotherhood and vast amount of Lodge matter and correspondence, its literary contents place it on plane of excellence with almost any of the magazines of the country. This number contains an original story by Malcom Meredith and an original poem by Thomas O'Rourke. The whole arrangement of the Magazine and quality and quantity of matter it contains reflects much credit upon Mr. Debs. The price of the Magazine is one dollar per year, and will be sent to any address by addressing Eugene V. Debs, Terre Haute, Ind.

Terre Haute Saturday Evening Ledger.

This popular Magazine, the organ of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, under the able editorship of Eugene V. Debs, comes out with the first number of the

new year in a new dress, new title page, and every indication of prosperity. The typography and mechanical work, from the press of Moore & Langen, is superb. Mr. Debs deserves high praise for his conduct of this enterprise, having made the Magazine readable and instructive not only as pertains the Locomotive Firemen and their wives and children, but to the public at large.

B. OF L. F.

Battle Creek (Mich.) Moon.

The local Lodge of the Brotherhood of Locomotive firemen, which was instituted here three weeks ago, will be duly organized at a meeting which is to be held this evening.

Mr. S. M. Stevens, of Terre Haute, Ind., who is one of the prominent officials of the association, arrived here last night, and will attend to the work of organization of the local Lodge and the installation of its officers.

The Lodge will start out under favorable auspices and with a goodly membership; therefore, its prospects are of a very encouraging character.

The objects of the association are for the effection of unity, the elevation of the members to a higher social and intellectual standard and for the promotion of their general welfare and the protection of their families. Benevolence is the principal object of the organization, and to these whose calling is so particularly hazardous, this Brotherhood will be of great benefit. Success to it.

ANY information regarding the whereabouts of A. Nearpass will be thankfully received by his Lodge. Address

P. J. Cook,
Eldon, Iowa.

RESOLUTIONS.

FROM NO. 14.

Editor Firemen's Magazine:

At a regular meeting of Eureka Lodge, No. 14, B. of L. F., held at their hall January 17, 1882, the following preamble and

resolutions of sympathy were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, It has pleased the Almighty God in His infinite wisdom to remove from this earth the beloved brother and sister of our worthy brother, John F. Eusey, therefore be it

Resolved, That we extend our heartfelt sympathy to the bereaved brother in this his hour of tribulation, and sincerely trust that for the consolation of which he stands in need he will look to Him who comforts the sorrowing and who in time unites us with the dear ones who have gone before.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to Bro. Eusey and spread on the record of this Lodge and also published in the Firemen's Magazine.

CHAS. P. BOND,
JOHN A. TWEEDIE,
WM. J. HUGO,
Committee.

FROM NO. 88.

EVANSTON, WYOMING, Dec. 22d, 1881.
Editor Firemen's Magazine:

At a regular meeting of Morning Star Lodge, No. 88, of B. of L. F., held December 22d, 1881, the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, It has pleased Almighty God to call away the long suffering wife of our esteemed brother, Wm. Hamilton; therefore, be it

Resolved, That we deeply sympathize with our brother in his affliction, and we commend him in his sorrow to Him who is the "resurrection and the life," assuring our brother that he who thought it wise to deprive him of a loving wife will also send His Holy Spirit to minister consolation to him in his trouble.

Resolved, That as a token of respect, that these resolutions be placed upon the records of this Lodge and our brother be presented with a copy and the same be published in the Firemen's Magazine.

D. W. CHURCH,
L. CARR,
S. BLOCKHAM,
Committee.

FROM NO. 2.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Jan. 4th, 1882.
Editors Firemen's Magazine:

At a regular meeting of Hand in Hand Lodge, No. 2, B. of L. F., held in their hall, the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, It has pleased Almighty God to take from our midst the wife of our worthy Past Master, George D. Oliver; therefore, be it

Resolved, That we deeply sympathize with our brother in the loss of his beloved wife; and, be it further

Resolved, That we will strive to so live in this world that at the end of time we may be reunited with those who went before us; and, be it further

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to Bro. Oliver and also sent for publication to the Firemen's Magazine.

HENRY S. LAWTON,
THEO. B. WARDWELL,
FRANK E. WORDEN,
Committee.

FROM NO. 95.

CHICAGO, ILLS., Dec. 31st, 1881.

Editor Firemen's Magazine:

The first death in Chicago Lodge, No. 95, was that of Anton Long, who died at his house in Waukegan, on the 20th of December, aged 27 years, 1 month and 9 days. Bro. Long was a charter member of our Lodge, and his death was a severe blow to a large number of friends and acquaintances. The funeral took place from his home on Thursday afternoon, December 22d, according to the rites of the Order. The remains were followed to their last resting place by a vast concourse of friends and brothers of the Order.

The following resolutions were adopted at a special meeting of the Lodge, held December 28th, 1881:

WHEREAS, An all-wise Providence has taken from our number one of our most worthy brothers, Anton Long, one of the charter members of this Lodge, loved and respected by all who knew him; and

WHEREAS, In the death of Bro. Long a loving wife has lost a fond husband, his employers a faithful servant and this Lodge a good and efficient member; and, be it hereby

Resolved, That the deep and heartfelt sympathy of Chicago Lodge, No. 95, is extended to the wife and relatives of our deceased brother in this their dark hour of sorrow; and, be it

Resolved, That the charter of this Lodge be draped it mourning for the space of thirty days; and, be it further

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be spread upon the minutes of this meeting, a copy be presented to Mrs. Mary Ann Long, widow of our deceased brother, one to his father, sister and brother and that a copy be sent to our Magazine for publication.

J. S. ROURK,
C. A. MILLER,
L. D. KINNE,
Committee.

FROM NO. 95.

CHICAGO, ILLS, Dec. 31st, 1881.

Editor Firemen's Magazine:

At a regular meeting of Chicago Lodge, No. 95, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That the thanks of this Lodge are hereby tendered to J. L. Rourke, our Financier, for the perfect manner in which he has performed his duty.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be spread upon the minutes of this meeting and a copy sent to the Firemen's Magazine for publication.

G. H. TIBBETTS,
WM. MARONEY,
O. B. TROGNER,
Committee.

WITHDRAWALS.

No. 16.—David De Wolf, final; James Robinson, to join No. 48.

No. 18.—E. H. Becraft, Wm. Donnelly, Wm. Klinger, A. Sinclair, John Stoffles, John True and J. B. Milton, to join No. 79.

No. 21.—A. U. Brown, to join elsewhere.

No. 33.—John J. Simmons, final.

No. 36.—F. Gross, to join No. 16.

No. 54.—Harry Rankin, to join No. 64.

No. 54.—Wm. P. Crowley, final.

No. 54.—S. Pepple, to join No. 23; P. Kennedy, to join No. 45.

No. 56.—J. B. Miller, final.

No. 88.—Limen Huggens, final.

BLACK LIST.

No. 7.—W. C. Pannill, J. H. Jerman and E. Atwell, expelled for non-payment of dues.

No. 16.—Fred Withbeck, expelled for non-payment of dues.

No. 23.—Frank Webber, Frank Grist, J. L. Hughes, E. D. Southerd, Charles Postlewaite and Thomas Newton, expelled for non-payment of dues.

No. 27.—F. A. Davis and C. K. Flint, expelled for non-payment of dues.

No. 32.—John Franklin and David A. Schafer, expelled for non-payment of dues.

No. 40.—James Crotty and Robert Conway, expelled for non-payment of dues.

No. 43.—C. E. Patterson and H. Birney, expelled for non-payment of dues.

No. 61.—Charles Parker, expelled for disgraceful conduct towards his Lodge.

No. 68.—T. H. Lawler, robber of widows and orphans. (This man was Master of his Lodge and stole ten dollars that had been given him to apply on Death Claims.)

No. 75.—C. S. Reynolds, expelled for non-payment of dues and unbecoming conduct.

No. 75.—James G. McKibbin, expelled for non-payment of dues.

No. 88.—Robert Sims, H. Hyers, Lewis King and Edwin Prudence, expelled for non-payment of dues.

No. 98.—Robert Sims, H. Hyers, Lewis King and Edward Prudence, expelled for non-payment of dues.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

A purple Cross on the margin of your book indicates that your subscription has expired.

LODGE ADDRESSES.

We ask all Lodges to examine the addresses of their officers in this month's magazine. If any names are misspelled or addresses not correctly given, the Grand Secretary should be notified so that he can make the necessary corrections.

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We have had all the surplus Magazines of 1880 and 1881 handsomely and substantially bound and offer them to our subscribers at \$1.50 per volume. We will send them to any address in quantities of one or more, postage paid, on receipt of the price.

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Nearly all of the foregoing blanks have a tinted locomotive stamped upon them and are neat and practical.

The receipts are of a new form gotten up purposely to avoid the perplexities that often arise through the use of the ordinary forms.

In order to receive prompt attention, all orders for blanks must be directed to the Grand Secretary and Treasurer.

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W. A. Pickering, Box 772 Secretary
T. Carter, Box 772 Financier
J. S. Mills, Box 238 Mag. Agent
64. **SIoux**; Sioux City, Iowa.
A. Canfield, L. Box 6 Master
J. M. Sheld, Box 1181 Secretary
H. W. Butterfield, Box 751 Financier
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65. **FORT RIDGELY**; Sleepy Eye, Minn.
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70. **LONE STAR**; Longview, Texas.
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W. Hand, Box 445 Secretary
D. B. Cornell, L. Box 866 Financier
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HIS CHOICE.

BY MALCOLME MEREDITH.

"Every calling in life has its unpleasant side, and this is one part of the unpleasant side of the practice of medicine," said Dr. Palmer, as he entered his office upon his return from a long, cold ride in the country.

"You have not been around very regularly of late, John," continued the doctor, addressing the tall, broad-shouldered young man, who was the only other occupant of the room. "I saw your father a few days ago, and he made particular inquiries about your progress. I had to give him rather an indifferent answer, owing to the fact that I have been so busy of late that I have not had time to examine you. I thought then, that the first opportunity that presented itself I would give you a general review, and see how well you are digesting and assimilating what you read, and find out if your enthusiasm for the profession is increasing any."

John Wilmoth, the young man to whom Dr. Palmer had just addressed the above remarks, was the son of William Wilmoth, one of the wealthiest merchants in the large western city where he lived. John, the eldest of his children, was but a few months past twenty-one. At the age of twenty he had graduated at the High School of the city in which he lived; and a few months afterwards, at his father's earnest request, he entered the office of Dr. Palmer, one of the oldest physicians in the city, as a student. He had never experienced a desire to become a physician, and it was more out of regard for his father's wishes than any other reason that he had entered upon the study.

In answer to what the doctor had said to him, he replied: "To tell you the truth, doctor, I have come to the conclusion that I was not 'cut out' for a physician. I have been doing some rather serious thinking lately, and I have decided to

abandon the idea of becoming an M. D. I do not think I have the qualifications necessary to make a first-class physician, and as I cannot do that, I am not going to be a second or third class one. There is an occupation that I believe I will be satisfied to follow and for which I think I am fitted; and, though it requires hard physical labor, I think I will do more good to engage in it, and my life will be more of a satisfaction to me than it would be as a physician or anything else. My father, as you know, has 'set his heart' on my becoming a physician. His expectations regarding me never can be realized; and I feel as though it would be deceiving him to longer continue as I have. I deeply regret that I cannot carry out his cherished wishes. I can only hope that he will see that it is for the best sometime, but I fear he will not see it in that light at present."

"An honest confession is good for the soul, John," replied the doctor. "Since you have been a student in my office I have observed you and watched your progress more closely, perhaps, than you may think. I have arrived at the same conclusion you have in regard to your fitness for the medical profession. It was my intention to draw you out on this subject when I came in, but I must say you have taken me a little by surprise, in thinking so nearly parallel with me. Before you came into the office to study I told your father that I would, when necessary, give you such advice as I would like given to a child of mine, should circumstances demand it. But before saying to you what I intend to say, I would like to know what this work is in which you think you will engage?"

"I have decided to become a railroad engineer," was the reply. "Ever since I have been old enough to observe and reflect, I have liked to be about and upon an engine better than to be doing anything else. I have wished many a time, as I have seen the engine glide away, that I was the engineer. I have tried lately not to think about the matter, but the thoughts and wishes will return. Now, as I have said, if I could be a success as a practi-

cioner, I would gladly do so, for father's sake, if for no other reason, but as I can not conscientiously do that, and as I do not intend to be an idler, I have decided to do as I said. There is no vacillation about this, for I have never made a choice of my own before, because I have never thought about the subject in the right way."

"While," said the doctor, "it surprised me to hear you talk as you have, yet I am glad to know that you are so honest and courageous. If every man had the like honesty of purpose and an equal amount of moral courage as you have, there would be fewer failures in life. You have earnestly endeavored to ascertain what station in life you are best fitted to fill, and, having, as you believe, done that, you intend to occupy it. In your case there is required a high degree of moral courage to pursue the course you expect to; for your father's circumstances are such as would enable you to play the aristocratic idler if you desired to, and the majority of young men, under like circumstances, would do so. You have the courage to say, 'I have made a mistake.' To make such an admission, and then try to rectify our mistakes, is the wisest and bravest course to pursue. Too many men—young and old, think that 'the profession honors the man.' Such an idea is a mistaken one, for, as Dr. Holland has truly said, 'The man honors the profession, and not the profession the man.' None recognize this assertion as true more than the men who have honored them. They are ornaments and an honor to their profession and recognize each other as men of ability. There are men in them who bustle along and by their 'brass and cheek' impress men of their own calibre with the idea that they know what they profess to. They are, when compared with those of their own profession who have the natural and acquired ability, as dwarfs among giants. It is the height of their ambition to impress others with a sense of their wisdom and greatness. Were it not that they often do harm, and, like the rest of the world, they are engaged in the battle for existence, their lives would seem like a farce. But there is a class of men in the professions—honest, earnest men who, while they have made a mistake in the selection of a calling, are yet battling along in the war for existence, lacking the courage to say, 'I have made a mistake.' Brave hearts have compassion only for these men whose struggle for existence is often pitiable. Yes, John, 'be a man among men' of your own calling.

"The mission of the professional man is a grand one. You often hear it said that 'the professions are overcrowded;' but it has been my observation that for every man possessing the requisite ability there is room. If you possessed that natural ability and then would by study get the acquired, stick to your business, properly direct your effort, and health were spared, success would be with you, as it is with every other man under such circumstances, a matter of time only. If you possessed that ability how gladly would I welcome you to aid you in the profession; for the world has need of such men. If you could go to the bedside of suffering and say to the tempest of pain, 'Peace, be still,' and be obeyed; if men could have such confidence in your knowledge as to say, 'All that science and skill can do will be done; if there is any human help it is here;' and if all your knowledge avail naught, to say and feel, 'We are satisfied that all that was best has been done.' You have perseverance, a good mind and memory, and in time might make more than an ordinary physician, but I see your heart is not in the work and you are wise to abandon it."

Thanking the doctor for his kind advice and bidding him good-bye, John put on his hat and overcoat and started home, thinking as he went along, that if all men honored their calling and had as kind a heart as the doctor the world would be better.

As John walked homeward his thoughts were busily engaged as to the way he would approach his father about the matter.

It would have been rather difficult to one even more brilliant than he, but it must be done. He had not settled exactly the way, however, when he reached home. As he walked along the graveled walk and up the steps of the stately mansion, his heels came down more firmly than usual. He expected that his views would meet with opposition and possibly would arouse his father's anger. He knew his father to be a man of large firmness. To do that which would disappoint his most cherished plans, would be, perhaps, a sufficient cause to excite his anger; but, in addition to that, to announce his intention to engage in the occupation he had chosen, might cause his banishment from home. There was no one in the sitting-room when he entered it but his father, who was reading the evening paper. Taking a paper from the table, he tried to become interested in its contents, but failing in that he laid it down and went to

the window. Snow flakes were beginning to fall, and musingly watching them as they came down, thicker and faster, he forgot for a time the task before him. So busily absorbed was he, that he did not notice that his mother had entered the room, and was not aware of the fact until the sound of his father's voice aroused him from his reverie, and caused him to look around, by saying:

"I saw the doctor as I was coming home this evening. He looked as though he had just returned from a long ride. 'By the by,' it had almost escaped me. The doctor told me, only a few days ago, that you had not been around as regularly as usual of late. You ought to put in good time, so that at the end of two years from the time you commenced study you will be ready to make a start."

"Father," replied John, "I have something to say to you to-night, which will no doubt cause you a feeling of great disappointment, and may anger you; but, I ask you to listen patiently to what I have to say until you fully understand my reason for doing as I have.

"You have entertained hopes and expectations of my becoming a physician. While I have never expressly encouraged these expectations, yet by my silent acquiescence, I have impliedly done so. I feel that you are entertaining expectations of me that can never be realized; for I have, after much reflection, come to the conclusion that I have not the natural ability to make a successful physician. You may, and perhaps will, think that I am mistaken, and mere vacillation is the reason for this change, but I assure you that is not the reason. Within the past month, for the first time in my life, I have given this subject the right consideration. I have thought of the various callings in life and of the necessary qualifications to make one successful in any one of them.

"There is nothing connected with the study or practice of medicine or surgery that has such an attraction to me as I think it should have for me to engage in it; while, as you know, I have, ever since I have been old enough to observe, liked to be working with machinery. It is a matter of deep regret to me to do that which will place me in opposition to your cherished views and plans regarding me, but believing that, under the circumstances, it will be better to do so, and that by reason of the change I will be happier and more useful, I ask your consent to that change. I feel that to you and mother I owe much—more to her than I

can ever pay. You have given me a good constitution and a fair education. More than this I have no right to ask; and I would feel, if you never left me a dollar, that you had done your duty. What I want to do is to become a railroad engineer."

Mr. Wilmoth looked at his son with mingled feelings of surprise and anger. Passionate words trembled upon his lips, but these were checked by the wistful, appealing look of his wife, as she said: "Wait, William, until morning to answer. Take time to think before replying; it will be better than to do so now." And Mr. Wilmoth, remembering how much he was indebted to his wife's counsel in the past, with an effort to be calm, said: "I will talk to you in the morning about this matter, John."

Bidding them good-night, John went to his room.

For a time after he had gone the silence of the room was unbroken, save by the ticking of the clock upon the mantel. The thoughts and emotions of both were active, though widely different. The heart of the mother was preparing such a plea for her boy in the silence of those moments as only the heart of a mother can frame. She was trying to control the emotional part of her nature sufficiently to bring the intellectual to her aid in the advocacy of this cause. He had said that he intended to become a laborer, and while it, perhaps, touched her pride, her love, as a strong current, swept that pride away, and her motherhood grandly asserted itself. She saw that the storm of human passion threatened great destruction, and with all the power of her nature she was striving to avert it. The clouds were gathering more thickly, that storm was threateningly near. Yes, he was going to be what, in its narrower significance, the world understood by the word laborer. Yet, for all that, he would be her boy. Time, place or condition could not change that fact or the deep, abiding love that she, like all true mothers feel for their children. Though the calling he had chosen would require him often to wear coarse and soiled clothes, the same kind heart would beat beneath them as if he were dressed in the finest cloth. The thought of separation in the way that was threatened, had almost the bitterness of death to her. She knew how firm both were; and that, though John had never placed himself in opposition to his father's will before, she felt that he would not yield. Under the circumstances she could not but feel that John was in the right.

Time was passing, and it might be was deepening and widening a chasm of bitterness separating father and son.

Feeling all this, and summoning all her resolution to her aid, she broke the silence by saying: "William, while what has been said has taken us by surprise and will destroy certain cherished plans of ours, let us be honest with ourselves, just to our child, and not be ruled either by selfishness or the promptings of foolish pride. Let us recognize this as a truth, that legally or morally we have no right to imperatively dictate an occupation to our child when he has arrived at the age of manhood. It is our duty to kindly advise him, but when that age which the law recognizes as one of discretion comes, our right of compulsion ceases, and we would be doing wrong to use or try to use force in any way to compel him to choose as we desire. There comes a time when responsibilities should be felt by every free moral nature. That time for him has come. We have, I think, tried to do our duty towards him, and now all that remains for us to do is to give him our counsel and trust that all will be for the best. Let us remember that in the relation of parent and child, there are duties devolving upon and rights belonging to both parties to it, and that it is not all duty in the child and all right in the parent. Both have their rights which ought to be respected and their duties which should be done.

"More to me than houses and lands and station and wealth is the love I bear our children, and if you are true to yourself it is the same with you. It grieves me to think of the struggle the poor boy must have had to force himself to say what he has. It ought to have been so, that without a feeling of restraint, he would have felt free to say to us what he has. Between parent and child there should be no such feeling as this. I am glad to know that our boy is so honest, courageous and manly; for if you will see this matter in its true light you will see it in that way. Oh, William, I see this social ostracism in a new light, as its injustice comes home to me in the way it does. Through our boy the dignity and nobility of labor has been differently interpreted to me to-night than ever before. He is going to be a laborer! Will he be any the worse for that? Honestly, William, after what he has said to-night, do you not believe he will be a more useful member of society in the occupation he has chosen than to have continued as he was, or to remain an idler? Would it not be selfishness in

us to try to force him against his inclinations into something for which he is unfitted. From the highest to the lowest we are all—or should be—laborers; and all labor, whether of hand or brain, so that it is useful, is honorable. Place never makes noble or dignifies labor—that must be done by the laborer. Remember those beautiful lines from the German which we both admire so much:

'The workshop must be crowded,
That the palace may be bright;
If the plowman did not plow,
Then the poet could not write.
Then let every toil be hallowed
That man performs for man,
And have its share of honor
As the part of one great plan.'

Let us remember the bitter experience of many parents who, under circumstances similar in their nature to these, have banished children for placing themselves in opposition to their wills. I feared you might say words to-night that you could never recall, and I thought of this beautiful sentiment: 'No matter where my child may go or what it may do, my heart and my home are always open to receive it.' If all that Ingersoll has said was as worthy of acceptance as that, how much more humanity would be indebted to him. I know you are noble and generous and will be true to yourself. Among my jewels there in the case lies the beautiful ring you gave me, which is a tender reminder of long ago. How the clustering gems glitter! How beautiful it is! But Oh! our children are brighter and far more precious gems in the circle of our home. Let us keep the cluster while we can; and let us so live and care for it that its beauty shall not be marred and broken by our acts. And now one more thought from Ingersoll—not more touchingly beautiful, but more sadly so: 'When I am dead I want my child to be able to stand at my grave and say, He never spoke an unkind word to me.' Remembering this, let us try to draw the hearts of our children to us in love, for oh, my husband, 'life is too short for estrangement and bitterness.' Let us speak words of kindness now, for fear 'we find a voice for loving praise' too late."

Before this appeal, so touching in its unconscious eloquence, Mr. Wilmoth's anger melted away. He felt how unjust he might have been, and longed for the day to come so that he could speak those words which would be so different from the words he would have said last night. There was no intention now to say the words he had in-

tended to say: words which, had they been said, would have left, as they have with many another, very bitter memories. No, he would not say them now. He was disappointed, but he felt that he was principally to blame for that. The imagination produced what he was satisfied would have been the result had he obeyed his first impulse, and the thought caused him to suffer. He knew that he desired to be just, yet if he had said what, in all probability, he would but for his wife's counsel have said, it would have been too great a task to ever unsay them.

When John came down stairs the next morning, he found his father awaiting him in the sitting-room. He greeted him as usual, and was surprised at receiving his father's usual kindly acknowledgment in return. It was very different from what he anticipated, and it made him feel as though a weight had been lifted from him.

"I have thought this matter over, John," said Mr. Wilmoth, "and have come to a very different conclusion than I thought possible last night. I must admit that, but for your mother's words of counsel, I might have committed an error, as many parents under like circumstances have done. It is true that my expectations have been disappointed, but you are of age now, that, I must admit, gives you a perfect right to choose for yourself. I would rather you had chosen differently partly on account of my wishes, partly because you will be engaged in a dangerous calling, and partly, perhaps, on account of a small degree of worldly pride, which circumstances have unconsciously developed. But your mother's words have done much to remove that, and I think time and effort will eliminate the remainder. While I may have unconsciously acquired more worldly pride than I thought I had, yet I hope that in past it has never blinded my sense of justice, and I am sure it never will in the future. I never want to assist in any way to draw lines of social distinction where they do not belong. Merit, and not place, connection or clothes, is what I have always tried to base my judgment of men upon. Labor, whether of hand or brain, so that it is useful, is honorable. The labor of hands was the first and most necessary; and I am proud to know, that as a sun-browned youth, these hands once added to the world's wealth by physical labor. I know there is a tendency on the part of the few, as compared with the many, to make stronger false social distinctions, by drawing tighter class lines, bounded by wealth or connections; but

I will never lend myself to such a scheme. There must in the nature of things be a difference in men, morally, intellectually and physically, but it is one of degree, not of kind. These lines of cast have no foundation in justice. In the past they were founded on tyranny and wrong; and to-day they are but the continuation of that wrong in another form. Certainly this is an unjust distinction which places one man, on account of wealth or connection alone, above another, his equal in every element that goes to make up true manhood. Noble and serf, lord and vassal, patriarch and plebian, or like distinctions, are foreign to the spirit of our institutions, and those who are trying to establish them are aiming a death blow at the grandest form of government under which humanity has ever existed. But it will never succeed, for the wave of one of the most peaceful but powerful revolutions that society has ever witnessed is coming—rising higher and higher and gathering force as it comes—that will forever wash away the boundary lines of injustice and wrong; and then man will recognize the true relation in which he stands to his fellow. There will be boundary lines as in the past, but they will be founded in equity and justice. The question that will then be asked about a man will not be, 'How much is he worth?' 'How does he dress?' or 'To whom is he related?' but they will be, 'What is his character as a man?' 'Where should he rank in the moral and intellectual world?' An honorable ancestry will be a presumption in his favor, but it will not be a conclusive one. On account of my position, I would be expected to side with those trying to strengthen these class lines of injustice, but I do not. I condemn in the name of all that is noble and just in human nature, the man or woman or class of men and women who, if they could, would establish such distinctions between 'a common brotherhood,' as must pain a generous heart to know and feel that they exist. I condemn, and every true man and woman condemns, as supremely selfish the wish of anyone, that another shall feel a sense of distance that God never intended should be felt by his children, a difference which is only the result of circumstances, independent of any goodness or worth, the result of which is, often, to place the inferior above the superior. And now, in conclusion, I have this only to add, that I hope you have not made a mistaken choice."

Having finished his remarks, Mr. Wilmoth started to his place of business.

Shortly after Mr. Wilmoth's departure his wife came in, wearing a glad look upon her face. John tenderly and reverently imprinted a kiss upon her brow, which made her prouder than ever of her broad-shouldered boy.

John decided to remain at home that day. No need of going to the office now, and the thought gave him a sense of relief. It was Thursday, and he did not expect to go to work before the following Monday. He was enjoying his feelings of relief and thinking how much better he would be satisfied in the new calling, when his thoughts were interrupted by his mother's voice asking him if his house would be done as soon as he had expected.

"It will be done this week, mother," was the reply, "but I may not need it."

"Not need it, John!" exclaimed his mother. "Why not? You have not had a lover's quarrel, have you?"

"One question at a time, mother. It has been the understanding, as you know, that our marriage would take place next month, but as I have not told her of my changed plans, I don't know what she will think about them. The carrying out of my expressed purposes may make a difference with her."

"Trust my judgment, John, when I say that Kate is a truer woman than that."

"So I have believed," said John, "and I hope that I have not been mistaken. Pride, you know, has its influence with most of us in this world. But I shall see her this evening, and then I shall know."

* * * * *

Kate Wheeler, like John Wilmoth, was the child of wealthy parents. Both families moved in the highest circles of society. Kate's father had been dead several years. During the principal part of his life he had been engaged in the banking business. He had made a financial success in life, and when he died had left his wife and daughter leathering—seldom so called, however—in affluent circumstances. For years the two families had been on the most intimate terms. Their houses were only a few squares apart, and were situated on the same avenue. Kate and John had known each other from the years of childhood. They had attended the same schools, going up through the different grades together until the High School was reached, when they were separated by Kate being sent to college. Unconsciously, perhaps, an affection had grown up between them, which had strengthened through the years. Time and distance had not lessened that friendship. Sometimes in the spring time, when

all nature seemed so glad, and while Kate would be trying to get some lesson, the lines would melt away in the mist, and on the blank page—as it seemed—there was a picture of a dark face, with its large, dark eyes, like John Wilmoth's; and, very often, under like circumstances, John saw the picture of a fair face, with deep blue eyes, framed with golden hair. He thought that there never was a more beautiful picture, and, in truth, there was a witchery about the sweet blonde face. There came a time, one vacation, when the old, old story was told anew, with as fine an effect as though that was the first time anything like it had ever been said. And so Kate's school days were done, for when Mrs. Wheeler's consent to the union was asked, it was freely given. There was no young man she knew to whose care she could so cheerfully and willingly entrust the happiness of her child as to that of John Wilmoth's.

Agreeable to his expressed intention to know whether his change of purpose would make a difference with Kate, he found himself, upon that evening, walking towards her home. His step was not as elastic or his mood as cheerful as usual. Many, in fact, most men in his place, would never have taken the first step he had, but more especially not the one he was going to take. With all the power of his nature he loved this fair being upon whom a gloriously beautiful womanhood had dawned, and it was the large firmness and conscientiousness that gave him the courage to take the step that he was taking.

When John made his appearance at Mrs. Wheeler's that evening, it was evident to Kate that he was not in his usual cheerful mood, so without waiting for a request to that effect, she went to the piano and played the liveliest of his favorite pieces. After she had played several of these she arose, gracefully waltzed around the room, and then after making a comical bow, asked the doctor how he had left his last patient and if he did not think that she was improving.

How John sat there statue-like before that vision of loveliness and beauty was hard to explain. Wondering what could be the cause of his present mood, she sat down beside him, at his request, regarding his look of mingled admiration, love and sorrow, with a puzzled air.

Quietly he told her of what he proposed doing, and that if she wished it he would release her from her engagement.

"Do you wish it at an end," was the inquiry.

"Oh, Kate!" he replied, loosing the statue-like appearance, "don't you know me better than that. No, a thousand times no. It was only because I thought that you would not want to become the wife of a laborer."

"Don't you know," was the response, "that 'it is not necessary to be rich or great to be happy.' If that is your reason for doubts you can put them to rest, for if I did not love you for your own sake, I would not be worthy of the name of wife."

The statue was suddenly very much more life-like as it folded the beautiful girl in its arms, and then, John Wilmoth, his doubts gone, and certainty in their place, was very happy. The rest of the evening his manifestations were the reverse of statue-like. Though he knew nothing about music, he stood beside Kate when she went to the piano, at his request, and thought he was of great service in turning the music. The moments of the evening passed swiftly away with conversation about the new house—soon to be their home—of the wedding and of the future, and then a lover's good-night, and John Wilmoth was going home, a very happy young man.

Five years seems a long period to look forward to, but generally short to look back over, and especially do the years seem short when they have been filled with such happiness as the past five have been to Kate and John Wilmoth. Two little children—Kate and John—have come to fill the hearts and homes of parents and grand-parents with pride and joy.

John has become a trusted engineer, having won his promotion to the right side by merit. He never doubts the wisdom of his choice, and feels that every man whose opinion is worth considering thinks more of him for pursuing the course he has than though he had done differently. His respect for his calling and the men engaged therein increase year by year. Experience has shown him more fully the dangers of his calling and of its usefulness to man. He knows how brave many of the men of his calling are, for he has seen them go down to death at the post of duty, performing acts as noble, self-sacrificing and as thrillingly heroic as ever won for man the title of hero or martyr. One life in its heroic self-sacrifice given to save many. One heart with its great love of home and its dear ones, putting the suggestions of that love away, looking death bravely in the face, and standing at the

post of duty to the last, loyal to the trust humanity has reposed in him. "More than this hath no man done; grander acts of heroism the world never has witnessed."

Mr. Wilmoth has retired from business lately. It is the result of his wife's counsel and his own good judgment. His means are far in excess of his wants, and so there is no need of taking the years that should be given to rest and the enjoyment of his labor to hoard away wealth that can do him no good. He has a competency, and he has no wish to have more of the wealth of the world than he is entitled to. He is rather restless, however, on account of such unusual inactivity. John is delighted to hear him express a desire to accompany him on one of his trips. It will be rather long and hard for his father he thinks. But his father goes with him and enjoys the trip greatly. Coming back the train is delayed, and when it starts the lost time is made up. The faster the train goes the greater his father's enthusiasm. With face all aglow he looks out first on one side, then on the other and then ahead, and rather excitedly exclaims, "Let her out a little more, John, if it ain't against the rules."

The trip did not tire his father as John expected it would. As they walk homeward, after their arrival, he asks his father how he enjoyed the trip.

"Never enjoyed anything better," was the reply. "I feel ten years younger than I did this morning."

"And what do you think of my choice by this time, father?"

"It was an excellent choice, John, excellent! Why, if I was young again, I believe I would be an engineer myself."

Somerville Journal.

LOVE MAKING IN VIRGINIA.

SHE. Don't put your arms around my neck;
You'll rumple all my ruffles.

HE. Then let me kiss you without force,
And thus avoid all scuffles.

SHE. There is no sweetness in a kiss
Unless by force 'tis taken.

HE. I know it; there! Oh, this is bliss!
This style of osculation.

SHE. My ruffles you have rumpled, love,
And put me in a fluster.

HE. Oh, never mind; I'll fix it, dove,
For I'm a readjuster.

OUR EXCHANGES.

THIERS.

HON. E. B. WASHBURN'S REMINISCENCES OF
THE FIRST PRESIDENT OF THE FRENCH
REPUBLIC.

Under the title of "Reminiscences of Thiers," the Hon. E. B. Washburne contributes the following to *The Century* for January :

It was in 1867 that I first saw Thiers. Having passed many years in private life, in 1863 he had entered the corps législatif, under the second empire, as a deputy from the second circonscription of Paris, thus commencing a new political career at the age of sixty-three. In my younger days I had read with enthusiasm his "History of the French Revolution," a work which for half a century has held the intelligent world under the empire of its charm and fascination. I had also read with almost equal interest his "History of the Consulate and Empire," which Lamartine once pronounced "the book of the century." Being in Paris in the month of July, 1867, I hailed the good fortune which enabled me to obtain admission to the corps législatif, and to listen to Thiers on the day he concluded his great speech on the "Mexican Question," which was one of the most terrible arraignments ever launched against any government.

Previous to the coup d'état of the 2d of December, 1851, Thiers had been a member of the legislative assembly under the republic of 1838, from the department of the Seine Interieur. It was at this time that he was thrown into the prison of Mazas, together with many of the most eminent men in France. Afterward temporarily banished, he was permitted to re-enter France in August, 1852.

When I took up my official residence in Paris, in the spring of 1869, Thiers was still a member of the corps législatif. He was the center of a small group of deputies who composed the opposition in the chamber, and known as the "left." In a body of nearly three hundred members, this opposition could not claim more than about thirty. But in this small minority there were numbered many men of such

ability, power and eloquence as to make them a real force. After Thiers there was Jules Favre, who held the first place as an orator, and next to him I should place Jules Grévy, a lawyer of distinction, a man of large attainments, and an original republican, and now president of the French republic. Gambetta was a comparatively new member, sitting on the extreme left, and just beginning to make his reputation. Ernest Picard was an able man, witty and skillful in debate; Jules Simon, also an original republican, a man of real ability, and much devoted to letters and the cause of education. Emanuel Arago and Eugene Pelletan, advanced republicans, were among the deputies from Paris. And in this group of the opposition there were two members of the provisional government of 1848—Granier Pages and Adolphe Cremieux. Pages was a man of striking personal appearance and courtly manners, and bore the strongest resemblance to Henry Clay of any man I have ever seen. Cremieux was the old Hebrew advocate who had recently been elected a member, and was beginning to take that position in the chamber to which his large experience in affairs, his great ability and earnest patriotism entitled him. They both have died within a comparatively recent period. One of the most prominent, able and courageous men of this group was Jules Ferry, now so well known as the recent head of the French ministry. Among the other members of this opposition was Jules Le Cesne, deputy from Havre, who has passed much of his life in New Orleans, where he had accumulated a fortune.

Never in his long and illustrious career did Thiers occupy a higher plane than in the corps législatif, in July, 1870, when the question of war or peace hung trembling in the balance. It is impossible to go into the history of those frightful days, when a midsummer madness seems to have seized the French government, and when all Paris was under the influence of an excitement and fury almost without a parallel.

It was in the sitting of the corps législatif of the 15th of July, 1870, that the question of the declaration of war came up for consideration. Thiers, almost sin-

gle handed and alone, undertook to stem the torrent which he saw was about to sweep over his country and engulf its glory and prosperity. In the midst of a hostile and howling majority he appealed for a little delay, that the members might have more information and a fuller knowledge of the subject. I now quote from the official record of the proceedings:

"M. Thiers—History, France and the world are now regarding us. The resolution which you propose to take may result in the death of thousands of men. Upon your action, perhaps, may depend the destinies of our country, and it is necessary to me, before this formidable decision may be made, that I should have a moment for reflection. Leave me, then, to say one thing. You cry out against me, but I am as decided to hear your murmurs as it is necessary to brave them. [*Tres bien*—*a Gauche*.] * * *

I have the sentiments which I represent here, not by the passions of the country, but by its well-considered interests. I have the certainty, the inmost consciousness, of fulfilling a difficult duty in resisting passions—patriotic, if you wish to call them such, but imprudent. [*Allons donc*—*a Droite*; *a Gauche*—*Oni, one: tres bien*.] You may be convinced that when one has lived forty years in the midst of agitations and political vicissitudes, and that he has fulfilled his duty, and that he has the certainty of having fulfilled it, that nothing can shake him, not even outrages. When a subject so grave, gentlemen, any member—he might be the only member, he might be the last in your esteem—if he have a doubt, he ought to have the privilege to express it. Yes, there are more than I. I am not the only one. [Interruptions.]

"M. Dugue de la Fauconnerie—You are fourteen.

"M. de Choiseul—If the elections had been free we would be more numerous. [Exclamations.]

"M. Le Marquis de Pire—Recall to yourself, then, M. Thiers, the noble energy with which you denounced the legislative defections of 1815, and do not imitate them. * *

"M. Thiers—Very well, gentlemen; do you wish that they should say—do you wish that all Europe should say—that the vital point had been accorded, and that, on a mere question of form, you would shed torrents of blood? [*Reclamations bruyantes a la Droite et au Centre*.] I demand, then, in face of the country, that they shall give us information of the dispatches upon which they have taken the resolution which has been an-

nounced, for it is not necessary to deceive ourselves—it is a declaration of war. [*Certainement—mouvements prolonges*.]

To this statement of M. Thiers M. Granter de Cassagnac, one of the most violent of the imperialist members of the chamber, frankly answered: "I believe it." M. Thiers said that he knew well what men were capable of under the influence of their emotions; that the candidature of the Prince of Hohenzollern had been retired, and that, in the opinion of all Europe, France had received satisfaction on the essential point. The right and center received this declaration with loud protests. "You have," said Thiers, "expressed your opinion; now permit me to express my own, in a few words." Meeting with interruptions, he said it would be comprehended that he was at that moment fulfilling the most painful duty of his life, and added these great words: "Yes, as to myself, I am tranquil for my memory. I am sure of that which is reserved for me: I am sure of that, for my action of this moment; but for you I am certain that there will be days when you will regret your precipitation."

These remarks were greeted with insulting expressions by the majority of the chamber: "*Allons donc! allons donc!*"

I now quote further from the official report:

"M. le Marquis de Pire—You are the trumpet anti-patriotic of disaster; go to Coblenz.

"M. Thiers—Offend me, insult me—I am ready to submit to all to avert the shedding of the blood of my fellow-citizens which you are ready to shed so imprudently. I suffer, believe me, to have to speak thus.

"M. le Marquis de Pire—It is we who suffer in listening to you.

"M. Thiers—When I see that, yielding to your passions, you do not want to take an instant for reflection; that you do not wish to demand a knowledge of the dispatches upon which your judgment should be supported,—I say, gentlemen, permit me the expression, that you do not fulfill, in all their extent, the duties that are imposed upon you.

"M. Jerome David—Guard your lessons—we reject them.

"M. Thiers—Say what you wish, but it is very imprudent for you to let the country suspect that it is a party resolution which you take to-day. [*Vives et nombreuses exclamations*.]

"M. Dugue de la Fauconnerie—It is you who are but a party: we are the nation; we are 270.

"M. Thiers—I am willing to vote to the government all the means necessary when the war shall have been definitely declared, but I desire to know the dispatches on which that declaration of war is based. I await that which is to be done, but I decline, as to myself, the declaration of war so little justified."

The little group of the left of the chamber associated itself by its applause to these brave words of Thiers, so profound, so patriotic and so farsighted. The next day, the senate adopted a resolution analogous to that of the chamber of deputies. Events now marched apace. A few days after, on the 28th of July, 1870, the emperor, doubtful and hesitating, left the palace of St. Cloud, never to return to it more, to join the army.

The disaster at Wissembourg, on the 4th of August, was followed on the 6th by the double defeat at Reischaffen and Forbach. No one in Paris at that time can ever forget the scenes of excitement, turbulence and madness that followed the news of these frightful disasters to the French arms. The crisis had already arrived, and made the stoutest hearts tremble. In that extremity there appeared no resource left but to call the corps legislatif together, and to invest it with sovereign power.

It was on the 9th day of August that the corps legislatif met in extraordinary session. Excitement, indignation, grief pervaded all Paris, and all looked forward with the most intense interest and anxiety as to what action would be taken by that body in this hour of peril. That sitting has hardly a parallel in the parliamentary annals of France, except in the very worst days of the national convention. In my long service in the house of representatives I had witnessed many scenes of violence and excitement, particularly just before the rebellion, and, on one occasion (in the affair of Crow and Keitt), a hand-to-hand fight in the area in front of the speaker's chair, but never had I witnessed anything equal to the intense and long-continued violence of this sitting. And it was on this occasion that I was particularly struck with the attitude and deportment of Thiers. Goaded to madness by the threat of M. Granier de Cassagnac that, if he had the power, he would send them all before a military commission, before night, in an instant nearly every member of the left rushed into the hemicycle in front of the tribune, gesticulating wildly and filling the hall with their vociferations. Garnier-Pages, nearly 70 years old, and ex-member of the provis-

ional government of 1848, in advance of all his colleagues, made directly for the Duc de Grammont, who was sitting on the ministerial bench, and shook his fist in his face. During all this mad tumult, when every member was livid with rage, Thiers sat quietly in his seat, unmoved, and apparently undisturbed by the tempest which was raging around him—the coolest of all his colleagues, because the greatest.

It is impossible, in the limits of this paper, to make more than a passing allusion to the stupendous events that followed this celebrated sitting of the 9th of August. The weight of public opinion rested so heavily upon the majority of the chamber that the Ollivier ministry fell miserably under its own weight and the reprobation of the country. Never was that force of public opinion—which Webster once described as being more powerful than the lightning, or the whirlwind, or the earthquake—so strikingly felt as in its effects on the corps legislatif on this occasion. This ministry of Ollivier, which had inaugurated the war and plunged France into unheard-of disasters and perils, went down without an instant's warning, and without a single voice being raised in its behalf. What is known as the "Palikao ministry" succeeded to that of Ollivier. The majority of the chamber refused to associate itself with the measures proposed by Thiers and his colleagues of the left intended to meet the crisis. On the 24th of August Thiers arraigned the majority for opposing propositions the necessity of which no one could deny, and in sincere and patriotic words expressed the sentiments of the opposition to the effect that they should not mingle political questions with the question of the defense of the country.

All the world now knows the desperate efforts made by Thiers in the last days of the corps legislatif to retain France on the brink of the abyss. They know all the courage, patience and devotedness he displayed in the too famous sitting of the 15th of July, 1870, in endeavoring to arrest in its headlong career the majority, struck with madness. There is not, in the history of political assemblies, a more touching spectacle than this venerable man giving the most salutary counsels, the most patriotic warnings in the midst of interruptions and murmurs, and contending against the clamors of those who accused him of betraying the country when he wished to save it.

Long, dreary and anxious days ran on.

Immense masses of people thronged the boulevards, surrounded the news-stands, reading the journals, discussing the situation, and awaiting telegraphic dispatches, which never arrived. The sessions of the corps législatif were short and feverish, and the ministers did not appear any more on their benches.

It was on the 4th of September that the last hour of the empire came finally to strike. This day is one of the most important in that French history which for nearly a century has been more interesting and exciting than any romance which ever captivated the imagination. It was on this beautiful and radiant Sabbath, when all Paris had poured itself into the streets, as on a day of fête, that the empire ceased to live. I saw all that is possible for one man to see, and my description of the scenes, embodied in an official dispatch to my government, has been published, with others, by the order of Congress. The establishment of the provisional government of national defense was the immediate out-come of this revolution. Thiers, while declining to become a member of this government, lost no time in associating himself with its appalling labors and responsibilities. His conspicuous position, the courageous and brilliant role he had played in the corps législatif since he had re-entered public life, and his courageous attitude at the moment of the declaration of war, made him the first man in the state. It was to him that the government naturally turned in this hour of its extremity, as the only man who could plead the cause of France before the cabinets of Europe. Commissioned as an ambassador to the European governments, Thiers, in spite of his age, disdained to spare himself the fatigues, the dangers and dis gusts of an ungrateful enterprise. He visited London, St. Petersburg, Vienna and Rome. Received everywhere with the utmost consideration and sympathy, he was yet unable to accomplish much for his afflicted country. It is a long and sad history—his return to France, passing through the German lines under a flag of truce; his visit to Paris; his going back to Versailles; the insurrections of the 31st of October, 1870, and the subsequent breaking off of all negotiations with the Count de Bismarck.

An armistic having been concluded between France and Germany, in order to enable France to elect a new assembly, to decide on the question of war or peace, the election took place on the 8th day of February, 1871. The immense popularity

of Thiers at this time is shown by the fact that no less than twenty-six departments elected him to the assembly. He chose to serve for the department of the Seine (Paris). Thiers now entered upon a new career, which the misfortunes of his country had imposed upon him, and in which he was enabled to render such services as will make his name in all coming time one of the chiefest glories of France. He was made chief of the executive power by the new national assembly which met at Bordeaux, and it was through his immense influence and prestige that the treaty of peace was made and signed with Germany, and ratified by the assembly by a vote of more than five to one. After remaining a few days at Bordeaux the assembly transferred its sittings to Versailles. Though the assembly was to sit in the old city of Louis IV., Thiers took up his official residence in the splendid hotel of the ministry of foreign affairs in Paris.

The insurrection of the commune of Paris broke out on the 18th day of March, 1871. I was obliged to go to the ministry of foreign affairs, at 9 o'clock in the morning of that day, to communicate to M. Jules Favre an important dispatch which I had received from the Count de Bismarck. What struck me as somewhat curious was that the court of the foreign office was filled with horses and military accountermments, and being held by orderlies. On inquiring of the messenger, I was told that M. Favre was in the second story, and if I wanted to see him personally, I would have to go up, which I did, and delivered my communication. One of the grand salons was filled with officers of high rank, and an excited discussion was going on. In an adjoining room I found Thiers walking up and down, entirely alone, and apparently very much absorbed. Not being advised of the gravity of the situation, I very soon started for a little trip to the country with some American friends. Returning late in the evening, it was only the next morning (Sunday) that I learned fully what had taken place. I immediately started for the foreign office to procure more authentic information, but on arriving there I found no one except the old messenger of the minister.

He told me that on the preceding day, and while Thiers, his cabinet and many military men were in deliberation at the ministry, they were constantly receiving the most alarming reports from the insurrectionary parts of the city, but that no determination had been made to leave

Paris until about 4 o'clock in the afternoon, when a battalion of the insurrectionary National guard marched along the Quai D'Orsay, keeping step to the cry, "A bas Thiers! A bas Thiers!" (Down with Thiers!) This demonstration at once determined the whole government to take its immediate departure for Versailles. This was the commencement of the bloody and terrible reign of the commune of Paris. On his arrival at Versailles, Thiers took up his official residence at the prefecture (residence of the prefect) of the Seine et Oise, tendered him by the authorities of that department. It is no part of my purpose to dwell upon the action of the national assembly at Versailles during the reign of the commune, nor to recount the terrible events at Paris during that frightful epoch. Never was a greater responsibility imposed upon any man than upon Thiers at this time. He had to sign a peace imposing the most onerous conditions upon the country. Order had to be re-established in the interior, the army had to be reconstructed, the finances re-established, and the opposing interests of the country conciliated.

The empire had fallen on the 4th of September, 1870, and the provisional government of national defense had taken its place. I was never accredited to this government, neither were any of the representatives of foreign powers, but all were accepted and acted as such representatives the same as if they had been regularly accredited. After the establishment of a regular government at Bordeaux, and Thiers had been made chief of the executive power, my government sent me letters accrediting me as minister of the United States near the French republic. I received them during the very height of the commune, and my presentation of them was of the most simple and informal character, and probably no minister of a first class power ever presented his letters of credence to another first class power with less ceremony than there was on this occasion. It not being deemed necessary, under the circumstances, that I should pursue the forms of the foreign office, I informally notified Thiers that I had received my letters of credence, and was ready to present them at any time he should be pleased to designate; and he named 2:30 o'clock on the afternoon of May 9, 1871. At that hour, accompanied by a friend, I proceeded to his official residence, and was immediately received by him, without any ceremony, in his cabinet de travail, where he sat at

a small table, busily engaged in writing.

The letters of credence were drawn up with that admirable tact which distinguished Mr. Secretary Fish when dealing with political questions. I did not think it necessary to make a formal speech, and only remarked that I could add nothing to what had already been so well said by the president in the letter of credence, further than to express my own wishes for his health and personal welfare, and that prosperity and happiness might come to the people of France. He signified his gratification at the cordial terms in which the president had expressed himself, and desired that I would communicate to him that he most sincerely reciprocated the sentiments of the United States which the president had declared for France. Thus commenced my official relations with this distinguished man, and which grew into personal relations of the most cordial character, and existing until the day of his death.

It was in the summer of 1871 that the late Gov. Seward was in Paris on his return voyage around the world. Though he was physically feeble, never was his mind clearer or his conversation more delightful. He was particularly interested in the political situation in France and in the success of the republic. I visited the national assembly at Versailles with him, and afterward he attended one of the official receptions of President Thiers, where he was received with the highest marks of respect and consideration. As a special compliment he was invited to dine en famille the next day at the palace of the prefecture. In a subsequent conversation with Thiers, he inquired particularly after Mr. Seward and spoke of his gratification in having met that distinguished man, whom he considered, to use his own language, "as one of the greatest statesmen of the two worlds."

The first thing to be accomplished by Thiers was the suppression of the insurrection of Paris, which was only accomplished after a siege of more than two months by the whole military power of France. As the advancing army approached nearer and nearer to Paris the hatred of the commune authorities to Thiers became more and more intense. It passed a decree that his house in the Place St. Georges should be demolished, which was remorselessly executed. Passing there every few days, I saw the work of demolition progress until literally not one stone was left upon another. Thiers had lived in this house for nearly half a century, and there he had composed the

great works which are a part of the literary glory of France, and there he had prepared the speeches he had delivered at the tribune. There he had received the most celebrated historical persons and savants of the age, and there he had gathered books, manuscripts and the rarest works of art that were to be found in all Europe. All these precious contents were carried away and scattered. The labors of Thiers at this time were simply prodigious. The condition of France was terrible. The Germans held military occupation of a large number of departments; its armies in part prisoners; its treasury empty, and its credit impaired; the whole interior administration disorganized; violence and disorder in the large cities; political parties violent, and the assembly secretly hostile and reactionary; the indemnity to be raised for Germany. Though seventy-five years old, Thiers entered on his duties with juvenile ardor and exhibited an activity alike without limit and without example. There was little that escaped him in the administration of the government. With but a few hours of sleep, 5 o'clock in the morning always found him at work in his cabinet, in conjunction with his secretary, his life-long friend and associate, Barthelemy St. Hilaire, one of the most distinguished men of France, member of the French academy, and recently minister of foreign affairs under President Grevy. I recollect an account given in the papers of Thiers having once playfully reproached his old friend for not having arrived at his cabinet until after 5 o'clock in the morning. Often would some minister be surprised to receive a note, asking him to call, in relation to some matter in his department, at 6 o'clock in the morning. While giving all his attention to matters of interior administration and to public affairs generally, Thiers was attending the sessions of the national assembly and participating in the discussion of the most important questions. As M. Jules Simon well says, he was absorbed in labors enough to fill three existences. He managed to do everything, thanks to his strength of will and the extreme lucidity of his mind. He gave himself up entirely to the matter in hand and the person present. He never had that busy and preoccupied air which some persons have with one-twentieth of the work. He was, in some respects, like Lincoln. He was cheerful in the midst of the greatest crisis. He would catch a jesting phrase on the wing, and was not afraid of a doubtful joke. His natural cheerfulness was a great aid to

him in his crushing work. While his ministers were weighed down with labors and responsibilities, he was always cheerful and at his ease. He has furnished an example for all rulers. He gave all he had of heart, mind and strength to his country. He did not fritter away his time on trifling and immaterial questions, nor permit it to be taken up in dispensing public patronage. He rarely gave himself any vacation. When the chambers had taken a vacancy, and the ministers were having their holidays, Thiers was once asked about a holiday for himself. "Ah!" said he, "my holiday is eighteen hours' work a day."

To Thiers will belong the imperishable glory of having paid off the ransom of a thousand millions of dollars to Germany, and of freeing French territory from the occupation of German troops. On the accomplishment of these objects all France was filled with joy, and the national assembly declared that he had merited well of his country. But who can measure the uncertainty of political events? It was soon after this that the same assembly pushed him from power, and attempted to snatch from him the laurels which belonged to him. In this connection it was my fortune to be present in this assembly and to witness one of the most remarkable scenes that ever took place in a deliberate body. It was at a very full sitting, on the 17th of June, 1877. The parties in the chamber were very equally divided, and occupied different sides of the hall. It was by accident that Thiers, still holding the position of deputy, was present and sitting in his usual seat, near the main aisle, on the left of the chamber. This was during the administration of President McMahon, when the "ministry of combat" was in full swing. M. de Fourtou, minister of the interior, a man excessively odious to the republicans, was making a speech on the political questions of the day. In the course of his remarks he said: "The men who are at the head of the government to-day are the outcome of the elections of 1871, and made part of this national assembly, which, it can be said, was the pacificator of the country and the liberator of the territory."

(Continued in our next number.)

TEN to one the girl who comes into the room with the sweet remark, "I do so love babies," has been out in the backyard spanking her little brother blue with the fire-shovel because he was sailing her false curls in the wash-tub.

MARK TWAIN ON THE PILGRIMS.

THE HUMORIST'S SPEECH AT THE NEW ENGLAND DINNER IN PHILADELPHIA.

Mark Twain attended the banquet of the New England Society of Pennsylvania, at Philadelphia, the other evening, and in the course of a very witty speech said:

I rise to protest. I have kept still for years, but really I think there is no sufficient justification for this sort of thing. What do you want to celebrate those people for?—those ancestors of yours, of 1620—the Mayflower tribe I mean. What do you want to celebrate them for? Your pardon—the gentleman at my left assures me that you are not celebrating the Pilgrims themselves, but the landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth Rock on the 22d of December. So you are celebrating their landing. Why, the other pretext was thin enough, but this is thinner than ever; the other was tissue, tinfoil, fish-bladder, but this is gold leaf.

Celebrating their landing! What was there remarkable about it, I would like to know? What can you be thinking of? Why, those Pilgrims had been at sea three or four months. It was the very middle of winter; it was as cold as death off Cape Cod, there. Why shouldn't they come ashore? If they hadn't landed, there would be some reason in celebrating the fact. It would have been a case of monumental leather-headedness which the world would not willingly let die.

People always progress. You are better than your fathers and grandfathers were (this is the first time I have ever aimed a measureless slander at the departed, for I consider such things improper). Yes, those among you who have not been in the penitentiary, if such there be, are better than your fathers and grandfathers were; but is that any sufficient reason for getting up annual dinners and celebrating you? No, by no means—by no means.

Well, I repeat, those pilgrims were a hard lot. They took good care of themselves, but they abolished everybody else's ancestors. I am a border ruffian from the banner State of Missouri; I am a Connecticut Yankee by adoption. In me you have Missouri morals, Connecticut culture; this, gentlemen, is the combination which makes the perfect man. But where are my ancestors? Whom shall I celebrate? Where shall I find the

raw material? My first American ancestor, gentlemen, was in Indiana; an early Indian; your ancestors skinned him alive, and I am an orphan. Not one drop of my blood flows in that Indian's veins to-day. I stand here lone and forlorn, without an ancestor. They skinned him. I do not object to that, if they needed his fur. But alive, gentlemen, alive! They skinned him alive! And before company. That is what rankles. Think how he must have felt; for he was a sensitive person and easily embarrassed.

If he had been a bird it would have been all right, and no violence done to his feelings, because he would have been considered "dressed;" but he was not a bird, gentlemen; he was a man, and probably one of the most undressed men that ever was. I ask you to put yourself in his place. I ask it a favor; I ask it as a tardy act of justice; I ask in the interest of fidelity to the traditions of your ancestors; I ask that the world may contemplate, with vision unobstructed by disguising swallow-tails and white cravats, the spectacle which the true New England society ought to present. Cease to come to these annual orgies in this hollow modern mockery—this surplussage of raiment; come in character, come in the summer grace, come in the unadorned simplicity, come in the free and joyous costume which your sainted ancestors provided for mine.

Now, listen to me. Why do you wish to perpetuate these societies? I want you to stop right here and disband. Begin by selling Plymouth Rock at auction. In the great wealth of rocks in New England this particular rock would bring perhaps 35 cents. If you don't sell it throw it open to the patent medicine man. Do something to make a start. On this table I see water and milk and even the deadly lemonade. You are on the downward path. In a few years you will surely reach cider. Pause while it is not too late. But still I have as high an opinion of you and your ancestry as I can under the circumstances. My grandfather used to say that it would be hard to improve on the good old Plymouth stock—unless the person were born in Missouri.

"THERE'S one thing I envy a hog for," said Spencerton to the barber. "He don't have to be shaved till after death." "Some hogs does and some doesn't," replied the artist. There's no use arguing with a barber while in his power.

VENERATION FOR OLD THINGS.

R. J. BURDETTE IN HAWKEYE.

Do you know, anyhow, I don't feel very much reverence for old things that are simply old? I suppose it is heathenish and awful boorish, but I can't help it. A man shows me a tea-pot or a tooth brush and tells me that his great grand mother used them fifty-six years, and that was one hundred and sixty-two years ago. I can't uncover my head and go down before the venerable relics on my bended knees, in a spirit of veneration. I feel more like telling him it was time the old girl got new ones.

Family relics, like family babies, have no sort of interest for anyone outside of the family. Here, the other day, a man bought an old spinning wheel. "One hundred and twelve years old, he told me, proudly, and he was going to take it home and set it up in his library, and never part with it. And for the life of me I couldn't see why. That man didn't even know the name of the family he bought it of. It had no interest in the world for him beyond its age. * * *

But that the former owner of that spinning wheel should sell it for money, that did surprise me. It had a world of memories for him. He could touch the treadle and the whirling wheel would croon out the same monotony that had droned its drowsy accompaniment to the cradle songs that hushed him to sleep in baby days; it would sing to him in his manhood and in the long evenings of his old age, of a white-haired "grandma" and a mother with patient face and beautiful eyes, it would sing of a thousand old-time memories and forgotten faces; it would repeat snatches of old songs, and old forgotten tender words, for him; it would sing how the tender mother's face grew patient and sad and careworn as the years went on, and the beautiful eyes were faded with tears and dimmed with watching and the loving hand fainted with weariness until at last one day the whirling wheel stood still, and its silence spread a great heavy quiet all over the old home, only broken now and then by low, soft breathing whispers and the sobbing of motherless children in the little rooms; by and by the tremulous voice of the white-haired pastor and then homely voices singing some grand old hymns of the deathless faith that mother died in, the shuffling feet of the bearers, and then, nothing in the darkened room but a creep-

ing ray of sunshine falling in through the blind, and a quiet so deep that the hum of the bees in the old-fashioned vines trailing about the window had a strangely plaintive sound. How the man whose grand mother and mother sat at that busy wheel, could sell it, I cannot understand. And what it could be to the man who bought it, is fully as great a mystery. It will sing none of those songs to him.

CARS LIGHTED BY ELECTRICITY.

A trial trip was made yesterday by the new Pullman car train, which will begin its regular service on the London, Brighton & South Coast Line, between the Victoria Station and Brighton, on Monday, the 5th inst. Single cars of the American pattern have been running on this line for five or six years, but this train is made up entirely of Pullman cars. The train includes a parlor car, a drawing-room car, with ladies' boudoir and dressing-room, a restaurant car, and a smoking car, while a compartment at each end of the train next to the luggage compartment is provided with servants. The cars are kept at an equable temperature by means of hot water pipes. There is electric communication between the parlor, drawing-room and smoking cars and the restaurant car, and in many ways the comfort of passengers is provided for. The most important and novel feature of the new train, however, is that it is lighted throughout by electricity. As the train enters Box-hill and other tunnels on Dorking, Horsa-ham and Steyning route, by which the trip to Brighton was made, the cars were simultaneously and by the mere turn of a handle brilliantly lighted, and as quickly, when the train emerged, the light was turned off. On the return journey the cars were lighted all the way from Brighton to Victoria, the lamps burning with a steadiness undisturbed by the motion of the train. The trial confirmed the result of an experiment made some few weeks ago with a single car, and proved the possibility of satisfactorily lighting a whole train by electricity. The lamps used yesterday were Edison's incandescent lamps, of which altogether there were twenty-nine distributed in the various ways throughout the train, the drawing-room car being sufficiently illuminated with an effect of pleasantly diffused light by five of them. Each lamp was computed to be giving a light equivalent to that of nine or ten

candles. As one of these Pullman cars is fifty-eight feet five inches long, the length of train to be lighted was over 233 feet. The electricity was supplied by Faure accumulators, of which eighty were carried. Mr. W. Lachlan, the engineer representing the Societe La Force et La Lumiere, who was in charge of the batteries, reported that but thirty were brought into use on the down journey, and only a portion of the electricity stored in these was expended. On the up journey these and four fresh boxes were brought into operation. For the present the accumulators will be charged each evening at the society's depot at Charing Cross, but as soon as the necessary arrangements can be made it is intended that the recharging shall be done at Victoria with a dynamo machine worked by a small stationary engine. It is not improbable, however, that before long the electricity required may be generated on the train itself, the chief practical difficulty in the way of this saving of force arising from the unavoidable alterations in the speed of the train—a mechanical difficulty in the way of charging the accumulators in this way which the ingenuity of the electrical engines will no doubt soon overcome.

THE BLUES.

Golden Rule.

When people are sick in body, they usually want to do something for the disease. They ought to be as wise when mentally sick with that unnerving malady, the blues, and do something, with an active emphasis on the do. Too many, I fear, when in low spirits, are tempted to "take something." A dose of morphine, a glass of wine, a good cigar, an exciting novel, or an aimless holiday, seems so pleasant to take. But they do not cure, they only aggravate the ailment.

The harmonious and simultaneous employment of head, hands and heart, is the availing remedy. Plan some sensible work and execute it. Take hold of plow or hoe, saw or hammer, pen or yardstick, needle or broom, and stir your blood by stirring something to some purpose. Where there is no positive bodily disease, one can do much toward dispelling one's dismal blues of murky misery, by helping to put a bit of the clear blue sky of happiness over somebody's head.

If you are sick, do not whine nor sigh nor drizzle a "continuous dropping" of complaints. Gird yourself with the spirit

of a man and bear your infirmity. Bring your wandering, gloomy gaze within the compass of to-day. Christ has commanded: "Take no thought for to-morrow." But do, do take thought for to-day. Trust God to-day.

It is wrong to give away to the blues. If they rise from bodily indisposition, then fast a little if need be, exercise wisely, and quit your misguided habits. Live according to God's laws in all things.

If your spirit is wounded with some deep sorrow, do not repine. Go to the loving Christ, who was a "man of sorrow," and who can enter into all our sore afflictions. Trust, love, obey. Find something for hand and heart to do. Never despair. Christ reigns, and his hand that "in faithfulness" has sorely chastened, can richly comfort, in due time.

A SWITCH MYSTERY.

RAILROAD TRACKS MOVED BY INVISIBLE HANDS.

Philadelphia Record.

"Clip, clap, bang!" went the tracks in front of the switch-tower on the Pennsylvania Elevated Road yesterday as a Record reporter stood with wondering eyes and watched the movement of the pieces of steel. This section flew two inches over there, and that section came this way, and the complicated mass seemed to become more mixed than ever. All this was done by invisible hands. The power that impelled it could not be seen. Down went an arm on the signal posts and up flew another forty feet away; red spots turned white and blue ones became red; but how it was done was mysterious. Not a word was spoken. There was no shouting, the stillness being broken by the snort of the locomotives and the tinkling of the horse-car bells in the street below. Trains moved in and out of the station, and the tracks jumped and wriggled about as if uneasy on their bed of stone. The reporter was mystified.

Up in a tall tower at Seventeenth street were four men—young men at that—who held the key to the situation. To reach them was about as difficult as gaining admission to a Masonic lodge. Buckling on to one end of a speaking tube in the side of the tower the newsman soon had the yardmaster at the other.

"Will you let a fellow see how this thing is done?" asked the reporter.

There was a hurried consultation, and

the answer came back, "Go to the door."

To the amazement of the scribe, the door which he had vainly pounded half an hour before in the hope of gaining access to the tower stood open before him. A man might as well have played "Yankee Doodle" on the house-front where a chloroformed family slept as to have kicked on that door in the hope of gaining admission without the mystic cord being pulled from above.

Now for the tower. Standing erect like soldiers on dress parade, fifty-six levers greeted the eyes of the Record man as he stepped into the tower. Some were red, others green, a few blue, and now and then a black one. All were the same size, and each played an important part in the moving of the trains. Two young men stood behind these levers. Two others were in front, one at a telegraph instrument and the other moved about uneasily between a telephone box and a number of signal boxes, while he kept his eye on a time-card in his hand, the clock on the wall and the signals below on the tracks. Not one of these men was over thirty years of age. From this tower over 150 trains each day are moved and managed, and none can enter or leave the station without the mute word as expressed in signal posts and lanterns given from this place.

The apparatus on the floor is composed of fifty-six levers, and is known as the Saxby & Farmer switch. This is the first one of the kind which has been introduced into this country, although it is in use on nearly all the great railroads in Europe. The levers are connected in this case with seventeen switches, by lights and signals, and the movement of one set of levers operates switches as far west as Twentieth street and east to Fifteenth. The red levers move the lights and signal posts; the blue unlock the switches, and the black move the tracks. The system at first seems complicated and bewildering, but a study for a little while gives an insight into it, and shows how simple is the method. There are eight tracks in the station, numbered from "0" to "7" inclusive. Four of these are used for departing and the remainder for arriving trains. These eight are merged into four tracks in front of the switch tower, and after passing this point branch out again. The main tracks, one for arriving and the other for departing trains, are always kept clear except for the space of a few seconds at a time.

It was shortly past 5 o'clock when the reporter stepped into the tower.

"Wonder where the Belvidere train is," asked the young man with the time-card. "She is due here."

Hardly had the words left his lips when a little bell tingled in a box on the wall, asking from the Twentieth street tower whether all was clear from that point east. A button was pressed, and the answer sent back, "All right."

"Now, see that blue light out yonder?" said the young Englishman who manipulates the levers. "Keep your eye upon it." He moved the lever, and in a second the blue had disappeared and a white light took its place. This was a quarter of a mile off. A couple of switches were set, and then all the lights on the track leading into No. 7 in the station changed from red and blue to white, and in a minute the glaring head light of the Belvidere locomotive could be discerned on the bridge, and in another minute the passengers were alighting from the train. Five minutes sufficed to clear the train of its load, and then a bell announced the fact to the station master in the tower. The danger signal fell, and Belvidere ran out and on to the side track. Here it remained for a few minutes, taking a stand behind three blue lights on a horizontal bar, where the train stopped until the light made a revolution, which was the signal to come out.

"Here, Parkesburg wants to come out," said the assistant yard-master to the lever tender as the clock hands showed 5:15. There was a clanging of the big irons, the blue light at Twentieth street again disappeared like a shooting star and the red light on the bridge fell. The man in the Twentieth street tower was notified, and he in turn sent word to the next tower, and so all along the line until Parkesburg was reached, so that the track was cleared ahead of the train all along by this simple method.

In times gone by it was the custom to have one man to each switch in the yard, or one man had two or three under his control. In addition they were obliged to turn the signals, and at night they waved their lanterns to either come on or else held a red light stationary as a notice for the train to stop. The responsibility then was divided, and, of course, among men of not great intelligence. Now four men in a station superceded the crowd who controlled the switching, and these four are men of considerable intelligence, as they must be to manipulate the levers successfully. Each of the levers has a number marked upon it, and upon the wall is a chart showing what numbers are neces-

sary to move certain switches and signals. To illustrate: By moving Nos. 33 and 36 levers, a switch would be unlocked; Nos. 34, 35 and 42 would change the combination of tracks, and 43, 46 and 48 would change all the signals so as to connect No. 7 track with the main track. The system is like the fifteen puzzle, except that it is capable of solution. There are just so many moves, and no more, necessary to the moving of trains in and out of the station.

THE JACK-RABBIT OF TEXAS.

Austin (Texas) Siftings.

The jack-rabbit is an inhabitant of Texas and of some other Western States. He is often called the "mule-eared rabbit," and, by the cow-boy, is familiarly spoken of as the "muley." He is not a rabbit at all. A rabbit is an unobtrusive little animal, who is found by school boys in a hole in the ground at the end of a long track in the snow. The so-called jack-rabbit is quite a different kind of soup-meat. He is identical with the British hare, except that he is larger, his color lighter, and his ears much longer. His avoirdupois is about twelve pounds, and his ears measure, from tip to tip, about sixteen inches. He does not burrow in the ground.

He lies under cover of a bunch of prairie grass, but is very seldom found at home, his office hours being between sunset and sunrise. He is to be found during the day on the open prairie, where he feeds on the tender shoots of the mesquite or sage grass. He is not a ferocious animal, as a stranger might be led to suppose from an examination of what purports to be his picture, under the alias of "The Texian Hare," in Governor Robert's book. The jack-rabbit has several enemies, among them the cow-boy, who shoots him with his rifle; the coyote and the dog, that try to run him down, and the Governor of Texas, above alluded to, who libels him in his book. He has two ways of protecting himself against his enemies.

One way is to squat when he suspects danger, and fold his ears along his sides. By doing this he often escapes observation, as only his back is exposed, the color of which harmonizes with the brown of the withered grass. The other plan, that he uses when discovered and pursued, is to create remoteness between himself and his pursuer. In giving his whole attention to this matter, when

necessary, he is a stupendous success and earnest to a fault. When disturbed he unlimbers his long legs, unfurls his ears, and goes off with a bound. He generally stops after running about a hundred yards and looks back to see if his pursuer is enjoying the chase as much as he thought he would, and then he leaves for parts unknown. There are many fast things from an ice-boat to a note maturing in the bank, but nothing to equal the jack-rabbit. An unfounded rumor gets around pretty lively, but could not keep up with him for two blocks. When an ordinary cur dog tries to expedite a jack-rabbit route he makes a humiliating failure of it.

He only gives the rabbit gentle exercise. The latter merely throws up his ears and under easy sail skims leisurely along, tacking occasionally to give the funeral procession time to catch up. But if you want to see velocity, urgent speed, and precipitated haste, you have only to turn loose a greyhound in the wake of a jack-rabbit. Pursued by a greyhound he will "let himself out" in a manner that would astonish a prepaid half-rate message. If he is a rabbit that has never had any experience with a greyhound before, he will start off at an easy pace, but as he turns to wink derisively at what he supposes to be an ordinary yellow dog, he realizes that there is a force of nature hitherto unknown to him, and his look of astonishment, alarm and disgust, as he furls his ears and promptly declines the nomination, is amusing. Under such circumstances he goes too fast for the eye to follow his movements, and presents the optical illusion of a streak of jack-rabbit a mile and a half long.

THE WONDERS OF LONDON RAILWAYS.

Of the underground railways of the city of London some are beneath others that are themselves below the surface, their levels being at least forty feet from that of ordinary street traffic. Within six or seven miles of Charing Cross there are 260 miles of line in operation, and allowing for double tracks and sidings there are 750 miles—enough to make a straight line from the metropolis to Thurso in the extreme north of Scotland. These lines are the property of thirteen companies, but each possess by mutual arrangement on parliamentary sanction the power of collecting and distributing traffic over other lines. The London and Northwestern

trains run over forty-four miles of the lines of five companies; the Northern over thirty-six miles of six other companies; the Midland over thirty-one miles. Such, indeed, are the facilities afforded in the metropolis for the interchange of traffic, that if a body of troops were sent from Colchester to Portsmouth there are seven different railway routes through London, any one of which could be taken. The Midland has eleven stations in the metropolis, the Great Western twelve, the London and Northwestern thirteen, the Southeastern twenty, and the Great Eastern forty. The different companies have of their own 245 stations, of joint stations 43, of stations on other companies' lines 210—in all nearly 500, exclusive of goods, coal and cattle depots. It is estimated that the number of passengers using these stations is 750,000 a day, the Metropolitan alone averaging 180,000 every week day, while the journeys taken by season ticket holders are simply incalculable. Of the Metropolitan stations for a long distance traffic Paddington is the most important. With regard to the number of trains, several stations have 500 each. Liverpool street has nearly 700, Moorgate street over 800 a day, and Victoria more than 1,100—an average of sixty-one an hour for eighteen hours. The passenger trains within the metropolis run a distance of 35,000 miles every week day, or 11,000,000 miles a year. More than £50,000,000 of capital is invested in them.

BOAR HUNTING IN THE ARDENNES

BELGRAVIA.

A low whistle—the appointed signal of the coming of our friends, lest any flurried sportsman should fire at a mere sound—and tranquility returns, with something of disappointment. Then the stalwart form of the Justice of the Peace heaves in sight. “*Est-ce que vous n’avez vu rien?*” he cried. “*Ri—*” began the Parisian, but the last syllable died upon his tongue, and he threw his gun to his shoulder and fired. There rose such a squeal as haunted the dreams of the butcher’s daughter in Holmes’ touching verse, and out from the undergrowth into the open dashed a great brown mass within ten yards of us, heading straight for the musical Frenchman. The brown mass was almost on him when he leaped nimbly on one side, and, swinging round, discharged the second barrel with-

out effect. Piggy’s rush, for he was here at last, had carried him twenty paces beyond his object when he turned again. Just as he turned, the Judge and I fired together, and the great brute staggered and dashed on once more. Then came another shot, and the boar spun clean round like a teetotum and dropped. The gay Parisian ran forward, but the Garde’s voice cried: “*Au large!*” and the warning was not misplaced. The life was not out of our quarry yet. He rose and made another rush, but this time three shots met him, and when he fell again he was still enough in all conscience. We left him there, and marched forth from the wood and struck the road, along which we continued until we came to a little auberge, where we told our news, and secured bearers for the dead. A very sprightly old lady keeps this auberge and while we sat sipping at Dinant beer and pulling at our pipes with a quite heroic air upon us all, the sprightly old lady told a story. Yesterday, said the sprightly old lady, she was cleaning her door-step at about half-past five in the morning, when she suddenly espied a sanglier walking leisurely up the road. He had evidently been out for a night’s ramble in the cultivated fields, possibly in hope of a discovery of turnips and potatoes. Anyhow, there he was, and the old lady calling her husband and her son, the three armed themselves with pitchforks and intercepted his passage. And between them they slew him, and there was his body lying in a hut outside to prove the story, a body pierced with many wounds. “*Mais, Madame,*” said the Garde, “*c’est du braconnage.*” But what, asked the sprightly old lady, were poor folks to do? If the nasty things were ringed in the nose like the domestic porker, there might be a chance for poor folks’ gardens; but as it was—there an appealing shrug of the shoulders and a still more appealing extension of the hands ended the address. “*Eh bien,*” said the Justice of the Peace, “*n’en dis rien.*” The guard shook his head with great gravity, and talked about the divine right of Kings. The particular forests hereabout belong to Leopold II. The sprightly old lady urged that the sanglier had been found on the high road, and not in the forest; surely he was any body’s property there! “*Eh bien,*” said the Justice of the Peace again, “*n’en dis rien;*” and, eventually his advice was taken. Then a cart being brought up, and the bearers of our slain one arriving, the body of the boar was hoisted in and

we set out in triumph. The scene at the hotel was one to be remembered. A crowd of at least a score of people surrounded the vehicle; the gendarme was under arms, and came out to look on. The cook brandished a rolling-pin about the prostrate giant of the forest, and prophesied rare dishes out of him, and the sportsmen's wives received the sportsmen as if they had just returned from the successful storming of a Malakoff. I thought of the sprightly old lady at the auberge, and her son and husband armed with pitchforks, but that was a thing to be silent over.

THEY LET HIM STAY.

BY BILL NYE.

In the history of Cummins City, when Calamity and Lengthy Johnson and Tape-worm Charlie were the bon ton of the new gold camp, there was a man whom we will call Dr. Farrar, who went there partially to assay for the camp and partially to wear out his young life. Dr. Farrar had a pretty up-hill job of it from the start, for the mines hadn't boomed very fast at first, and a good many of the boys sent their samples of ore to Salt Lake or Denver for assay, and the rest of them used to salt his flux and get a big showing and then stand him up for his pay. One honest miner gilded the pestle one night in the assay office, and sold his gopher hole on Virginia Hill the next day on an assay of \$1,528 to the ton.

After a while Dr. Farrar found that he had to lock up his mortar and flux in his trunk and sleep with his crucibles, or his reputation as an assayer would become a by-word and a stench in the nostrils of the pilgrim with the plug hat, and the tenderfoot would say "fie upon him," and spit upon him and smite him upon the bugle.

On top of all this an injurious report got out over the camp reflecting upon the morality of Dr. Farrar. Society was in a crude state and most every stove-pipe in town had been bored so full of bullet holes that it wouldn't draw, and there was a general feeling of insecurity.

Most every one said that unless steps were taken to quiet things a little before long, there would be music by the entire band.

It was generally decided that the vigil-anters would have to begin on Dr. Farrar. The town was getting a bad reputation outside, and something must be done.

The committee, however, was not in working order, as a part of the number had gone over toward Last Chance on a placer stampede, and half a dozen more were in Laramie on district court business. However, it was decided that two members of the committee, whom we will call Trustworthy Kersikes and "The Annihilator," were delegated to arm themselves and drive Dr. Farrar out of town or inform him that they would shoot him on sight.

Great care was used to prevent Dr. Farrar from getting any premature notice of this arrangement, because those who knew his very shrinking and gentle disposition were sure that if he were to drop on the programme he would skip the camp, and the amusement would have to be postponed.

It was therefore decided that Trustworthy Kersikes and "The Annihilator" should go down to the assay office armed and prepared to either scare the assayer to death or spatter his quivering flesh all over Pole Cat avenue.

About opposite the palatial dugouts occupied by Calamity, the avengers met Dr. Farrar.

He had just been down to Sam Wood's and hoisted in about six fingers of what was known at that time Vinegar Hill Sheep Dip. It was way billed over the Union Pacific as "liquid crime."

The avengers stood back a moment to give the fugitive a chance to escape if he wanted to, but he didn't avail himself of it.

He seemed to court death.

He simply walked up to Trustworthy Kersikes and twisted the double-barreled shot-gun out of his hands like a flash. Then he pulled it on the Annihilator and told him to throw up his hands. Calmly, as though he was making an assay on Gilt Edge blossom rock, Dr. Farrar went through the garments of the avengers. The six-shooters he stowed away in the bust of his pantaloons, and the double-barreled shot-gun he broke over a pine log and threw it up on the woodshed.

Then he told the avengers that he would spare their unprofitable lives this trip, but if they ever tried to kill him again there would be a good deal of hilarity on the main street. He said he was not of a revengeful or antagonistic disposition, but that if this thing was repeated every evening, with a matinee for ladies and children every Saturday afternoon, he would get a repeating hoe handle and clean out the entire vigilance committee.

Doctor Farrar said he had never been looked upon as a quarrelsome or deadly

man at all; he was just a plain, everyday style of a citizen, without any consuming ambition to fill the world with funerals and hang a sable pall of mourning over the land, but if the vigilance committee wanted to make an example of him and would give him notice enough so that he could arm himself with an old salt bag full of convalescent eggs and an old pick handle, he would be willing to abide the result.

The committee turned in silent scorn and left him, and the disagreeable subject was never broached again afterward.

A GATEMAN'S STORY.

TWENTY YEARS IN THE EMPLOY OF ONE CORPORATION.

Philadelphia Record.

"Pittsburg, did you say? Yes, madame, you can take supper there this evening," said Mr. James Bender, the well-known gateman in the new Pennsylvania station, to an anxious inquirer, who was desirous of learning how long the trip to the other end of the state would take.

"Well, well," said Bender to the Record man, after the lady went her way; "it's now thirty years since I first entered the service of this company, and what a number of changes there has been in that time. Just think of being whirled to Pittsburg now in nine hours and a half in a car as cosy as your sitting-room. Why, when I first ran out of Eighth and Market streets on the old State Road in '49 and '50 they sat on seats on the side of the car, and if we made Harrisburg inside of seven hours it was lightning work. It just seems to me sometimes as if these changes come up like the stories one reads about. In the old days they ran three trains a day between Philadelphia and Harrisburg. One train left at 8 in the morning; another at 2 in the afternoon. If there were enough passengers a train would be sent out about two hours later. The depot was on Market street, above Eighth. The trains were pulled by mules out to Broad, thence to Pennsylvania avenue, thence to a hill on the other side of the Schuylkill, along side of what the fancy Park people call Belmont Ravine. Here there was an inclined plane, and the cars were hauled up this, and a locomotive met them at the top. The cars were small and the engines were playthings alongside of what they have now. The next depot was at Oak and Market streets,

right over there where the Third National Bank's white marble building stands. By that time the tracks had been brought down Market street, and the inclined plane had been abandoned, so that trains proceeded directly out Market street and made the connections over the bridge. After that the depot was moved down to Eleventh street where the Bingham House is now, and that was used for some years, until the travel became too heavy. The next move was to the frame shed at Thirty-first and Market, then to Thirty-second, and now we are landed here, where I guess we will remain for some time to come; at least until after my day.

"In the early days of the road they didn't carry much freight on their own account, and it was nearly all transported by Penn & Hyle, Leach, Bingham and the Union Line. Leach had a warehouse on Third street, near Market, into which the cars were run on a turn-table, and the Union Line, which was a mere baby in swaddling clothes, was on Market street, below Fourth. They carried freight up to Columbia, where it was put into canal boats, then taken to Hollidaysburg and sent over the mountains on the inclined roads. It seemed strange that the railroad men did not see the profits in the freight business until long in the '50s, when they began to get their eyes open. After a time the Union Line began to grow, and grow fast. Just look at it now. It has swallowed up nearly all these concerns. The Leaches and Bingham and the rest went out of existence, and now people see as great improvement in the method of shipping freight as they do in the carrying of passengers over the systems in vogue when I first went into the service.

"I knew Colonel Scott well. He first came down here from Franklin County and went into the State Toll office upon Pennsylvania avenue, near Fifteenth, when Boyd Cummings was collector. Soon afterward went with the Leaches, and there he met the men who helped him in after life. Ex-President Thomson was a civil engineer, and many of the men who became prominent in the service of the Pennsylvania Road were floating around Philadelphia in some subordinate capacity. Scott went out to Duncansville, just at the foot of Incline No. 10, where he took charge of the freight transfer station. I was baggage-master then, and used to meet him every trip. We were about on a par then so far as worldly goods were concerned, and little did we ever think that the big-brained freight agent would go so far

ahead of us, and leave me, for instance, a gateman, while he died president. But, then, that was twenty years ago. Scott was always making suggestions and improvements. Thomson and the rest of his friends, as soon as they secured a foothold in the Pennsylvania Road, pulled Scott along with them. When they once gave him a start, though, how he went ahead of all of them.

"It was a good many years before the Pennsylvania Road got a fair start and began to show itself. After we took up quarters at the station Thirtieth and Market, then things began to rush. Fifteen hours to Pittsburg was cut down to eleven; better cars were put on, and people began to travel. Now it is all rush and hurry, and an old man begins to feel as if he were in the people's way if he doesn't move briskly."

GOT THE DROP ON HIM.

AN EPISODE IN A SLEEPING CAR ON THE ALBANY & SUSQUEHANNA RAILROAD.

Buffalo Express.

The express train that leaves Albany at 10 o'clock in the evening on the Albany & Susquehanna connects at Binghamton with express No. 3 on the Erie. Through coaches are run over this route from Boston, arriving at Buffalo at 11:40 the following morning. Among the passengers in one of the Pullman cars attached to the train last Saturday evening was Mr. L. H. Holbrook, of Buffalo. Mr. Holbrook had had a hard day's traveling, and as soon as the train began to climb about among the hills, he climbed into his berth and went to sleep, first having partially undressed and placed his watch and a loaded Smith & Wesson under his pillow. The car was quite well filled, among the passengers being a commercial traveler bound for Hornellsville, a lady for Buffalo and another lady for Cincinnati. Along in the little hours of the night there came a thump and a bump, and a general shakeup, and then the car came to a stand-still. Everybody—except, possibly, the lady for Buffalo and the lady for Cincinnati—thrust his head through the curtains and asked, "What's up?" Nothing was up, except sleepy people, but a string of freight cars had come down a grade and made a wreck, and the express had tried to climb over it. They must lie there until things were cleared, or walk. So the man who swears said

"blank the luck," and the lady for somewhere or other said "oh dear," and all went to sleep again. Just as Mr. Holbrook was forgetting that Buffalo was several hours farther off than it should be, he felt, or saw, or dreamed he felt or saw a hand lightly brush his face, and then slip under his pillow. Mr. Holbrook is a young man who can do the right thing in an emergency. He didn't stop to put on his—hat, or to button his—shoes. He simply made a grab for his revolver, and bounced into the aisle in an instant. His berth was near the middle of the car, and as he landed on his feet he saw a man turning towards the side passage leading around the ladies' toilet-room towards the end of the car. In an instant Holbrook had the drop on him. As the fellow turned he faced the little Smith & Wesson, and as it was within six inches of his nose he couldn't help seeing that it was cocked, and the finger that touched the trigger was ready for duty.

"I'll trouble you for my watch," said Holbrook.

The fellow looked Mr. Holbrook in the eye, and then looked the revolver in the eye. Neither Holbrook nor weapon looked friendly. He wilted into a seat, and handed over the watch. "Take away that thing!" he begged, as the revolver continued to cover him. "Take it off, I tell you, and le' me go! I don't want your watch!"

By this time the car was awake. "Hold on there," sung out the commercial traveler going to Hornellsville; "my watch is gone, too!"

"Oh, oh," squealed the lady going to Cincinnati; "my watch is gone, too!"

Really, this was interesting. The fellow begged and protested. He hadn't touched their watches, and didn't want to disturb them. His regard for their rest was not appreciated. The conductor appeared on the scene but did not interfere. Some of the gentlemen crowded about Mr. Holbrook to assist him.

"Wait, gentlemen," says Mr. Holbrook, "this is my game, if you please." This to the thief: "I want you to give up those watches."

"I tell you I haven't got 'em. You will oblige me by calling off that weapon."

The finger on the weapon was getting very determined. "Throw up your hand!" shouted Holbrook, putting the iron where even a near-sighted nose couldn't help smelling it.

The man's arms went up at the word. He grew pale, and the perspiration began to drop from his face.

"Now, boys, go through him," said Holbrook. The pockets were examined, and sure enough, there was the little gold watch over which the lady from Cincinnati was excited. The other one didn't appear.

"Pull off his boots," said our hero.

"Better tuck in your shirt," said the robber to Holbrook, as the latter brought the revolver nearer than ever. The rascal was evidently an artist, and the sight of half a dozen men in shirts and drawers dancing about him may have looked funny. But that revolver didn't, and his bluff and protest were of no avail. The other watch was found in a boot-leg. About \$800 in money was discovered upon him, but as no one in the car could find out that he had lost any, it was not distributed.

When Holbrook took off the revolver, the fellow gathered strength enough to slip out of the car, and was seen no more. And they left him go.

And then Holbrook, nervy fellow that he is, began to shake. He was the hero of the scene, and in spite of the undress uniform of all parties, was congratulated and applauded, as he deserved to be. "But when it was all over," says Mr. Holbrook, "and I got back into my berth, I perspired and trembled as badly as the thief had done."

The accident delayed the train so that Mr. Holbrook did not reach Buffalo until Sunday evening. For the rest of the trip he was a lion. The lady going to Cincinnati insisted on pressing a generous bill into his hand, and the commercial traveler overwhelmed him with favors. Well he might; his watch and chain were worth \$800.

Mr. Holbrook describes the thief as a thick-set man, of twenty-seven or twenty-eight years, with dark complexion, black mustache, and one eye a little closed. He was shabbily dressed and evidently boarded the train when it was stopped by the accident.

TUNNELING THE MOUNTAINS.

This is the age of tunnels. It is therefore not strange that the double piercing of the Alps has directed attention to the Pyrennes. The natural barrier between France and Spain is no less imposing than that between France or Switzerland and Italy. It is also equally in the way of traffic. The Spanish government seeks now the co-operation of France in the construction of a passage between the

Canfranc pass. This is one of the depressions near the center of the chain, and is principally traversed by smugglers and travelers bound for Navarre and Aragon. On the Spanish side a railroad extends from Saragossa to Huesca, and needs to be prolonged only a few miles to reach the foot of the pass. No surveys have been made, but the length of the proposed tunnel must equal that of Mt. St. Gothard. On the Spanish side the Pyrennes are remarkably precipitous, but the passage is favored by the existence of sharp transverse cliffs. The French frontier presents a parallel ridge, and one through which it is easier to make way. The tunnel would shorten the railroad journey between Paris and Madrid by sixty miles, and would bring before the tourist a range of mountain scenery till now practically unexplored, but equal to almost the best afforded by the Alps.

"ADDING OFF" TWO EARS OF CORN.

Little Rock Gazette.

Yesterday a colored drayman had considerable trouble with his mule. The old man was standing on the sidewalk, engaged in a religious discussion. The mule kicked at a boy. "Whoa, dar," yelled the owner. "Ain't yer got no mo' sense dan ter pick up a fuss wid a chile? Dat mule is awful briggerly ob late." Turning and taking up the thread of discussion, he was again disturbed by the animal. "Keep on," he yelled. "Time I add off two years ob corn from yer feed yer won't be so skilarkish."

OTHER WORLDS.

THE interesting problem as to whether "other worlds" have now, or ever had, animal life existing on their surface, has lately been decided. One of the numerous aerolites falling to this earth and known not to originate here, has been cut into thin laminæ or plates and examined through a powerful microscope. The remains of water animaculæ were clearly traced, thus proving that the existence of water and animal life is not limited to this earth. If then, the aerolite fragments from "other worlds" contains similar constituents as this world, such as iron, nickle, sulphur, soda, &c., also water and animal life—query—in what respect do they differ from this world? Their composition, shape, movements in space, point to a common origin and destiny.

WILLIAM TELL

"Place there the boy," the tyrant said;
 "Fix me the apple on his head.

Ha! rebel, now!

There's a fair mark for your shaft:
 To yonder shining apple waft
 An arrow." And the tyrant laughed.

With quivering bow

Bold Tell looked there; his cheek turned pale,
 His proud lips throbbled as if would fall

Their quivering breath.

"Ha! doth he blanch?" fierce Gesler cried,
 "I've conquered, slave, thy soul of pride."
 No voice to that stern taunt replied—
 All mute as death.

"And what the need?" at length Tell asked.
 "Bold fool, when slaves like thee are tasked,
 It is my will.

But that thine eye may keener be,
 And nerved to such nice archery,
 If thou cleav'st yon, thou goest free.

What! pause you still?

Give him a bow and arrow there—
 One shaft—but *one*." Gleams of despair
 Rush for a moment o'er the Switzer's face;
 Then passed away each stormy trace,
 And high resolve came in their place.

Unmoved, yet flushed,
 "I take thy terms," he muttered low,
 Grasped eagerly the proffered bow,

The quiver searched,
 Sought out an arrow keen and long,
 Fit for a sinewy arm, and strong,
 And placed it on the sounding thong

The tough yew arched.

He drew the bow, whilst all around
 That thronging crowd there was no sound,

No step, no word, no breath.

All gazed with an unerring eye,
 To see the fearful arrow fly;
 The light wind died into a sigh,

And scarcely stirred.

Afar the boy stood, firm and mute;
 He saw the strong bow curved to shoot,
 But never moved.

He knew the darling coolness of that hand,
 He knew it was a father scanned
 The boy he loved.

The Switzer gazed—the arrow hung,
 "My only boy!" sobbed on his tongue;
 He could not shoot.

"Ha!" cried the tyrant, "doth he quail?
 Mark how his haughty brow grows pale!"
 But a deep voice rung on the gale—

"Shoot, in God's name!"

Again the drooping shaft he took,
 And turned to heaven one burning look,
 Of all doubts reft.

"Be firm, my boy," was all he said.
 The apple's left the stripling's head;
 Ha! ha! 'tis cleft!

And so it was, and Tell was free.
 Quick the brave boy was at his knee,
 With rosy cheek.

His loving arms his boy embrace;
 But again that tyrant cried in haste,
 "An arrow in thy belt is placed;

What means it? Speak

The Switzer raised his clenched hand high,
 Whilst lighting flashed across his eye
 Incessantly,

"To smite thee, tyrant, to the heart,
 Had heaven willed it that my dart
 Had touched my boy."

"Rebellion! treason! chain the slave!"
 A hundred swords around him wave,
 Whilst hate to Gesler's features gave
 Infuriate joy.

But that one arrow found its goal,
 Hid with revenge in Gesler's soul;
 And Lucerne's lake

Heard his dastard soul outmoan
 When Freedom's call abroad was blown,
 And Switzerland, a giant grown,
 Her fetters brake.

From hill to hill the mandate flew,
 From lake to lake the tempest grew,
 With wakening swell,

Till proud oppression crouched for shame,
 And Austria's haughtiness grew tame;
 And Freedom's watchword was the name
 Of William Tell.

EDUCATION.

SCHUYLER COLFAX.

All writers on education agree that the chief means of intellectual improvement are five: Observation, Conversation, Reading, Memory and Reflection. But I have sometimes thought that education did not bring out the last two into the commanding and paramount importance they deserve, sacrificing them to a wider range of reading and of studies. Knowledge is not what we learn, but what we *retain*. It is not what people eat, but what they *digest*, that makes them strong. It is not the amount of money they handle, but what they *save*, that makes them rich. It is not what they read or study, but what they *remember*, that makes them learned.

And Memory, too, is one of those wondrous gifts of God to man that should be assiduously cultivated. Much of your mental acquisitions will form a secret fund, locked up even from your own eyes till you need to bring it into use—a mystery that no philosopher has yet been or ever will be able to explain. There it lies hidden, weeks, months, years, and scores of years, till, mayhap a half-century after-

ward, it bursts when needed, at Memory's command, upon the mind, like a hidden spring bubbling up at the very hour of need in the pathway of the thirsty traveler.

While I have counseled self-reliance, and would go further and urge you to labor and deserve the good opinion of your fellow-man, I do not counsel that longing for fame which is so much more largely developed under our free republic than in any other realm upon the globe. Lord Mansfield once uttered as advice, what history teaches us he should have declared as an axiom, that that popularity is alone valuable and enduring which follows you, not that which you run after. It was Sumner Lincoln Fairfield who wrote—

"Fame! 'tis the madness of contending thought,

Toiling in tears, aspiring in despair;
Which steals like Love's delirium o'er the brain,

And, while it busies childhood's purest joys,
Wakes manhood's dreary agonies into life."

Far be it from me to counsel longings for such a fame as this. Toiling in tears, aspiring in despair, is but a poor preparation for the enjoyment of popular honors or the performance of public trusts. And there is an exceedingly better way. It is to climb, young men, with buoyant heart, the hill of knowledge. It is to boldly scale the Alps and Apennines which ever rear themselves in your pathway. It is to feel your sinews strengthen, as they will, with every obstacle you surmount. It is to *build yourself*—developing mental strength, untiring energy, sleepless zeal, fervent patriotism, and earnest principle,—until the public shall feel that you are the man they need, and that they must command you into the public service.

And if perchance that call should not happen to come, and you should be forced to remain an American *sovereign* instead of becoming a *public servant*, you shall have your reward in the rich stores of knowledge you have thus collected, and which shall ever be at your command. More valuable than earthly treasure,—while fleets may sink, and storehouses consume, and banks may totter, and riches flee, the intellectual investments you have thus made will be permanent and enduring, unailing as the constant flow of Niagara or Amazon—a bank whose dividends are perpetual, whose wealth is undiminished however frequent the drafts upon it; which, though moth may impair, yet thieves cannot break through nor steal.

Nor will you be able to fill these store-

houses to their full. Pour into a glass a stream of water, and at last it fills to the brim and will not hold another drop. But you may pour into your mind, through a whole lifetime, streams of knowledge from every conceivable quarter, and not only shall it never be full, but it will constantly thirst for more, and welcome each supply with a greater joy.

Nay, more, to all around you may impart of these gladdening streams which have so fertilized your own mind, and yet, like the candle from which a thousand other candles may be lit without diminishing its flame, your supply shall not be impaired. On the contrary, your knowledge, as you add to it, will itself attract still more as it widens your realm of thought; and thus will you realize in your own life the parable of the Ten Talents, for "to him that hath shall be given."

AN ELOQUENT ORATION.

COLONEL INGERSOLL'S TRIBUTE AT THE GRAVE OF A FRIEND'S CHILD.

A correspondent of the St. Louis Globe Democrat tells that in a remote corner of the Congressional Cemetery, in Washington last Sunday afternoon, a small group of people with uncovered heads were arranged around a newly-opened grave. They included Detective and Mrs. George A. Miller and friends, who had gathered to witness the burial of the former's bright little son, Harry. As the coffin rested upon the trestles there was a painful pause, broken only by the mother's sobs, until the undertaker advanced toward a stout, florid-complexioned gentleman in the party and whispered to him the words being inaudible to the lookers-on. This gentleman was Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll, a friend of the Millers, who attended the funeral at their request. He then shook his head and said, "Does Mr. Miller desire it?" The undertaker gave an affirmative nod, Mr. Miller looked toward the noted orator, and then hastily Colonel Ingersoll advanced to the side of the grave and made one of his characteristic eulogies for the dead. He stood unprotected from the drizzling rain and said:

"My Friends: I know how vain it is to gild a grief with words, and yet I wish to take from every grave its fear. Here in this world, where life and death are equal Kings, all should be brave enough

to meet what all the dead have met. The future has been filled with fear, stained and polluted by the heartless past. From the wondrous tree of life the buds and blossoms fall with ripened fruit, and in the common bed of earth patriarchs and babes sleep side by side.

"Why should we fear that which will come to all that is? We cannot tell, we do not know, which is the greater blessing—life or death. We can not say that death is not good. We do not know whether the grave is the end of this life or the door of another, or whether the night here is not somewhere else a dawn. Neither can we tell which is the more fortunate—the child dying in its mother's arms before its lips have learned to form a word, or he who journeys all the length of life's uneven road, painfully taking the last slow steps with staff and crutch. Every cradle asks us, 'Whence?' and every coffin, 'Whither?' The poor barbarian, weeping above his dead, can answer these questions as intelligently and satisfactorily as the robed priest of the most authentic creed. The tearful ignorance of the one is just as good as the learned and unmeaning words of the other.

"No man, standing where the horizon of a life has touched a grave, has any right to prophesy a future filled with pain and tears. It may be that death gives all there is of worth to life. If those we press and strain against our hearts could never die, perhaps that love would wither from the earth. May be this common fate treads from out the paths between our hearts the weeds of selfishness and hate; and I had rather live and love where death is King than have eternal life where love is not. Another life is naught, unless we know and love again the ones who love us here.

"They who stand with breaking hearts around this little grave need have no fear. The larger and the nobler faith in all that is, and is to be, tells us that death, even at its worst, is only perfect rest. We know that, through the common wants of life—the needs and duties of each hour—their grief will lesson day by day, until at last this grave will be to them a place of rest and peace—almost of joy. There is for them this consolation. The dead do not suffer. If they live again, their lives will surely be as good as ours.

"We have no fear. We are all children of the same mother, and the same fate awaits us all. We, too, have our religion—and it is this: Help for the living—hope for the dead."

ONLY A LINE.

Only a line in the paper
That somebody read aloud,
At a table of languid boarders,
To a dull, indifferent crowd.

Market reports and a marriage,
And the reader read them all;
How could he know a hope died then,
And was wrapped in a funeral pall?

Only a line in the paper,
Read in a casual way,
But the glow went out of a young life,
And left it cold and gray—

Colder than bleak December,
Grayer than walls of rock
The reader paused, and the room grew full
Of laughter and idle talk.

If one slipped off to her chamber,
Why, who could dream or know
That one brief line in the paper
Had sent her away with her woe—

Away into lonely sorrow,
To bitter and blinding tears?
Only a line in the paper—
But it meant such desolate years.

THE NAMES OF THE STATES.

HOW THEY ALL CAME BY THEIR QUEER TITLES.

The Hon. Hamilton B. Staples read a paper at the annual meeting of the American Antiquarian Society in Worcester, on the 21st ult., in which he discussed the origin of the names of several of the States. His conclusions were as follows: New Hampshire gets its name from Hampshire, England. Massachusetts is derived from the Indian name, first given to the bay, signifying "near the great hills." Rhode Island has an obscure origin, "the Island of Rhoads," the "Island of the Roads," and a Dutch origin, "Red Island," were mentioned, the first seeming to have the best historical support. Connecticut is an Indian name, signifying "land on a long tidal river." New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware and Maryland were passed over. Virginia, the Carolinas, and Georgia have a royal origin. Maine was named from the fact it was supposed to contain the "mayne portion" of New England. Vermont is French for Green Mountains, and it is claimed to have first been an alias—New Connecticut alias Vermont. Kentucky popularly signifies either a "dark and bloody ground," or "a bloody river," or

"the long river." Tennessee comes from its river, the name being derived from the name of Indian village on the river—Tanasee. Ohio is named after an Indian name, signifying "something great," with an accent of admiration. Indiana comes from the name of an early land company. Illinois from the Indian—the name of a tribe. Michigan is claimed to mean "lake country;" it probably came from the name of the lake. "Great Lake," which bore this name before the land adjacent was named. Louisiana is from the French. Arkansas and Missouri are Indian, the former being doubtful; the latter is claimed to mean in its original "muddy water," which describes the river. Iowa is also Indian, with doubtful meaning. Texas is popularly supposed to be Indian, but may be Spanish. Florida is Spanish, "a flowery land." Oregon has a conjectural origin. It is probably Indian, but a Spanish origin is claimed. California comes from a Spanish romance of 1510. Nevada takes its name from the mountains, who get theirs from a resemblance to the Nevadas of South America. Minnesota is Indian, "sky tinted water." Nebraska is variously rendered "shallow water" and "flat country." Kansas is from an Indian root, Kaw, corrupted from the French. Mississippi is "great water," or "whole river." Alabama is Indian, the name of a fortress and a tribe, signifying, as is claimed, "here we rest."

NOBLE REVENGE.

A young officer (in what army no matter) had so far forgotten himself, in a moment of irritation, as to strike a private soldier, full of personal dignity (as sometimes happens in all ranks), and distinguished for his courage. The inexorable laws of military discipline forbade to the injured soldier any practical redress—he could look for no retaliation by acts. Words only were at his command, and, in a tumult of indignation, as he turned away, the soldier said to his officer that he would "make him repent it." This, wearing the shape of a menace, naturally rekindled the officer's anger, and interrupted any disposition which might be rising within him toward a sentiment of remorse; and thus the irritation between the two young men grew hotter than before.

Some weeks after this a partial action took place with the enemy. Suppose yourself a spectator, and looking down into a valley occupied by the two armies.

They are facing each other, you see, in martial array. But it is no more than a skirmish that is going on; in the course of which, however, an occasion suddenly arises for a desperate service. A redoubt, which has fallen into the enemy's hands, must be recaptured at any price, and under circumstances of all but hopeless difficulty.

A strong party has volunteered for the service; there is a cry for somebody to head them; you see a soldier step out from the ranks to assume this dangerous leadership; the party moves rapidly forward; in a few minutes it is swallowed up from your eyes in clouds of smoke; for one half hour, from behind these clouds you receive hieroglyphic reports of bloody strife—fierce repeating signals, flashes from the guns, rolling musketry, and exulting hurrahs advancing or receding, slackening or redoubling.

At length all is over; the redoubt has been recovered; that which was lost is found again; the jewel which had been made captive is ransomed with blood. Crimsoned with glorious gore, the wreck of the conquering party is relieved, and at liberty to return. From the river you see it ascending. The plume-crested officer in command rushes forward, with his left hand raising his hat in homage to the blackened fragments of what was once a flag, whilst with his right he seizes that of the leader, though no more than a private from the ranks. *That* perplexes you not; mystery you see none in *that*. For distinctions of order perish, ranks are confounded; "high and low" are words without a meaning, and to wreck goes every notion or feeling that divides the noble from the noble, or the brave man from the brave.

But wherefore is it that now, when suddenly they wheel into mutual recognition, suddenly they pause? This soldier, this officer—who are they? O reader! once before they had stood face to face—the soldier that was struck, the officer that struck him. Once again they are meeting; and the gaze of armies is upon them. If for a moment a doubt divides them, in a moment the doubt has perished. One glance exchanged between them publishes the forgiveness that is sealed forever.

As one who recovers a brother whom he had counted dead, the officer sprang forward, threw his arms around the neck of the soldier, and kissed him, as if he were some martyr glorified by that shadow of death from which he was returning; whilst, on his part, the soldier, stepping back, and carrying his open hand

through the beautiful motions of the military salute to a superior, makes this immortal answer—that answer which shut up forever the memory of the indignity offered to him, even while for the last time alluding to it: “Sir,” he said, “I told you before, that I would make you repent it.”

ANOTHER WONDERFUL TIME-PIECE.

AN INGENIOUS PENNSYLVANIAN PRODUCES A
MARVEL OF MECHANISM.

Scranton Letter to Philadelphia Times.

James McGlynn, an unlettered miner in the Hollenback Colliery at Wilkesbarre, Pa., has just finished, after nine years' toil, a mechanical marvel. It is in the shape of a clock which is built on the plan of the “astronomical clock” recently exhibited in this country. The work has been performed with tools fashioned by the ingenious miner, and the wonderful timepiece is attracting considerable attention. The front of the clock shows three balconies rising above a massive and elegantly carved pedestal, and upon these the moving figures appear. The lower balcony shows a procession of Continental soldiers headed by a mounted general, and marching past, while the old liberty bell proclaims its welcome notes of freedom. A sentinel salutes the Continentals as they pass, and just at the moment a door is opened from an upper balcony and reveals Molly Pitcher, with her cannon, which she fires with startling and realistic effect. To show how well the maker of the clock has considered the details of his handiwork, he has placed a small revolving fan in the clock to be actuated after the firing of Molly's cannon, for the purpose of clearing out the powder smoke. Simultaneous with this the portraits of the twenty presidents of the United States pass in panoramic review on a balcony just above the patriotic tableau, of which Molly Pitcher is the central figure and Thomas Jefferson holds up the Declaration of Independence. The apostolic procession is similar to those hitherto seen in such clocks. The twelve apostles file past, satan appears, and the clock crows in warning to Peter. A figure of justice raises her scales as the form of Christ appears, and during the scene a large representation of death tolls off the minutes upon a bell. The clock stands nine feet high.

THE FOURTEEN WONDERS OF THE WORLD.

New York Press.

The seven wonders of the world, in ancient times, were the pyramids of Egypt, the Pharos of Alexandria, the walls and hanging gardens of Babylon, the temple of Diana, the statue of the Olympic Jupiter, the mausoleum of Artemisia, and the Colossus of Rhodes. The seven wonders of the world, in modern times, are the printing press, the steam engine, the telegraph, the daguerreotype, the telephone, the phonograph, and the electric light. The so-called “seven wonders” of the ancients were mere trifles compared with those of the present time. The Brooklyn Bridge, for example, would make the hanging gardens of Babylon a mere toy, while the whole seven wonders put together would sink into insignificance could the builders have seen a lightning express train at full speed.

BEGINNING LIFE.

When two young people start out in life together, with nothing but a determination to succeed, avoiding the invasion of each other's idiosyncrasies, not carrying the candle near the gunpowder, sympathetic with each other's employment, willing to live on paying as they go, taking life here as a discipline, with four eyes watching its perils and four hands fighting its battles—whatever others may say or do, that is a royal marriage. It is so set down in the heavenly archives, and the orange blossoms shall wither on neither side of the grave.

BRIDGES OVER THE GREAT RIVERS.

On the Mississippi: St. Louis, Hannibal, Louisiana, Quincy, Keokuk, Burlington, Rock Island, Clinton, Dubuque, Prairie du Chien, Hastings, La Crosse, Sabula, Winona, St. Paul and Minneapolis.

On the Ohio: Louisville, Cincinnati (3), Parkersburg, Bellair, Wheeling, Steubenville, Pittsburg (10).

On the Missouri: St. Charles, Boonville, Glasgow, Kansas City, Fort Leavenworth, Atchison, St. Joseph, Plattsmouth, Omaha, Bismarck.

On the Illinois: Beardstown, Meredosia, Pekin, Peoria, La Salle, Naples.

IT BROKE HER DOWN.

Detroit Free Press.

In one of the Justice's courts, the other day, a farmer was defendant in a case of assault and battery. The plaintiff had no witnesses, while the defendant had his wife, and the plaintiff's lawyer made up his mind that it was a gone case. He was bracing up, however, to do his best, when the charge was read to the defendant. The wife was deeply interested in every phrase, and her face changed from sober to serious, and from serious to horror as reading went on:

"Did then and there and with malice aforethought beat, wound, bruise, assault and greatly dam——"

"Hold on!" She cried at this point—"My husband never did that in his life! I was right there and saw it all. All he did was to jump out of the wagon and hit the man a clip on the eye and knock him into the ditch!"

"That'll do—there! there!" put in her husband's lawyer, but she went on:

"He just hit him once and only once, and I'll swear to it!"

Half an hour later, after her husband had paid twelve dollars and costs, the woman was heard to sigh:

"I'm sorry, John, but when they went on with that beating and pounding and malice and aforethought I was sure you'd get twenty years in prison, and it broke me down. You can sell my cow this fall to make up for this."

SHE MADE A MISTAKE.

St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

An individual in a dress coat, ornamented with a sparse array of brass buttons and a star, and a stripe across his cuffs, was sweeping and circling about the room in the last of the new step waltzes, and naturally attracted attention. He was introduced to one blue-blooded young lady, who stiffly informed him that she was not dancing that evening, and froze up to further utterances with an icy stare. As he left she turned with celestial ire in her countenance and said:

"How dare they introduce a Pullman car conductor to me? The impudence! Think of me dancing with him!"

"My dear, ignorant, land-lubberly lass from the interior," said the convulsed recipient of the angry burst, "don't you know he is a master of the United States navy, the greatest social swell that breathes, always excepting that most

magnificent and god-like creature, a lieutenant of marines?"

"I don't believe it," she said, crimsoning. "Where's his sword and his gold lace and trimmings? He has borrowed that coat from his waiter and sewed the buttons on the tail of it himself, or else he is a conductor. I know he is a fraud when I see him walk."

Argument was powerless to convince the young woman that she had committed the biggest blunder of the season, or that the modestly ornamented coat was really what officers call the "social" uniform, and not the gorgeous garment of full dress.

VASTLY MORE SO.

Boston Transcript.

"For my part," said Mrs. Goodington, who had been listening to an account of the Jeannette disaster, "I can't see what they want to roaming around up in the archiac regions for. An open poplar sea? Fiddle-sticks! what is it good for after they've found it? I say, and I always have said, that, if people would only stay at home and mind their own business, and not go off prying into the miseries of nature, it would be a good deal better for them, and vastly more sensitive, too!" The good old lady got so warm over the subject that she dropped three stitches before she had "done" one needle of her stocking.

THE following list of locomotive manufactories and their annual product will prove of interest: The Baldwin, Philadelphia, 600 locomotives; the Brooks, Dunkirk, 130; Danforth, Patterson, 150; Dickson, Scranton, 100; Grant, Patterson, 120; Hinkley, Boston, 120; The Lima Machine Works, Lima, Ohio; Manchester, N. H., 100; Neason Machine Company, Taunton, Mass., 75; H. K. Porter & Co., Pittsburg, 75; Pittsburg, 75; Portland, Maine, 250; Rhode Island Locomotive Works, Providence, 80; Risdon Iron and Locomotive Works, San Francisco; Wyoming Valley Company, Wilkesbarre; Schenectady Locomotive Works, 100; Rogers, Patterson, 175; Taunton Locomotive Works, 80. To these estimates should be added those of the products of the Canadian locomotive shops. These establishments are the Canadian Engine and Machine Works, Montreal; the Canadian Locomotive Company, Kingston; Canadian Locomotive and Engine Company, Montreal. Altogether their utmost annual capacity is probably only about eighty engines.

LABOR.

There's a never-dying chorus
 Breaking on the human ear,
 In the busy town before us
 Voices loud, and deep and clear.
 This is toll's prophetic voice,
 Bidding human hearts rejoice.
 Sweeter than the poet's singing
 Is that anthem of the free;
 Blither is the anvil's ringing
 Than the song of bird or bee.
 There's a glory in the rattle
 Of the wheels 'mid factory gloom;
 Richer than e'er snatched from battle
 Are the trophies of the loom.

See the skillful mason raising
 Gracefully yon towering pile;
 Round the forge and furnace blazing
 Stand the noble men of toll.
 They are heroes of the people,
 Who the wealth of nations raise;
 Every dome, and spire and steeple,
 Raise their heads in labor's praise.

Glorious men of truth and labor,
 Shepherds of the human fold,
 That shall lay the brand and sabre
 With the barbarous things of old.
 Priests and prophets of creation,
 Bloodless heroes in the fight;
 Toiler's for the world's salvation,
 Messengers of peace and light.

Speed the plow and speed the harrow;
 Peace and plenty send abroad;
 Better far the spade and barrow
 Than the cannon or the sword.
 Each invention, each improvement,
 Renders weak oppression's rod;
 Every sign and every movement
 Brings us nearer truth and God.

BOYS WILL BE BOYS.

From the Burlington Hawkeye.

An exchange says a boy will tramp two hundred and forty-seven miles in one day on a rabbit hunt and be limber in the evening; when, if you ask him to go across the street and borrow Jones' two-inch augur, he will be as stiff as a meat-block. Of course he will. And he will go swimming all day and stay in the water three hours at a time and splash and dive and paddle and puff, and next morning he will feel that an unmeasured insult has been offered him when he is told by his mother to wash his face carefully so as not to leave the score of the ebb and flow so plain to be seen under the gill. And he'll wander around a dry

creek bed all the afternoon piling up a pebble fort and nearly die off when his big sister wants him to please pick up a basket of chips for the parlor stove. And he'll spend the biggest part of the day trying to corner a stray mule or a bald-backed horse for a ride, and feel that all life's charms have fled when it comes time to drive the cows home. And he'll turn a ten-acre lot upside down for ten inches of angle worms, and wish for the voiceless tomb when the garden demands his attention. But all the same, when you want a friend who will stand by you and sympathize with you and be true to you in all kinds of weather, enlist one of those same boys.

DYING WORDS.

"It is well."—Washington.
 "I must sleep now."—Byron.
 "Kiss me, Hardy."—Nelson.
 "Head of the army."—Napoleon.
 "Don't give up the ship."—Lawrence.
 "Let the light enter."—Goethe.
 "Into thy hands, O Lord."—Tasso.
 "Independence forever."—Adams.
 "The artery ceases to beat."—Haller.
 "Is this your fidelity."—Nero.
 "Give Dayroies a chair."—Lord Chesterfield.
 "It is the last of earth."—J. Q. Adams.
 "God preserve the Emperor."—Haydn.
 "A dying man does nothing well."—Franklin.
 "Let not poor Nelly starve."—Charles II.
 "What, is there no bribing death."—Cardinal Beaufort.
 "All my possessions for a moment of time."—Queen Elizabeth.
 "It matters little how the head lieth."—Sir Walter Raleigh.
 "Clasp my hand, my friend die."—Alfieri.
 "I feel as if I were to be myself again."—Sir Walter Scott.
 "Let me die to the sound of delicious music."—Mirabeau.
 "I have loved God, my father and liberty."—Mme. de Staël.
 "Be serious."—Grotious.
 "It is small, very small indeed" (clapping her neck).—Anne Boleyn.
 "I pray you see me safe up, and for my coming down let me shift for myself" (ascending the scaffold).—Sir Thomas Moore.
 "Don't let that awkward squad fire over my grave."—Burns.

"I resign my soul to God—and my daughter to my country."—Thomas Jefferson.

"I have endeavored to do my duty.—Taylor.

"You spoke of a refreshment, my Emilee; take my last notes, sit down to my piano here, sing them with the hymn of your sainted mother. Let me hear once more those notes which have so long been my solacement and delight."—Mozart.

"God bless you, my dear."—Dr. Johnson.

"God bless you! Is that you, Dora?" Wadsworth.

"Now it is come."—John Knox.

"Dying, dying."—Hood.

"How grand these rays; they seem to beckon earth to heaven." (The sun was shining brilliantly into the room in which he was lying).—Humboldt.

"Oh! Swaim."—James A. Garfield.

THE TROUBLES OF LOVE.

From Chicago Tribune.

"You have broken my heart, Vivian."

It was a fair haired girl who spoke these words, and as they came from her lips, Vivian Mahoney, the young man to whom they were addressed, leaned tenderly over Ferida Patterson and strove to kiss away the tears that were swelling up her beautiful, dreamy brown eyes.

"I do not blame you," she continued in a broken voice. "She whom you one day will wed is fair to look upon, and when her warm kisses melt upon your lips it is not strange that you forget all else but that she would gladly be your wife, and her father owns a coal yard."

"But I love you with a mad deathless passion that will burn out my life in the intensity of its flame. You have won my Scandinavian affections unwittingly, but you have won them all the same. In the years that are to come, Vivian, when your children are playing at your knee and life seems like a fair dream, you will sometimes think of me—sometimes let a tender thought lie in your heart for the little flaxen haired girl that knew no happiness so great as to hear your voice and see the gleam of the matinee tickets in your vest pocket? Tell me this, and when the leaves have turned brown under the blighted touch of Autumn's chilly hand, and I shall have been put away forever in the little dell beyond the meadow, you will lead to the altar a happy bride, and never know the sorrow I have felt."

"By yon bright moon I swear," said Vivian, taking another kiss on the fly, "that your memory shall be forever enshrined in my heart. Though my life be one of tempest and storm, or a succession of sunny days, I shall always remember that you were my first, my only love." He was about to impress another kiss on the rosy lips upheld to his, when a dull thud was heard at the rear of his pants, and Vivian lay senseless on the sidewalk.

Old Mr. Patterson had opened the front door and adjourned the meeting.

ADVICE MATRIMONIAL.

Keokuk Gate City.

Young woman, if you want to lose the love and respect of the man you marry, meet him when he's courting you with a smile as sweet as a strawberry gum drop sprinkled with extra pulverized sugar, with your patent waves glistening in the gaslight, a trimly fitting dress, faultless lace at wrists and throat, a dainty step forward as you rise to greet him, and a reserved yet vivacious and interesting conversation during the evening. After you "catch him" and the minister's fee is paid, throw those charming waves under the kitchen stove, wear a soiled calico dress wrong end to, wrap a dirty veil or handkerchief around your neck, tie up your hair with a red flannel rag or broken shoe string, and ask him why he can't drag his muddy hoofs around to the back door and not be eternally ringing that front door bell or walking in over the hall carpet. Tell him he's a bore, and you don't want to be bothered with his foolish talk about the length of the dry goods or grocery bill—if he don't like it he oughtn't have married. You could do more to make him (and yourself) miserable, but the above receipt, if closely adhered to, will accomplish all that is claimed for it. No fees for advice.

ACCORDING to a German economist, the income of the world is \$13,520,000,000; debt, \$10,926,000,000; taxes, \$2,002,000,000; capital, \$85,612,000,000. Sweden has the smallest debt, or \$50,000,000; France the largest, or \$2,140,000,000. The United States has the largest income, and England the most capital. Italy is the heaviest taxed, paying 35 per cent. of its income for taxes to the average of 15 per cent. of other nations.

EDITORIAL.

IN order to become well posted in the affairs of the organization, every member should take the Magazine and read it.

UNDER no circumstances will a candidate be entitled to the benefits of the order until he has been fully initiated and his name enrolled upon the Grand Lodge Register.

THE Locomotive Firemen of the United States and Canadas are solving the problem of mutual assistance with results that are substantial, and of a very satisfactory nature.

THINGS look very encouraging for 1882. Our members seem to be all of one mind with one object in view. Unity of effort is the order of the day all along a well devised line of action. Another year of hard work will develop some wonderful changes in the affairs of our Brotherhood.

TAKE the Magazine, and get some one else to take it, and thereby aid us in reaching our estimated circulation. We are not ready to admit that there is a member of our Order who has not at least one friend who will favor us with his subscription.

FIREMEN who have dependent ones, and nothing but the proceeds of their labor to offer for their protection, should remember that there will come a time which will bring with it the elements to sweep away that protection, and leave want and misery in its place. Provisions against such a condition of things should be made in time. It is as much a duty as that of providing for immediate necessities. Action should not be delayed a moment. The Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen presents the opportunity. *Grasp it!*

THE fact is being demonstrated every day that locomotive firemen cannot afford to remain outside of our organization. The benefits conferred upon its members cannot fail to evoke a high sense of appreciation.

IN behalf of the Order, we wish to extend our sincere thanks to those members of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers who have done so much to assist us in the past. We want them to know that we are not unmindful of their many acts of kindness, and that we are ever ready to reciprocate the same.

EVERY member of the Order should have ambition enough to associate his name with some splendid deed in the interest of his Lodge. Whether he be an officer or a private member, he should have a place in the hearts of his fellow members so that when a meeting is called to order his presence will be a matter of delight, or his absence a matter of regret.

PERSONAL HONOR.

The most sacred and binding seal known to civilized men is the pledge of honor. No matter what the cause may be in which it is given. The more worthy the cause the greater the wrong done by its violation. No man, with any moral scruples, would be able to contemplate, without a keen feeling of shame, the record of a broken pledge. It is our aim to impress this fact upon the minds of our members. We want them to fully understand that the obligation they take to support the rules and principles of our Order is as binding upon a man of honor as a bond backed by millions, and anyone who violates that obligation strikes down his manhood with his own hand.

THERE is only one kind of Brotherhood men we care to know. Those are the honest and earnest toilers in the cause. We are aware that there is another class who are Brotherhood men in name only, but we do not care to make their acquaintance. They will favor us by remaining strangers. We have no use for sluggards even if they are enrolled upon our Register.

THERE is a deplorable lack of energy among some of our Lodges on the Magazine question. The Agent exists only in title. In many instances he could not, if he were asked, answer the question as to where it is published, or who is the Editor of it. This is all wrong and reflects sadly against those Lodges. Certainly every member of the Order ought to subscribe for the book. Those who do not are not real Brotherhood men. The Magazine is published for their special benefit, and they should at least take enough interest in its welfare to subscribe for a copy and read it.

TRAVELING CARDS.

What is a traveling card? It is a guarantee, literally, of the standing of the individual who holds it. It is more than this. It is a guarantee that the man who holds it is believed to be a man by those issuing it. It is a certificate of character. It is an endorsement which says to the world that the holder is worthy of confidence; that he is an honorable member of the order which issued it; that he will not steal, nor lie, nor get drunk; that he will pay his board bills; that he will be a gentleman at all times and under all circumstances. Does this definition define? It is precisely correct, and we desire you to read it over again and again, if you are in doubt concerning it. You will say that if it means all this, extreme caution should be exercised in its bestowal. The card should bear the seal of both the Grand and Subordinate Lodges. It should bear the signature of

the Grand Secretary, and the signatures of the Master and Secretary of the Subordinate Lodge of which the recipient is a member. We protest against the issuing of one of these cards to any member whose character is not reputable. We insist that the Master and Secretary must use the prerogative of unbiased judicial power in determining where and when to issue a card. There are many members who at home do not avert a act that could be censured, but who, on going away from home, are guilty of actions which, if known, would forfeit their right to the possession of their cards. Such members must be looked after. We do not want them placed under annoying surveillance, but we do want to know that they make good records away from the community in which they live. A traveling card is equivalent to a letter of introduction, and when it is presented we want those to whom it is presented to know that the man bearing it is just what he is represented to be. Anyone will readily see that if the guarantee of the card is violated by one person at a certain place, the next will be received coldly or returned with derision to the bearer. It is, therefore, of great importance that no card be issued except when the Master and Secretary are reasonably certain that the applicant is not only worthy of it, but will remain so.

GRAND LODGE ORDER.

To the Officers of all Subordinate Lodges of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen:

GENTLEMEN AND BROTHERS—For the purpose of mutual protection to the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen and the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers against frauds and impostors, it is hereby ordered by the Grand Lodge, that in case of the expulsion of a member from our Order the adjacent divisions of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers shall be apprised thereof with the cause of such expulsion.

Secretaries of Lodges are hereby directed to see that this order is carried into effect on and after this date.

E. V. DEBS,

G. S. and T.

F. W. ARROLD,

G. M.

CORRESPONDENCE.

ONEONTA SIFTINGS.

ONEONTA, N. Y., Jan. 30th, 1882.

Editor Firemen's Magazine:

As a member of the B. of L. F. and of Lodge No. 71, I wish to say a few words in regard to the Order in general and No. 71 in particular.

The birth of our Lodge dates from May 8th, 1881, showing us to be comparatively young; in spite of which we ably represent old "Capital City" Lodge, only under another name. We have made every endeavor to make No. 71 prosperous and shall continue to do so until life's journey on this road is ended into the long side track of eternity.

As I was perusing my January Magazine, I saw many of our Sister Lodges conspicuous in its pages, which led me to think that No. 71 was, in this respect, quite isolated, and in my poor way, I thought to raise her spirits to a short run, be it regular or wild. We began our career but a little more than eight months ago, with twenty-eight charter members. We have now forty-one members and five applicants, who are quietly waiting to test the qualities of our goat, which our worthy little Master, C. Bunker, can apply with perfect satisfaction. So, you see, dear Brothers, all we want is plenty of B. S. and I. to achieve wonders in our noble order. Let us each grasp the scoop of success, stronger than ever, nor let us falter as we are nearing the summit with the heaviest train that human power ever tried to pull through with success. It is only through strict adherence to our motto that the Order has been crowned with glory. Since Bro. Stevens paid us a visit, and taught us the laws and duties of the fraternity, I will say that our members have all been ambitious to make their lodge a shining star in the East, and there is no switch long enough to hold them from the main line of duty to their Lodge and fellow craft. We have had one taken from our little band, which was occasioned by the death of Bro. Hakley, who was killed while in the discharge of his duty. We have also a Bro. in Plattsmouth, Nebraska, who, by the way, informs us that there is to be a Lodge in Lincoln, Nebraska, where he expects to become a member, so the work is pushed on and he does not forget his duty, although far from those with whom he learned the first lessons.

We gave our first festival and dance in November, with excellent results; we raised funds enough to procure proper regalias and plant us on a solid foundation. We have a little gem of a Lodge room, owing greatly to the energy and good will of Bro. Bunker, who is one of the many of our good members. We are all with him, hand and heart.

Fearing, lest I may weary our readers and not be welcome the next time, I close, remaining

Fraternally yours, M. S. C.

"TRINITY" AND PROSPERITY.

FORT WORTH, TEXAS, Feb. 15, 1882.

Editor Firemen's Magazine:

Trinity Lodge, No. 83, planted here some time ago by that "prince of good fellows and hard toilers," Bro. S. M. Stevens, is already beginning to show signs of growth. At the last meeting, which was the first one, two acquisitions were made to the Order, and other applications will be made at the next meeting. One or two of the charter members have already been promoted to the right side, and there are prospects of other promotions being made soon. Altogether, Trinity Lodge is quite a healthy youth and gives promise of speedy and permanent development.

One of the boys, Captain John O'Malley, who was chiefly instrumental in getting a Lodge organized here, evidently believes in unity as well as trinity. A few days ago he might have been seen quietly packing his baggage, which was duly marked and checked for glory. He exchanged his single-breasted couch for one of larger dimensions, walked the "gang-plank of courtship to the vessel of matrimony, and while we, of "83," are "dealing dusky diamonds to dingy Danforths," John, happy in his newly-found alliance, is sailing down the stream of bliss by the light of the honeymoon. Long life to the unity; success to the "Trinity."

HEAD LIGHT.

FROM BEYOND THE BORDER.

TORONTO, CANADA, Feb. 1st, 1882.

Editor Firemen's Magazine:

I scarcely ever see any communication in the journal from the Lodges on this side of the line, and I intend this coming year to try and remedy that defect for

Dominion Lodge No. 67, at least. I sent you, a few weeks ago, an account of the very successful ball which we held here in December last, but which was, I suppose, too late for publication in the January number.

I am not going to give you a very flattering account of our Lodge this time, but will say that we are getting things down pretty fine, and in a few months hope to be able to give such an account of ourselves as we shall not be ashamed of.

Bro. A. Mowatt, our respected Master, has slyly put his neck into the noose, and the first intimation we had of that event was that his rooms were for re-engagement.

I am sorry to inform you that the Lodge this month has lost one of its staunch supporters, and probably one of the best men we have in the Order—Bro. Charles Pope. We have the consolation of knowing that he will join elsewhere, and that the Order will not lose him, for he is a right hand man in every way you take him. The notice we had of his going away was very short, but notwithstanding, the boys got together and made him the recipient of a handsome diamond pin and signet ring as a slight token of their esteem.

I note with pleasure the improvement in the journal of this year, and I feel sure that its circulation will meet the highest expectation of the Editor, if the Agents are as live as they should be. Trusting that every Lodge will put forth its best efforts for the year, I am

Yours fraternally,
SID VAUGHAN.

OUR MOTTO.

GALVESTON, TEXAS, Feb. 20, 1882.

Editor Firemen's Magazine.

What can be more beautiful than our motto when properly practiced. First comes benevolence—the aim to do good, kindness to friends and neighbors, tenderness to the weak and suffering. The benevolent man is surely the friend of the needy, the protector of the widow and orphan. Where then could there be a grander word to be foremost in our motto than benevolence?

Next comes sobriety. The sober man is always a calm, cool and honorable man, and always a truly active member of his Lodge and of society; while a drunkard is an outcast from home and friends. Brothers, how often have we heard of a man who would be all that is honorable and good, the pride of his par-

ents, brothers and sisters, until the demon "*drink*" would seize him? Mark the consequences. In a short time we see a swollen, bloated mass of humanity, neglected and unknown even by friends and associates of the past; he finds his end in a drunkard's grave. I would say to all firemen, that sobriety is essential to your promotion.

Third and last comes industry. Without its practice we cannot thrive. Constant employment is necessary to our existence. If we do not practice industry we will not be enabled to pay our monthly dues, neither will we be able to contribute to the fund of widows and orphans. Next we become disgraced in our Lodge, and next to that comes expulsion. I hope that such will not be the fate of any member of the B. of L. F. I expect to see a Lodge at this place before another year has passed away that will outrival the Lone Star. Though I am a member of No. 70, I would like to see a Lodge here that would at least equal her. How is it No. 70 never contributes a line to the Magazine? Wake up, boys, and don't be afraid to try. I will conclude by asking all the members of our Order to cling to benevolence, sobriety and industry. Always yours,

MAC.

"TIM FAGAN" AGAIN.

Editor Firemen's Magazine:

"When time shall steal our years away, and steal our pleasures too,
The memory of the past shall bring and half our joys renew."

Memory is one of those wakeful slumbers, snatches of sweet dreams of a blissful past. It is the joys—too often the sorrows—and happiness of days, months and perhaps years given by memory in an hours' dream. When sorrow and care will urge their shadows, hiding within their folds the chilling blasts of despondency, how sweet comes the soft, quiet rays of memory's sun, shining in upon us with the effect we all know so well and appreciate so much. And now while I sit here in the only window of my humble apartment, enjoying the climate of a beautiful day in spring—though the season is mid-winter—and having before me a full and unobstructed view of one, if not the grandest, of nature's panoramas, this huge chain of mountains stretching away to the north, to the cold and majestic looking Long's Peak, while far to the south Pike's Peak rears up its towering head, shooting into space and hoary with perpetual snow, challenging the elements

to combat with which it seems in continual warfare. It is nature wild and uncultivated, but grand and sublime. Yes; while I sit here and look on this view memory brings another, the opposite of this, that is, my last visit to "Louvre," the palace of the Luxembourg, and its beautiful gardens, which I barely mentioned in some of my letters to the Magazine.

Let us entertain memory who is always so welcome and interesting—

"For memory is the only friend
That grief can call its own."

To assist me I shall accept the aid of a few soiled leaves of some old books that persisted in keeping me company during those pleasant ramblings. I say leaves, I mean the margin of those leaves; there are but few of them, but they have done the part of note book. There is the corner of a leaf turned down and marked "Hall of Apollo." What a beautiful picture fills the mind when one imagines that he stands again at the south end of the Hall of Apollo. But stop one moment before we enter and look at those magnificent gates of Teel that open into this gallery. A workman toiled over them during the reign of Henry II., king of France. They appear as though they had been cut from two solid sheets of steel beautifully carved in bas relief, having a polish like ebony. The name of he, whose mind conceived and whose hand constructed this artistic design, I could not learn, but he leaves us his card in the superb workmanship that shall pass to future generations for praise and admiration. And what of the king who appropriated the fruits of this labor, the genius of this intellect? Ah! history gives him a place in its pages and surrounds him with gaudy titles that grate on the ears of this advancing republican age, as discordant as they are ill-deserved and disgraceful to the intelligence of the people. These gates are well worthy the place they occupy, opening into the most magnificent hall of the Louvre.

To be continued by
TIM FAGAN.

GRAND UNION BALL AT STRATFORD.

STRATFORD, ONT., Feb. 3d, 1882.

Editor Firemen's Magazine:

When one enjoys a good thing, is it not his duty to make it as widely known as possible, and when one is used like a Prince, should he not let the world know

who did the clever thing by him? Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, No. —, and Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, No. 38, Stratford, held their annual ball in that thriving and classic city, on Tuesday evening, 24th January, and your correspondent has no hesitation in saying it was the finest affair of the kind he ever attended. He came among them a stranger, at a late hour in the afternoon, yet they "took him in," and made him enjoy himself so thoroughly that the occasion will ever be a green spot in his memory.

The town hall, in which the ball was held, is a large building. Yet the room was too small for the number of guests that attended. Many from Brantford, Buffalo, Goodrich, Toronto, Port Huron, Sarnia and other points on the line. The walls were decorated with flags and banners, and rows of Chinese lanterns and other ornaments of bright colors produced a brilliant effect. Photographs of engines were appropriately hung in prominent positions. The floor was like a sheet of plate glass, and not less than 150 couples took part in the dancing. The elegance of the toilets was no less a subject of remark than the many beautiful faces among the ladies, and, if what was seen, was a fair sample, Canada must be a nice place for "the boys." The music was furnished by an orchestra composed entirely of Grand Trunk men, and was so exquisite that no one could help dancing; indeed, with all the surroundings, nothing short of a "roomatiz" that defied St. Jacob's Oil could keep a fellow's legs quiet.

The supper was served at the Windsor, a fine, new hotel, just opened, and as it was a couple of blocks away, sleighs, with plenty of warm wraps, were provided to transport the ladies thither and back again. The Windsor is a favorite stopping place among railway men, and no wonder. The proprietor, Harry Greer, is an old C. S. Conductor himself, and knows how to use the boys when they come to see him.

The dancing programme, which was a beautiful specimen of artistic printing, contained some thirty dances, and it was nearly daylight before the good old English Sir Roger put an end to the revels, and "Home, Sweet Home" was in order.

The committee, who took so much trouble to make the affair a success, deserves to be mentioned. If I were to say that the "Pudding Brothers" dispensed any quantity of "Taffy" and that "old Sciatica" was as limber as an Eel, it might not be generally intelligible, but

somebody would understand it "any way." It might be better to say that the gentlemanly stewards were Messrs. R. Rutherford, P. Kennedy, J. Green, P. S. Conlan, T. J. Irwin, J. Lamb, G. Nursey, J. Still and J. Drummond. Mr. W. Roope and Mr. J. Smith were the Masters of the ceremonies, and discharged their arduous duties to perfection. Mr. J. Curran was the treasurer, Mr. F. Mingay—"Little Fred"—was the hard working and ubiquitous secretary, while Danny Ross, whose genial face many of us remember at the International Convention at Boston last September, was the chairman.

Good boys, one and all, may their shadows never grow less, and may they never get off the track, or have a pitch in.

R. E. PORTER.

B. OF L. F. BALL.

LOGANSPOUT, IND., Feb. 15th, 1882.

Editors Firemen's Magazine:

In reading the Magazine I find nothing concerning No. 52, so a few lines will probably not come amiss.

We have a flourishing Lodge of forty members, with four applications on hand. Our meetings are well attended when it is possible for the boys to get there; business is very good on the road and we are kept very busy.

The new works have come to hand and are highly spoken of among the members.

Among the latest promotions are Bros. Knill, Wright, Rau and Lee, all giving good satisfaction.

Our Past Master, Bro. A. Ross, is the happy father of a twelve-pound boy. Father doing well.

No. 52 gave her sixth annual ball on December 22d. It was well attended notwithstanding the rain came down in torrents. To give you a brief account of it will give an extract from one of our city papers, which is as follows:

"About one hundred and forty couples gathered at Dolan & McHale's hall last night to participate in the grand ball given by the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen. The night was extremely bad, but the affair was a success both financially and socially. Visitors were in attendance from Crawfordsville, Urbana, Ohio, Lafayette, Danville, Chicago, Delphi, Wabash, Terre Haute, Kokomo and Ft. Wayne. The dancing of some of the visitors from abroad was considered fine, while the home dancers showed grace.

The music furnished by Culp's orchestra was excellent, and all kept time to it until the "small wea" hour, when all de-

parted from the scene of enjoyment to their homes."

Our Master, Bro. Sam Bricker, is filling his office satisfactorily to all, the general verdict being, "the right man in the right place;" while our Financier, Bro. Mart. Jamison, reminds the boys occasionally that he wishes to interview them. He was our delegate to the Boston convention and will be remembered by other delegates by the name of "Deacon."

Not wishing to worry your readers or occupy any more of your valuable space, I will close, extending a general invitation to all who may chance to travel this way to call and visit us.

Fraternaly,

A. B.

CUPID'S CAPERS.

SIoux CITY, IOWA, Feb. 1st, 1882.

Editor Firemen's Magazine:

There has been quite a time here among the boys lately, occasioned by the marriage of Bro. L. B. Cutting, which event occurred in this city, at the residence of Engineer J. N. Culver, on the 18th ult. Bro. Cutting was married to Miss Ella E. Hazard. Rev. J. R. Chambers officiated.

Quite a large number of invited guests were present and manifested their appreciation of the occasion by presenting the young couple with a number of elegant gifts, of which the following is a partial list, viz:

One-half dozen China fruit plates, Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Hentzleman.

Pair of vases, Mr. and Mrs. S. G. Shortley.

Pair glass vases, H. C. Anderson.

Elegant lamp, Geo. C. Reed.

Pair China fruit plates and fruit comfort, Mr. and Mrs. P. Y. Calvin.

Tea set, Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Wetmore.

Silver sugar spoon and butter knife, Mrs. L. N. Howe.

Card receiver, Mr. E. D. Worcester.

Silver butter dish, W. S. Yeaton.

Pair vases, Mr. and Mrs. W. Decker.

Silver sugar spoon, Miss Lizzie Doss.

Silver fruit dish, Mrs. N. F. Worth.

Silver mug, Miss Hattie Nichols.

One dozen napkins, Mr. T. S. Martin.

Pair vases, Mr. Lambert.

Glass tea set, Mrs. J. H. Culver.

Silver knives, Mrs. and Miss Cassidy.

Butter knife, Miss Mary E. Cassidy.

The members of Sioux Lodge No. 64, unite in extending their congratulations to Bro. and Mrs. L. B. Cutting and hoping that they may have a long and pleasant life before them.

Fraternaly yours,

J. M. S.

THE ENGINEERS AND FIREMEN.

THEIR GRAND SEVENTH ANNUAL BALL AT BUFFALO—AN UNPRECEDENTED SUCCESS.

Hornellsville (N. Y.) Times.

The seventh annual ball of Buffalo Lodge No. 12, of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen was held at St. James Hall, in Buffalo, on Monday evening, January 30th. The Times is indebted for the information contained in this article to Mr. C. W. Piper, the efficient Financier of the Buffalo Lodge, who made us a pleasant call last evening.

The popularity of the parties given by this Lodge is attested by the fact that there were considerably over 1,000 persons in attendance last Monday evening, many of whom went from distant points. More than eighty persons from this city were in attendance, train 9 being filled full and an extra car being called into requisition to accommodate the crowd. The hall was beautifully decorated for the occasion, and the extensive floor was handsomely carpeted with snow-white duck. Around the room were ranged ten sets of parlor furniture for the convenience and comfort of guests. The music was furnished by S. A. Zimmerman's band, and was of a very high degree of excellence. In every respect the arrangements were first class, being in the hands of competent committee who executed their work with great care and good taste. A description of the details of the ball we are unable to give, as it was impossible for us to be present in person. It was the most

largely attended and in every respect the most successful ever held by the Lodge. The expenses of getting up the party were of course large, but the boys made a profit from \$100 to \$150—a sum which well repays them for all their trouble.

We are glad to state that this order, which now numbers 3,500 members in the United States and Canada, is in a very flourishing condition. The Buffalo Lodge especially is rapidly increasing in membership and prosperity. It has amongst its members twenty of the Erie boys living in Hornellsville, and many others residing at various points along the line. The order is composed entirely of engineers and firemen, and is of a beneficiary character. When a member loses his life his family receives \$1,000, and the same sum is paid to him if he loses a limb; but after a member receives this sum he can obtain no further benefit, though he afterwards becomes an honorary member of the order. A lodge of this order is to be organized in Rochester by Mr. S. M. Stevens in a few days, and will start off with fifty or sixty members. There was formerly a Lodge in existence in Hornellsville, but it broke down from some cause several years ago, and has never been revived. There was some talk of bringing it to life again last year, but the movement seems to have failed. There being twenty members of the order here we see no reason why a Lodge cannot be established and vigorously maintained. If an effort was put forth in this direction we think it would meet with success.

PERSONAL.

LATEST promotions to the right side in No. 20 are Bros. Truck, Finley, Shields, Traver and Morse.

RIGHT glad are we to note the promotion of Bro. W. F. Wright, who now presides over the right hand side of his engine. This point has been gained by honest labor and is well merited.

THERE is evidently a difference of opinion among our Lodges as regards the Magazine. Gate City, No. 93, with twenty members takes one hundred and twenty copies, and Enterprise, No. 75, with one hundred and twelve members, takes three copies. Why is this thus?

SOL RICHARDSON, of No. 59, is respectfully requested to correspond with the Financier of his Lodge.

GEORGE C. BURGESS, one of No. 14's best boys, has been promoted to the right side on the I. & St. L. road. George is worthy of success.

It pleases us to learn of the promotion of Alexander Gibson, of Eureka Lodge, No. 14. He is now running an engine on the I. & St. L. road.

THE happiness of Bro. Dan McGreevy, of No. 31, can be better imagined than described. His wife recently presented him with a handsome son.

BRO. H. G. BECHOLD, of Forest City Lodge, No. 10, is hereby respectfully requested to correspond with his Lodge.

The Magazine agent of No. 31 has been justly termed "The flower of the canvassers."

A TEMPORARY spell of sickness confined Bro. Geo. Thomas to his room for a few days. We are glad to see him on deck again.

HARRY KENNEDY, of Tippecanoe, No. 36, is happy. A young fireman has been added to his family register.

BRO. SCHAAP, who has been so long confined to his room by illness, is now convalescent and will soon be on duty again.

WE have been requested by different parties to ask Bro. Zeb Moore how little Waddy is getting along. Zeb will of course understand.

C. H. BURK, of No. 70, is located at Sherman, Texas, where he occupies the footboard of a switch engine in the service of the Texas Pacific R.R.

THE proud father of a pretty little daughter is Bro. John Noovan, of No. 31. We all wish the little stranger health and prosperity.

MARRIED—Charles M. Finley, of Stuart Lodge, to Miss Morrison, one of Stuart's accomplished ladies. The young couple have the best wishes of a host of friends.

WE trust that Bros. Leach and Kingle will soon be among us, both having met with serious accidents while on duty. They are respected members of No. 31.

BROS. JAS. BROWNLEE and Buckly wish to be remembered kindly to the boys of No. 66. They are stationed at Battle Creek, Michigan.

BROS. MICHAEL MORAN and John Madison are hereby respectfully requested to correspond with the Financier of their Lodge (No. 25).

WITH regret the members of No. 18 accepted the resignation of Bro. L. H. Eldridge as Secretary of their Lodge. Bro. Eldridge will leave for Mexico shortly, and his absence will be universally felt.

IN our last issue we stated that the deceased Miss Kittie Becraft was a daughter of E. H. Becraft, of No. 79. We were misinformed, as she was his sister instead of his daughter.

WE had the pleasure of meeting F. M. James, of New Hope, No. 37, recently. A better Brotherhood man does not exist. Such is the opinion of everyone who knows him.

THE sick list claims the name of W. J. Johnson, of Great Eastern Lodge, No. 4.

A PRETTY little girl has been added to the family of Bro. Tweedie, of No. 14. Bro. Zahn, of same Lodge, has been blessed likewise. We wish the little ladies health and prosperity.

ALTHOUGH Challenge Lodge feels lonesome on account of the departure of Bros. Brownlee and Buckley, yet she rejoices because their loss to her was occasioned by promotion.

TIRED of single blessedness, Bros. Wheeler and Murphy of No. 33, have been launched into the bliss of matrimony. They are among our best members, and we congratulate the ladies upon their good fortune. We all wish them happiness and long life.

No. 19 is not behind in getting in her work as well as the largest among us. Bros. B. F. Dolan, Harry Seaman, Frank Jenkins, J. W. Langor, Frank Warner and George Abbey have been promoted and have made very efficient engineers.

"ONE of our best and most earnest workers" is the way Bro. B. S. Keith, of No. 34, is spoken of; and, by the way, he is a newly made engineer. Bros. Cowles, Clark, Sill, Slaan, Welch and Carpenter, having completed their term of firing, are occupying a similar position. They are all good boys.

WE are proud of our new friend and contributor, Oscar Lynch, the storekeeper of the Texas Pacific, at Fort Worth, Texas. The kindly interest he takes in the Order is highly commendable and we are not unmindful of it.

MR. S. M. STEVENS, of Terre Haute, Ind., called to see us this morning. He organized a Lodge of the Order of Locomotive Firemen in the city yesterday. His pursuit is highly commendable and we wish him success.—*Inter-State (Texarkana, Ark.) Jan. 20.*

JOHN FOSTER, formerly of No. 23, but now of No. 21, is firing a passenger engine between Little Rock and Texarkana, on the Iron Mountain road. We understand he anticipates joining the new Lodge. John is a good one and will do his duty wherever he may be located.

"STILL waters flow deep," said Bro. F. Mingay, when he heard of the marriage of Bros. James J. Moore, ex-Magazine agent of No. 38, and Wm. Bradshaw, better known as "The High." They are both so blushing and shy that the boys would never have suspicioned them of being guilty of such a prank.

OWING to a recent promotion Bro. Geo. Burgess now presides over the right hand side of an engine on the I., D. & S. R.R.

INSTRUCTOR STEVENS returns thanks to Bros. J. P. Kline and T. D. Sharit, of No. 92, for the hospitality he enjoyed at their hands while on his Texas journey. We understand that the sisters of Bro. Kline and the wife of Bro. Sharit are in sympathy with the Order. These ladies are doing us a vast amount of good, which we highly appreciate.

To speak the praises of such members as Wm. Beemer, of No. 36, is a pleasurable duty indeed. He is Financier of his Lodge, and as such is entitled to the greatest credit. He is a soul of honor and should meet with the cordial appreciation of every true member of our Order.

It is gratifying to meet such men as Ed Powers, of the Lone Star Lodge. Bro. Powers is one of our tireless toilers and is ever on deck when his services are in demand. He accompanied Instructor Stevens on his trip across the continent in the summer of 1880—a trip that is memorable for the good the Order derived from it. May Bro. Powers ever be blessed with prosperity.

"A. E. MARSHALL, of Brazil, a fireman on the Vandalia coal branch engine, has made a drawing which gives the route of the Nandalia through Clay county, together with a complete map of the coal regions of that district. Each mine is accurately located, and the route of each of the branch switches is shown. The drawing is an excellent one, and shows the young man to be possessed of ability which will elevate him above his present position."

We clip the above from the Terre Haute Express. The young gentleman referred to is a member of Vigo Lodge, No. 16, and fully deserves the compliment paid him. Bro. Marshall is destined to fill a higher position than that of a mere stoker.

MARRIAGE OF GRAND MASTER ARNOLD.

We are called upon to perform the pleasant task of congratulating our worthy Grand Master on the occasion of his marriage to Miss Henrietta Cox, a most excellent Columbus lady, on the evening of January 23d.

Every member of our Order is proud of Brother Arnold, for he has those qualities of mind and heart that win for a man

the love and esteem of his fellow-men. Brother Arnold is not only a Grand Master, but a grand man, and our fraternity unites in one voice in extending a cordial wish for the happiness and prosperity of himself and his estimable lady through life.

The following report of the brilliant affair appears in the Columbus Dispatch :

"Mr. Frank W. Arnold and Miss Henrietta Cox were married, last evening, at the residence of the bride's father, Mr. William Cox, 137 South Front street, in the presence of a large assemblage of friends. Rev. I. F. Stidham, of the First Baptist Church, officiated. Miss Cox was attired in a rich dress of cream colored silk mulle with Spanish point lace trimmings and satin sash, and diamond and silver ornaments. Under a basket of flowers and smilax the couple clasped hands and were joined in marriage. Congratulations followed.

A wedding supper was served and the bride and groom entertained until 4 A.M., when they left for Louisville, to be absent ten days.

A large number of silver and glass pieces, albums, books, fabrics, etc., were included in the lists of presents, besides a set of hand painted china, from Judge H. B., F. F. D. and W. M. Alberry; a dozen hand painted fruit plates, Miss Emma Crickland; hand painted after dinner coffee set, Mrs. Julia Ambos; steel engraving, "Forgotten," Mr. A. W. Arnold, of the Pittsburgh & Lake Erie railroad, Pittsburgh, brother of the groom; steel engraving, "Hush, don't wake them," Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Potter, of Worthington; hand painted plaque, Mr. and Mrs. George Smith, of St. Louis, Missouri; silver tea set, No. 9 Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, of which Mr. Arnold is President; marble topped stand, Mr. and Mrs. John Steinbarger; red satin toilet set, Miss Bessie Gabriel, of Piqua; handsome bronze clock and two steel engravings ("Love's Captive" and the "Stitch of Love"), "The Gang," a red bird in cage, Mr. and Mrs. Rowley, of Mt. Vernon; silver nut cracker and pickers, Mrs. J. T. Gale; polished brass tong rack, Mr. and Mrs. John Arnold, Pittsburgh."

A ROUND HUNDRED.

Grand Instructor Stevens has planted two new Lodges in the soil of Texas which, for Brotherhood purposes, is decidedly fertile. Trinity Lodge, No. 83, was organized at Fort Worth, and Inter-State, No. 92, at Texarkana.

The Brotherhood is now well introduced at Longview, Denison, Fort Worth and Texarkana, and the prospects are that the good work will be kept up until every reputable fireman in that vicinity is enrolled upon our list of membership.

Instructor Stevens speaks highly of the manner in which he was received and entertained by Mr. W. H. Riley, the Master Mechanic, and Mr. H. C. McKeloy, the general foreman of the Texas Pacific R.R. at Fort Worth.

These gentlemen show a high appreciation of the work of the Brotherhood, and we are pleased to add their names on our list of friends.

It is gratifying, indeed, to see the pleasant relations that exist between railroad officials and the Brotherhood, and to know that day by day the bonds of sympathy are being drawn more closely. "Forward" is the order of the day all along the line.

GRAND UNION MEETING.

The 12th of February will be remembered as an eventful day by our Chicago Lodges and their invited guests. It was the occasion of a union meeting of the three Lodges at the hall of Triumphant Lodge, No. 47.

Early in the morning the visiting members began to come in, and when it was time to call the meeting to order a vast number had assembled.

Of the Grand Officers, Instructor S. M. Stevens and Secretary and Treasurer E. V. Debs were present.

The following neighboring Lodges were represented: No. 40, by C. W. Young and three others whose names we have forgotten; No. 61, by J. B. Miller, (the irrepressible), D. C. O'Donnell and W. L. James; No. 6 and 96 (the names of whom have also escaped our memory); No. 37, by F. M. James; No. 46, by J. Summer-gill, and No. 85, by F. W. Bross.

The meeting was called to order at 2:30 o'clock P. M.

Lodges 47, 50 and 95, of Chicago, were represented in large numbers, the hall being filled with most enthusiastic members of the Order.

W. E. Burns, the able Master of Triumphant Lodge, No. 47, acted as temporary chairman, and after the meeting was opened in form yielded the gavel to Instructor Stevens, who then occupied the chair.

The meeting was one of rare interest and was heartily enjoyed by every participant.

The initiatory work of the Order was thoroughly exemplified by Bro. Stevens, after which the "Good of the Brotherhood" was discussed.

A most pleasant and profitable time was had by all present.

Three letters of congratulation from different sources were read, which lack of space forbids us to publish. We will make room for them in our next issue.

During the meeting the matter of giving a joint entertainment of some kind, by the three Chicago Lodges, was discussed at length. Finally a committee of three from each Lodge was appointed to examine into the feasibility of such a movement, and to report their deliberations to a joint meeting, to be held for that purpose, on the second Sunday in April. The enterprise is commendable, and in whatever shape it may be given, we bespeak its success.

Our Chicago members have a right to feel proud of their union meeting. For our part, we have no hesitancy in saying that it was the grandest that we ever attended. We never saw more intelligence in a body of laboring men. There were men in that meeting who would have done credit to our legislative halls.

Chicago is unquestionably the home of our Brotherhood. Her members excel in every respect, and it does one good to be associated with them. Sober and industrious, honest and straightforward, they present the embodiment of the principles we teach.

Instructor Stevens, who acquitted himself with his accustomed earnestness, said at the close of the meeting: "This is an ovation that swells my heart with pride. Our Brotherhood is no longer an experiment but an established fact, and that fact has demonstrated itself to-day more forcibly than ever before."

These sentiments will be endorsed by every attendant.

The splendid condition of the Order was reviewed and congratulations were mingled with mutual pleasure.

The good effects of this meeting cannot be estimated. Not a member left who was not imbued with the spirit. We hope it may be an incentive to other points to follow the good example.

The matter of holding a similar meeting at Kansas City was spoken of, though no definite arrangements were made.

Let every Lodge develop an opportunity for such a meeting, and in a little while they will be held with regularity and with incalculable benefit to the Order.

IN CUPID'S MESHES.

Cupid seems to have organized a plot against the head of our institution with "fatal" results to our grand officers.

Elsewhere we make mention of the marriage of Grand Master Arnold, and as we go to press intelligence reaches us that Vice Grand Master Burns has "gone and done likewise."

Bro. Burns is one of our leading lights, and our members will be happy to learn of this important event in his career. He was married to Miss Maggie Hanson, a popular Chicago lady, on the 11th of January.

By his manly and consistent course through life, Bro. Burns has gained a reputation among his fellow-craftsmen of which he may well feel proud, and with a unanimous voice they extend to him their hearty congratulations and to his lady a cordial welcome to the Order.

ROSE CITY LODGE, No. 45, is justly proud of the beautiful bible presented to her by the following members: A. B. Archibald, B. J. Cumiskey, F. A. Richardson, F. Beaumont, E. B. Chase and H. M. Williams. It is a most elegant gift, and bears the names of the donors. The Rose City boys don't do anything by halves.

RECLAIMING OF CHARTERS.

The Charters and Works of the following Lodges were reclaimed by the Grand Lodge January 18, 1882, for failing to pay their Death Claims and Grand Dues, viz: Kenton, No. 41, Cincinnati, Ohio; Marshall, No. 92, Marshalltown, Iowa; Wabash, No. 99, Peru, Ind.

E. V. DEBS,
G. S. and T.

F. W. ARNOLD,
G. M.

RESOLUTIONS.

FROM NO. 76.

FERGUS FALLS, MINN., Jan. 18, 1882.

Editor Firemen's Magazine:

At a special meeting of New Era Lodge, No. 76, B. of L. F., held in Odd Fellows Hall, the following resolutions were unanimously passed:

WHEREAS, The Almighty has, in His love and wisdom, seen fit to remove from our midst our highly esteemed brother, Thomas E. Welch, therefore, be it

Resolved, That we extend our heartfelt sympathy to his grief-stricken family, friends and fellow laborers, and that we shall ever remember him as an upright, manly and highly respected member of our Order.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be forwarded to the bereaved relatives of the deceased and that they be published in our city papers and the Firemen's Magazine.

C. H. REMINGTON,
ROBERT ROSS,
HOWARD E. STEWART,
Committee.

FROM NO. 47.

CHICAGO, ILL., Feb. 1st, 1882.

Editor Firemen's Magazine:

At a special meeting of the members of

Triumphant Lodge, No. 47, B. of L. F., the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, It has pleased God in His infinite wisdom to remove from our midst our friend and brother, John Smith; therefore, be it

Resolved, That we deeply sympathize with the bereaved parents and family, and that, while they have lost a loving son and brother, we also miss him who mingled with us in the fraternal bonds of our Brotherhood.

Resolved, That the Charter of this Lodge be draped in mourning for the space of thirty days; and, be it further

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be spread upon the minutes of this meeting, a copy be presented to the parents of our deceased brother and that a copy be sent to the Firemen's Magazine for publication.

Let youth and age in virtue shine,
Let his death put yours in mind,
For when death calls you can no longer stay.
Spend well your time, it will quickly pass away.

T. P. MURPHY,
A. E. HAYDENBURG,
JOHN GLOVER,
Committee.

FROM NO. 29.

Editor Firemen's Magazine:

MASON CITY, IOWA, Feb. 10, 1882.

At a regular meeting of Cerro Gordo Lodge, No. 29, B. of L. F., held in Odd Fellows hall, on the evening of January 15th, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, The members of this Lodge have been the recipients of many favors and much valuable assistance in giving our second annual ball, therefore, be it

Resolved, That we return to Mr. G. W. Sanborn, Superintendent of the I. & D. and S. C. & D. divisions of the C., M. & St. P. Railway, our sincere thanks for furnishing us transportation over his divisions of the road at reduced rates, and for other substantial favors. To T. A. Fraser, general foreman; T. A. Warner, foreman at Sanborn; Jas. Anderson, foreman at Austin, for favors shown our members. To A. E. Manchester, foreman at Mason City, for the use of headlights, and favors shown our members. To Mr. Dennison, store keeper at Mason City, for the use of colored lights to illuminate our hall. To the proprietors of the Merchants Hotel, for entertaining our band at reduced rates.

Resolved, That our thanks be especially tendered to Austin division, No. 102, B. of L. E., for the use of their engravings and pictures, which they so cheerfully loaned us. To the citizens of Mason City we wish to express our gratitude for their liberal patronage and kindly interest in our success.

Resolved, That to merit the confidence of our employers and the esteem and respect of our fellow men, shall be our constant aim.

Resolved, That these resolutions be placed on record and the same be published in the Firemen's Magazine and the city papers.

A. H. TUCKER,
T. GERNETT,
W. P. HARTER,
Committee.

FROM NO. 17.

VINCENNES, IND., Jan. 28th, 1882.

At the regular meeting of Old Post Lodge, No. 17, B. of L. F., held in their hall, Vincennes, Indiana, on Sunday, January 8th, 1882, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Be it Resolved, That the thanks of the members of this Lodge be heartily ten-

dered to Capt. W. W. Peabody, General Superintendent of the O. & M. Ry., for his great kindness in placing at their disposal the use of two coaches, free of charge, on the occasion of their annual ball, held at Seymour, Ind., December 18th, 1882, thereby adding to the enjoyment of the occasion. And be it further

Resolved, That the thanks of this Lodge be tendered to Mr. C. B. Cole, Superintendent of the Eastern Division of the O. & M. Ry., for the kind and courteous attention shown to the members of this Lodge at all times; to Mr. John Tumseh, Master Mechanic at Seymour; Mr. Arthur Donaldson, Master Mechanic at Vincennes; Andy J. Ross, Foreman of Seymour shops; Messrs. Wm. Miles and Charles Bishop, the efficient Conductors on our trip from Vincennes to Seymour, and return; to Mr. Jake Frank for the beautiful model emblematic of our Order, made and presented by him to our Lodge; also to Mr. Wm. Garland, for the elegant and appropriate banner painted by him and presented us; and to all other employees of the O. & M. Ry., for their kind attention to us on the above occasion. And be it further

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be forwarded to the Magazine for publication, and that a copy of said Magazine be forwarded to each of the above named gentlemen.

C. A. CRIPP,
H. M. HOGAN,
C. A. BRUCE,
Committee.

ADMITTED BY CARD.

- No. 14.—J. L. Birmingham, from No. 36.
- No. 16.—Frank Gross, from No. 36.
- No. 81.—Wm. Wadham, from No. 36.
- No. 92.—John P. Kline, from No. 45.
- No. 92.—Thomas Burns, T. D. Sharit, F. B. Smith, D. H. Dill, Thomas Mooney and E. T. Powers, from No. 70.

REINSTATED.

- No. 14.—Peter Staff.
- No. 23.—Thomas Newton.
- No. 34.—John Sullivan.
- No. 36.—G. G. Harris, reinstated in good standing.
- No. 43.—M. Birney.

WITHDRAWALS.

- No. 4.—Blake True, final.
- No. 21.—John A. Hayes, to join No. 16.
- No. 26.—C. F. Smith, to join No. 68.

No. 36.—J. L. Birmingham, to join No. 14.

No. 40.—W. Dolan, to join No. 79; L. Kilmer, to join No. 16.

No. 45.—John P. Kline, to join No. 92.

No. 47.—J. Downey, to join No. 81.

No. 50.—Henry Price, final.

No. 58.—J. C. Day and James Watson, final.

No. 59.—James Maxwell, final.

No. 65.—J. C. Curtis, final.

No. 67.—J. Hendrie, to join No. 84.

No. 70.—Thomas Burns, D. H. Dill, T. D. Sharit, Thomas Mooney, E. T. Powers and F. B. Smith, to join No. 92; Peter Rudesill, to join No. 83.

No. 74.—C. C. Hamilton, to join No. 54.

No. 88.—George Murphy and Harry Watts, final.

No. 87.—J. F. Hittle, final.

No. 97.—L. Halliday, to join No. 94.

No. 100.—Wm. A. Hummell, final.

BLACK LIST.

No. 3.—W. W. Baker, expelled for non-payment of dues.

No. 10.—Joseph Dix, expelled for non-payment of dues.

No. 12.—Barney Hager, expelled for non-payment of dues.

No. 13.—Chas. A. Clapp expelled for stealing lodge funds and non-payment of dues.

No. 16.—George McGaughey, and Jacob Romans, expelled for non-payment of dues. Charles J. Bissell expelled for defrauding the lodge and non-payment of dues. James M. Everly expelled for drunkenness and unbecoming conduct.

No. 23.—George Rothert, R. Fitzgerald and C. E. Miller, expelled for non-payment of dues.

No. 31.—Wm. Bartley and Walter Cummings, expelled for unbecoming conduct and non-payment of dues; Andrew Colbert, Warren Davis and G. A. Sims, expelled for non-payment of dues.

No. 33.—A. H. Stewart, expelled for non-payment of dues.

No. 36.—Frank P. Carr, expelled for non-payment of dues.

No. 43.—W. R. Brown and Ben Haywood, expelled for non-payment of dues.

No. 44.—Frank Collar, Thomas Shannon, Wm. Yager and Robert Nickols, expelled for non-payment of dues.

No. 45.—P. J. Robinson, expelled for contempt and defrauding Lodge.

No. 46.—J. A. Harvey and John Mahoney, expelled for non-payment of dues.

No. 51.—William Palmer, expelled for drunkenness and contempt of Lodge.

No. 54.—C. F. Tooper, Wm. Knight and J. T. Russum, expelled for non-payment of dues.

No. 58.—A. H. Norcross and W. W. Templeton, expelled for non-payment of dues.

No. 59.—Charles Hill and Thomas Rourke, expelled for non-payment of dues.

No. 67.—Thomas Jackson, expelled for non-payment of dues.

No. 70.—J. L. Faust, Chas. Houghton, L. W. Phillipson, Andrew Quinn, Al Stephens, James A. Smith and Joseph Wallace, expelled for non-payment of dues.

No. 85.—Charles Dodd, expelled for non-payment of dues.

No. 97.—R. A. Girling, expelled for non-payment of dues.

NOTICE.

Those wishing photographs of the Grand Officers for "Our Brotherhood Chart" can obtain them by enclosing 25 cents in stamps to E. V. Debs or S. M. Stevens.

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We ask all Lodges to examine the addresses of their officers in this month's magazine. If any names are misspelled or addresses not correctly given, the Grand Secretary should be notified so that he can make the necessary corrections.

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RETIRING FROM BUSINESS.

BY BRET HARTE.

What the Colonel's business was nobody knew, nor did anybody care particularly. He purchased for cash only, and never grumbled at the price of anything he wanted. Who could ask more than that?

Curious people occasionally wondered how, when it had been fully two years since the Colonel, with every one else, abandoned Dutch Creek to the Chinese, he managed to spend money freely and to lose considerable at cards and horse races. In fact, the keeper of that one of the Challenge Hill saloons which the Colonel did not patronize was once heard to wonder, absent-mindedly, whether the Colonel hadn't a money mill somewhere where he turned out eagles and "slugs" (the coast name for \$50 gold pieces).

When so important a personage as a bar-keeper indulged publicly in the idea, the inhabitants of Challenge Hill, like good Californians everywhere, considered themselves in duty bound to give it grave consideration; so for a few days certain industrious professional gentlemen, who won money of the Colonel, carefully weighed some of the brightest pieces and tested them with acids, and sawed them in two, and retired them, and melted them up, and had the lumps assayed.

The result was a complete vindication of the Colonel, and the loss of considerable custom to the indiscrete bar-keeper.

The Colonel was as good natured a man as had ever been known on Challenge Hill, but being mortal, the Colonel had his occasional times of despondency, and one of them occurred after a series of races, in which he had staked his all on his bay mare Tipsie and had lost.

Looking reproachfully at this beloved animal, he failed to heed the aching void of his pockets, and drinking deeply, swearing eloquently and glaring defiantly at all mankind, were equally unproductive of coin.

The boys at the saloon sympathized most feelingly with the Colonel. They were unceasing in their invitation to drink, and they exhibited considerable Christian forbearance when the Colonel savagely dissented from everyone who advanced any proposition, no matter how incontrovertible. But unappreciated sympathy grows decidedly tiresome to the giver, and it was with a feeling of relief that the boys saw the Colonel stride out of the saloon, mount Tipsie and gallop furiously away.

Riding on horseback has always been considered an excellent sort of exercise. Riding is universally admitted to be one of the most healthful means of exhilaration in the world, but when a man is so absorbed in this exercise that he will not stop to speak to his friend, and when his exhilaration is so complete that he turns his eyes from all well-meaning thumbs pointing significantly into doorways, through which a man has often passed while seeking bracing influences, it is only natural that people should express some wonder.

The Colonel was well known at Toddy Flat, Lone Hand, Blazer's, Murderer's Bar, and several other villages through which he passed. As no one had been seen to precede him, betting men were soon offering odds that the Colonel was running away from somebody.

Strictly speaking they were wrong, but they won all the money that had been staked against them, for within half an hour there passed over the same road an anxious-looking individual, who reined up in front of the principal saloon of each place, and inquired if the Colonel had passed.

Had the gallant Colonel known that he was followed and by whom, there certainly would have been an extra election held at the latter place very shortly after, for the pursuer was the constable, and for all officers of the law the Colonel possessed hatred.

On galloping away the Colonel followed the stage road, which threaded the old mining camp on Dutch Creek, but sud-

denly he turned out of the road and urged his horse through the youngest pines and bushes which grew thickly by the road, while the constable rode on to the next camp.

There seemed to be no path through the thicket into which the Colonel had turned, but Tipsie walked between the trees and shrubs as if they were familiar objects in his stable yard.

Suddenly a voice from the bushes shouted:

"What's up?"

"Business—that's what."

"It's time," replied the voice, and its owner—a bearded six-footer—emerged from the bushes and stroked Tipsie's nose with the freedom of an old acquaintance. "We ain't had a nip since last night, and there ain't a cracker or a handful of flour in the shant. The old gal gone back on yer?"

"Yes," replied the Colonel, ruefully; "lost every blasted race. Twasn't her fault—bless her—she done her level best. Ev'rybody to home?"

"You bet," said the man. "All been prayin' for yer to turn up with the rocks an' something with more color than spring water. Come on."

The man led the way and Tipsie and the Colonel followed, and the trio suddenly found themselves before a log hut, in front of which sat three solemn, disconsolate individuals, who looked up appealingly to the Colonel.

"Mack'll tell you how 'twas, fellers," said the Colonel, meekly, "while I picket the mare."

The Colonel was absent but a very few moments, but when he returned each of the four was attired in pistols and knives, while Mack was distributing some dominoes made from a rather dirty flour sack.

"Better be an hour ahead than a miss in this 'ere night," said one of the four. "I ain't been so thirsty since I came round the horn in '50, an' we run short of water. Somebody'll get hurt if there ain't any bitters in the old concern; they will, or my name ain't Perkins."

"Don't count on your chickens 'fore they're hatched, Perky," said one of the crowd, as he adjusted the domino under the rim of his hat. "'Sposin there should be too many of us?"

"Stiddy, stiddy, Cranks," remonstrated the Colonel. "Nobody ever gets along ef they 'low themselves to be skered."

"Fact," chimed in the smallest and thinnest man in the party. "The Bible says somethin' mighty hot 'bout that. I disremember dzactly how it goes, but I've

heard Parson Buzzy, down to Maine, preach a ripplin' old sermon many a time. The old man never thort what a comfort them sermons wuz agoin' to be to a road agent though. The time we stopped Sam Mike's stage and he didn't have no more manners than to draw on me, them sermons wuz a perfect blessing to me—the thorns of 'em cleared my head as quick as a cocktail. An'—"

"I don't want to disturb Logroller's pious strain," interrupted the Colonel, "but ez it's Old Black that's arrivin' to-day, instead of Sam Mike, and ez Old Black allers makes his time, hadn't we better vamose?"

The door of the shanty was hastily closed, and the men filed through the thicket until near the road, when they marched rapidly on in parallel lines with it. After about half an hour Perkins, who was leading, halted, and wiped his perspiring brow with his shirt sleeve.

"Fur enough from home now," said he. "'Tain't no use being a gentleman if yer have to work too hard."

"Safe enough, I reckon," replied the Colonel. "We'll do the usual; I'll half 'em; Logroller, tend to the driver; Cranks, take the boot, and Mack and Perk, take right the left. An' I know it's tough—but considering how everlastin, eternal hard up we are, I reckon we'll have to ask contributions from the ladies, too, ef there's any aboard; eh, boys?"

"Reckon so," replied Logroller, with a chuckle that seemed to inspire even his black domino with a merry wrinkle or two; "what's the use of women's rights ef they don't ever have a chance of exercis'n 'em, havin' their purses borrowed 'ud show 'em the full doctrine in a bran' new light."

"Come, come, boys," interposed the Colonel, "thar's the crack of Old Black's whip; pick up yer bush, quick! and jump when I whistle."

Each man secreted himself by the roadside. The stage was swinging along handsomely; those inside were laughing heartily at something, and Old Black was just giving a delicate touch to the flank of the off leader, when the Colonel gave a shrill, quick whistle, and five men sprang into the road.

The horse stopped as suddenly as if it were a matter of common occurrence. Old Black dropped the reins, crossed his legs and started into the sky, and the passengers all out with their heads with a rapidity equaled only by that with which they withdrew them as they saw the dominoes and revolvers of the road agents.

"Seems to be something the matter, gentlemen," said the Colonel, blandly, as he opened the door. "Won't you please get out? Don't trouble yourself to draw, coz my friend here's got his weapon cocked, an' his finger's rather nervous. Ain't got a handkerchief, hev yez?" he asked of the first passenger who descended from the stage. "Hev? Well, now, that's lucky. Just put your hands behind yer so; that's it." And the unfortunate man's hands were securely tied behind him in an instant.

The remaining passengers were treated with similar courtesy, and the Colonel and his friends examined the pockets of the captives. Old Black remained unmolested, for who ever heard of a stage driver having any money?

"Boys," said the Colonel, calling his brother agents aside and calling receipts, "'tain't much of a haul; but there is only one woman, and she's old enough to be a feller's grandmother."

"Like enough she'll pan out more than all the rest of the stage put together," growled Cranks, carefully testing the thickness of the case of a gold watch. "Just like the low-lived deceitfulness of some folks to hire an old woman to carry their money, so it'd go safer. Mebbe what she's got ain't nothing to some folks that's got good hosses and ken win money at races, but—"

The Colonel abruptly ended the conversation and approached the stage. He was very chivalrous, but Crank's sarcastic reference to Tipsie's needed avenging, and as he could not consistently with business arrangements put an end to Cranks, the only lady would have to suffer.

"I beg your pardon, ma'am," said the Colonel, raising his hat politely with one hand while he drew open the coach door with the other, "but we're taking up a collection for some deserving objects. We was goin' to make the gentlemen fork over the whole amount, but ez they ain't got enough we will have to bother you."

The old lady trembled, felt for her pocket book and raised her veil. The Colonel looked into her face, slammed the stage door, and sitting on the hub of one of the wheels, stared vacantly into space.

"Nothing?" queried Perkins in a whisper and with a face full of genuine sympathy.

"No—yes," said the Colonel, dreamily. "That is, untie 'em and let the stage go ahead," he continued, springing to his feet. "I'll hurry back to the cabin."

The Colonel dashed into the bushes,

and left his followers so paralyzed with astonishment that Old Black afterward remarked that if there'd been anybody to mind the horses he could have cleaned out the hull crowd with his whip.

The passengers, now relieved of their weapons, were unbound, allowed to enter the stage, and the door was slammed, upon which Old Black picked up his reins as if he had laid them down at the station, while the Colonel's party hastened back to their hut, fondly inspecting as they went certain flasks they had obtained while transacting their business with the occupants of the stage.

Great was the surprise of the road agents as they entered the hut, for there stood the Colonel in a clean white shirt and a suit of clothing made from the limited spare wardrobe of the other members of the band.

But the suspicious Cranks speedily subordinated his wonder to his prudence, as laying on the table a heavy purse, he exclaimed:

"Come, Colonel, business before pleasure; let's divide and scatter. Ef anybody should hear about it and find our trail an' sketch the brads in our possession they might—"

"Divide yourselves!" said the Colonel, with abruptness and a great oath. "I don't want none of it."

"Colonel," said Perkins, removing his own domino and looking anxiously into the leader's face, "be you sick? Here's some bully brandy which I found in the passengers' pockets."

"It hain't nothin'," replied the Colonel, with averted eyes. "I'm goin', and I'm retirin' from business forever."

"Ain't goin' to turn evidence?" cried Cranks, grasping a pistol on the table.

"I'm agoin' to make a lead mine of you ef you don't take that back!" roared the Colonel with a bound that caused Cranks to drop the pistol and retire precipitately, apologizing as he went. "I'm agoin' to attend to my own business, and that's enough to keep anybody bizzv. Somebody lend me \$40 till I see him again."

Perkins pressed the money in the Colonel's hand, and within two minutes the Colonel was on Tipsie's back and galloping off in the direction the stage had taken.

He overtook it, passed it, and still he galloped on.

The people of Mud Gulch knew the Colonel well, and made it a rule never to be astonished at anything he did, but they made an exception to the rule when the Colonel canvassed the municipal bar-

rooms for men who wished to buy a horse, and when a gambler who was flush obtained Tipsie for twenty slugs—only \$1,000—when the Colonel had always said there was not gold enough on top of the ground to buy her, Mud Gulch experienced a decided sensation.

But when the Colonel, after remaining in the barber shop for half an hour, emerged with his face clean shaved and his hair nicely parted, betting was so wild that a cool-headed sporting man speedily made a fortune by betting against every theory that had been advanced.

Then the Colonel made a tour of the stores and fitted himself with a new suit of clothes, carefully eschewing all of the gorgeous patterns and pronounced colors so dear to the heart of the average miner. He bought a new hat and put on a pair of boots, and pruned his finger-nails, and stranger than all, he mildly declined all invitations to drink.

As the Colonel stood at the door of the principal saloon, where the stage always stopped, the Challenge Hill constable was seen to approach the Colonel and tap him on the shoulder, when all the men who bet that the Colonel was dodging somebody claimed the stakes. But those who stood near the Colonel heard the constable say;

"Colonel, I take it all back. When I seed you go out to Challenge Hill it come to me that you might be in the road agent business. But when I seed you sell Tipsie, I knew I was on the wrong trail. I wouldn't suspect you now if all the stages in the world was robbed; and I'll give you satisfaction any way you want it."

"It's all right," said the Colonel with a smile. The constable afterward said that nobody had any idea how curiously the Colonel smiled when his beard was off.

Suddenly the stage pulled up to the door with a crash, and the male passengers hurried into the saloon in a state of utter indignation and impecuniosity.

The story of the robbery attracted everybody, and during the excitement the Colonel slipped out quietly and opened the door of the stage. The old lady started and cried:

"George?"

And the Cononel jumped in the stage and, putting his arm tenderly round the trembling form of the old lady, exclaimed:

"Mother!"

THE MAD ENGINEER.

[This thrilling story is furnished by a Prussian railroad conductor.]

My train left Danzig in the morning generally about eight o'clock; but once a week we had to wait for the arrival of the steamer from Stockholm. It was the morning of the steamer's arrival that I came down from the hotel and found that my engineer had been so seriously injured that he could not perform his work. A railway carriage had run over him, and broken one of his legs. I went immediately to the engine-house to procure another engineer, for I knew there were three or four in reserve there, but I was disappointed. I inquired for Westphal, but was informed that he had gone to Sreegen to see his mother. Gondolpho had been sent to Konigsberg on the road. But where was Mayue? He had leave of absence for two days, and had gone no one knew whither.

Here was a fix. I heard the puffing of the steamer, and the passengers would be on hand in fifteen minutes. I ran to the guards and asked them if they knew where there was an engineer, but they did not. I then went to the firemen and asked them if any one of them felt competent to run the engine to Bromberg. No one dared to attempt it. The distance was nearly one hundred miles. What was to be done?

The steamer stopped at the wharf, and those who were going on by rail came flocking to the station. They had eaten breakfast on board the boat, and were all ready for a fresh start. The baggage was checked and registered, the tickets bought, different carriages assigned to the various classes of passengers, and the passengers themselves seated. The train was in readiness in the long station-house, and the engine was steaming and puffing away impatiently in the distant firing-house.

It was past nine o'clock.

"Come, why don't we start!" growled an old fat Swede, who had been watching me narrowly for the last fifteen minutes.

And upon this there was a general chorus of anxious inquiry, which soon settled to downright murmuring. At this juncture some one touched me on the elbow. I turned and saw a stranger by my side. I expected that he was going to remonstrate with me for my backwardness. In fact, I began to have strong temptations to pull off my uniform, for

every anxious eye was fixed upon the glaring badges which marked me as the chief officer of the train.

However, this stranger was a middle-aged man, tall and stout, with a face of great energy and intelligence. His eye was black and brilliant—so brilliant that I could not for the life of me gaze steadily into it; and his lips, which were very thin, seemed more like polished marble than human flesh. His dress was black throughout, and not only set with exact nicety, but was scrupulously clean and neat.

"You want an engineer, I understand," he said in a low, cautious tone, at the same time gazing quietly about him, as though he wanted no one to hear what he said.

"I do," I replied. "My train is all ready, and we have no engineer within twenty miles of this place."

"Well, sir, I am going to Bromberg; I must go, and I will run the engine for you."

"Ha!" I uttered, "are you an engineer?"

"I am, sir,—one of the oldest in the country,—and am now on my way to make arrangements for a great improvement I have invented for the application of steam to a locomotive. My name is Martin Kroller. If you wish, I will run as far as Bromberg; and I will show you running that is running."

Was I not fortunate? I determined to accept the man's offer at once, and so I told him. He received my answer with a nod and a smile. I went with him to the house, where we found the iron horse in charge of the fireman, and all ready for a start. Kroller got upon the platform, and I followed him. I had never seen a man betray such a peculiar aptness amid machinery as he did. He let on the steam in an instant, but yet with care and judgment, and he backed up to the baggage-carriage with the most exact nicety. I had seen enough to assure me that he was thoroughly acquainted with the business, and I felt composed once more. I gave my engine up to the new man, and then hastened away to the office. Word was passed for all the passengers to take their seats, and soon afterward I waved my hand to the engineer. There was a puff,—a groaning of the heavy axletrees,—a trembling of the building,—and the train was in motion. I leaped upon the platform of the guard-carriage, and in a few minutes more the station-house was far behind us.

In less than an hour we reached Dir-

sham, where we took up the passengers that had come on the Königsberg railway. Here I went forward and asked Kroller how he liked the engine. He replied that he liked it very much.

"But, he added, with a strange sparkling of the eye, "wait until I get my improvement, and then you will see traveling. By the soul of the Virgin Mother, sir, I could run an engine of my construction to the moon in four-and-twenty hours."

I smiled at what I thought his enthusiasm, and then went back to my station. As soon as the Königsberg passengers were all on board, and their baggage-carriage attached, we started on again. Soon after, I went into the guard-carriage, and sat down. An early train from Königsberg had been through two hours before reaching Bromberg, and that was at Little Oscue, where we took on board the Western mail.

"How we go," uttered one of the guards, some fifteen minutes after we had left Dirsham.

"The new engineer is trying the speed," I replied, not yet having any fear.

But ere long I began to apprehend he was running a little too fast. The carriages began to sway to and fro, and I could hear exclamations of fright from the passenger.

"Good heavens!" cried one of the guard, coming in at that moment, "what is that fellow doing? Look, sir, and see how we are going."

I looked at the window, and found that we were dashing along at a speed never before traveled on that road. Posts, fences, rocks, and trees flew by in one undistinguished mass, and the carriages now swayed fearfully. I started to my feet, and met a passenger on the platform. He was one of the chief owners of our road, and was just on his way to Berlin. He was pale and excited.

"Sir," he gasped, "is Martin Kroller on the engine?"

"Yes," I told him.

"Holy Virgin! didn't you know him?"

"Know?" I repeated, somewhat puzzled; what do you mean? He told me his name was Kroller, and that he was an engineer. We had no one to run the engine, and—"

"You took him!" interrupted the man.

"Good heavens, sir, he is as crazy as a man can be! He turned his brain over a new plan for applying steam power. I saw him at the station, but did not fully recognize him, as I was in a hurry. Just now one of your passengers told me that

your engineers were all gone this morning, and that you found one that was a stranger to you. Then I knew that the man whom I had seen was Martin Kroller. He had escaped from the hospital at Stettin. You must get him off somehow."

The whole fearful truth was now open to me. The speed of the train was increasing every moment, and I knew that a few more miles per hour would launch us all into destruction. I called to the guard, and then made my way forward as quickly as possible. I reached the after platform of the after tender, and there stood Kroller upon the engine-board, his hat and coat off, his long black hair floating wildly in the wind, his shirt unbuttoned at the front, his sleeves rolled up, with a pistol in his teeth, and thus glaring upon the fireman, who lay motionless upon the fuel. The furnace was stuffed till the very latch of the door was red hot, and the whole engine was quivering and swaying as though it would shiver to pieces.

"Kroller! Kroller!" I cried at the top of my voice.

The crazy engineer started and caught the pistol in his hand. Oh, how those great black eyes glared, and how ghastly and frightful the face looked!

"Ha! ha! ha!" he yelled demoniacally, glaring upon me! like a roused lion.

"They swore that I could not make it! But see! see! See my new power! See my new engine! I made it, and they are jealous of me! I made it, and when it was done, they stole it from me. But I have found it! For years I have been wandering in search of my great engine, and they swore it was not made. But I have found it! I knew it this morning when I saw it at Dantzic, and I was determined to have it. And I've got it! Ho! ho! ho! we're on the way to the moon, I say! By the Virgin Mother, we'll be in the moon in four-and-twenty hours. Down, down, villain! If you move, I'll shoot you."

This was spoken to the poor fireman, who at that moment attempted to rise, and the frightened man sank back again.

"Here's Little Oscue just before us," cried out one of the guard. But even as he spoke the buildings were at hand. A sickening sensation settled upon my heart, for I supposed that we were now gone. The houses flew by like lightning. I knew if the officers here had turned the switch as usual, we should be hurled into eternity in one fearful crash. I saw a flash,—it was another engine,—I closed

my eyes; but still we thundered on! The officers had seen our speed, and knowing that we would not head up in that distance, they had changed the switch, so that we went forward.

But there was sure death ahead, if we did not stop. Only fifteen miles from us was the town of Schwartz, on the Vistula; and at the rate we were going we should be there in a few minutes, for each minute carried us over a mile. The shrieks of the passengers now rose above the crash of the rail, and more terrific than all else arose the demoniac yells of the mad engineer.

"Merciful heaven!" gasped the guardsman, "there's not a moment to lose; Schwartz is close. But hold," he added; "let's shoot him."

At that moment a tall, stout German student came over the platform where we stood, and we saw that the madman had his heavy pistol aimed at us. He grasped a huge stick of wood, and, with a steadiness of nerve which I could not have commanded, he hurled it with such force and precision that he knocked the pistol from the maniac's hand. I saw the movement, and on the instant that the pistol fell I sprang forward, and the German followed me. I grasped the man by the arm; but I should have been nothing in his mad power, had I been alone. He would have hurled me from the platform, had not the student at that moment struck him upon the head with a stick of wood which he caught as he came over the tender.

Kroller settled down like a dead man, and on the next instant I shut off the steam and opened the valve. As the freed steam shrieked and howled in its escape, the speed began to decrease, and in a few minutes more the danger was passed. As I settled back, entirely overcome by the wild emotions that had raged within me, we began to turn the river; and before I was fairly recovered, the fireman had stopped the train in the station-house at Schwartz.

Martin Kroller, still insensible, was taken from the platform; and, as we carried him to the guard-room, one of the guard recognized him, and told us that he had been there about two weeks before.

"He came," said the guard, "and swore that an engine which stood near by was his. He said it was one he had made to go to the moon in, and that it had been stolen from him. We sent for more help to arrest him, and he fled."

"Well," I replied with a shudder, "I wish he had approached me in the same

way; but he was more cautious at Dantzic."

At Schwartz we found an engineer to run the engine to Bromberg; and having taken out the Western mail for the next Northern mail to carry along, we saw that Kroller would be properly attended to, and then started on.

The rest of the trip we ran in safety, though I could see the passengers were not wholly at ease, and would not be until they were entirely clear of the railway. A heavy purse was made up by them for the German student, and he accepted it with much gratitude, and I was glad of it; for the current of gratitude to him may have prevented a far different cur-

rent of feeling which might have poured upon my head for having engaged a madman to run a railroad train.

But this is not the end. Martin Kroller remained insensible from the effects of the blow nearly two weeks; and when he recovered from that, he was sound again, his insanity was all gone. I saw him about three weeks afterward, but he had no recollection of me. He remembered nothing of the past year, not even his mad freak on my engine.

But I remembered it, and I remember it still; and the people need never fear that I shall be imposed upon again by a crazy engineer.

OUR EXCHANGES.

THIERS.

HON. E. B. WASHBURN'S REMINISCENCES OF
THE FIRST PRESIDENT OF THE FRENCH
REPUBLIC.

[Continued from last month.]

This impudent claim, so derogatory to the left of the chamber and to Thiers, was like a spark of fire falling on a powder magazine. As soon as the words fell from the lips of M. de Fourtoun, several members, pointing to Thiers, cried out: "*Voilà le libérateur du territoire!*" (There is the liberator of the territory.) Every man of the left and center-left sprang to his feet, and, as by a common impulse, turned toward Thiers, and saluted him with cheers and acclamations such as have rarely fallen on the ears of any man. Again and again were the cheers and clapping of hands renewed. Many members approached Thiers, who remained unmoved in his seat, and embraced him; all were under the empire of the most profound emotion, and many shed tears. The news of this wonderful ovation spread immediately over all France, and created a great sensation, and the persons who had the good fortune to witness it were envied as having been present upon an occasion which will hardly ever find a parallel. A celebrated French artist has

put the scene on canvas, after the manner of the painting by Healy, of Webster replying to Hayne, which adorns the historic walls of Faneuil hall, in Boston.

The work of intrigue and conspiracy in the assembly to overthrow the president of the republic did not cease at the moment when he had accomplished one of the greatest works ever achieved by any ruler. All the reactionary elements of the national assembly, the Banapartists, the legitimists, and the Orleanists, though hating each other scarcely less than they hated Thiers and the republic, united together, as one man, to overthrow both. The republican government overthrown, they were to take their chances as to what government should be established in its stead. The discussion in the assembly on the "interpellations," the votes on which were to decide the fate of Thiers and his ministers, was fixed for May 23, 1872. The excitement all over the country was at fever heat, but it culminated the next day, when it was known that Thiers would mount the tribune in his own vindication and defense. Never as on this day had there been so many members of the assembly present at its sittings. Out of a body of 732 members there were only about twenty absent. Never before had I seen the galleries so crowded. Not only every seat but every inch of standing room was taken. I heard all the discussion of both days. On the 24th I was enabled to procure a seat in

the diplomatic tribune for ex-Gov. Hoffman, of New York, who was thus enabled to witness the proceedings of that historic day. The chamber met at 9 o'clock in the morning, and Thiers mounted the tribune at that hour and made one of the most remarkable and effective speeches of his life. Never had he been better inspired, and never had he shown greater talent or more ample resources. He spoke for two hours, and without a single note before him, and with a wonderful vigor and earnestness. He was frequently and loudly applauded by the left and center-left. Feeling that he had nothing to hope for from the opposition, he addressed to it many keen reproaches, which always brought loud cheers from his friends. The Duc de Broglie, whom he had sent to England as ambassador, had now turned bitterly against him, and had become the organ of the opposition in pressing the interpellation before the chamber. Thiers closed with a bitter thrust at the Duc, who had accused him of being a "protege of the radicals." I shall never forget the scene. Looking directly at M. de Broglie, who sat almost directly before him, he exclaimed:

"Are not you the protege of a party whom the great Duc de Broglie, your father, would have repulsed with horror—the protege of the empire?"

This was the conclusion of his speech, and he terminated, as it might be said, that supreme parliamentary struggle in the same way that Napoleon told Marshal Soult that he must terminate the campaign of Austerlitz—*par un coup de tonnerre* (a clap of thunder). A scene followed the closing words of the president of the republic. The whole left and center-left rose, giving him repeated and prolonged acclamations. Then came the vital vote on passing to the order of the day pure and simple, which is equivalent in our parliamentary practice, to laying the whole subject on the table. It was a long while before it was announced, and the result was awaited with breathless anxiety. The majority against passing to the order of the day was only fourteen out of a vote of seven hundred and ten. Then came another vote connected with the *interpellation*, involving the censure of the government. This proposition was voted by a majority of sixteen, and that gave the *coup de grace* to Thiers and his ministers. The assembly then adjourned at 8 o'clock in the evening, in order that Thiers might be conferred with. In the intense excitement and confusion which prevailed at the moment, the stentorian voice of

Emanuel Arago was heard, proclaiming "that the coalesced monarchists had taken upon their consciences to show before Europe and before history the most monstrous ingratitude." The assembly reconvened at a quarter before 9 o'clock, when M. Dufaure presented the resignation of Thiers.

A vote was immediately taken upon accepting it, and that was carried by thirty-one majority. M. Buffet had just before been elected president of the chamber in place of Jules Grevy, who had resigned a few days previous on account of an indignity offered to him by the reactionary members of the assembly. He now took it upon himself, in the name of the assembly, to express regrets for the resignation of Thiers. As soon as the friends of the latter understood what the president of the assembly was driving at, the most extraordinary uproar ensued. At his every attempt to speak they literally howled him down by the cries, "No funeral oration from you!" "No more hypocrisy!" etc., etc. Many times did the president attempt to be heard, and every time was his voice drowned by the cries of rage and indignation. At this time two-thirds of each side of the chamber were on their feet, vociferating at the top of their voices, and shaking their fists at each other, until finally both sides were exhausted. After this scene was over the proposition was carried to proceed immediately to the election of a president, and Marshal MacMahon was elected by the votes of the coalition, the left abstaining from voting. A committee was at once appointed to notify him of his election, and it soon returned to report his acceptance. The assembly adjourned at midnight. At this time, the excitement in Paris was intense. When the deputies arrived from Versailles at the Gare St. Lazare, at 1 o'clock on Sunday morning, they found ten thousand people surrounding it and in the neighboring streets, all crying "Down with the assembly!" "Down with the right!" "*Vive la Republique!*" "*Vive Thiers!*" The election of Thiers from the presidency produced a deep feeling throughout France and Europe. From this time, the hold he had upon the French people became stronger and stronger, and the time was soon to come when the men who had thrust him from power were to find that the stone which the builders had rejected was to become the head of the corner. History has never recorded an instance of baser ingratitude toward a public servant than that of the national assembly

toward Thiers. But the instructions they had taught returned to plague them. Nine days after he retired from the presidency, he entered the national assembly as a simple deputy from Paris, and chose his seat on the benches of the center-left. On his entering the chamber, three hundred members of the minority rose to receive him, and gave round after round of applause, gathered around him, and extended to him every mark of affection and friendship. The coalition could not conceal their uneasiness at this demonstration, and they trembled when they considered their treatment of him, the place that he held in the affections of the French people, his patriotism, his wonderful ability, his restless activity, his tact, and his eloquence. They now began to realize that, though they hurled him from power, he still ruled in the hearts of the people of France. Though striking him down, his enemies did not dare touch the government of the republic which he had set up, and he lived to witness the extraordinary spectacle of an assembly which had cast him out, as Mr. John Lemoine expressed it, "profoundly royal and clerical, finishing, without knowing it and without wishing it, by establishing with its own hands a republic."

To such an extent had Thiers contributed to this result that he may justly be looked upon as the founder of the republic of France. Though a deputy, he now rarely went to the chamber, and could not be considered much more than a private citizen. But without power and without patronage he practically dominated France. Such was the condition of things that Thiers became a greater power in France when living as a private citizen in his Hotel Bagration, in the Rue du Faubourg St. Honore, than MacMahon in his official residence at the palace of the prefecture at Versailles, or at the Elysee at Paris.

After Thiers left the presidency he had one great object in view: and he enforced his opinions and advice everywhere—in the *salons* of his residence, in the *coul-oirs* of the national assembly, in his travels, and in his speeches. He never ceased to repeat that the only government possible in France was that of the republic. His counsels were always those of wisdom and moderation, and his watchwords were "*confiance et sagesse*."

Thiers had come to be regarded with admiration and esteem by Frenchmen wherever they were to be found in every part of the civilized world. From our country he received many tokens of af-

fectionate regard, and he always expressed to me his profound gratitude. The most significant presentation to him from the United States was that of a medal and certain historic relics from the French citizens and residents of Philadelphia. Requested by Mr. H. A. Sintard to make the presentation in their name, I performed that pleasant duty on the 19th of January, 1874. The occasion was a very interesting one. In accordance with a previous appointment, I proceeded to the residence of the illustrious statesmen at 9 o'clock in the evening, accompanied by my secretaries, Col. Hoffman and Mr. Vignaud, and several American gentlemen. In making this presentation, I addressed M. Thiers as follows:

"M. THIERS: I am called upon to-day to fulfill a mission to you which is very agreeable to me.

"The French residents of the city of Philadelphia, desiring to show the great respect which you have inspired them, and make known their appreciation of the service which you have rendered to the French republic, have had a medal struck in your honor, and have added several historical relics connected with the first colonization of the state of Pennsylvania and of the revolution of 1776.

"These gentlemen have sent me these objects, and have done me the honor to choose me as their intermediary in presenting them to you.

"I have now the pleasure to offer to you this medal, which is enclosed in a box of which the materials are of historic origin. Those which form the body were made from the wood of the room in which was accomplished one of the greatest acts of history—the emancipation of the people—the signing of the Declaration of Independence of the United States.

"The escutcheon which supports the lid is made of a piece of oak and a piece of elm. The oak comes from the beam on which was suspended the bell which, on the Fourth of July, 1776, gave the American colonies the signal of freedom, which the powerful arm of France was soon to consolidate. The elm is a fragment of the celebrated tree under which William Penn, in 1682, concluded with the Indians a treaty which has never been broken.

"Many of your fellow-citizens have established themselves in that beautiful and admirable city of Philadelphia, and you will be happy to learn, and I am pleased to bear witness, that they uphold nobly the dignity of the French name, and that they are honored and respected citizens of their adopted country.

"I know that I am the interpreter of their sentiments, and those of the American people, in wishing that your happiness may always be associated with that of the French people, and that your illustrious career may be extended through long years."

M. Thiers made the following response:

"MY DEAR MR. WASHBURNE: I thank you for having the goodness to serve as intermediary to the French established in Philadelphia, and for having consented to bring me, in person, the high testimony of their esteem. Nothing could have honored me more than to see my conduct approved by former citizens of France, settled in your noble country, and strangers to all our divisions, and to see that approbation confirmed by Americans, who are such good judges of patriotism.

"Intrusted with the direction of the destinies of my country in one of the most painful moments of its history, I have consecrated to it my entire devotion for nearly three years, and perhaps I have succeeded in reducing the sum of the evils which weighed upon her. I allow myself to think so, when I receive testimonials coming from so far away, and which no political passion could have dictated.

"France and America have had for each other the sentiments of sisters. I should be happy if the continuation in France of the republican form of government, which I regard as the only possible one among us to-day, shall contribute to increase the mutual sympathies of the two nations, and if, marching united in the same paths, they strive, on both sides of the Atlantic, to diffuse throughout the world, with the light of civilization, the love of liberty, of order, of justice and of peace.

"Accept, my dear Mr. Washburne, my cordial grasp of the hand, and consider it as given to the French and Americans living together on the beautiful soil of the new world."

After his new hotel in the Place St. George had been rebuilt, in place of the one destroyed by the commune, he took up his residence therein. In this retreat, where France and Europe had their eyes constantly upon him, every one came with respect, to be enlightened by his views and to solicit counsel of his great experience. In his elegant salons were congregated almost every evening some of the most distinguished men of France, both in the political and literary world. The souvenirs of those days, so dear to

the friends in the hearts of whom yet vibrates that conversation, always so entertaining and instructive, so amiable in its familiarity, and so elevated when it touched the domain of art or of history, or the interests or the hopes of the country. One could but admire the reunion of faculties the most diversified, or, it might be said, the most opposite. To that spirit which appertains only to the young, he joined an incomparable personal experience enlarged by an habitual intercourse with all that had been grand in history. Almost the only relaxation he had was in the evening. While president, and afterward, almost up to the day of his death, while in Paris, it was his habit to give a dinner party almost every evening, to which a greater or smaller number of persons was invited. After the dinner was over, his salons were open to receive informally such persons as had, from their political and social character, a right to call. It was my pleasure to dine with him often, and still more frequently to attend his evening receptions, where all the current topics of the day were discussed. On these occasions he was always the central figure, usually standing in the middle of the room, surrounded by his guests, who listened with the utmost attention to everything that fell from his lips. He was the master of every subject—government, politics, law, philosophy, history, and all the sciences.

After a life of the most incredible activity, it might well be supposed that, at nearly 80 years of age, M. Thiers might wish to "crown a life of labor with an age of ease." But not so. He was scarcely ever more active or more busily engaged than after he had laid down the burden of the government. All his facilities were in their primitive vigor and his health excellent. He devoted much attention to the political questions of the day, and gave advice to his friends who flocked around him to listen to his words of wisdom. It was his greatest delight to find time to recur to the studies and occupations of his earlier years. His fondness for art never left him. He had filled his salons with a choice collection of works of art, of bronzes, marbles, plaques of China and Japan, and the rarest engravings. He often passed long hours at the Museum of Natural History, at the observatory, and at the normal school. He studied with M. Le Verrier the movements of the stars, and made experiments in chemistry with M. Pasteur; and often, like a zealous pupil, placed his hand on the alembic and on the retort. In the

midst of all his occupations and all the responsibilities resting upon him, he had, since 1862, been engaged on a work in which is treated the history of humanity in its relation to the world. It was his intention to complete this work, in which culminated all his scientific studies, all his experience of life, and where, in this greatest of all subjects, that mind, in which everything was clear and strong, would make itself manifest.

The year 1877 was a most eventful one in French politics. The republican assembly elected in January, 1876, having defied the "ministry of combat," was dissolved by Marshal MacMahon on the 16th day of May, 1877. The election for deputies to the new assembly was fixed for the 14th of October following. France was now plunged into an electoral contest which excited an intensity of feeling of which the people of this country have but a faint conception. Familiar with the elections that have taken place in the United States for more than forty years, I have never known anything that would begin to compare with it—except, perhaps, the celebrated contest between Lincoln and Douglas, of Illinois, in the senatorial campaign of 1858.

Nothing was better understood than that, should a republican chamber be returned, Thiers would be elected president of the republic whenever a vacancy should occur. Occupying that position, he was naturally the leader in the pending campaign, which was to determinate the political destinies of France. His wise and sagacious counsel was sought for by the republicans in all parts of France, and to an extent which overtaxed his physical powers. In the month of August he left Paris and went to Dieppe, for a change and for needed repose. In order to be nearer the political center, he left Dieppe toward the last of August and went to St. German-en-Laye, a suburban village of Paris, celebrated as the birthplace of the grand monarch, Louis XIV., and took up his lodgings in the modest but celebrated hotel known as the Pavilion Henry IV. It was here that he wrote, with his own hand, his great manifesto to his constituents—and, indeed, to all France, made public soon after his death, and which is his testament before posterity. While at his midday breakfast on the 3d of September, Thiers was smitten with a stroke of apoplexy. I cannot well forget the time or the circumstances. A short time before this date an American gentleman, a great admirer of Thiers, had sent to me a beautiful and most elaborate carriage

blanket, to be presented to the ex-president. I addressed a note to Thiers, advising him of the mission with which I had been charged, and asking him to fix a time when it would be agreeable for him to receive me at St. Germain. On the 2d of September M^{me}. Thiers wrote me a note, stating that her husband would be at home, and would be glad to see me. at 2 o'clock P. M., on the 4th. But it was not for me to fulfill my mission. He had died at half-past six o'clock the previous evening.

The news of his death on the evening of the 3d was not generally known in Paris till the morning of the 4th, and it fell like a thunderbolt over the city. The great leader of liberal and republican France had fallen, as it were, on the field of battle, and consternation and despair pervaded the republican party. While his death was mourned as that of a great man, who had rendered inestimable service to his country, his taking off in the very crisis of the electoral contest was regarded as a great political calamity. There was a deep and sincere mourning for him in every city, village, and hamlet in France. But, on the other hand, in the reactionary and anti-republican circles, and in a portion of the Paris press, there was open rejoicing in being delivered from the man who had done the most to found the republic. Even while his body lay in state in the Place St. Georges, and thousands and tens of thousands were taking their last look at the remains of the dead ex-president, the reactionary press was teeming with the most brutal assaults on his memory. But without knowing it, the enemies of Thiers at this time were simply "piling up wrath against the day of wrath." Never in the history of nations has there been such a revenge taken as on the men who, in the height of their power and arrogance, drove Thiers from the presidency, and after his death insulted his memory. The republicans of France have only had to wait the returns of successive elections to see most of these men retired to private life.

The death of Thiers, occurring as it did, affected not only the republicans, but it caused a marked uneasiness in government and official circles. It was feared that the funeral obsequies of the distinguished statesman would be made the object of a great national manifestation, implying a severe condemnation of the policy of combat and reaction. The government undertook, therefore, to regulate all the funeral ceremonies and designate the men to deliver the discourses that

were to be pronounced. To that end, Marshal MacMahon issued a decree that the obsequies would take place at the expense of the state. But Mme. Thiers declared that she would accept the course of the government only on the express condition that she should be left free to regulate all the details of the funeral ceremonies. The government declining this, she further declared that all the obsequies should be at her own expense. She then made application to have the religious ceremonies at the Church of Madeleine; but the Archbishop Guilbert refused to do for the first president of the republic what he had done a short time before for Mme. Dejazet, the actress. All these things had excited among the French people devoted to Thiers the most intense indignation, and many thought it would be impossible to prevent an outbreak of violence, to be repressed by the strong arm of military force. Though fearfully exasperated, never before in their history had the people of Paris shown such self-control. As by instinct they seemed to comprehend how disastrously any violence would affect the stupendous political struggle in which they were engaged, and how it would be used to the prejudice of the republic.

The funeral of Thiers took place on the 8th day of September, 1877, and was the most imposing funeral demonstration ever witnessed in the history of the world. Eight hundred thousand people assisted at that unequalled ceremony, and not the slightest incident occurred to trouble the calm of that last and affectionate homage to a great man. Nearly all the representatives of the foreign powers were present, and most of the large cities and towns sent delegations to place wreaths upon the grave of the illustrious dead. As the tribute of our own country to the memory of the great statesman and patriot, I helped to lay flowers on his bier, and followed his colossal hearse to the tomb.

The impression created all over France by the death of Thiers, and by the circumstances attending his funeral, was deep and profound. From that day there was no longer any doubt that the cause of the republic, to which it may be said he had given his life, would triumph. The election, taking place six weeks after his death, resulted in giving the republicans a majority of 125 in the national assembly. The French people had vindicated M. Thiers. His epitaph, engraved upon his tomb, will be forever cherished in the hearts of his countrymen.

A TRIUMPH OF WORD.

JOHN HAY.

[The following poem is founded on the same incident as Victor Hugo's "Surune Baricade."

A squad of regular infantry,
In the commune's closing days,
Had captured a crowd of rebels
By the wall of Pere-la-Chaise.

There were desperate men, wild women,
And dark-eyed Amazon girls,
And one little boy, with a peach-down cheek
And yellow clustering curls.

The captain seized the little walf,
And said, "What dost thou here?"
"Sapristi, citizen captain!
I'm a communist, my dear!"

"Very well. Then you die with the others!"
"Very well. That's my affair,
But first let me take to my mother,
Who lives by the wine-shop there,

"My father's watch. You see it;
A gay old thing, is it not?
It would please the old lady to have it,
Then I'll come back here and be shot."

"That is the last we shall see of him,"
The grizzled captain grinned,
As the little man skimmed down the hill
Like a swallow down the wind.

For the joy of killing had lost its zest
In the glut of those awful days,
And Death writhed, gorged like a greedy
snake,
From the Arch to Pere-la-Chaise.

But before the last platoon had fired,
The child's shrill voice was heard—
"Houp-la! the old girl made such a row
I feared I should break my word!"

Against the bullet-pitted wall
He took his place with the rest;
A button was lost from his ragged blouse,
Which showed his soft white breast.

"Now blaze away, my children,
With your one—two—three!"
The Chassepots tore the stout young heart,
And saved society.

"Well, and how did you enjoy your dinner?"

"Don't mention it," said the other
feelingly, "don't mention it. It's a good
deal like the financial question of Congress."

"How's that?"

"Why, it's apt to come up at any moment."

THE FIRST DISCOVERY OF GOLD IN CALIFORNIA

BY JAMES W. MARSHALL, OF CHICAGO, JANUARY 18TH, 1848.

Written for the Chicago Tribune.

Hardly an event in human history was more portentous than the great gold discovery. Nothing had ever before so stirred the world excepting the Crusades and the wars of Napoleon.

Men moved to California as if to meet on the judgment ground. The news of the discovery was like a signal in the heavens. Men and women were electrified. New life, new hopes, new aspirations were excited in the breasts of millions. The adventurous bounded. The poverty-stricken plucked up. The lover rejoiced. The avaricious gloated. The despairing hoped. The way to California was the royal road to fortune, fame, and every earthly gratification. I remember it well, because I saw the men upon the march, and it took a brother.

Very little of California was known at the time. We had learned something of it in Dana's "Two Years Before the Mast," Kit Carson's hunting yarns, and Fremont's exploration reports.

The discovery was made on the 18th day of January, 1848.

Seventy-nine years before, the Spaniards had commenced the colonization of Upper California. Twenty-eight years before the Mexicans had thrown off the Spanish yoke. Eighteen months before the Americans had conquered the country.

To-day, the thirty-fourth anniversary of the event, will be celebrated by the California Pioneer Associations of Sacramento, San Francisco, and New York.

It has not hitherto been recorded in history or biography that the man who made the discovery went to California from Chicago. That man was James W. Marshall, an Englishman, born of Irish parents. He is yet alive and well, and was recently in Sacramento, a witness in the Gold-Run hydraulic mining case, which has been occupying the courts for weeks.

The man on whose land the gold was first found was Capt. Sutter, who went to the Pacific coast on a fur hunting expedition. He subsequently received a grant of a large tract of land from the Mexican government for keeping the Indians under control, and erected a fort or stockade at the junction of the Sacra-

mento and American rivers, close to the site of the city of Sacramento, which, however, had then no existence. Sutter was a native of Switzerland, had been a soldier in Europe, and was an enlightened and enterprising man. He was well pleased with his new home, and christened it New Helvetia. On one side of him were the fertile foothills of the Sierras, and on the other the far-stretching plains of the Sacramento valley. Around him were the boundless prospects of a grand future. He was "lord of all he surveyed," and much more than he had surveyed. He had about him a large number of servile aborigines and a few white men and women. Cattle, horses and sheep multiplied on his ranch at a fabulous rate, and he was on the high road to a great fortune. He came overland for mechanics to build houses and mills, and advertised for them in the St. Louis and Chicago papers. The advertisement attracted the eye of Marshall, a millwright by trade, and he engaged with Sutter and went with him to California. He had some property in the heart of Chicago, and sold it for a song. Were he able to peer into the future, he would have stood by his Chicago blocks and let California alone; but then he would not have become famous as the hero of a great discovery and passed into history. For all his fame and the glamor of his achievement, he is a poor man to-day.

Sutter built a saw mill and gristmill on the south fork of the American river. He employed Marshall to build the saw mill. Its site was a place called Coloma, about eighty miles southeast from Sacramento, or Sutter's Fort, as the locality was then known. Marshall made the mill-race too narrow at first, and in widening it, stirred up something bright from the bottom of the river. It commanded an eager gaze. What could it be? Gold dust, or brass filings, or pyrites? Ah, that was a momentous speculation! The bottom was stirred again and again; and there was more and more of it. The eyes dimmed, and the brain reeled! Surely, it must be gold! Gold, gold, gold! The wish of the world! The search of the sordid! The delight of the adventurous! The gratifier of all desires!

A flask of it was taken down to the fort for the inspection of Capt. Sutter.

"I believe it to be gold," said the Captain, "but as you love me keep the discovery secret, or I shall be ruined." A seemingly curious anticipation, was it not? The sample was sent down to San Francisco secretly for analyzation. Gen.

Sherman was then at San Francisco. He had been used to seeing native gold in Georgia, where he had been previous to his going to the Pacific coast.

He pronounced it pure virgin gold! So did other experts.

For nearly three months was the secret kept. A woman at last revealed it. One B. F. Koozer, a Pennsylvania printer, whom the writer knew, and who died in Santa Cruz about two years ago, sent the news to the Atlantic coast, and it spread like wildfire.

Other and other discoveries were made. Every one who could go was soon upon the march to the mines. The soldiers deserted their tent, the sailors abandoned their ships, the clerks their counters, the merchants their books. The Americans who had emigrated to Oregon were soon on the spot. Then came the native Californians from the south, the Kanckas from the islands, Chilians and Central Americans. Even John Chinaman was soon affected with the fever, and crossed the strange but Pacific Ocean. Men came from even the distant antipodes. Thousands of eastern men were soon upon the plains. Absconding debtors and adventurous young men were the first to move, but the fever soon became infectious among all classes.

Then, what a series of memorable events! What a change of conditions! There came the modern Argonauts; the men who went around the Horn and across the Isthmus in search of the golden fleece! What a forgetfulness followed of the lessons of youth, the abandonment of all restraints, the neglect of those left at home, the murders and suicides, and the vigilance committees!

San Francisco, which had previously been known as the Hamlet of Xerba Buena, soon sprang into great importance and found ships in its harbor from all parts of the world.

Forty-eight was the year of revolutions in Europe, and thousands of patriotic exiles found their way to the promised land—the "New Eldorado!"

The American river, the Yuba, the Mackalumne, the Toulumne, the Merced, all became famous for their deposits of the float gold. After what was known as placer mining was exhausted, there came the hydraulic system, with its great flumes, and the cutting down of banks with water forced from nozzles. This is still carried on, but it was succeeded with the quartz-crushing, every new step becoming more extensive until it culminated in the great tunnel system as now in

operation on the Comstock, in Nevada.

The effect of the great gold discovery was almost instantaneous. Values advanced, prices inflated, luxury made its first great inroad on the American people, and extravagance was inaugurated. The "flush times" were felt not only in California, but everywhere.

With all their advantages, however, California's gold deposits never paid. A careful balancing of the books show that it has taken \$2 of investment in outfits, transportation, time, and labor to gather \$1.

Sutter, whose hospitable home was the Mecca of the plain-crossers, was ruined. His land was taken from him by title-fighters, his cattle killed, and his horses stolen. He died in Pennsylvania last year in impoverished circumstances.

THE DEMAND FOR LOCOMOTIVES.

Louisville Courier-Journal.

The future demand for locomotives will be stimulated by three causes. First, by the building of new roads; second, by the increase of business, which makes it necessary for the older roads to have a better equipment; and third, from the destruction of the engines now in use, for, though it does not look a locomotive ever would wear out, railroad managers acknowledge they do.

At the beginning of 1880 the railroad mileage of this country was 93,669, and the number of engines was 17,949. During 1880 over 9,000 miles of new road were built, or an increase of 10 per cent., and to equip these new roads only up to the average which now prevails on the old roads, 1,795 locomotives will be required.

At present the equipment throughout the country is one locomotive to every 5.2 miles. New England has 5,959 miles of road and 1,698 engines; the Middle States have 15,335 miles of road and 6,097 engines; the Southern mileage is 15,912, engines 1,839; Western and South-western, 50,585 miles and 7,924 engines; Pacific States, 5,877 miles and 420 locomotives. New England has a locomotive to every 3.5 miles of road; the Middle States have a locomotive to every 2.5 miles of road; the Southern States have one locomotive to every 8.64 miles of road; the Western States have one to 6.3 miles of road, while in the Pacific States there is only one engine to thirteen miles of track.

These figures indicate the prospective

demand for locomotives, which will come from increased business on Southern and Western roads; indeed, it is now a lack of capital rather than a lack of business which keeps down the equipment of the roads. It will be some time before the traffic in this part of the country will justify an engine to 2.5 miles of road, as in New York and Pennsylvania, or even to 3.5 miles as in New England; but locomotive works are expected to continue, not for five or ten years, but for a century. It is not too much to expect that the next five years will see 20,000 miles of new track added to Western and Southern roads, and within the next decade a much nearer approach to the New England standard as to the number of locomotives. In order to bring the Southern system, as it now exists, up to the New England standard, about 2,750 new locomotives would be required, while the West, in order to secure the same facilities, would need about 6,550 new ones, or 9,000 in all.

These figures are presented to the consideration of the Louisville capitalists. They show that an establishment here, making first-class locomotives at reasonable prices, would be certain of enough orders at all times to keep it fully employed. It would be a demand in no sense spasmodic, but steady and increasing with the growth and development of the country.

It would then remain to consider what a locomotive would cost here as compared with other cities. This is determined by the cost of the raw materials, principally iron and steel, and the cost of labor. Iron and steel can, the year through, be had here at as low prices as at Providence or Patterson. Our most successful enterprises, our car works, plow factories, factories for making agricultural implements, wagons, axes, car-wheels, etc., all come into competition with similar productions from other sections, and they labor under no disadvantages as far as the price of raw materials are concerned. As to labor, that depends, to a very great extent, on the cost of living, which is as cheap here as any city in the Union. Ground here is cheap, and while taxes are high, so are they high elsewhere.

The enterprise commends itself to the judgment of our business men, and a number of them have expressed a willingness to enter on it. The amount required is large, but we believe, after the whole field is surveyed, it will be plain that no project offers such promise of quick and large returns as locomotive works in Louisville.

NEW YEAR'S AMONG THE UTES.

HOW THE CUSTOMS OF CALLING WERE OBSERVED BY THE RED MEN AND WOMEN.

Bill Nye's Boomerang.

New Year's day was pretty generally observed among the children of the forest at the Fort Thornburg reservation, as well as at the old White River headquarters.

Mrs. Veni Vidi Vici Colorow, with her three charming daughters, received at the parental tepee from 1 P. M. until further orders. Mrs. Colorow was dressed in plain ashes of sage brush, gunny sack cut a la robe de sleeping car, with ear ornaments of copper rivets and bracelets of mother of clamshell, strung on strips of brocaded buckskin.

Miss Cleopatra - Union - Forever - One - and - Inseparable Colorow wore a gross-grain army tent, with brass overcoat buttons, and hand-painted with the device "U. S." in Roman characters on the back. Her hair was frescoed with antelope tallow and bangles of grizzly bear toe nails, held in place with tarred rope.

Miss Walk-Around-the-Block Colorow wore a husk door mat, cut decollete, with embroidery across the shoulder blade forming the letters "Welcome."

Miss Knock-Down-and-Drag-Out Colorow wore a pair of agency suspenders and a hectic flush. She was the only lady at Colorow tepee in full evening dress. Refreshments were served here, consisting of cottonwood sandwiches and Mumm's Extra Dry Rat and Roach Destroyer.

Mrs. Shavano and several others received at the magnificent Shavano dugout, on Fine Cut avenue.

Mrs. Shavano wore a cavalry blouse and ear ornaments.

Mrs. Sighing-Mountain-Pine wore a plug hat and Queen Elizabeth bed quilt, held in place with a Roman safety pin, rescued from the ruins of White River agency.

Refreshments were served here, consisting of prairie dog pie with variations, and a symphony in sage hen salad, with dressing a la Chinaman. No liquor was served here, the ladies in an ungarded moment having surrounded the supply.

At the palatial buffalo wallow of Chief Antelope the ladies were not receiving, but gentlemen callers were cordially invited to stop at the front door and kick the large and hospitable aggregation of yallar dogs in honor of the day.

Colorow, in a spike-tail coat and a pair of high-cut gum boots, led the lift of callers.

The Son-in-Law-of-the-Nebraska-Blizzard was with him, and wore a cotton umbrella and a headache. He was very sociable, being on the borders of delirium tremens, so that his odd fancies and facetious attempts to scalp his hostess several times made him a welcome guest wherever he went.

Toward evening the gentlemen callers became very frolicsome and mirth provoking, pulling over several royal edifices where the ladies were receiving calls, and in one instance tipping over a bedroom where The-Daughter-of-the-Wailing-Wind was paring a pet corn.

Everything passed off pleasantly until a young chief, who had become excited by contact with the flowing bowl, attacked an old Ute on Fine Cut avenue with a three-year-old club and killed him because he was making calls in a state of beastly sobriety.

Of course the young man saw on the following day that he had, perhaps, been too hasty, and said that, if he had to do it over again, he thought he would do quite differently; but, in the hurry and confusion, he did not have time to consider what the result might be.

The most attractive street costume was that worn by a son of Colorow, who was dressed in a gray army shirt, held in place by a broad band of Wamsutta muslin. He wore beaded moccasins without socks, and hair ornaments of tar roofing and selections from a feather bed. He wore a necklace made of the back teeth of friendly whites, strung on the E string of a violin.

The most gorgeous costume noticed among the ladies was that of Mrs. Brazos DeSoto-Nom-de-Plume, a half-breed squaw, whose pedigree runs back into some of the best Spanish and Ute families. She had disguised herself by washing her face unbeknown to even her most intimate friends. Still a few recognized her, she being the only Ute lady receiving calls who weighed over 350 pounds.

She wore two soldier overcoats, one buttoned in front and one laced down the back with a clothes line. She wore her hair negligently in the form of a rat's nest, the deception being perfect and the effect very much heightened by the use of maple syrup as a bandoline.

The following day was characterized by the usual amount of unavailing remorse and several post mortem examinations.

"Do you know who built the ark?" asked a Sunday school teacher of a little street Arab; and the little fellow replied: "Naw!"

EVERY EGG BROKE.

From Boston Post.

A farmer, carrying a basket of eggs, tried to steal a ride on a freight train, and when he came to want to get off, the train didn't stop, and so he jumped off. The train wasn't going very fast, but he didn't understand getting away from it, and so got slung several summersaults and stopped against a fence, with a wrist sprained, his clothes muddled and rent, and one ear pretty nearly torn off. He got up and took an inventory of the result, and, in his despair, lifted up his voice and said: "Gosh darn the gosh darn luck, anyhow! Every gosh darned egg in the lot's broke!"

A GUERDON.

From Waifs.

"Oh, great and mighty sire," exclaimed the courier, kneeling before the Emperor, "Boss of the Rugged Steppes, King Bulldozer of the icefields of the North, Majestic Glazier and Eternal Iceberg, with an icicle on your nose a rod long, the correspondent of the Chicago Times said—" "Off with his 'said!'" roared the indignant Emperor. "The next thing I know the whole army will be demoralized by these lying paragraphers." And the black-veiled executioner brought forth the demijohn and placed it in awful readiness upon the dirkenspeidel.

SHE poked her head in at the office window of the village postmaster, and innocently observed: "I expected a letter from Arthur to-day. What do you suppose is the reason he didn't write? Annoyed by the interruption, the federal officer sharply responded: "I don't know; but perhaps he was engaged in writing to another woman last night." It happened unfortunately for the postmaster, that the lady who sought the information was a niece of the congressman for that district, and the next month his official head rolled in the basket. The County organ of the administration announced the change in an article headed, "Civil service reform moves grandly on."

SAID a citizen to a lawyer the other day: "Plaintiff will swear that I hit him. I will swear that I did not. Now, what can you lawyers make of that if it goes to trial?" "A guinea apiece," was the prompt reply as he extended his hand.

MEXICO.

From a recent description of the City of Mexico—the “Venice of the Aztecs,” as writers delight to call it—where Montezuma reigned and died, amid a civilization almost equaling that of ancient Rome or Athens, with a population greater at the time of the Spanish conquest than that of any known city, with an incomparable climate, lying among mountains grander than Mount Blanc, and possessed of untold wealth—we extract the following respecting its suburban drives.

The suburbs of Mexico are not by any means beautiful, always of course excepting the rock and grove of Chapultepec. Just where the houses end stands the statue of Charles IV., the king of Spain, whose legs were so strong that he could squeeze a horse until it was breathless. Luckily he is not represented in this act, and the sculptor has succeeded in making one of the best equestrian statues in the world. From this point there is a straight drive called the Calzapa de la Rerorma, leading to Chapultepec, which looks at the distance not unlike Windsor Castle when viewed from the other end of the famous Long Walk. Here in the afternoon all Mexico turns out to drive in carriages or to ride on horse-back. The carriages here are almost all made in Paris, and are, with the exception of a few Victorias, altogether closed. The reason given for this is that there is a rainy season of three months, and consequently during the other nine months of the year the inhabitants are obliged to use carriages only for wet weather. As it is impossible to see into these carriages when they are in motion, they are drawn up in lines every now and then so that the occupants can have a good view of their friends as they pass. The equestrian part of the promenaders is divided into two classes, those in English and those in Mexican saddles. It would be considered very bad form for a person riding in an English saddle to dress in the Mexican style, but when mounted on a Mexican horse and in a Mexican saddle the proper dress is the leather trousers, jacket and *sombrero*. The Mexican “swell” is as particular about the number of buttons down the outside of his trousers, the size of his *sombrero*, and the hang of his sword, as an English fox hunter is about the cut of his cords or the spotlessness of his boots. Many ladies also ride, but they generally go out early in the morning when there are no carriages in the Paseo. Half way between

the statue of Charles IV. and Chapultepec there is a “circle,” in the middle of which a statue has been erected to Christopher Columbus, and here the view of the two volcanoes, with the rays of the setting sun tinting their snow-clad summits with a delicate rose-color, is remarkably fine. A row of trees has been planted at either side of this drive, and they are quickly growing up; at present there is no shade and a great deal of dust, for the watering cart has not yet reached Mexico. However, men carry some water in buckets and sprinkle it over the dust, which is generally about six inches in depth, but the results are scarcely satisfactory. It was along this drive that Gen. Grant electrified the Americans by driving in the late Emperor Iturbide’s carriage, with Prince Imperial at his side and his uniformed attendants opposite.

The fashionable drive does not extend as far as the castle of Chapultepec, but carriages turn round a mile before reaching it. Magnificent cypresses still exist at this noted place, forming a wonderful canopy with their enormous branches hanging with long fringes of gray Spanish moss. This palace, which was erected in 1785, upon the very spot where the palace of Montezuma formally stood, is, like everything in Mexico, in very bad repair. The view is, however, still just as fine, and the whole valley of Mexico, with its lakes, fields of waving corn, and blue fringe of mountains in the distance, forms a landscape of wonderful beauty and interest. The remarkable aqueduct which used to supply the inhabitants of Mexico with pure spring water, so different from the blackened water of the lake, is being pulled down, and the less picturesque but more useful water-pipes are now laid in the road leading into the city. The descendants of a people who destroyed the most magnificent relics of the past can scarcely be expected to revive the works of their own forefathers.

Not far from Chapultepec is Molina del Rey, where Grant gained his first lieutenantancy, and where a brother of Mrs. Grant was shot during the Mexican war. Just beyond lies Tacubava, a little fashionable suburb, dotted with several handsome residences of wealthy Mexicans. Unfortunately, it is a favorite resort for brigands, and the inhabitants cannot put their noses outside their doors after sunset. The military school, which was at Chapultepec, is now at Tacubava, in what was once the Archbishop’s palace; but this does not seem to frighten the robbers.

ELOQUENCE AND LOGIC.

W. C. PRESTON.

Our popular institutions demand a talent for speaking, and create a taste for it. Liberty and eloquence are united, in all ages. Where the sovereign power is found in the public mind and the public heart, eloquence is the obvious approach to it. Power and honor, and all that can attract ardent and aspiring natures, attend it. The noblest instinct is to propagate the spirit,—“to make our mind the mind of other men,” and wield the sceptre in the realms of passion. In the art of speaking, as in all other arts, a just combination of those qualities necessary to the end proposed, is the true rule of taste. Excess is always wrong. Too much ornament is an evil,—too little, also. The one may impede the progress of the argument, or divert attention from it, by the introduction of extraneous matter; the other may exhaust attention, or weary by monotony. Elegance is in a just medium. The safer side to err on, is that of abundance,—as profusion is better than poverty; as it is better to be detained by the beauties of a landscape than by the weariness of a desert.

It is commonly, mistakenly supposed, that the enforcing of truth is most successfully effected by a cold and formal logic; but the subtleties of dialectics and the forms of logic may play as fantastic tricks with truth, as the most potent magic of Fancy. The attempt to apply mathematical precision to moral truths is always a failure, and generally a dangerous one. If man, and especially masses of men, were purely intellectual, then cold reason alone would be influential to convince; but our nature is most complex, and many of the great truths which it most concerns us to know, are taught us by our instincts, our sentiments, our impulses, and our passions. Even in regard to the highest and holiest of all truth, to know which concerns us here and hereafter, we are not permitted to approach its investigation in the confidence of proud and erring reason, but are taught to become as little children, before we are worthy to receive it.

It is to this complex nature that the speaker addresses himself, and the degree of power with which all the elements are evoked, is the criterion of the orator. His business, to be safe, is to convince, but more to persuade; and, most of all, to inspire with noble and generous passions.

It is the cant of criticism, in all ages, to make a distinction between logic and eloquence, and to stigmatize the latter as declamation. Logic ascertains the weight of an argument, eloquence gives it momentum. The difference is between the *vis inertiae* of a mass of metal, and the same ball hurled from the cannon's mouth. Eloquence is an argument alive and in motion,—the statue of Pygmalion inspired with vitality.

SOMEBODY'S SERVANT GIRL.

She stood there leaning wearily
Against the window frame.
Her face was patient, sad and sweet,
Her garments coarse and plain;
“Who is she, pray?” I asked a friend,
The red lips gave a curl;
“Really, I do not know her name—
She's some one's servant girl.”

Again I saw her on the street,
With burden trudge along;
Her face was sweet and patient still,
Amid the jostling throng;
Slowly but cheerfully she moved,
Guarding with watchful care,
A market-basket much too large
For her slight hands to bear.

A man—I thought a gentleman—
Went pushing rudely by,
Sweeping the basket from her hands,
But turning not his eyes;
For there is no necessity
Amid that busy whirl,
For him to be a gentleman
To some one's servant girl.

Ah, well it is that God above
Looks in upon the heart,
And never judges any one
By just the outer part;
For if the soul be pure and good
He will not mind the rest,
Nor question what the garments were
In which the form was dressed.

And many a man and woman fair,
By fortune reared and fed,
Who will not mingle here below
With those who earn their bread,
When they have passed away from life
Beyond the gates of pearl,
Will meet before their Father's throne
With many a servant girl.

“JOHN,” said his teacher, “I am very sorry to have to punish you.” “Don't then,” said Johnny, “cause it always makes me feel bad, too. Then we'd both be sorry you did it.”

SCIENTIFIC.

For Firemen's Magazine.

FORCE.

II.

BY C. M. O.

It will appear evident to all, that force must have something to act upon in order to produce "work." The steam evolved in your locomotive is of no more utility if kept in the boiler by itself than is a mechanic without tools. It must have a mechanism of some sort to act upon; it must have its *tools*, so to speak, before it can begin to do any work. In this case the "tool" is the cylinder, piston, etc. This "tool" is made preferably of certain kinds of materials, because it is found expedient to use them to secure better working, and durability; but it does not follow thence, that no other materials could be used instead, for indeed force has but little regard for the kinds of material, and it will work with tools made of varied substances. Hence in considering the *material* upon which force acts, science does not need to specify the particular substance. So instead of saying that the steam pressure acts upon a surface of a certain metal, we could just as well use a conventional word which we employ to designate all substances generally—*matter*. If we were now considering the special chemical or physical properties of these materials, it would be proper to make use of their distinct names, brass, iron, steel, etc.; but when we are looking at them in connection with force, as its agents, they are to be regarded simply as substances having certain properties, in this respect, which they all share in common. As these properties play the most important role in the behavior of matter under the action of force, a brief analysis of them in this relation, will be important. Moreover, since they relate to matters of every day life, they will be found possessed of interest of their own.

By the operation of our senses, we are conscious of the existence of surrounding objects; and furthermore it is in this manner that we observe the diversity of their nature and constitution. Thus by looking at a certain object, and feeling of it, and it may even be by smelling or

tasting of it, we form an idea of its nature, and decide more or less accurately as to the kind and even species of material entering into its composition.

To examine the unbounded number of existing objects which are found in the universe on every side to which we turn, one would imagine that the "elements," or distinct crude substances from which this limitless variety has been made up or "composed," must exist likewise in a very large series such as could be reckoned only by thousands. Is it not a surprise, and a wonder, then, to learn that everything, and all, we can perceive through our senses, in the universe, is built from not more than sixty-five different things! The chemist calls them "elementary substance" or elements, and they are in fact matter in an elementary or unmixed state, and cannot be further simplified by decomposition. Of this number about fifty are either true metals or of a metallic origin, though only a few of them exist in any quantity, (iron, gold, silver, copper, tin, lead, etc.) So that of all the elements at her disposal, nature has scarcely used thirty, or less than half, in making and forming myriads of substances apparently as widely distinct from each other as if originating from an entirely different source. So strange does this seem that we feel inclined to doubt its truth. But we cannot do so, for chemistry has told the story in an incontrovertible manner, and its assertion has been well verified.

These elementary substances are endowed with such natural qualities that they are eminently fit to form such diverse combinations with each other. They possess a certain tendency to come together, a kind of "affinity" or attraction for each other, and in consequence of which they form combinations or "brotherhoods," so to speak. For instance, the two gasses hydrogen and oxygen may be mixed in the proportion of two parts of the former to one of the latter (by measure,) and if we allow the forces of nature to introduce the necessary affinity, (by heat, a lighted match for example) then they unite with a crashing explosion, and then no longer appear to us under the gaseous form, for they have now formed a new compound, en-

tirely different in appearance, condition and qualities, from its elements. This new compound is simply *water*, which we know is far from being of a gaseous nature. But there is not the least doubt as to the fact, for we can decompose this water again, and we will have our two gases as before. Every time we use these propositions the result is the same. If however we formed a compound containing only one part of hydrogen to one of oxygen instead of two to one, the result would be a poisonous, acid oily liquid entirely different from water. Therefore it is seen that *the same substance is always* the result of a chemical combination of elements in the *same ratio*; and that to make a different body, we have only to allow the affinity to act upon the different proportions, different series, or groups of elements. Thus these elements may combine each with any other, one or more, and in almost any proportion, under varying circumstances, and as the properties of the compound differs each time, whether it be gaseous, liquid, or solid, it is now easier to see how such an infinite number of different substances can be produced. Not only this but a substance already a complex compound can again unite with others, so that there is practically no limit to nature's resources.

Now, when these elements come together thus, there must be a certain *force* tending to keep them in this new order, for the change does not take place at once through the whole mass, and unless they are bound in this new form, they will relapse into their former condition. When a fagot of wood is set on fire, it is not reduced to ashes instantaneously, but only piece by piece. If the wood were ground to "atoms," the fire would consume it more readily because it would come into contact with more atoms at the same time owing to their being apart from each other. Now what is it that keeps the atoms together in a solid mass, in wood or metal? Why does not the rain that falls in drops remain so? It is owing to *cohesion*. By means of this force, nature enables any substance to keep its particles or "molecules" closely cemented or welded together into a compact mass. Without this binding force everything would fall to dust. Thus what prevents a string from breaking when it supports a weight, is the cohesion of its parts. If we make the weight large enough to overcome this cohesion, the string is torn apart. Cohesion differs greatly in power in different bodies. When it is very

great, the particles of the substance have only a little freedom of motion, so tightly clasped they are, by each other, from cohesion; and we then call this substance a "solid." If the cohesion is less and permits a certain freedom of motion, then we have a "liquid." Again there are substances whose molecules have no cohesion whatever, but on the contrary actually repel each other. They are very loose bodies and called "gases." Thus we find matter under three forms, "Solid, Liquid, and Gaseous."

Solids are characterized by their permanency of shape and of form. They are firm to the touch and usually cannot be bent or twisted or even pressed out of shape without requiring a violent force that will break or tear them into pieces. Neither can we penetrate into the interior of a solid as easily as a liquid. However solids can be compressed more or less, and in connection with this quality they possess another whereby they have a capacity to resume their previous size and shape, after having been pressed or squeezed. This is called elasticity. It is strikingly shown in India rubber. When we strike, bend or stretch a piece of rubber, it yields momentarily under the force applied, but its elasticity soon restores it to its original condition on releasing it. Nevertheless, if the force were too violent, it would overcome the elasticity and the parts would be wrenched from each other. The particular form which we give to solids greatly affects these properties of compressibility and elasticity. For example, a certain quantity of material in the form of a block or lump, as a cube or a ball, is harder to compress and its elasticity is not as if the same quantity was put into the form of a bar or lengthened out. Thus if we have two equal pieces of hard rubber one of which is in the form of a ball and the other in the shape of a rod, it will be found that the latter can be made to swerve from its normal figure to a much greater extent than the ball. We may bend it until the ends are several inches out of their line by pressing it at its centre, while the ball would be ruptured if we should attempt to make its molecules move even a half of this distance. Now we could vary the elasticity and the resistance to compressibility some by varying the form of the rod itself. If it be round we find that it will bend equally well in all directions, but if it be square, it is much harder to bend it on its edge than on the flat sides. Now if it be made flat we observe that while it bends readily on the flat surface,

it is very difficult to bend it at all on the edge. The same results obtain with wood, metals, or any other solids. There is an important fact to be noted in this connection. We all know that a flat piece of material will resist a stronger weight, pressure or other mechanical force on the edge than on the flat surface. The carpenter is well aware of this fact, for he lays down his beam so that the greatest strain will fall on the edge. So does the mechanical engineer take advantage of it in using iron as a constructive material, in railroad bridges for example, where the edge of the iron bars is always so disposed that it will receive the heaviest strain. Now, what is the philosophy of this? A simple experiment on the nature of "breakage" will give us an explanation. If we fasten a thread to the surface of any elastic bar (a good lath for instance) so that it will be just of the same length when straight, and then bend it as a bow, first with the thread on the inside of the curve of the bend and then when it is on the outside, we will observe that in the first case, the thread is gradually loosened, as we bend, and that in the second case it is stretched more and more, and will even break. By this experiment three important facts are shown: 1st, that in bending a piece of material, the particles of the matter of which it is composed are pressed together on the inside of the bend; 2d, that those on the outside of the bend are on the contrary stretched apart; 3d, that the breakage due to bending is after all only a rupture of cohesion similar to the breakage of a string, and that it begins on the outside of a bend, since that is the place where the particles are stretched first. Once the break begun, as we keep on pressing the next layers become likewise stretched beyond their elasticity and separate also, and so on, until complete separation has ended at the surface, near the seat of pressure or where the force was applied. Therefore, in order to break the piece, we must use a force capable of pressing together the particles which are nearest to the point of strain, and sufficient besides to separate those farthest, (on the opposite surface) for they will not come apart until the strain has been felt all through, since each particle is linked to every other by cohesion. The effect of cohesion is that a strain applied to a body is partly transmitted, in all directions from one particle to those adjacent, which themselves again divide it a little further to more remote particles. But though cohesion carries the

strain in all directions, it is only in the direction of the *length* and of the *thickness*, that the particles can distribute it, for those in the direction of the *width* (as in bending flatwise) being themselves under the same stress, cannot assist them by taking more. Now the advantage of greater thickness (as in bending edgewise) rather than greater width is that not only more strain is transmitted in the direction of the thickness but since the cohesion of each particle seeks to distribute the strain equally, it results that more of it is imparted lengthwise and consequently that the bend of a piece of material edgewise has always a longer curve, and that the weight, pressure, etc., is divided in force over a greater length of the bar, than if the bar were bent flatwise.

When we hammer a piece of iron, we alter its shape permanently; for the blows are violent enough to overcome the elasticity at the points struck, that is to say, the force bends it more than the elasticity can restore it. It is this elasticity which makes the hammer rebound when it strikes the anvil. Many railroad bridge accidents are due to just this cause. The iron parts were not strong enough to recover perfectly after withstanding the pressure of a train, and the succeeding ones, passing perhaps soon after, only add to the weakness, until finally it tumbles down under an ordinary weight. How important therefore that the architect and engineer should know thoroughly not only the properties of the materials they use in their structures but also how to apply them scientifically, so that the "margin of safety" may be wide enough!

Steel is very elastic; hence it is very hard to hammer it out of shape. But there are some metals which offer so little resistance to the hammer that they can be beaten into any shape. These metals are said to be "malleable." Lead is such a metal, but the most malleable of all is gold. Gold can be beaten into leaves so thin that it takes two hundred and eighty-two thousand of them pressed together to make an inch in depth. With a gold dollar made into "gold leaf" two life size statues could be well gilded. Certain other metals can be stretched or drawn out to a great length without breaking. This property is called "ductility." The most ductile is a whitish metal called Platinum. It can be drawn into a wire so fine that it is invisible to the naked eye. Such a wire of the weight of a single grain would be long enough to reach from New York to Chicago.

Solids cannot be made to unite as intimately with each other as liquids do generally; but they nevertheless possess a property of "adhesion," by which they can remain in close contact under certain circumstances. Thus we may press two pieces of plate glass together so that they will adhere to each other and even require a considerable force for separating them. The process of welding and indeed that of soldering, are nothing more than adhesion of a metal to another brought about by means of heat.

[*To be continued.*]

NEW YORK, Feb. 15, 1882.

Written Expressly for Firemen's Magazine.

DELIRIUM TREMENS.

BY A. RENOUARD.

Amongst the numerous maladies which are the result of vicious indulgence, those of ardent spirits and other diffusible stimulants, form a long and frightful catalogue, inflammation of the brain and its membranes; of the pletura; of the stomach; of the liver; jaundice; dropsy; diabetes; gout; mania; dispepsia, with its manifold miseries—these are among the diseases induced by habitual intemperance; and several more might be added to the appalling recital.

Place this catalogue before the man who is beginning to acquire a taste for intoxicating liquors, and he will feel alarmed; he will probable express astonishment at the infatuation of the drunkard and his determination to halt at once in his destructive career.

Happy is he for such an one if his conviction of danger be abiding as it is powerful; unfortunately, however, it is in too many instances speedily effaced.

Temptation again and again offers itself, and triumphs over repeated sober resolves till, in the sequel, the victim persuades himself that it is absurd to forego a positive pleasure through fear of remote and contingent evils, of maladies which hundreds, more intemperate than himself, escape altogether, from many of which recovery is not uncommon, and to the visitation of which the ascetic even is liable. For some time, perhaps, he is guilty of excesses only on extraordinary occasions, but, by insensible degrees, he slides into the habit of drinking deep in all companies, and, at last, of indulging

even in private, and at all hours. From what is termed a pleasant companion, he degenerates into a hard drinker, and ends a complete sot.

Still he is attacked by none of the formidable diseases above enumerated, excepting dispepsia, which he is very unwilling to ascribe to its true cause, or respecting the real source of which he may be actually deceived, owing to the temporary relief which the application of fresh stimuli constantly affords him. His case and antidote are one and the same. But, he who abandons himself to incessant and immoderate potations should know, that if he escapes those diseases which once created such alarm in his mind, he is still obnoxious to one not less formidable, which sometimes manifests itself rather suddenly and speedily destroys the patient; sometimes creeping on by slow and almost imperceptible degrees, though it may not prove immediately fatal, may still leave him in a lamentable state of debility, both of body and mind, and materially abridge the term of his existence.

This disease has received a variety of appellations. It has been called brain fever, a peculiar disease of drunkards; delirium et mania epotu, folie des iveognes, etc., delirium tremens. The latter designation is here adopted, not as being altogether appropriate, for it is confessedly open to more than one objection. It is not, perhaps, quite correct to speak of delirium as "trembling," and the term is yet more faulty, inasmuch as tremor is not an invariable, though it be a very usual symptom.

The approach of the first stages is heralded by symptoms of general debility; the patient's appearance and manners undergo a certain change; his countenance is dejected and anxious; his spirits are depressed; there is frequent sighing and oppression of the præcordio. All around him perceive that he is indisposed, though his most intimate friends may be in the dark as to the nature of his malady, or its cause. If the invalid behimself questioned, he will probably maintain that nothing ails him, or, if he admit that he does not feel quite well, he will not be able to explain what is the matter with him.

Upon more particular inquiry it will be found that his nights are restless, that his slumbers are short, and disturbed by harassing dreams, that he arises in the morning unrefreshed and languid, that his appetite is impaired, or even that he loathes food, that he is annoyed by nausea and

continual vomiting, and suffers from cramps in the extremities. Vertigo and confusion of ideas are usually present. Tremors of the hands occur in most instances.

Such are the principal features of the first stages of the terrible disease, and beyond this it may not proceed; by timely and judicious treatment its further progress may be arrested, and by subsequent prudence on the part of the patient its recurrence may be prevented.

Generally, however, it is succeeded, after a shorter or longer period, according to the constitution, age and previous habits of the patient, by the second stage or that of delirium.

In young and robust subjects, whose excesses have not been of long standing, the stage of reaction or excitement will come on more rapidly than in persons advanced in years, and whose constitutions have been broken down by long intemperance.

When the second stage is coming on, the vertigo and confusion of head are more marked; there is more aberration of mind; the countenance gradually assumes a wild aspect, the patient is incessantly restless; there is apparent an anxiety to perform immediately whatever there is expected of him; he even anticipates your wishes, or what he supposes to be your wishes; he is peculiarly sidulous in the performance of his ordinary duties, which he goes about in a hurried, immethodical manner; he is very jealous of the least interference, either by advice or otherwise, as to matters pertaining to his vocation, exerting himself painfully to prove that he is quite well, yet evidently mistrusting himself.

Thus, if he be a clerk, he will betray a strange solicitude about mere matters of routine, he will commit perpetual blunders, frequently at the expense of his employer; his altered countenance, uncertain step, and trembling hands, will sufficiently evince his unfitness for the duties of his situation, yet he will pertinaciously repel the proffered aid of his fellow clerk; his whole manner will much resemble that of a person on the verge of intoxication, who is extremely anxious to appear sober. By ordinary observers he will probably be pronounced more than half drunk, and they will recommend his being sent to bed.

But such a patient cannot sleep off his malady. He is restless, his mind wanders, by degrees mental alienation is fully established; the patient is in a constant worry about some affairs which he con-

ceives of great importance, and which must be attended to. He makes violent and repeated efforts to liberate himself from restraint, that he may apply himself to those affairs, but unlike the confirmed maniac his exertions, though vehement, are not characterised by malignity or ill nature, and if judiciously treated, remains sufficiently tractable.

If the symptoms above mentioned be not soon ameliorated, sweat bursts out, copious and alarming, and occasionally, it is said, of an offensive odor.

The mind becomes still more distressed; objects of the most appalling description sometimes present themselves to the patient's imagination; he may be possessed by the idea that he is persecuted by evil spirits, who are on the point of carrying him away, or are preparing to destroy him, or he may fancy he is surrounded by assassins; and cases are reported where the unfortunate sufferers actually expired while exerting themselves to the utmost to ward off the violence they supposed intended for them.

Catastrophies so lamentable are not, however, of frequent occurrence.

Sometimes most whimsical notions arise: thus, a patient will imagine, that rats or mice or other troublesome vermin, are running over him, or near him; that he is employed in drawing ribbons from the ends of his fingers, with numberless extravagancies of a similar nature.

When delirium is completely established, the countenance assumes an aspect of extreme anxiety; the tremor of the hands and tongue is greater, the pupils are contracted, but without intolerance of light. Still there is no indication of local pain, and when the patient is asked how he feels, he will often reply that he is quite well.

These symptoms either increase in violence, and others supervening, which very nearly resemble those of the last stages of typhus, the patient dies suddenly in a convulsion, or the long continued delirium, with picking of the bed clothes, etc., is succeeded by a short interval of quietude, and he expires without a struggle, or it may be a week; yawning and drowsiness comes on, and sleep follows, which is generally profound and of long duration, lasting from six to twelve or eighteen hours; the patient wakes collected and greatly refreshed, and his recovery may be looked upon as almost certain.

We cannot dismiss this subject without making some slight allusion to the duties devolving upon the physician, and which supervene those professional ones which,

after having placed his patient in safety, are supposed to be terminated.

Something, however, remains for him to do if he would be deemed the friend of the individual whom he has just rescued from peril.

The physician should not lose sight of the convalescent until he has seriously advised him as to his future conduct. He should avail himself of the gratitude, confidence in the medical attendant, a vivid clause of the danger to which he has escaped, a present conviction that he has nearly perished through his own folly, to counsel earnestly and forcibly urge, yet without the semblance of harshness or show of reproach.

The complete abandonment of previous habits must be inculcated; but to produce a lasting impression the adviser must speak from the heart. He must, to adopt the language of one who was truly an ornament to his profession, "evince a genuine lore of virtue, accompanied by a sincere interest in the welfare of the person to whom his counsels are addressed." Such honest advice may be productive of an indelible impression and may conduct to the happiest results, to moral as well as physical restoration, or should they be offered in vain, the physician will retire with at least the pleasant reflection that he has to the best of his ability performed his duty.

EDITORIAL.

ONE hundred already and more coming. Lodges we mean.

THE columns of the Magazine are always open for the discussion of questions that will be of interest to the Brotherhood.

To those Lodges that are behind in their claims we would say—"look out!" We shall soon call the roll, and do not blame us if any of you get left. We warn you in time.

UNDER our system of insurance every honorable locomotive fireman in the country can, with a small outlay, provide for his wife and children in the event of his death. The amount paid is the contribution of those as humbly situated as himself.

WE are in a position to know that some of our Lodges are harboring men that are wholly unfit to associate with honorable men. They should be made to respect the rules governing the Order or be forced to sever their connection with it, and allowed to fall back to a plane more in keeping with their grovelling nature.

FINANCIERS should be prompt in forwarding the names of newly admitted members with their grand dues. Neglect in doing so is liable to cause suffering among the relatives of the dead members and prejudice against the Brotherhood.

"MASTER MECHANIC CASANAVE, of the Pittsburg, Ft. Wayne & Chicago Railroad, has issued a series of new rules to the men under his charge, prohibiting smoking and the use of intoxicating liquors; also prohibiting "midnight brawls" under penalty of dismissal."

We agree with Mr. Casanave. The most stringent rules prohibiting the use of liquor and "midnight brawls" among the employes of his department cannot be too exacting. But in the matter of smoking we are not prepared to admit that it should be stopped under penalty of dismissal. This seems too much like domineering. In seeking to do too much in the direction of reform we often accomplish nothing at all.

In every organization of our kind, Lodges are troubled more or less by the dishonesty of those to whom the funds are entrusted for safe keeping. Our Order is no exception to the rule, for, as is well known,

several of these unprincipled wretches have robbed our Lodges and then left them to their downfall. Any man who will steal monies that rightfully belong to the widows and fartherless children of those he has sworn to protect, is a most heartless thief and deserves the widest publicity in order to avoid a repetition of his rascality. We therefore request such of our Lodges who may be imposed upon by these reprobates, to give us all the facts connected with their outrages, in order that they may be made known all through the land. If a photograph can be secured we should be glad to receive it—for then we could have it transferred to a circular and conspicuously post the same in all departments of the service. If we are powerless to avoid these rascalities altogether, we can at least, in this way, prevent their being inflicted upon others.

NO. 47 AHEAD.

A member of Triumphant Lodge, No. 47, sports the watch for 1881.

That ends the struggle of last year.

Now the question is, "Who will wear the chronometer for 1882?"

HAND IN HAND.

We are pleased to see our members give joint entertainments with our co-workers of the B. of L. E. This is a step in the right direction, and if generally adopted, will bring about a perfect understanding among the men on the footboards that should mark their daily intercourse. It will cause them to feel that there is an identity of interest that cannot be ignored without injury to both, and will produce a spirit of good fellowship that will be lasting and strengthen those underlying bonds of sympathy that weld the hearts of men. You are now on the right track, boys—go ahead!

OUT WITH THE FRAUDS.

We hope that the order from the Grand Lodge, published in this issue of the Magazine, will be promptly carried out, for it

is our earnest desire to co-operate with the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers in purging the organizations of the dead beats that have infested them during the past.

We hate sham and shamming and upon these principles we have resolved to act. Hereafter when a member is expelled from the Order, the adjacent divisions of the B. of L. E. will be apprised of the fact, so that if at any time he may seek admission into their ranks they will be forewarned and can act accordingly. We feel it our duty and shall do it, for if a man will defraud our Order what guarantee has the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers that he will not defraud them?

"ADVANCE."

Under the above title, Instructor S. M. Stevens organized Lodge No. 101, at Creston, Iowa, on the 17th of February, with thirty-one charter members.

This means that we have, with three exceptions, one hundred Lodges in working order.

The three in question will be reorganized in a short time, and then there will not be a dead-head Lodge from the first to the last.

As soon as a Lodge gives evidence that it does not care to exist and fails to comply with the law, we shall reclaim its charter and transfer it to some locality better suited to Brotherhood purposes.

Our ambition is not to have a long array of numbers and names of Lodges published in the Magazine, but to have only good Lodges no matter how few or many there may be.

We are well aware that the Brotherhood cannot thrive everywhere. In many localities the firemen are utterly unfit to embrace it.

Their very appearance indicates that they are not of the standard we require to support the organization.

A few of their deficiencies are: "Love of whisky," "lack of self-respect," and "lewd and low associations."

Utterly devoid of ambition they wear dirty, ragged clothes, a stupid, dissipated look and a most frightful frown upon anything that looks like decency or elevation.

Considering that their element is very conspicuous in many parts of the country, it cannot be expected that the Brotherhood will grow so rapidly as it would if all men were qualified to embrace it. We shall be satisfied to develop slowly and safely. Casting out the unworthy is a process in which we are engaged as zealously as organizing new Lodges.

By this means we expect to maintain the integrity, if not the size, of our institution.

One hundred good Lodges are now in operation and applications for at least twelve more are on file. The growth is healthy, if not rapid, and gives every indication of permanency. To witness these changes in the condition* of things is a gratification to a true Brotherhood man that he enjoys beyond the power of words to express.

INTELLIGENT THOUGHTS.

The following circular was issued by one of our General Secretaries and commends itself to every reader of our Magazine:

OFFICE OF L. C. HILL,
PARSONS, KANSAS, Feb. 15, 1882. }

To the Officers and Members Brotherhood of
Locomotive Firemen :

DEAR BROTHERS:—An address is unnecessary, but a word of advice will profit you. In the year of our prosperity, work to elevate your Lodge, your brother, and your own character. Impress on the minds of all good men the object of our society: show them that the day is not far distant when railroads and railroad men will only be known by their respective brotherhoods. Let your motto be 'excel,' and you will be proud of your labors and will be astonished at the results. Drive all drunkenness from of your lodges, and inscribe 'ignorance' on the man who advocates strikes and turmoil, and remember me as

Your Brother,
L. C. HILL.

These words are timely and well put and mark L. C. Hill not only as a deep thinking man but as one of the most enterprising workers in our cause.

MASTERFUL MEN.

Men confide in leaders. The bold man, the man of action, the man who grasps situations and masters them, he is the man whom his fellows love to honor; he is the man who becomes the standard-bearer in any great moral or political movement; he is the man who brings succor in the hour of danger, and upon him all hearts rely. Few men in moments of personal danger, or in days of national turmoil, act intelligently if left to their own resources. Some leader always springs to the front and assumes a command questioned by none. Such men are self-poised, heroic, calm. The swirl and clash of contending intellects, the mighty shock of arms, the hour fraught with fear and destruction, have no power to disturb that masterful balance of mind possessed by these leaders of men.

Alexander crossing the river Granicus in the face of the mighty hosts of Porus, is an example. The calm, self-assured, indomitable Greek intellect mastered a million foes simply by the power by leadership. Every Greek soldier became an unconquerable hero when fighting under the influence of the master mind.

Cæsar at Pharsalia became the master of Rome, not because his army was stronger than Pompey's, for it was much less, not because he was a better general, but because his was the master intellect. Under his leadership his legions became as one man with but a single purpose. Fearlessly, blindly, they moved upon Pompey's ranks and won. From the beginning the result was inevitable, the leader of men was there.

There is something grand about the heroism of great warriors, who on the battlefield, amid smoke and carnage, remain the same stern, relentless, unstampedable leaders. Marshal McDonald, at the

battle of Austerlitz, when commanded to storm a certain point, massed his forces and carried out his great emperor's command. The terrible fire of the enemy for hours mowed down rank after rank of his soldiery, but McDonald sat upon his horse, cold, impassionate, pale, but as relentless as death; the only command he gave during those terrible hours of blood was, "close on the center, forward." Even Napoleon turned away with a shudder, saying: "My God what slaughter." McDonald carried out his commands. Such leaders never fail.

These are examples of great leaders,

men whose names are upon the lips of all; there are others who deserve no less the world's honor. Men who risked life in the service of others. Men who saw the needs of the moment and grasped the golden opportunity. The engineman who stands by his engine in the hour of danger, going down with her in order that the lives entrusted to his care may be saved, is no less a hero, is no less a masterful man, than is the hero who dies for his country. To stand grandly at the post of duty, knowing the danger but flinching not, calm, alert, and active to avert destruction, is a picture of heroism as great, if not as tragic, as McDonald at Austerlitz.

CORRESPONDENCE.

CONGRATULATORY LETTERS.

CHICAGO, ILLS., Feb. 13th, 1882.

Editor *Firemen's Magazine*:

At the union meeting held in this city on the twelfth inst. the following letters of congratulation were received, which were ordered published in the *Magazine*. They were heartily appreciated by every listener, and, I doubt not, will prove of interest to every reader.

The first is that of the "Wanderer," whose sentiments will speak for themselves:

To the officers and members of the Union Meeting of the B. of L. F. at Chicago, February 11th:

GENTLEMEN AND BROTHERS—As circumstances combine to prevent my meeting with you to-day, I can at least contribute my humble effort in these lines—expressing the sentiments that are uppermost in my mind and swell my heart with pride. This meeting will undoubtedly be productive of a great deal to you all. It will serve to bind the chain of fraternal love more closely around you—filling your hearts with a love for sweet charity's sake and inoculating into your minds an earnest desire to work more faithfully and energetically for the advancement of a cause that aims to such God-like purposes. And may there be utterances made that will reach deep into the hearts of all—more especially the dormant ones—awakening

them to a full realization of the duties they have obligated themselves to perform and may it cause in them an eagerness to carry out the routine which is essential for every member to perfect himself in. It is my sincere desire that there shall be words spoken that will course through your veins like living fire and cause you to forget insignificant self and only have thought for the good which every one of you are capable of doing, by carrying out the principles taught by our fraternity.

Benevolence, as taught by our Order, is one of the greatest virtues to which the human family can aspire. Benevolence of hand and of heart—which, if we but cultivate, will make our storm-beaten desolate journey through life, the more pleasant for the knowing that we have endeavored to lighten the burden of our weary brothers; that we have given our sympathy and assistance to the bereaved parents or the sorrowing widow and orphans of our brother who has passed to the great "Beyond." Brothers, when I sit me down to write of benevolence, sobriety and industry, it seems that I should never tire of extolling the virtue contained in our motto; and the thoughts that occupy my mind and fill my heart with love for an institution, which, if every member but does his simple duty, is capable of sending sunshine and contentment into many households, that otherwise would be dark and drear.

And I hope that due appreciation will

shown our most worthy and noble (God bless them) Grand officers, who have been so long faithful and true, and who, by their energetic efforts, have rescued this grand Brotherhood from debt and placed it on a foundation that I trust may last as long as our craft exists; and when they go away from you to-day may it be with the feeling that there is renewed interest among all those with whom they met, and may you each and every one go to your homes with a firm resolve that in the year just opening you will make a strong and united effort to advance a cause whose aim is to give relief to the suffering and to raise a higher standard of morality for those following your own perilous calling; and at the convening of our Grand Lodge may our members have increased ten-fold from the worthy men of the foot-board, who desire to elevate themselves and aid a purpose that is so truly grand.

Brothers, please accept these few words in the same spirit that prompts their utterance, and from one who can honestly say, that but for the teachings of this beloved Order he would often have been without one comforting friend.

But though I am now in a distant State, I am at home. Though, I am among strangers, I am surrounded by friends, and I should, indeed, have been without hope but for the fact of my being a member of this glorious Brotherhood. And I would say, in conclusion, Brothers, that you will realize in adversity—if you never did before—the benefits obtained and succor granted by having your names enrolled in this acme of societies—the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen.

Fraternally yours,

WANDERER.

The next is from a lady friend of the Order.

To the Members of the B. of L. F., Assembled at Chicago, February 12, 1882:

GENTLEMEN: For the earnest and ambitious spirit which prompted you to call this meeting, accept my heartiest congratulations.

You are certainly entitled to a greater amount of credit than I find myself capable of expressing, for thus bringing forward and making prominent the countless advantages and benefits derived from this noble institution. It is with no small degree of enthusiasm that I so constantly observe the onward and upward course of this glorious Order, whose hand of relief is so generously extended and so universally felt.

Although membership is at present denied my sex, I felt that you would at least suffer me to reveal my true feelings in a brief communication, on this occasion. My sincere wishes are, that much good work will be accomplished and that the result of this experiment, as it were, will be highly satisfactory. A meeting of this kind tends to familiarize the members of the different lodges and is destined to create that brotherly sympathy, without which, the Brotherhood would soon totter to its downfall.

Sympathy for fellow-laborers and love for the Order, are fundamental necessities which should be at all times cultivated by the members. It should be the object of all concerned, to make this institution a leading movement and one upon which similar organizations will look and consider a pattern of excellence. In order to effect this it is essential that the motto adopted—"Benevolence, Sobriety and Industry"—be strictly adhered to.

Having had my little say, I now feel satisfied to surrender the "stump" to the many abler and more prolific minds here assembled to-day.

Firmly believing that your meeting will evoke a deep sense of appreciation.

I remain, with great respect, your well-wishing friend,

Emma ———.

Also the following:

TERRE HAUTE, IND., Feb. 11th, 1882.

To the Chicago Lodges, B. of L. F., in union meeting assembled:

GENTLEMEN: "Admiration" but faintly expresses my real feelings toward those who brought about this convention; I feel that so noble a movement could originate only within exalted minds and congenial hearts; it indicates *sympathy* for your Brothers, *charity* to their families.

Pardon me if I almost wished myself to be a man (this implies, of course, that I would be one of your glorious Order), that I, too, might assemble with you to give, and in turn to receive, views and opinions. This meeting tells much of self-sacrifice and brotherly love, well understood and appreciated.

I almost fancy that I see you as you are brought together upon this occasion, earnestly and honestly toiling to better and to elevate yourselves and your fellow men. Allow me to suggest that you look well to your motto, one that you can ill afford to ignore, "Benevolence, Sobriety and Industry."

What a gem, in three words; in your lexicon you can never combine three

more words, whose combination will blend together more beautifully, more harmoniously, and bring about more splendid results, than the above.

When I consider how earnestly you are toiling to bring about the desired results, I find that I allowed my enthusiasm to get the better of discretion; I made a mistake in wishing myself one of your number, and accordingly, submit all rights in your favor; so confident am I that the noble impulses that stirred you to call, and others to respond to this meeting, will inspire you upon this occasion to accomplish *much*, and that *well*. In other words, naught but good could well up and bubble over from such minds and such hearts

Thanking you sincerely for the time you have kindly granted me, and trusting that you may meet with boundless success and that from this effort may burst splendid results, I am, with good wishes to one and all,

Very respectfully,

A LADY FRIEND.

These, Mr. Editor, are the expressions of sympathy and encouragement with which we were greeted on that eventful day. The occasion will never be forgotten by those who had the good fortune to be there.

To the writers of the foregoing letters, we return our most sincere thanks, and hope they may never have occasion to think otherwise of us.

Eagerly looking for some other Lodge to call a union meeting, I remain, with ever growing love for the cause,

Yours fraternally,

GARDEN CITY.

A RIPPLE FROM NO. 71.

ONEONTA, N. Y., March 20, 1882.

Editor Firemen's Magazine.

Gladly do I relinquish the scoop and slash-bar to sound the praises of No. 71 Junior and our worthy Order; although I am painfully aware of my incompetence to do this justice, yet like unto Brudder Bones, "I've jes gwine to 'spress my 'pinion." Brothers, my opinion is that No. 71 keeps pace with the times, having added seven new converts to her little band since my last communication, who have expressed their willingness to abide by our laws; we will try to make the work pleasant and instructive for them. We have a perfect little gem of a Council Chamber; with our worthy Master and the balance of our officials, who are

equally praiseworthy, we are solid to the core. In our number there are some twenty who becomingly sport the Brotherhood badge, and admire the judgment of Bro. Stevens in getting up so neat and appropriate a design. The February number shows that an unusual number of our boys are crossing the deck, and we all say let success go with them. If you desire to be thoroughly posted and become acquainted with your Brothers, take the Magazine; it is bright and newswy; its own merits are spreading its name and fame throughout the land. Brothers, hoping that you will not take offense, I would like to make a few remarks about black balling on account of personal feelings. Very frequently, when a man's name is suggested for admission to our Brotherhood, somebody will find fault with him until, as a general thing, he is rejected, when he might have made a good worker in our cause. If I understand, our work is to build up and not to tear down, and in a case of this kind where any personal dislike exists, why not overcome it and do what is square? If he is not what we would like him to be, let us put him on the track of B. S. and I.; let us advise him and help him, let us place a good example before him to follow, and if he must eventually be turned from our ranks we have at least the satisfaction of knowing that he did not suffer for want of charity on our part; that, Brothers, is a great satisfaction. Give them all a fair trial, and of them all you will no doubt find a goodly number who will thankfully grasp the hand of Brotherhood extended to them, and delighted with the benefits thereof, will stand in our Order as living examples for others to follow. Some, of course, will turn a deaf ear to our advice, and in spite of all will wander from us, but if we have dealt fairly by them, we have no further responsibility; it is our aim and duty to hold and protect good men, and in this we shall stand. I see the caller coming and that indicates another line of business to your sincere Brother,

W. S. C.

A TOUCHING INCIDENT.

CLINTON, IOWA, Feb., 1882.

Editor Firemen's Magazine:

In traveling we meet persons of different nationalities and customs, and also with incidents of various characters; some sad, others pleasing, and still others instructive in their nature. One of the

latter kind I witnessed recently while traveling from C—— to H——. The train was going West, and the time was evening. At one of the stations, a little girl apparently about eight years old, boarded the train, carrying a little bundle under her arm. After taking a seat she began an eager scrutiny of faces, but, alas! all were strange to her. She seemed quite weary, and at once proceeded to make herself comfortable by placing her bundle on the seat and using it as a pillow. She had not rested very long until the conductor came along to collect tickets and fare. Noticing him as he stopped at her seat, she asked if she might lie there, to which the gentlemanly conductor replied that she might; at the same time kindly asking for her ticket, when she informed him that she had none. The following conversation ensued:

"Where are you going, little girl?"

"To heaven," was the prompt reply.

"Who pays your fare?"

To this inquiry she answered: "Mister, does this railroad lead to Heaven, and does Jesus travel on it?"

"I think not. Why do you wish to know?"

"Because, sir, before my ma died she used to sing to me of a Heavenly Road; you looked so nice and talked so kind I thought this was the road of which my ma used to sing—but my ma don't sing to me any more—nobody sings to me now; so I thought I would take the cars and go to ma."

She continued, "Mister, do you sing to your little girl about Heaven? You have a little girl, haven't you?"

He replied, "No, my little dear, I have no little girl now." I had one once, but she died some time ago and went to heaven."

Again she asked: "Did she go over this railroad, and are you going to see her now?"

By this time the passengers were clustering about her—most of them weeping. An attempt to describe what I witnessed is almost futile. Some said "God bless the little girl," and others that she was an angel. The child, overhearing this, earnestly replied:

"Yes, my ma said that I would be an angel sometime."

Addressing herself once more to the conductor, she said:

"Do you love Jesus? I do, and if you love him too, he will let you ride to heaven on His railroad; I am going there, and I wish you would go with me. I know Jesus will let me into heaven, he

will let you in too, and everybody who will ride on his railroad. Wouldn't you like to see heaven, and Jesus, and your little girl?"

These words, so innocently and pathetically spoken, brought a great gush of tears from all eyes; but most profusely did the tears fall from the eyes of the conductor. Some who were traveling on the heavenly railroad shouted for joy.

She then asked permission to sleep there until she reached heaven.

"Yes, dear," replied the conductor.

"Will you wake me up then, so that I can see my ma and your little girl?"

The answer came in broken accents—

"Yes, dear; God bless you," to which

"Amen" was sobbed by a score of voices.

At this juncture the brakeman called out "H——." The conductor arose, instructing him (the brakeman) to attend to his duties at the station, for he was too much overcome to make his usual rounds.

At this point I was obliged to leave the train, not however, before inwardly thanking God that I had witnessed this touching scene. We learn from this incident that out of the mouths of even babes God has ordained strength, and that we ought to be willing to represent the cause of our blessed Jesus.

Very respectfully,
MRS. H. W. STEPHENS.

FROM NO. 75.

PHILADELPHIA, PA., March 19, 1882.

Editor Firemen's Magazine:

At our last meeting it was considered advisable to contribute an item concerning our own Lodge. There was considerable comment upon the items relating to the rising generation; they also think it fine news to hear of a man's promotion; they consider it very encouraging to learn of the marriage of a Brother; they frequently report the advent of little ones. If I had time, I would mention promotions innumerable, as we have about as many men on the right hand side as on the left of the foot board. I could also mention several, among them some of our prominent members and even officials, who have welcomed little strangers.

Our Lodge is composed of men employed upon the New York and Philadelphia Division of the P. R. R., and though we run into separate round houses, two miles apart, yet we meet in perfect harmony. When a new man is proposed, we usually appoint a committee from his division; but on a general committee and

in the selection of officers, we appoint men whose runs will permit them to attend regularly, also those who are best qualified to perform the duties.

I can say, so far as my judgement goes, that our present list of officers is as good as can be selected. Since our organization in April, 1877, we have buried one member and the wives of two members. We allow four dollars per week as sick benefits, and have besides this a side branch, called the "Mutual Life Insurance Association of Enterprise Lodge No. 72." Upon the death of a member we assess each man of the Association \$1.00, and upon the death of a member's wife the assessment is 50 cents, which amount, in either case, is payable within twenty-four hours; we make the first payment in advance, and thus have a working capital to draw upon; we have no additional expense, except a small consideration for receipts and notices. We hold our meetings in the Lodge room. Bro. C. H. Maul is president, and Bro. W. J. Wheeler is Secretary and Treasurer, either of whom is authorized to make collections. We have also three trustees to deposit the funds.

Hoping that you may find a corner for this epistle, I will close by entertaining the hope that I may be able to send you a long list of subscribers, and shall endeavor to contribute from time to time such news as I may think interesting to our readers.

Fraternally yours, C. H. M.

A COFFEE EATER.

ROCK ISLAND, ILLS., March 25, 1882.

Editor Firemen's Magazine:

A Rock Island fireman took his girl to a theatre in Peru, Ills., a few evenings since.

The play consisted of five acts, and, of course, four intermissions, and during each one Frank excused himself and went out to see a friend. His girl thought she could see a fraud instead of a friend in it, but bided her time and said nothing until the play had ended and they had reached her home.

She invited him in, but he declined.

She insisted, and he finally acquiesced and went in.

After being seated she startled Frank by asking in an abrupt manner if he ever ate coffee.

Frank, although somewhat taken aback at first, soon gained his composure, and, knowing full well what was in store for

him, resolved to check-mate his fair questioner, and cheek it out.

"Ever ate coffee?" he cried. "Well, I should presume to twitter. I tried eating coffee once, and my experience then taught me never to try it again.

"You see," he said, despite her endeavors to stop him, "you see, we are run very hard just now, and we can't always stop long enough to eat meals, so we generally carry our lunches with us. Well, the other day I forgot to get mine before leaving Rock Island, and when we came to Peru we had to double back. At Peru I jumped off at Mrs. Schmidt's and got a package of ground coffee, resolving to try a new invention of my own. When I got back to the engine, I got about a quart of boiling water ready and commenced to eat the coffee. It was tough work, I tell you, but I got considerable of it down, and then prepared to drink the water. My idea was, you see, to let the coffee boil inside of me while I was working. I took the boiling water and gulped down as much as I could, but good Lord! didn't it make me jump, though. It just peeled the skin clear off from my palate down to my toe-nails, it was all loose, every bit of it, and all I could do was to just put my fingers in my mouth and catch hold of the skin and shake it back and forth, and up and down until that coffee was all cooked and cooled off. After that I swore I would never touch another piece of coffee in that form and I won't. Oh! it's awful! it's awful!"

And the young man writhed and groaned, twisted and wriggled, until the old man came in with a stomach pump and requested the young man to use it in the back yard, as the front steps were newly painted.

Frank apologized, bowed his excuse for not remaining longer, and retired. The young lady says he has entirely too smart and inventive a brain to be thrown off for that one offense, so he is solid yet.

YORK.

AN OLD SOLDIER IN A NEW CAUSE.

EAU CLAIRE, WIS., March 6, 1882.

Editor Firemen's Magazine:

Eau Claire Lodge No. 68 has just passed through one of those pleasant episodes of the season wherein the young are thrown into raptures of pleasure, and the old and infirm often wish they were young again. You know that although we get lots of jolting and swinging around the circle with the "scoop" for a partner, and that well known drum in the fire-box and an

occasional ring of the bell for our music, and the man on the right hand side to call off. Yes, Bro. Debs, in this way we get what some people might call lots of dancing; but did it never occur to you that it becomes somewhat monotonous, and that we crave for some other kind of music and a partner, in whose society we only find pain when we say that oft told good-bye at the gate?

But, I am wandering away from my theme and must step back.

You know that our Eau Claire Lodge is an infant link in your grand chain of Brotherhood, and to many of our citizens such an organization was unknown and unthought of. So we thought we would just spread ourselves out and come to the front. We decided to have a grand hop on the night of the 20th, which has passed and gone, but will long be remembered by all of us. Wish you had been with us. We had a splendid time in every respect, and put a nice little sum into our treasury, and it shall only be used for purposes that are pure and noble. We began dancing at nine o'clock and all was going merrily "as a marriage bell," when suddenly all were startled by a yell that would have done credit to "Rain-in-the-Face," which, upon investigation, proved to be Bro. Moran calling "one more couple this way." It required some time and considerable "restorative" to quiet and bring-to the fairer portion of the assemblage, but when this was done we had just the best time that you can imagine. You should have seen us do the Irish trot. You would have thought that we were in that beautiful land of song where the potato grows in its virgin purity; the land which St. Patrick made fatal to all the snake creation. But, enough of this, so I will close, returning the thanks of the Lodge to Bros. M. and P. Fitzgerald, M. J. Keating and M. J. Sullivan, of Minnehaha Lodge No. 61; also to our esteemed foreman, Mr. George H. Webster, who has done all in his power to advance the interests and prosperity of our Order in this place.

Wishing our Brotherhood success, I remain,
Yours in B., S. and I,
OLD SOLDIER.

FROM LARAMIE.

LARAMIE, W. T., March 15, 1882.

Editor Firemen's Magazine:

DEAR SIR: Here I am again; I wonder if you consider me troublesome. We Western people are a troublesome lot and consider ourselves of more importance than other people do.

During the last month we have had Brothers from different sections of the country, and extended them as many hospitalities as we could; among others were Bros. Hennessy and Regan, from Manitoba.

Our Lodge is in a prosperous condition and bears a spotless reputation where we are located, as is very evident from the patronage our first annual ball received; said ball is acknowledged to have been, in every particular, the grandest ever given here. By the way, Bro. Quigley denies the soft impeachment, stating that he has no knowledge of Mr. and Mrs. Lickshingle. He is a bachelor, and his bashfulness toward the fair sex is proverbial to such an extent that it is feared that the honorable title of Mrs. Josiah Quigley is but evidence of a thing to be hoped for; a fact greatly to be regretted by the "sisterhood."

This is probably enough for one dose. Bidding you adieu, I am

BLACK JACK TWEED.

FIFTH ANNUAL BALL OF BOSTON LODGE NO. 57.

Editor Firemen's Magazine:

The fifth annual ball of Boston Lodge No. 57 took place in Odd Fellows' Hall, on Friday evening, February 17th, 1882. There were about two hundred and fifty couples present, who "tripped the light fantastic toe" until the "wee sma' hours," to the music of Edmand's band. At 8:15 P.M., a special train arrived from Salem, bringing quite a party of our boys, accompanied (most of them) by their lady-loves. Prominent among the Salem faces was that of Bro. Green, known to be the "War Horse" of No. 57. The supper deserves special mention on account of the excellent manner in which the eatables were prepared. On this occasion, Mr. Tufts, a popular Boston caterer, was engaged to attend to this branch of the entertainment.

The ball printing was a fine specimen of the work done by Messrs. Babb & Stephens, and was favorably commented on by all who were fortunate enough to secure an invitation.

* We tender a vote of thanks to D. W. Sanborn, Esq., Superintendent of the Eastern Railroad, for providing a special train for the accommodation of our Salem friends; also to those of the boys who took hold and made the affair one long to be remembered by those who participated in the merry making.

Fraternally, J. C. E.
BOSTON, MASS.

APPRECIATIVE CORRESPONDENT.

CENTRALIA, ILLS., March 11th, 1882.

Editor Firemen's Magazine:

The perusal of the last two numbers of our Magazine caused it to occur to me that No. 37 ought to offer good cheer to her sister Lodges. That we are in a prosperous condition, and in fair working order, causes me to bid the brethren God speed in the good work "which falls to the lot of the Order."

Could each individual member of our Brotherhood have been present with Bros. James, Morse and Hartman a few days since, when in the discharge of their duty they called at the residence of Bro. S. R. Wild, to deliver the draft received from the Grand Secretary and Treasurer—the death claim of R.R. Wild—and witnessed the scene there, it would be useless to urge them to live up to our laws. Could they have seen that mother's tears, as the presence of our brothers brought back her boy to her memory; could they know what she thinks of the B. of L. F. they would be greatly encouraged. To each of us that had the pleasure of being of service to Bro. Wild in his affliction, it was a solemn lesson, that will last and carry its influence through life.

We are steadily increasing in membership, though choice material is getting scarce. Among our boys we have quite a number that are away from our meetings, and out of the profession. Out of the twenty-one charter members, eleven have been promoted, and one expelled.

Brothers, can we not devise some means whereby our employers can be persuaded that an ash-pan can be cleaned just as well through a door in the side, as from the front or back? A short time since, I was present at a station, on one of our Trunk lines, when a fast express train stopped. The engineer began to "oil around" very hurriedly, and the "stoker" possessed himself of the ash pan hoe, crawled under the engine and went to work cleaning out the ashes. Visions of a leaky throttle, or unusual start went through my brain, till I again saw him "on deck," ringing the bell. This is a common thing, and why locomotive builders do not provide for this emergency, when not controlled by specifications, I can not see. It is a matter that I should like to see the Brothers take an interest in and talk of. This is not a personal matter, as I am happy to say that the ash pan of the engine has a slide door in the right side, as in fact, have all engines on the Illinois Central. HENRY CRANE.

FROM NO. 17.

VINCENNES, IND., Feb. 25th, 1882.

Editor Firemen's Magazine:

It affords me much pleasure to place this small contribution before our readers to show them how much we appreciate what has been done for us in lifting us to the place we now occupy; I can securely say on behalf of No. 17 that to most of the oldest members of the Order are we indebted for the prosperity of our Brotherhood.

Allow us to congratulate you for the fine taste shown in getting up the Magazine for 1882. I regret to say that No. 17 has been very deficient in supplying contributions for same; we are getting along very finely and are steadily increasing our numbers; we gave an entertainment in Seymour recently which was pronounced *recherche* (pardon my French) by all who participated.

Wishing you all health, prosperity, etc.,
I am Truly yours,

D. W. C.

FROM THE KANSAS BORDER.

ELLIS, KANS., March 8th, 1882.

Editor Firemen's Magazine:

I beg a small space in your columns for the purpose of giving an account of one of the most successful balls ever given by the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen. The affair took place at the Ellis House, Ellis, Kans., on the anniversary of Washington's birth-day, February 22d, 1882. The principal object in view in publishing an account of our ball is to promote the interest of our Lodge and to express our thanks publicly to our Superintendent, Mr. O. H. Dorrance, for the many kindnesses he extended to the members of this Division and their friends in aiding them to attend the ball. For these favors the members of Border Lodge, No. 32, will ever hold him in grateful remembrance.

We also desire to return our thanks to Major J. B. Daily, our Master Mechanic, for taking so much interest in the welfare of the firemen under his supervision, by making changes on the road to favor members desiring to attend the ball. The ball was a grand success, financially and otherwise—there being present, some sixty or more couples, some coming from a distance of over 200 miles.

Music was furnished by the Ellis String Band, under the management of Messrs. Clark and Hoover, and suffice is to say that they did justice to the occasion. The programme and invitations were superb

and carried out to the letter under the auspices of Bros. W. Smith, Swift, Martin, J. A. Smith and many others, whom, lack of space forbids me mention.

Everything passed away pleasantly and nothing occurred to mar the pleasures of the occasion.

At 11 o'clock the merry dancers repaired to the Kansas House, kept by Old Pappy Akeright, (as he is familiarly called) where he and his estimable lady prepared a sumptuous repast, which was a real credit to the "old reliable" Kansas House. After the "inner man" was thoroughly replenished, dancing was resumed until the small hours of the morning. There were many fine toilets and many fine looking ladies present.

Your correspondent being a quite bashful young man, he failed to get their names, or the description of their elegant costumes. A most pleasant feature of the occasion was the presentation of a magnificent cake by Mrs. Akeright to the members of No. 32. The presentation speech was made by Mr. Hanna, which was a credit to that gentleman.

Thanking you for the time and attention you have so kindly given me, I remain

Yours in B. S. and I.

F. P. S.

THE "LONE STAR" STILL SHINES.

LONGVIEW, TEX., March 15th, 1882.

Editor Firemen's Magazine:

You have doubtless been informed that the charter of Lone Star Lodge, No. 70, was suspended by Grand Instructor Stevens, on his recent trip to Texas, owing to her failure to comply with the laws of the Order. The news got abroad that she would not survive the blow, and many of her members deserted her and sought safety in other Lodges—leaving her burdened with debt—to die a disgraceful death and reflect eternal discredit upon those who were unwilling to abandon her. The finger of scorn was pointed at her from every direction and even by some who had, in times gone by, shared her prosperity.

But the men who were left, did not propose that Lone Star Lodge, No. 70, should come to such an end. Her bad condition had been brought about by a combination of distressing circumstances. Her worthy Master, Bro. J. H. Selby, than whom a more earnest, loyal and self-sacrificing Brotherhood man does not exist, lost his situation here by no fault of his own, and had to leave in search of employment, which he found at Greenville

—over two hundred miles from here, where he has been stationed ever since.

Our members were scattered in every direction. A number of sluggards had been kept up for years, contrary to law—owing to the leniency of our officers who believed that some time their manhood would assert itself and they would retrieve their standing.

The Lodge was loaded down with debt, and everything indicated a speedy and disgraceful dissolution. Such was the condition of affairs when Instructor Stevens called on us and no one will wonder that he suspended our charter and deprived us of the benefits of the Order. It was the greatest lesson ever taught us, for we began to feel that our honor was in the balance and that it would be stained for all time if our Lodge were allowed to perish under such circumstances. We, accordingly, examined into the condition of affairs and arranged for prompt and decisive action. All who wished to withdraw were granted withdrawal cards.

Arrangements were then made for a meeting for the purpose of expelling the drones and drawbacks who were responsible for all the trouble.

This meeting was held March 7th and was presided over by Bro. Selby, who came here several days before, in order to arouse a feeling of interest among the members and make it a success.

Although the attendance was small the enthusiasm of the members was intense. They came there for a purpose and every face was marked with resolution. After the meeting was duly opened the Secretary called the roll, and every member who was more than ninety days in arrears with his dues was expelled. There were fourteen of them as the black list in the Magazine will show. This left us thirty-nine members in good standing, and they at once raised the money to clear the Lodge of debt. This was done most readily, and now we are square with the world once again. We have less members but more experience. The latter was dearly bought, but in the light of No. 70's record we must regard it as a good investment.

So the "Lone Star" still shines. Henceforth she will have her head erect and her limbs unfettered. The golden era of a better day has dawned and No. 70, like Phoenix, has risen from the ashes in all the grandeur of a new creation.

With true majesty and lofty manhood her members have resolved, as one man, to rescue this locality from the aspersion of her maligners. The unworthy have

been banished—only the good remain, and with a united voice they have proclaimed that their future record will be so grand that it will overshadow all his errors, injuries and injustice of the past. Beckoned on by the shining goal of their ambition every member will do his duty. Not a man will waver—not one will flinch from his trust.

Before closing this letter, I want to express my gratitude to those who saved the Lodge I love and in whose welfare every impulse of my nature is enlisted. First of all and at the head of the column stands Bro. S. M. Stevens, our Grand Instructor. I thank him from the depth of my heart for rebuking us as he did. Had he not come among us and made us feel, by his earnest reproaches, the extent of our shameful derelictions we would not have realized the abuses we were suffering and likewise inflicting and would not have corrected them. Every member of the Lone Star Lodge pays to him the tribute of his admiration and respect.

Next in order, I want to thank Bro. J. H. Selby, whose only fault has been his leniency—his largeness of heart. He accepted promises that he believed were based upon honor. He believed his fellow members to be as honest as himself. But his confidence was betrayed and his generosity outraged, all of which he suffered without complaint. In the hour of her struggle against an ignominious death he did not allow the abuses he had suffered to interfere with his duties to his Lodge. Gallantly he came to the rescue, and for one I shall always hold him in the profoundest esteem. And I thank Bro. John Sullivan, Bro. R. A. Harris, Bro. Z. L. Jarrett, Bro. Joseph Healy, Bro. W. H. Bassinger and Bro. James McDonagh, for their loyalty to their Lodge in the crisis of her existence.

Search the Lodges of this entire country and you will not find better men than these. They are an honor to themselves and the cause they represent and merit, one and all, the cordial appreciation of the whole Brotherhood.

I will now draw to a close. If I have been tiresome to any of your readers I beg their pardon, for when I begin to write upon this subject my mind refuses to cease its dictations and my pen its obedience.

Reconstructed and reclaimed, Lone Star Lodge, No. 70, again takes its stand beneath the banner of our Brotherhood, in many respects the grandest organization ever dedicated to the welfare of humanity. Yours fraternally,

LONE STAR.

FROM NO. 25.

BOONE, IOWA, Feb. 13th, 1882.

Editor Firemen's Magazine:

No. 25 having been unusually quiet for some time, I concluded to make an effort to give you a summary of events that have transpired; although we make but little noise, we keep the ball rolling. Bros. Keating and Russell are now dignified, but ever gracious, engineers. Bro. Dan Finley is running a road engine; and has won the full confidence of his employers in that capacity.

Bros. Herring and Sass have served long and well in single life, and assume the responsibilities of "married men" with becoming effect. They seem so well pleased with the change that quite a number of our brethren seem to have a leaning in the same direction.

Our sympathies are with Bro. Ed. Davis, who has suffered severely from an attack of rheumatism. The boys of No. 25 are faithful to their obligations to the sick and afflicted.

We hail the new Magazine with delight. Yours in B. S. and I.,

W. A. C.

FROM NO. 13.

JERSEY CITY, Feb. 21, 1882.

Editor Firemen's Magazine:

No. 13 cannot afford to remain in the back-ground any longer; we are in a splendidly prosperous condition, and feel it our duty to push ourselves into prominence through our book, or our sister Lodges will think that we are not accomplishing much. We hold our meetings regularly and they are well attended; our boys are on the move, looking out for the future; Bro. Tice has conferred the title of *Mrs.* upon Miss Anna Griffin, a worthy lady of this place; we hope that there may be much of good in store for them; Bro. Griffith manifests a sort of uneasiness when pressure of business forbids of his regular visits to New York; rumor has it that there is a centre of attraction in said city, and Richard is expected to follow in the footsteps of Bro. Tice. I hereby wish to tender thanks to Bro. Tice and two sisters for having kindly entertained us. We were, by the way, invited to a bounteous supper at their home.

There is a feeling of perfect harmony and sympathy between our members at this place, and with earnest wishes that it may always remain so, I am, your Brother,

L.

SHORTY CUNNINGHAM, THE SCAB.

HIS OCCUPATION GONE IN TEXAS—THE BOYS
GIVE HIM A MATINEE.

Texarkana (Texas) Daily Inter-State.

Shorty Cunningham, who lately put in his appearance at Texarkana, is branded by the railroad boys as a notorious scab and strike runner. He makes his living by following the trail of strikes and deserting the cause he is the first to join, and running for a big salary the locomotive which he assisted in persuading some better man to leave for the good of the fraternity. He is pronounced the "king bee" of all the scabs.

After exhausting his influence North, he concluded to take a round ticket and hold out passage in Texas. He made the grand entree at Tyler, but met some of the boys at that place who proposed to teach him the grand walk around, so he concluded the climate was infected with malaria and break-bone fever, and played the cases with a wipe rag to Texarkana. After reaching this place, he joined the fakirs for a few days, and tried to pull air brakes on the travelers of the alleys.

He got the best of the bar keepers with his educated fingers until he left the saloons in a go-as-you-please match with the toe of a boot, just because he could not not raise the price of the rum about his jeans. He made his headquarters about the Marquand Hotel, where he played his winter engagement of the nice old man, until in an unlucky hour he ran against one of the boys whose coat tail he had stepped upon, and who waited at the front door to bid friend Shorty adieu.

As Shorty left the room, he lost the perpendicular of his nose, and it was not the rushing out that hurt him, but the sudden stop that he got. He discovered something on a strike, and, as usual, he got the best thing in it, and only stopped a second before he performed the balloon act through one of the glass doors. He was switched off on a side-track, and the doctors closed in his face for a round-house and put in his nose for repairs.

If there are more scabs waiting for a strike, send them down where they can catch on. CROSS-TIE.

(The foregoing is published by request of Rose City Lodge, No. 45.—Ed.)

FRED. B. MADISON is requested to correspond with the officers of No. 94 without delay.

LOCOMOTIVE FIREMEN.

THE FIRST ANNUAL BALL GIVEN LAST NIGHT
AT McLAUGHLIN'S HOTEL.

St. Joe (Mo.) Gazette, Feb. 21st.

The first annual ball of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen took place at McLaughlin's hall last night. Although the night was stormy and dark, a biting northwest snow storm coming down with force, there was a large attendance of the locomotive firemen and their fair lady friends. The hall was lighted brilliantly and rarely have lights shone on fairer women or more gallant men. The affair was admirably arranged and all who were there enjoyed themselves to the fullest extent. Pryor's full orchestra was present to discourse music for the dancers and each shining hour was busily improved by the nimble-footed young people. The programme consisted of twenty-one dances. Supper was served at twelve.

The committees were as follows:

Committee on reception—L. Mooney, R. Morris, Wm. E. Sullivan, H. Boyer, C. Murry.

Floor managers—C. B. Morris, C. Fitzpatrick, A. Haag, J. Grolmond, H. W. Bell.

Door-keepers—Gill Porter, Wm. Farwell.

The following was the programme of the evening:

GRAND MARCH.

1. Waltz—Our Guest.
2. Quadrille—F. W. Arnold.
3. Schottische—No. 43, B. L. F.
4. Lancers—Evening News.
5. Polka—Eugene V. Debs.
6. Quadrille—Fireman.
7. Waltz—L. Mooney.
8. Quadrille, Polka—Train No. 3.
9. Mazourka—McLaughlin Hall.
10. Quadrille—Coal Pick.
11. Newport—Savannah Hill.

SUPPER.

12. Quadrille—St. J. & W. Ry.
13. Schottische—Kate Shelley.
14. Quadrille—Wabash.
15. Waltz—Sam Stevens.
16. Quadrille—Norway Hill.
17. Polka—Evening News.
18. Waltz—Lenox Hill.
19. Waltz—J. Gould.
20. Schottische—Sidney Dillon.
21. Quadrille—L. D. Tuthill.

NOTICE TO FINANCIERS.

Your attention is called to Section 2 of Article VI of the Constitution:

New members admitted after February 1st and before August 1st pay only fifty cents for Grand Dues.

Such remittance may be made in United States postage stamps.

EUGENE V. DEBS,
G. S. and T.

PERSONAL.

J. C. UPDIKE, Esq., of No. 73, is seriously ill.

WM. ENOS, of No. 77, is requested to correspond with his Lodge.

PROMOTED to the right hand side—Bros. A. W. Merrow and Fred. Tibbetts, of No. 57.

H. WILLIAMS, of No. 35, is working up quite a large subscription list at Amboy, Ills. He is one of 35's new engineers.

THE FINANCIER of No. 1, Bro. A. J. Shiner, is deserving of much credit for his judicious management of the funds of his lodge.

JAMES NAGLE, of Deer Park Lodge, No. 1, is requested to correspond with his Lodge at once. The last heard from him he was in Texas.

FOUR more of No. 26's good men have gone over to the right side. Bros. Coughlin, Jacobs, Rockingham and E. Thompson.

KANSAS CITY LODGE, No. 74, hereby extends thanks to Bro. Shay, of No. 50, for favors shown Bro. Dan. Eaton.

E. WEBBER, G. Chanch and G. Gordon, of Industrial Lodge, No. 21, are hereby requested, for their own good, to correspond with their Lodge at once.

BRO. GEORGE FRANCIS NEWTON, of Worcester, has had his insurance policy made payable to Mrs. G. Francis Newton, a new and silent (?) partner of the firm.

THE officers of No. 10 wish to have it stated that they have found Bro. Bechold and his address; they say that he is too good a one to lose all trace of him.

It is not true that Bro. Sheppard, of No. 10, made a blunder recently. He has a vast deal of presence of mind and is able to meet emergencies coolly and calmly.

BROS. T. P. O'ROURKE, Geo. McReynolds and Walter J. Ford, of No. 63 are politely requested to correspond with the Financier of their Lodge.

TIRELESS in his efforts is Bro. T. Curran, of No. 48, and as a reward, he is meeting with boundless success. There isn't a more punctual Financier in the Order.

WE note with pleasure the marriage of Bro. Geo. Buxe, of J. W. Richardson Lodge No. 104, to Miss Theresa Geldrich, one of Cincinnati's fairest daughters.

AMONG our first Magazine agents we must not fail to enrol the names of Peter Gibney, of No. 18, and John Stoffels, of No. 79. They seek their equals.

As a Magazine agent Bro. P. Peterson has no superior. He has made an earnest effort and has been rewarded with success. We need many like him.

BRO. JOSEPH SHEPHERD, of Philadelphia, was awarded the prize for selling the largest number of tickets for the recent entertainment given by his Lodge.

THE FINANCIER of No. 51, by name H. R. Favor, has been placed upon the right hand side. Step over, Bro. Favor, and shake.

GOOD luck to Bro. Harry C. Davis, the efficient Magazine agent of No. 31, who deservedly stepped over to the other side.

BROS. B. ESTES, C. E. Wilkins and Dan Mack, of No. 31, are respectfully requested to correspond with the Financier of their Lodge.

GEORGE DEATS, of Old Post, No. 17, who has been located at Fort Worth, Texas, in the capacity of hostler, has been promoted and sent west to take his new position.

J. A. GREMM, of No. 70, is running a switch engine in the Longview yards. Bro. Stevens reports him a good one.

HARRY KELER, one of our most substantial members, is running an engine on the Texas Pacific between Big Springs and Toyha. He is a Brotherhood man after our own heart.

CHARLES BAKER, of Lone Star, No. 70, is successfully handling a throttle on the Texas Pacific. Charley is entitled to all the prosperity he may reap.

IN the person of James McDonough, of No. 70, the Brotherhood has a valued worker. He is now running a passenger engine on the Gulf, Colorado & Santa Fe R.R., with headquarters at Galveston.

THE genial, whole-souled Magazine agent of No. 67, F. P. Shephardson, is meeting with brilliant success this year, having already disposed of more books than any of his predecessors.

JOHN CLARK, of Bluff City Lodge No. 55, is running an engine on the L. & N. road between Bowling Green and Louisville.

Our old friend, Alex. Cronin, of No. 55, is manipulating a throttle on the L. & N. road with perfect success.

Of those of Alpha Lodge, No. 26, who have become engineers are Brothers E. Thompson, J. D. Coughlin, F. Jacobs, G. H. Dopp and A. D. Brewer.

ANOTHER Lodge, after a long and earnest struggle, has taken her stand among our *best* ones. We refer to No. 31, of which Bro. Wm. H. Davis is "pilot."

B. AUSTIN, SR., and B. Austin, jr, that's the way it is now. The junior member arrived a few weeks ago, and will soon be about looking up the interests of No. 75.

WE have nearly 600 subscribers to our Magazine in Chicago—thanks to the enterprise of the Lodges located there. Our members in Chicago are Brotherhood men.

A LETTER from St. Joseph advises us of the promotion of N. Caruthers, of No. 43. Bro. Caruthers is fully deserving of the prosperity he enjoys.

THE success of Bluff City Lodge is now fully assured. Jacob Fuchs—the old reliable—is at the Financier's desk again, for which position he is eminently qualified.

THE laws of the Order will not suffer in Lodge No. 104 while Jacob Hoke is her Master. He has the heart and nerve to enforce the Constitution.

CHAS. F. HAHN is on deck again as Secretary of J. W. Richardson Lodge No. 104. His staying qualities are extraordinary.

DANIEL SEXTON is the Financier of Falls City Lodge No. 103. Under his administration there will be no backsliding.

THOMAS NEWTON and Geo. Buxe are rival Magazine Agents of our new Louisville Lodges. Both are active and wide-awake and will sustain the reputation of their respective Lodges.

WM. HUGO is entitled to our thanks for the good work he is doing in Eureka Lodge, No. 14. Her good standing is due in a great measure to his masterly efforts.

JAMES FARRELL, of West End Lodge, No. 18, will please correspond with the Recording Secretary of his lodge at once. Address A. D. Williams, P. O. box 24, Slater, Mo.

WE are authorized from headquarters to notify "Jack" Mulvihill that "Little Waddy" is getting along finely. Weight, twenty and one-half pounds.

WE call the attention of Lodges to our revised list of "Lodge Blanks and Supplies," in the back part of the Magazine.

AL. SCHAAAP, of No. 31, is doing a Financier's duty again after quite a vacation caused by sickness. The members of his Lodge are justly proud of him.

QUIET and effective in his work is Bro. Walter Pickering, of No. 63. He is Secretary of said Lodge, and briskly keeps the ball rolling.

"OLD SOLDIER" contributes a very interesting communication to our columns. He is evidently not too old or decrept for service and we shall be glad to hear from him often.

THE "Hymenial" harness recently donned by Bro. Thomas Black, of our St. Lawrence Lodge, fit him exactly. He has an elegant little wife and is correspondingly happy.

His many friends and admirers will be glad to see "Tim Fagan" on deck again. His sketches are pleasing and instructive and merit for their author his popularity and renown.

A CORRESPONDENT of No. 77 informs us that "Brother John Young has slyly, quickly, but wisely put his neck into the matrimonial noose." It happened near Canon, where the maid of the mountain had captured his heart.

THE promotion of Bro. Charles Colvin, of No. 77, was quickly followed by another happy event. His wife presented him with a fine young son. Both are doing well.

THE excellent Financier of Lodge No. 77, Bro. C. Hall, was recently placed in charge of a locomotive. This is an exceptionally well deserved promotion and will gladden the hearts of his many friends.

BRO. GEORGE MONAHAN, of No. 77, has embarked in the grocery business in Denver, Col., on the corner of twenty-first and Champa streets. The manner in which George spins about town in that light, fancy wagon makes us believe he forgets that it is not a "Baldwin."

It is known positively that Bro. Steding, of No. 18, has stepped over to the right hand side, but his prospective marriage to one of Louisiana's fair daughters is only a rumor.

BRO. W. H. WOODS holds the place of Engine Dispatcher, and Bro. H. Lightner is running a road engine. They are both members of No. 88, and we have an interest in their welfare.

D. D. HARRINGTON, of No. 14, has left the Vandalia Line to accept the position of extra engineer on the I. & St. L. Bro. Harrington is one of the live members of the Eureka Lodge.

A LETTER from Indianapolis informs us that Bro. Hanrahan, of No. 14, has been captured by cupid and will soon lead a charming young lady to the altar. His friends are all beginning to congratulate. Don't be "too previous" boys!

It is currently reported that Herman Hugo, of our Indianapolis Lodge, is preparing to embark in the wholesale dry goods business. Herman is an enterprising young gentleman and will succeed in whatever he undertakes.

HARLOM GRANT, P. J. Maloney, John English and Edward Reilly, of Pride of the West Lodge No. 6, De Soto, Mo., are requested to correspond with their Lodge at once.

THE honor of paying the first death assessments under the new system belongs to Lodge No. 88. D. W. Church is the Financier, and had in a dollar for every member eighteen days before it was due. No. 88 is a banner Lodge.

ONE of No. 25's popular members, Mark Crane, has just had his policy made out in favor of Miss — *somebody*. That is a suspicious circumstance, and we have an idea that Mark has day dreams about orange blossoms, &c.

LITTLE ANNIE HIGGINS, daughter of Bro. D. P. Higgins, died very suddenly a short time ago. We are all in sympathy with the afflicted parents; Anna was an interesting child and will be missed by the many with whom she was a great favorite.

WE extend a hearty welcome to Bro. James McHugh, who has come back into the ranks again as a co-worker in our cause. Having traveled extensively, he has been in a position to understand the worth of the Order. He has been installed as Master of Lodge No. 103, and will do his full duty in the position assigned him.

WE are informed by good authority that Bro. Fred Brigham, of No. 59, is doing his own oiling around a yard engine of his own at Divide, Colorado, where he is at present stationed. That accounts for his resignation as Secretary; much as we regret his resignation, we approve of the choice his Lodge has made in appointing Bro. E. B. Mayo as his successor. Bro. Mayo is a penman of no small merit.

BRO. DENNIS DUGAN, of our Bluff City Lodge is doing a fireman's duty on engine No. 1 of the L. & N. road. It may be added that this is the engine presented to the said Company by the Rogers Locomotive Works. She is a real beauty—just such an engine as Dennis deserves.

BROS. Richard Lang and A. H. Lang, of St. Lawrence Lodge No. 15, who are now stationed at Bowling Green, Ky., are making many friends in that vicinity. Bro. Stevens met them recently and was very favorably impressed with them. No danger of their losing sight of the Brotherhood.

IN behalf of Bro. Stevens, we return thanks to the members of Division No. 78, B. of L. E., particularly, Messrs. Jacob Sharr and Ed. Crofton for favors shown him on his Southern trip. These gentlemen gave their cordial assistance and encouragement to our Instructor in the work of the Order.

ISAAC ATEN, of Washington Lodge No. 13, is about to resign his position and migrate to Florida, where he will till the soil of that region. Isaac will make a sturdy farmer, as he has made a proficient engineman, and with him go the best wishes of us all.

AN anti-Chinamen society has been formed in Tucson, Arizona, under the leadership of Bro. Fetterly, who headed the subscription with \$7.00. He thinks of it at night and when the sun gets pretty warm at noon day, he lays himself to sleep upon his little engine and dreams sweet dreams of "*When all the Chinamen are gone.*"

PASSED from single wretchedness into matrimonial bliss did Bro. G. H. Olds, who took unto himself Miss Lizzie Jonson, and Bro. A. D. Williams, who took unto himself Miss Alice Lazer. Right welcome are the sisters to our Brotherhood, and proud are we to take them into our band. May the lives of our worthy brothers and their honored ladies be filled with happiness, gladness and peace.

UNLIKE the "Galion Cook," Bro. Mart Jamison has ceased to walk on his heels; his displeasure has been transferred into joy by his recent promotion. He attained the responsible position of an engineer, through his own industry, and not a man in the Order but will be pleased to learn of his success; he is one of our most useful and prominent men and a general favorite with all who know him. Score him one with a *cheese-knife*.

Not content with having become an engineer, Bro. Rockingham, of No. 26, further added to his dignity by assuming the responsibilities of a married man. Good! Let others follow.

DIED—On January 19th, 1882, Isaac Sinclair, honored father of Bro. A. Sinclair, of Lodge No. 79, at his home in Jerseyville, Ill. The brothers of No. 79 unite in extending to Bro. Sinclair their heartfelt sympathy.

BROS. JAMES WELCH and Wm. Kinkade, of No. 12, return their sincere thanks to Amos Gould, Master Mechanic, and R. F. Dawson, Engine Despatcher, of the Buffalo Division of the N. Y. C. & H. R. R., for favors shown them on their way to Rochester to assist in the organization of Rochester Lodge, No. 99, at that place.

We have never had so competent a corps of Magazine Agents as this year. Through their honest toil, three more have forced us to acknowledge their merits in that capacity, namely, W. R. Capell, of No. 89, Peter Peterson, of No. 88, and F. M. Wiley, of No. 94. Better men than these, we have none.

CHARLES CLAPP, of Jersey City, N. J., a former member of No. 13, was expelled a short time since for robbing his lodge of \$13.00 while acting as Magazine Agent and Financier. Mr. Clapp is making a fine (?) reputation for himself and one which will acquaint him with all the railroad men in the country—thanks to the Magazine for so effectually branding these parasites.

A NEW LODGE was organized at Rochester, N. Y., by C. W. Piper, of No. 12, on the evening of February 12th. The new Lodge is styled "Rochester, No. 99," and starts out under the most favorable auspices. Brother Piper was deputized for the work, as Instructor Stevens could not get there at the required time. We feel that No. 99 will be an honor to the Order and that Bro. Piper will have reason to feel proud of her.

A Bro. of — Lodge, No. —, B. of L. F., delivered a temperance lecture at Jersey City, last Sunday, which had the desired effect. One member, we are informed, left the room for fear that the lecturer would call on him, to fully illustrate the evil results and degrading influence of rum, when once it has hold of a victim. The lodge to which the said member belongs, should lecture to him freely and destroy, if possible, his appetite for the contents of the wine cup.

For the accommodation of her members, Rocky Mountain Lodge No. 77 is now holding two meetings each week—every Thursday evening and every Sunday afternoon.

Our old friend, J. M. Dodge, is achieving quite a reputation as an actor at San Diego, Cal. The papers teem with praise in his behalf. Quite recently the ladies made him the recipient of a magnificent bouquet as a tribute to his popularity and worth. We are happy to note the progress of the rising young artist.

JOHN B. MILLER and D. C. O'Donnell, of No. 61, traveled 820 miles in order to be present at the union meeting at Chicago on the 12th ult. We don't mind making a sacrifice to meet such men. They never fail to respond no matter where they are when their services are in demand.

NEW YORK CITY has its charms for Bro. B. B. Smith, of Lodge No. 3, the why of which has been discovered. He has long endeavored to lay a scheme by which he could rob that city of one of its brightest jewels. The scheme succeeded, and the same Bro. Smith took the prize in the shape of Miss Anna Furnival to be his lawful and wedded wife, to love, cherish, protect, etc. Each of the happy couple has been fortunate in securing a valuable prize.

Wm. F. Hynes, the genial, whole-souled little fellow who so ably represented No. 77 at the last convention, is still engaged in the good work of the Order. We are told that he is eagerly looking forward to the tenth annual convention, on which occasion he expects to fulfill his promise to the delegates, viz: To load them down with golden nuggets, and fan them with the exhilarating breezes of the Rocky Mountains.

The following is an extract from the "Arizona Daily Star," a paper published in Tucson, to our boys:

The Locomotive Firemen, organized as Cactus Lodge, No. 94, B. of L. F., gave a ball at Levin's Hall last night, pursuant to announcement.

For sociability, attendance, and the quality of people attending, it was a gigantic success. Some forty couples, composed of our good looking and best-behaved people, graced the floor, besides a large number present who were not dancers, but who enjoyed the spirit of the occasion with equal pleasure. Long may our railroad boys, their ladies, wives, and all their friends continue to flourish.

THE attention of our general Secretaries is called to the excellent circular issued to our Lodges by L. C. Hill, of Great Western Lodge, No. 24. We hope it will prove an incentive to each and all of them to emulate his example and give an exhibition of their ability.

We take pleasure in placing before our readers the following comment, made by one of the Laramie City papers:

All who attended the ball given by the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen at Blackburn hall last night enjoyed themselves hugely. The hall was lighted by headlights, the floor in good condition, the music was the best, and the prompting, as usual, first class. The boys kept the needle on the dial of the steam gauge at the "popping" point until an early hour this morning. The affair was a complete success, financially and socially.

The above is a nice compliment to our boys, showing that they adhere to the desired point of refinement, even if they are away out in the Territories.

On his recent trip to Philadelphia, Bro. Harry Keler, of Fargo Lodge, No. 85, had a very pleasant time. He met many members of our Order and also of the B. of L. E., being a member of both organizations. Bro. Keler wishes to extend his sincere thanks for favors shown him on said trip to Lodges 17, 22, 41, 45, 50, 60 and 70, B. of L. F., and also to Divisions 21, 22, 31, 45, 51, 52, 65, 71, 74, 93, 101, 104, 167, 170, 182 and 187, of the B. of L. E. We can say for Bro. Keler that every favor shown him is worthily bestowed and will be highly appreciated by all who know him.

THE Hon. John M. Raymond, of Salem, Mass., in a letter to Instructor Stevens, speaks as follows in praise of our Magazine: "I congratulate you on your great success. I find the Magazine very interesting and readable. I like its new dress, and hope its future success may be as great in the future as it has been in the past." We thank our friend Raymond for his high appreciation of our feeble effort. This compliment affords us more than ordinary pleasure, for it comes from a man whom we have always held in the highest esteem. Mr. Raymond, although quite a young man, has already given positive evidence of the great work he is destined to perform. He is now president of the common council of Salem, and as such is loyal to every trust. In Mr. Raymond the people will always find a young man of matchless activity and an uncompromising advocate of the rights of all.

WANTED.

A copy of the printed proceedings of the first and second annual conventions, also a copy of each of the Constitutions and By-Laws of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen to and including the revision of 1879. Any person forwarding either or all of the forgoing publications to this office will be liberally rewarded.

Address EUGENE V. DEBS,
Terre Haute,
Indiana.

CHARTERS RECLAIMED.

The following charters were reclaimed by the Grand Lodge March 1st, 1882, viz: Union, No. 5, Galion, Ohio; Louisville, No. 23, Louisville, Ky.; Pay As You Go, No. 90, West Oakland, Cal. Nos. 5 and 23 were reclaimed for non-payment of Grand Dues and Assessments, and No. 90 owing to the scattered condition of its members. F. W. ARNOLD, G. M.
E. V. DEBS, G. S. & T.

THANKS TO BROTHER KELER.

A fine deer was delivered at our office a few days ago, shipped to us from Big Springs, Texas, by Brother Harry Keler, of No. 85, and bearing his compliments. Being especially fond of venison, we highly appreciate this present, and take this means of conveying to Bro. Keler our sincere thanks for the same. We have been made the recipients of so many favors at his hands that we hardly know how to express the gratitude we owe him. Bro. Keler may rest assured that kindness shall not be forgotten.

SOMETHING USEFUL.

Within the last few years the members of the various secret and benevolent orders have felt a desire for emblematic cards, with their name, lodge and address printed thereon, to exchange in courteous greeting with brother members, at home or abroad, or as a reminiscence of the occasion of such exchange.

This desire has been met, to a certain extent, by Mr. Chas. J. Robinson, Reflector office, Newark, O., who has designed and printed some very beautiful and unique cards for nearly every Order in existence, using appropriate colors and good stock throughout. These cards are within the reach of everyone, being low in price. We have seen and used the emblematic cards for the B. of L. F., and can recommend them to anyone desiring cards. Address Chas. J. Robinson, Reflector office, Newark, O. Samples free.

GRAND LODGE ORDER.

Secretaries, reporting expulsions, withdrawals and admissions by deposit of card, to the G. S. & T., must, in every case, give the date thereof. This order is imperative. F. W. ARNOLD, G. M.

E. V. DEBS, G. S. & T.

CARD OF THANKS.

FARLEY, IOWA., Jan. 21, 1882.

To the Officers and Members of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen:

I received this day from Mr. Charles Phelps, Financier of Hawk-Eye Lodge No. 27, in the presence of Messrs. Floyd and Gilfeather, a check to the amount of \$621.40, due on insurance from their Order, on the death of my son, John James, who was killed August 20th, 1881, by the explosion of his engine, on the C. M. & St. P. R. R., and who was at the time of his death a member of Hawk-Eye Lodge No. 27, B. of L. F.

My thanks and sincere desire for the welfare of the Brotherhood attend them, for the many acts of kindness at the funeral, in the way of taking care of the body of my unfortunate son, thereby easing and comforting myself and family at a time when such assistance was most needed. Very truly yours,

MRS. MARY ANN JAMES.

A SUCCESSFUL TRIP.

Instructor S. M. Stevens returned from his Southern trip on the 12th of March. In many respects it was one of the most yet made. Louisville was visited, where for some time, the Brotherhood has been in a very poor condition. Lodge No. 23 was disbanded and two splendid new ones were organized. Fall City, No. 103, and J. W. Richardson, No. 104, are the names and numbers of the new Lodges, and from the accounts we have of them they will retrieve the reputation of the firemen in that locality.

Instructor Stevens was careful to admit only good men.

The latter Lodge is named after one of the oldest and best members in the Order—a man who is respected as far as his name is known. J. W. Richardson is an honor, not only to his Lodge but to the whole Order and a Lodge placed in his keeping will thrive without the slightest doubt.

From Louisville, our Instructor went to Bowling Green, Ky., and Memphis, Tenn., where his time and talents were used with highly satisfactory results.

The three points mentioned are now in the enjoyment of unprecedented prosperity and will henceforth sustain their standing as Brotherhood men.

Instructor Stevens is doing excellent work, and at the coming Convention the condition of the Order will bear witness to it.

RESOLUTIONS.

FROM NO. 40.

BLOOMINGTON, ILL., Feb. 26th, 1882.

At a special meeting of Bloomington Lodge, No. 40, of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, It has pleased our Heavenly father to remove from our midst our most worthy brother, Albert J. Wright, who died of consumption, February 26th, 1882, therefore, be it

Resolved, That while we bow in humble submission to His divine will, guided by the power of love, we sincerely sympathize with the bereaved mother and rela-

tives, and hereby tender them our heartfelt sympathy in the hour of their affliction.

Resolved, That by the death of Bro. Wright, the B. of L. F. has lost a true and worthy member, and as a mark of our respect to his memory, we drape our charter in mourning for thirty days.

Resolved, That these resolutions be entered on the minutes of our lodge, that a copy be forwarded to the mother of our deceased brother and that the same be published in the Firemen's Magazine.

JAS. H. CUNNINGHAM,
EUGENE DOWNEY,
CHARLES W. YOUNG,
Committee.

RESOLUTIONS OF SYMPATHY.

DENVER, COL., Feb. 20, 1882.

At a regular meeting of Rocky Mountain Lodge No. 77, B. of L. F., the following preamble and resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, It has pleased Almighty God in His wisdom to remove from the midst of her many friends, and the bosom of her family, the beloved wife of our esteemed friend and Brother, William Dameron, therefore be it

Resolved, That we, the members of this Lodge, extend to our worthy Brother our sincere and heartfelt sympathy in his bereavement.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be presented to our grief-stricken Brother, and that the same be published in the Firemen's Magazine.

A. H. CHAPMAN,

C. W. TENREY,

W. F. HYNES.

Committee.

FROM NO. 24.

PARSONS, KANSAS, Feb. 20, 1882.

Editor Firemen's Magazine:

At a regular meeting of Great Western Lodge, No. 24, B. of L. F., held Febuary 19, 1882, the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, Our Lodge was presented with an elegant and richly embroidered velvet altar cover (inscribed No. 24, B. of L. F.) by Mrs. M. G. Ewing, wife of our worthy brother; therefore, be it

Resolved, That we tender to Mrs. Ewing our sincere thanks for her kindness.

Resolved, That it shall be our highest aim to so live and conduct ourselves as to be worthy of the continued good will and friendship of the esteemed donor.

Resolved, That these resolutions be recorded and a copy be sent to the Firemen's Magazine for publication.

A. P. FRAKER,

C. M. LONG,

Committee.

FROM NO. 59.

SOUTH PUEBLO, COL., March 6th, 1882.

To the Officers and Members of Royal Gorge Lodge, No. 59, B. of L. F.:

BROTHERS: The angel of death has been among us, and taken from earth little Anna, daughter of Bro. D. P. Higgins, our Master, be it therefore

Resolved, That we tender to Bro. Higgins and his estimable wife, our heartfelt sympathy in this, the deepest affliction of

their lives; and earnestly hope, that what has been their loss, is Little Anna's gain and that she is better off in Heaven than in this world of sickness and pain, and be it further

Resolved, That our charter be draped for one month, and a copy of these resolution be presented to Bro. and Mrs. Higgins and sent to the Magazine for publication.

E. B. MAYO,

JOHN CARR,

RICHARD CROWE,

Committee.

FROM NO. 43.

ST. JOSEPH, MO., Feb. 26, 1882.

Editor Firemen's Magazine:

At the last regular meeting of St. Joseph Lodge, No. 43, the following resolutions were adopted:

Resolved, That the thanks of this Lodge are tendered to Miss Louisa Grollmunt, sister of our worthy brother, Jos. Grollmunt, for the beautiful motto worded "Welcome."

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the Firemen's Magazine for publication.

HENRY BOYER,

HARRY BELL,

AL PATTERSON,

Committee.

FROM NO. 94.

TUCSON, ARIZONA TER., March, 1882.

Editor Firemen's Magazine.

At a special meeting of Cactus Lodge, No. 94, B. of L. F., the following resolutions were adopted:

Resolved, That this Lodge tenders a vote of thanks to A. A. Bean, Esq., Division Superintendent, and A. D. Kilburn, Esq., Master Mechanic, for kindly assisting in making our first annual ball a grand success. Also to Mrs. Simpson, Mrs. Thompson, Mrs. Gray, and Mrs. McDonald, for making rosettes of ribbon for the committees; and to the citizens of Tucson we extend our thanks for their liberal patronage.

Resolved, That we feel under many obligations to the members of Tucson Division, B. of L. E., for assisting us in many different respects.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be spread on the record of this meeting and published in the Firemen's Magazine.

F. M. WILEY,

R. FETTERLY,

WM. GORDON,

Committee.

WITHDRAWALS.

- No. 16—C. J. McFarlane, final.
 No. 18—H. C. Pray, H. Adams, H. T. Pressley, A. B. Smith, Joseph Holmes, all to join No. 79.
 No. 19—Charles Archambault, to join No. 94.
 No. 26—C. G. King, to join elsewhere.
 No. 40—M. Simpkins, final.
 No. 43—D. C. Peirce, final.
 No. 47—J. M. Dodge, R. V. Dodge, to join elsewhere; John Downey, to join No. 81.
 No. 50—W. C. Slee, to join No. 47.
 No. 63—Isaac Dupins, to join No. 43.
 No. 70—C. M. Baker and John Moynihan, to join No. 83.
 No. 74—J. D. Clinton, final.
 No. 88—Malcolm McKinnon, final.
 No. 90—E. T. Ingles, T. Martin and E. Yale, final.
 No. 95—John Vantwood, final.

REINSTATED.

- No. 3—H. K. Cochrane, formerly of Hudson Lodge, No. 58, Jersey City, N. J.
 No. 31—C. H. Salisbury, formerly of No. 46.
 No. 38—Robert J. Turnbull, in good standing.
 No. 73—J. Flannigan, in good standing.
 No. 98—Lewis King.

ADMITTED BY CARD.

- No. 16—J. A. Hayes, from No. 21; Leroy Kilmer, from No. 40.
 No. 17—Malcolm Bennett, from Jackson, No. 8, Seymour, Ind., by dispensation.
 No. 28—James McGuire, from No. 54.
 No. 47—Charles Slee, from No. 50.
 No. 56—B. J. Miller, by deposit of final withdrawal card.
 No. 59—Richard Crow, from No. 36.
 No. 68—C. F. Smith, from No. 26.
 No. 79—H. Presley, H. Pray, A. B. Smith, J. B. Holmes, H. Adams, from No. 18; C. McCabe, from No. 40.
 No. 83—Peter Rudisill and John Moynihan, from No. 70.
 No. 88—Frank L. Kingswood, from No. 97.
 No. 94—Charles Archambault and Fred B. Madison, from No. 19; L. Halliday, from No. 97.

BLACK LIST.

- No. 1—James Nagle, expelled for non-payment of dues.
 No. 2—Frank C. Seach, expelled for non-payment of dues and contempt of lodge.
 No. 15—W. Slater and C. Bouden, expelled for non-payment of dues.
 No. 21—Wm. Stevenson, expelled for non-payment of dues.
 No. 32—J. M. Preshaw, expelled for non-payment of dues and contempt of lodge.
 No. 33—F. W. Mowery, and F. H. Glover, expelled for non-payment of dues.
 No. 36—The members of No. 36 have been sadly disappointed in what they supposed to be one of their best members—Charles H. Gore, by name. He wore the mask of hypocrisy so long and well that but few suspected his villainy, until within a few short weeks, when his true character boldly revealed itself. He is a man upon whom all others should look with contempt, and at a respectful distance, at that, as there is pollution in his very presence. His lodge puts

in a charge against him of non-payment of dues and assessments and unbecoming conduct.

- No. 38—W. Segars, and T. McTaggart, expelled for non-payment of dues.
 No. 40—Frank Downs, James Taylor, Joseph Austin, and William Johnson, expelled for non-payment of dues; Edward Tohill, expelled for non-payment of dues and drunkenness.
 No. 46—John Tierney, expelled for non-payment of dues.
 No. 47—George Chambers, expelled for non-payment of dues.
 No. 49—F. C. Fish, expelled for disorderly conduct.
 No. 70—L. C. Cook, O. M. Seegar, Thomas Conant, C. H. Burk, Mike Gorman, Joseph Muller, John McCann, James McCane, C. T. Smith, David Wales, Samuel Kane, C. C. Henderson, W. B. Conly, Thomas Daley, expelled for non-payment of dues.
 No. 74—J. Mendenhall, expelled for non-payment of dues.
 No. 76—Frank Myers and George Callicott, expelled, convicted and imprisoned for stealing from freight cars in yard at Fergus Falls, Minn.

No. 77—A. Nelson, expelled for non-payment of dues; James Wescott, expelled for unbecoming conduct and non-payment of dues.

No. 82—Ed. Burke, Charles Craig, Jas. Mathews, and Barnard Mohan, expelled for non-payment of dues.

No. 90—C. L. Bradley, C. Ballard, C. Barnum, A. B. Smith, T. Somerville, and J. C. Woodbeck, expelled for non-payment of dues.

No. 95—E. Hovey, W. T. King, C. E. Van Vlack, expelled for non-payment of dues; Thomas Ward, expelled for non-payment of dues and selling liquors.

No. 100—Thomas J. Grady, expelled for non-payment of dues.

NOTICE.

Those wishing photographs of the Grand Officers for "Our Brotherhood Chart" can obtain them by enclosing 25 cents in stamps to E. V. Debs or S. M. Stevens.

BOUND MAGAZINES.

We have had all the surplus Magazines of 1880 and 1881 handsomely and substantially bound and offer them to our subscribers at \$1.50 per volume. We will send them to any address in quantities of one or more, postage paid, on receipt of the price.

LODGE BLANKS AND SUPPLIES.

We call the attention of Lodges to the following list of blanks and supplies which we are prepared to furnish at the lowest figures:

Constitution and By-Laws, Rituals, Keys to the Unwritten Work, Black List Forms, Limited and Final Withdrawal Cards, Traveling Cards, Letter Heads, Envelopes, Applications for Membership, Notices of Election, Register Blanks, Receipts for dues, Beneficiary Registers and Orders on Financiers, etc., and Magazine Subscription Blanks.

Nearly all of the foregoing blanks have a tinted locomotive stamped upon them and are neat and practical.

The receipts are of a new form gotten up purposely to avoid the perplexities that often arise through the use of the ordinary forms.

In order to receive prompt attention, all orders for blanks must be directed to the Grand Secretary and Treasurer.

LODGE ADDRESSES.

We ask all Lodges to examine the addresses of their officers in this month's magazine. If any names are misspelled or addresses not correctly given, the Grand Secretary should be notified so that he can make the necessary corrections.

TO MAGAZINE AGENTS.

Magazine Agents in calling for their books at the Express office, must tell the Express clerk that their package is "Dead Head." Dead Head Packages are not billed and are therefore not entered on the books at the Express office.

GRAND AND SUBORDINATE LODGES.

GRAND LODGE.

F. W. Arnold, Room 2, Pioneer Block, Columbus, O. Grand Master
W. E. Burns, 1325 Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ills. Vice Grand Master
E. V. Debs, Terre Haute, Ind., Grand Secretary and Treasurer
S. M. Stevens, Terre Haute, Ind., Grand Organizer and Instructor

GRAND EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

J. A. Leach, Chairman Atchison, Kan
J. H. Walsh, Secretary Chicago, Ill
E. Upton Montreal, Can
E. A. Mace Philadelphia, Pa
J. H. Brewer Lafayette, Ind

GRAND TRUSTEES.

W. Maroney, Chairman Chicago, Ill
W. F. Hynes Denver, Col
D. Ross Stratford, Ont

DISTRICT SECRETARIES.

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NO. 5

GARFIELD AT CHICKAMAUGA.

General Thomas commanded the left wing, Crittenden the center and McCook the right. The front of the army, facing almost east, was ranged up and down the valley from North to South, with the river in front and the roads in their rear. The whole valley was covered with dense forests, except where a farm had been made, and was full of rocky hills and ridges. So much concealed was one part of the valley from the other, that the rebel army of fifty thousand men was formed in line of battle within a mile of the Union lines on the same side of the river, without either army suspecting the other's presence.

Such was the situation on the morning of September 19th, 1863. The world knows of the awful conflict which followed. General Garfield was located at Widow Glenn's house, in the rear of the right wing. This was Rosencrans' headquarters. General Thomas located himself at Kelley's farm-house in the rear of the left wing. For three nights General Garfield had not slept as many hours. Every anxious order for the concentration of the army had come from him; every courier and aid during those days and nights of suspense reported to him in person; before him lay his maps; each moment since the 13th he had known the exact position of the different corps and divisions of our vast army. Looking for the attack at any moment, it was necessary to constantly know the situation of the enemy among those gloomy mountains and sunless forests. When the red tide of battle rolled through the valley, each part of the line was ignorant of all the rest of the line. The right wing could not even guess the direction of the left wing. The surrounding forests and the hills shut in the center so completely that it did not know where either of the wings were. Every division commander simply obeyed the orders from headquarters, took his position and fought. The line of battle was formed in the night. To misunderstand orders

and take the wrong position was easy. But so lucid were the commands, so particular the explanations which came from the man at headquarters, that the line of battle was perfect. No battle of the war required so many and such incessant orders from headquarters, as Chickamauga. The only man in the Union army who knew the whole situation of our troops was General Garfield. Amid the forests, ravines and hills along the five miles of battle front, the only possible way to maintain a unity of plan and concert of action was for the man at headquarters to know it all. General Garfield knew the entire situation as if it had been a chess-board, and each division of the army a man. At a touch, by the player, the various brigades and divisions assumed their positions.

Everything thus far said has been of the combatants. But there were others on the battle-field. There were the inhabitants of this valley, non-combatants, inviolate by the rules of civilized warfare. Of this sort were the rustic people at Widow Glenn's, where General Garfield passed the most memorable days of his life. The house was a Tennessee cabin. Around it lay a little farm with small clearing. Here the widow lived with her three children, one a young man, the others a girl and boy of tender age. As General Garfield took up his headquarters there it is said to have reminded him powerfully of his own childhood home with his toiling mother. All the life of these children had been passed in this quiet valley. Of the outside world they knew little and cared less. They did not know the meaning of the word war. They were ignorant and poverty-stricken, but peaceful. Shut in by the mountains of ignorance as well as the lofty ranges along the valley, they had known no event more startling than the flight of birds through the air or the rustle of wind through the forest. The soil was rocky and barren like their minds; yet, unvisited by calamity, they were happy.

But suddenly this quiet life was broken into. The forests were filled with armed men. The cabin was taken possession of

by the officers. A sentinel stood at the door. Outside stood a dozen horses saddled and bridled. Every moment some one mounted and dashed away; every moment some one dismounted from his breathless and foam-flecked steed and rushed into the cabin. The widow, stunned and frightened, sat in the corner with an arm around each of her children. The little girl cried, but the boy's curiosity got somewhat the better of his fear. A time or two General Garfield took the little fellow on his knee and quieted his alarm. Fences were torn down and used for camp fires. Great trees were hastily felled for barricades. In front of the house passed and re-passed bodies of troops in uniform, and with deadly rifles. Now and then a body of cavalry dashed by in a whirlwind of dust. Great cannons, black and hideous, thundered down the rocky road, shaking the solid earth in their terrible race. The cabin-yard was filled with soldiers; the well was drained by them to fill their canteens. It was like a nightmare to the trembling inhabitants of the cabin. Their little crops were tramped into the dust by the iron tread of war. On a hill in front of the cabin, where nothing more dangerous than a plow had ever been, a battery frowned. The valley which had never been disturbed by anything more startling than the screech of an owl, or the cackle of the barn-yard, was filled with the muffled roar from the falling trees and the shouts of men.

When morning broke on the 19th of September, 1863, on this secluded spot, the clarion of the strutting cock was supplanted by the bugle call. The moaning of the wind through the forests was drowned by the incessant roll of the drums. The movement of the troops before the cabin from right to left became more rapid. The consultations within became more eager and hurried. Mysterious notes, on white slips of paper, were incessantly written by Gen. Garfield and handed to orderlies, who galloped away into the forests. Spread out before him, on an improvised table, lay his maps, which he constantly consulted. At one time, after a long study of the map, he said to Rosencrans: "Thomas will have the brunt of the battle; the Rossville road must be held at all hazards." Rosencrans replied: "It is true; Thomas must hold it, if he has to be reinforced by the whole army." At another time, a messenger dashed into the room and handed the chief of staff an envelope. Quietly opening it he calmly read aloud:

"Longstreet has reinforced Bragg with seventeen thousand troops from Lee's Virginia army.

Near nine o'clock in the morning, the movement of troops along the road ceased. The roar in the forest subsided. No more orders were sent by Gen. Garfield. There was suspense. It was as if every one was waiting for something. The drums no longer throbbed; the bugle-call ceased from echoing among the mountains. A half hour passed; the silence was death-like. As the sun mounted upward it seemed to cast darker shadows than usual. The house-dog gave utterance to the most plaintive howls; the chickens were gathered anxiously together under a shed, as if it was about to rain. It was. But the rain was to be red. Passing over through the forest, one saw that the troops were drawn up in lines, all with their backs toward the road and the cabin, and facing the direction of the river. That was half a mile away, but its gurgle and plashing could be easily heard in the silence. It sent a shudder through one's frame, as if it were the gurgle and plashing of blood. The only other sound that broke the quiet was the whinnying of the cavalry horses far off to the right; the dumb brutes seemed anxious and nervously answered each other's eager calls.

Just as the hand of the clock reached ten there was a report from a gun. It came from the extreme left, miles away. General Garfield stepped quickly to the door, and listened. There was another gun, and another, and fifty more, swelling to a roar. General Garfield turned to Rosencrans and said: "It has begun;" to which the commander replied: "then God help us!" Heavier and heavier became the roar. A quarter of an hour later messenger began to arrive; the enemy was trying to turn the left flank, but was being repulsed with heavy loss. A few moments later came the word that the enemy had captured ten pieces of artillery. The order had been given for one division of troops to fall back. It was obeyed. But the artillerymen had been unable to move the guns back in time; the heavy undergrowth in the forest, the fallen and rotten logs had made it slow work to drag back the ponderous cannon; the red-shirted cannoneers were still bravely working to move their battery to the rear after the line had fallen back from them a long distance. Suddenly, with a fierce yell, the rebel column poured in upon them. Guns and gunners were captured.

At 11:30 came a call from Gen. Thomas for reinforcements. General Garfield swiftly wrote an order for divisions in the center to march to the left and reinforce General Thomas. Another courier was dispatched to the right, ordering troops to take the place of those removed from the center. At half past twelve these movements were completed. So far, the only attack had been on the left, though the tide of battle was rolling slowly down the line. Gen. Rosencrans and Gen. Garfield held an earnest consultation. It was decided to order an advance on the right center, in order to prevent the enemy from concentrating his whole army against our left wing.

Before long the din of conflict could be heard opposite the cabin. The advance was being fiercely contested. Messengers one after another came asking for reinforcements. Gen. Garfield received their messages, asked each one a question or two, turned for a few moments to his map, and then issued orders for support to the right center. As the battle raged fiercer in front of the cabin, the sounds from the extreme left grew lighter. At two o'clock they ceased altogether. The battery had been recaptured and the enemy silenced for the time being. Meanwhile, the battle at the center became more terrible. Ambulances hurried along; poor fellows, pale and bleeding, staggered back to the road. Occasionally a shell dropped near the cabin, exploding with frightful force. The roar was deafening. Gen. Garfield had to shout to Gen. Rosencrans in order to be understood. The domestic animals around the cabin were paralyzed with fright. No thunder-storm, rattling among the mountain peaks, had ever shaken the earth like the terrific roar of the shotted guns. A half mile in front of the cabin, a dense smoke rose over the tops of the trees. All day long it poured upward in black volumes. The air became stifling with a sulphurous smell of gun powder; the messengers hurrying to and from the cabin had changed in appearance; the bright, clean uniforms of the morning were torn and muddy. Their faces were black with smoke; their eyes bloodshot with fever. Some of them came up with bleeding wounds. When Gen. Garfield called attention to the injury, they would say: "It is only a scratch." In the excitement of battle men receive death wounds without being conscious that they are struck. Some of the messengers sent out came back no more forever. Their horses would gallop up the road

riderless. The riders had found the serenity of death. "They were asleep in the windowless palace of rest."

It was impossible to predict the issue of the conflict in the center. At one minute a dispatch was handed Garfield saying that the line was broken and the enemy pouring through. Before he had finished the reading, another message said that our troops had rallied and were driving the enemy. This was repeated several times.

The scene of this conflict was Vineyard's farm. It was a clearing, surrounded on all sides by the thickest woods. The troops of each army, in the alternations of advance and retreat, found friendly cover in the woods or fatal exposure in the clearing. It was this configuration of the battle field which caused the fluctuations of the issue. Time after time a column of blue charged across the clearing, and was driven back to rally in the sheltering forest. Time after time did the line of gray advance from the shade into the sunlight, only to retire, leaving half their number stretched lifeless on the field. It was a battle within a battle. The rest of the army could hear the terrific roar, but were ignorant of the whereabouts of the conflict. The farm and surrounding woods was a distinct battle field. The struggle upon it, though an important element in a great battle on a vast field, was, during the later hours of its continuance, a separate battle, mapped upon the open field and forest in glaring insulation by the bodies of the slain.

Meanwhile, in hurrying reinforcements to this portion of the line of battle, a chasm was opened between the center and left. Troops were thrown forward to occupy it, but the enemy had discovered the weakness, and hurled forward heavy columns against the devoted Union lines. The struggle here was the counterpart of the one at the Vineyard farm. At the latter place the line was, at one time in the afternoon, driven back to the Lafayette road; but, towards evening, the divisions which had repulsed the attack on General Thomas' extreme left were shifted down to the scene of these other conflicts, and the enemy was finally driven back with heavy loss.

When this was accomplished, the sun had already sunk behind the western range. Night swiftly drew her mantle over the angry field, and spread above the combatants her canopy of stars. The firing became weaker; only now and then a sullen shot was fired into the night.

The first day of Chickamauga was done. In a little while ten thousand camp-fires blazed up in the forest, throwing somber shadows back of every object. At every fire could be seen the frying bacon and steaming coffee-pot, singing as merrily as if war and battle were a thousand miles away. The men had eaten nothing since five o'clock in the morning. They had the appetites of hungry giants. Many a messmate's place was empty. Many a corpse lay in the thicket, with a ball through the heart. But in the midst of horror the men were happy. The coffee and bacon and hard-tack tasted to the heroes like a banquet of the gods. With many a song and many a jest they finished the meal, rolled up in their blankets, and, lying down on the ground, with knap-sacks for pillows, were fast asleep in the darkness. The red embers of the camp-fires gradually went out. The darkness and the silence were unbroken, save by the gleam of a star through the over-reaching branches, or the tramp of the watchful sentinels among the rustling leaves.

But at Widow Glenn's cabin there was no sleep. Gen. Garfield dispatched messengers to the different Generals of the army to assemble for a council of war. It was eleven o'clock before all were present. Long and anxious was the session. The chief of staff marked out the situation of each division of the army upon his map. The losses were estimated and the entire ground gone over. On the whole, the issue of the day had been favorable. The army having been on the defense, might be considered so far victorious in that it held its own. The line of battle was now continuous, and much shorter than in the morning. The general movement of troops during the day had been from right to left. The battle front was still parallel with the Chattanooga roads. Gen. Thomas still held his own. The losses had been heavy, but not so severe as the enemy's. But it was evident that the battle would be renewed on the morrow. The troops, already exhausted by forced marches in the effort to concentrate before attack, had all been engaged during the day. It was tolerably certain, General Garfield thought, from the reports of his scouts, that the enemy would have fresh troops to oppose to the wearied men. This would necessitate all the army being brought into action again on the next day. In case the enemy should succeed in getting the roads to Chattanooga, there was no alternative but the entire destruction of the splendid

Army of the Cumberland. Still further concentration of the forces on the left, to reinforce General Thomas, was decided on. Many of the tired troops had to be roused from their sleep for this movement. There was no rest at headquarters. When morning dawned the light still shone from the cabin window.

On the morning of September 20, 1863, a dense fog rose from the Chickamauga River, and, mixing with the smoke from battle of the day before, filled the valley. This fact delayed the enemy's attack. The sun rose, looking through the fog like a vast disk of blood. General Garfield notice dit, and, pointing to the phenomenon, said: "It is ominous. It will indeed be a day of blood." By nine o'clock the fog lifted sufficiently for the attack. As on the day before, it began on the left, rolling down the line. From early morning General Thomas withstood the furious assaults of the constantly reinforced enemy. The change of the line in the night had been such that it was the right wing instead of the center which was now in front of the Widow Glenn's. The battle was fierce and more general than the day before. The demands for reinforcements on the left came faster and faster. Division after division was moved to the left. In the midst of a battle these movements are dangerous. A single order, given from headquarters without a perfect comprehension of the situation of the troops, a single ambiguous phrase, a single erroneous punctuation mark in the hastily-written dispatch, may cost thousands of lives in a few minutes. In a battle like Chickamauga, where the only unity possible is by perfect and swift obedience to the commands from headquarters, a single misunderstood sentence may change the destiny of empires.

The information received at Widow Glenn's up to 10 o'clock of the 20th showed that the troops, though wearied, were holding their own. Up to this time General Garfield, appreciating each emergency as it occurred, had directed every movement and written every order during the battle. Not a blunder had occurred. His clear, unmistakable English had not a doubtful phrase or a misplaced comma. Every officer had understood and executed just what was expected of him. The fury of the storm had so far spent itself in vain.

At half past ten, an aid galloped up to the cabin and informed General Rosecrans that there was a chasm in the center, between the divisions of General Reynolds on the left and General Wood

on the right. Unfortunate moment! Cruel fate! In a moment a blunder was committed which was almost to destroy the heroic army. In the excitement of the crises, Rosencrans varied from his custom of consulting the chief of staff. General Garfield was deeply engaged at another matter. Rosencrans called another aid to write an order instantly directing Wood to close the gap by moving to his left. Here is the document as it was dashed down at that memorable and awful moment:

"HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF CUM-
BERLAND, }
"September 20th—10:45 A. M. }
"Brigadier-General Wood, Command-
ing Division:

"The general commanding directs that you close up on Reynolds as fast as possible, and support him. Respectfully,
"FRANK S. BOND, Major and Aid-de-camp."

Had General Garfield been consulted that order would never have been written. Wood was not next to Reynolds. General Brannan's division was in the line between them. Brannan's force stood back from the line somewhat. The aid, galloping rapidly over the field, did not know that a little farther back in the forest stood Brannan's division. It looked to him like a break in the line. General Rosencrans was either ignorant, or forgot that Brannan was there. General Garfield alone knew the situation of every division on the battle field. This fatal order was the only one of the entire battle which he did not write himself. On receipt of the order, General Wood was confused. He could not close up on Reynolds because Brannan was in the way. Supposing, however, from the words of the order, that Reynolds was heavily pressed, and that the intention was to reinforce him, and knowing the extreme importance of obeying orders from headquarters, in order to prevent the army from getting inextricably tangled in the forest, he promptly marched his division backward, passed to the rear of Brannan, and thus to the rear of and support of Reynolds.

The fatal withdrawal of Wood from the line of battle was simultaneous with a Confederate advance. Failing in his desperate and bloody attacks upon the left, Bragg ordered an advance all along the line. Right opposite the chasm left by Wood was Longstreet, the most desperate fighter of the Confederacy, with seventeen thousand veteran troops from Lee's

army. Formed in solid column, three-quarters of a mile long, on they came right at the gap. Two brigades of Federal troops, under General Lytle, reached the space first, but were instantly ground to powder beneath this tremendous ram. Right through the gap came the wedge, splitting the Union army in two. In fifteen minutes the entire right wing was a rout. One-half of the army was in a dead run toward Rossville. Guns, knapsacks, blankets, whatever could impede them, were hastily thrown away.

So sudden was the route that the stream of fugitives, swarming back from the woods, was the first information received at Widow Glenn's that the line had been pierced. There was no time to be lost. Behind the fleeing troops came the iron columns of the enemy. In five minutes more the cabin would be in their hands. Hastily gathering his precious maps, Garfield followed Rosencrans on horseback, over to the Dry Valley road. Here General Garfield dismounted, and exerted all his powers to stem the tide of retreat. Snatching a flag from a flying color-bearer, he shouted at the deaf ears of the mob. Seizing men by their shoulders he would turn them around, and then grasp others to try and form a nucleus to resist the flood. It was useless. The moment he took his hands off of a man he would run.

Rejoining Rosencrans, who believed that the entire army was routed, the commander said: "Garfield, what can be done?" Undismayed by the panic-stricken army crowding past him, which is said to be the most demoralizing and unnerving sight on earth, Garfield calmly said: "One of us should go to Chattanooga, secure the bridges in case of total defeat, and collect the fragments of the army on a new line. The other should make his way, if possible, to Thomas, explain the situation, and tell him to hold his ground at any cost, until the army can be rallied at Chattanooga." "Which will you do?" asked Rosencrans. "Let me go to the front," was General Garfield's instant reply. "It is dangerous," said he, "but the army and country can better afford for me to be killed than for you." They dismounted for a hurried consultation. With ear on the ground, they anxiously listened to the sound of Thomas's guns. "It is no use," said Rosencrans. "The fire is broken and irregular. Thomas is driven. Let us both hurry to Chattanooga, to save what can be saved." But General Garfield had a better ear. "You are mistaken. The fire is still in regular

volleys. Thomas hold his own, and must be informed of the situation. Send orders to Sheridan, and the other commanders of the right wing, to collect the fragments of their commands and move them through Rossville, and back on the Lafayette road, to Thomas' support." There were a few more hurried words; then a grasp of the hand and the commander and his chief-of-staff separated, the one to go to the rear, the other to the front. Rosencrans has said that he felt Garfield would never come back again.

Then began that world-famous ride. No one knew the situation of the troops, the cause of the disaster, and the way to retrieve it like the chief-of-staff. To convey that priceless information to Thomas, Garfield determined to do or die. He was accompanied by Captain Gano, who had come from General Thomas before the disaster, and knew how to reach him; besides these two, each officer had an orderly. On they galloped up the Dry Valley road, parallel with, but two miles back of, the morning's line of battle. After reaching a point opposite the left wing, they expected to cross to General Thomas. But Longstreet's column, after passing the Union center, had turned his right at Widow Glenn's, to march to the rear of General Thomas, and thus destroy that part of the army which still stood fighting the foe in the face. The course of Longstreet was thus parallel with the road along which Garfield galloped. At every effort to cross to the front he found the enemy between him and General Thomas.

It was a race between the rebel column and the noble steed on which Garfield rode. Up and down along the stony valley road, sparks flying from the horse's heels, two of the party hatless, and all breathless, without delay or doubt on dashed the heroes. Still the enemy was between them and Thomas. They were compelled to go almost to Rossville. At last General Garfield said: "We must try to cross now or never. In a half hour it will be too late for us to do any good." Turning sharply to their right they found themselves in a dark-tangled forest. They were scratched and bleeding from the brier thickets and the overhanging branches. But not a rider checked his horse. General Garfield's horse seemed to catch the spirit of the race. Over ravines and fences, through an almost impenetrable undergrowth, sometimes through a marsh, and then over broken rocks, the smoking steed plunged without a quiver.

Suddenly they came upon a cabin, a

Confederate pest-house. A crowd of unfortunates, in various stages of the small-pox, were sitting and lying about the lonely place. The other riders spurred on their way, but General Garfield reined in sharply and, calling in a kind tone to the strongest of the wrecks, asked: "Can I do anything for you, my poor fellow?" In an instant the man gasped out: "Do not come near. It is small-pox. But for God's sake give us money to buy food." Quick as thought the great-hearted chief-of-staff drew out his purse and tossed it to the man, and with a rapid but cheerful "good-bye" spurred after his companions. Crashing, tearing, plunging, rearing through the forest dashed the steed. Poet's song could not be long enough to celebrate that daring deed.

Twice they stopped. They were on dangerous ground. Any moment they might come upon the enemy. They were right on the ground for which Longstreet's column was headed. Which would get there first? A third time they stopped. The roar of battle was very near. They were in the greatest peril. Utterly ignorant of the course of events, since he had been driven from Widow Glenn's, General Garfield did not know but what the rebel column had passed completely to Thomas's rear and lay directly in front of them. They changed their course slightly to the left. Of his own danger Garfield never thought. The great fear in his mind was that he would fail to reach Thomas with the order to take command of all the forces, and with the previous information of a necessity of a change of front. At last they reached a cotton field. If the enemy was near, it was almost certain death. Suddenly a rifle-ball whizzed past Garfield's face. Turning in his saddle he saw the fence on the right glittering with murderous rifles. A second later a shower of balls rattled around the little party. Garfield shouted: "Scatter, gentlemen, scatter," and wheeled abruptly to the left. Along that side of the field was a ridge. If it could be reached, they were safe. The two orderlies never reached. Captain Gano's horse was shot through the lungs, and his own leg broken by the fall. Garfield was not the single target for the enemy. His own horse received two balls, but the noble animal kept straight on at its terrific speed. General Garfield speaking of it afterwards said that his thought was divided between poor Thomas and his young wife and child in the little home at Hiram. With a few more leaps he gained the ridge, unhurt. Cap-

tain Gano painfully crawling on the ground finally gained the ridge himself.

General Thomas was still a mile away. In ten minutes Garfield was at his side, hurriedly explaining the catastrophe at noon. They stood on a knoll overlooking the field of battle. The horse which had borne Garfield on his memorable ride, dropped dead at his feet while the chief-of-staff told Thomas the situation. There was no time to be lost. Hurrying down to his right, General Thomas found that a considerable portion of the center had swung around like a door to oppose Longstreet's advance. For an hour or more his column had flung themselves with desperate fury on this line so unexpectedly opposed to them. Hour after hour these lines had held him at bay. The slaughter was terrible. But this could not last. There was no uniform plan in this accidental battle front. There were great chasms in it. The Confederate forces were diverging to their left toward the Dry Valley road, and would soon flank this line. But Thomas was a great commander. Without a moment's delay his line of battle was withdrawn to a ridge in the form of a horse shoe. The main front was now at right angles with that of the morning; that is, it lay across the Rossville road instead of parallel with it. Thomas' troops were now arranged in a three-quarter circle. They scarcely numbered twenty-five thousand. Around this circle, as around a little island, like an ocean of fire, raged a Confederate army of sixty thousand troops. Overwhelmed by numbers, General Thomas still held the horse shoe ridge, through which lay the Rossville road. The storm of battle raged with fearful power. The line of heroes seemed again and again about to be swallowed up in the encircling fire. Again and again Longstreet's troops charged with unexampled impetuosity, and as many times were beaten back bruised and bleeding. The crisis of the battle at half past four in the afternoon, when Longstreet hurled forward his magnificent reserve corps, is said to have rivaled, in tragic importance and far reaching consequences, the supreme moment in the battle of Gettysburg, when Pickett's ten thousand Virginians, in solid column, charged upon Cemetery Ridge.

But all the valor and all the fury was in vain. "George A. Thomas," in the words of Garfield, "was indeed the 'rock of Chickamauga,' against which the wild waves of battle dashed in vain."

General Garfield, from the moment of his arrival, had plunged into the thickest

of the fray. When at last the thinned and shattered lines of gray withdrew, leaving thousands of their dead upon the bloody field, smoked and powder-grimed, he was personally managing a battery of which the chief gunners had been killed at their post. Towards the close of the fight Thomas' ammunition ran very low. His ammunition trains had become involved with the route of the right, and were miles in the rear at Rossville. This want of ammunition created more fear than the assaults of the enemy. The last charge was repelled at portions of the line with the bayonet alone.

But the hard-earned victory was won. The Rossville road was still held. The masterly skill, and coolness of Thomas, when General Garfield reached him with information as to the rest of the army, which, it must be remembered, was never visible through the dense forests and jagged ridges of the valley, had saved the Army of the Cumberland from destruction. After night the exhausted men withdrew to Rossville and subsequently to Chattanooga.

A great battle is a memorable experience to one who takes part. There is nothing like it on earth. Henceforth the participant is different from other men. All his preceding life becomes small and forgotten after such days as those of Chickamauga. From that day he feels that he began to live. When the flames of frenzy with which he was possessed subside, they have left their mark on his being. Ordinarily the flames of battle have burnt out many sympathies. His nature stands like a forest of charred and blackened trunks, once green and beautiful, waving in their leafy splendor, but through which the destroying tempest of fire has passed in its mad career of vengeance. He can neither forget nor forgive the murderous foe. Before the battle he might have exchanged tobacco plugs with the man with whom he would have, with equal readiness, have exchanged shots. But after the carnage of the battle, after the day of blood and fury, all this is passed. The last gun is fired on the field of battle. The last shattered line of heroes withdraws into the night. The earth has received its last baptism of blood for the time being. Only burial parties, with white flags, may be seen picking their way among the fallen brave. The actual battle is over forever. Not so is it with the combatant. In his mind the battle goes on and on. He is perpetually training masked batteries on the foe. The roar of the con-

flict never ceases to reverberate in his brain. Throughout his life, whenever recalled to the subject of the war, his mental attitude is that of the battle field. In his thought the columns are still charging up the hill. The earth still shakes with an artillery that is never silenced. The air is still sulphurous with gun powder smoke. The ranks of the brave and true still fall around him. Forever is he mentally loading and firing; forever charging bayonets across the bloody field; forever burying the fallen heroes under the protection of the flag of truce.

This is the law of ordinary minds. The red panorama of the Gettysburg and the Chickamauga is forever moving before his eyes. The wrench or strain given to his mental being by those days is too terrific, too awful for any reaction in the average mind. This fact has been abundantly proved in the history of the last twenty years. Chickamauga thus became a new birth to many a soldier. His life, henceforward, seemed to date from the 19th of September, 1863. His life was ever afterward marked off by anniversaries of that day. It is found that many soldiers die on the anniversary of some great battle in which they were participants. Such is the influence mental states bear upon the physical organism.

Chickamauga was all this to General Garfield. It was more than this to him. He was not merely a participant in the battle of bullets. He was also in the battle of brains. The field soldier certainly feels enough anxiety. His mental experience has enough of torture to gratify the monarch of hell himself. But the anxieties of the man at headquarters are unspeakable. He sees not merely the actual horrors and individual danger. He carries on his heart the responsibility for an army. He is responsible for the thousands of lives. A single mistake, a single blunder, a single defective plan, will forever desolate unnumbered firesides. More than this he feels. Not only the fate of the army, but the fate of the country rests in his hand. The burden is crushing. It may be said this is only upon the commander-in-chief. But General Garfield, as chief of staff, we have seen, was no figure head, no *annuensis*. He took the responsibilities of that campaign and battle to his own heart. At every step his genius grappled with the situation. Rosencrans was a good soldier; but in nothing was his ability so exhibited as in selecting Garfield for his confidential adviser and trusting so fully to his genius.

RETROSPECT.

O'er the cold bars of sixty winters leaning,
And silently looking down,
I wait the unfolding of the mystic meaning
Of cross and crown.
I see youth's golden sun through chinks in
streaming,
Of memory's ill-calked walls;
And catch a vista of the days spent dreaming
In fancy's halls.
When hope the future's architrave was gliding,
O'er arch and capital,
And Spanish castles many high up-building,
Soon doomed to fall.
I paced the fructive fields of others' growing,
Gleaning unsatisfied;
Beneath their seed a deeper thought-seed
sowing,
Which yielded dled.
At twenty, thirty years should crown my
longing;
At thirty, ten years more;
At forty—What! and fifty years came thronging,
And now, three-score.
And I'm no more than worn and wave-toss'd
sailor—
A wanton mutineer
'Gainst fate, which hither hastes, with death
the jailor,
To find me here.
To fame unknown, so soon shall I lie sleeping,
A loathsome grave within,
Where praying mear comes none, and no one
weeping,
Or friend or kin.
And now I question why in life's fair morning,
Illured ambition's light?
An ignis fatuus, black-cowled with scorning,
And gloom, and blight.
While before others, fame and honor bearing,
Bowed the full-handed years,
They filed slow by me where I wept despairing,
To mock my tears.
'Less at my birth, some swain Fortune's
wooling
Jilted the fickle dame,
I can not guess the cause of her imbuting
My days with blame.
So, o'er the bars of sixty winters leaning,
Aimlessly looking down,
I wait for time to solve the mystic meaning
Of cross and crown.

WM. J. COUGHLIN.

Lowell, February, 1882

THE NIHILIST'S STORY.

BY MAJOR HAMILTON.

For a little while after the colonel had ceased, no one spoke, and only the crackling of the open fire, as it laughed and crackled upon the wide hearth within, and the moan of the night wind roaming the lonely waste, without, broke the silence, while we steadily puffed at our pipes; then Tompson, the host, arose and began to brew a fresh jug of flip, and the West Virginian, Destram, turned to his companion and spoke:

"Alex, it's your turn. Give us a Russian story, full to the brim with horrors. A bear hunt upon your illimitable steppes, a wolf chase along the Volga, a Cossack fight in the south, or a Tartar raid upon the north; or better still, tell us of your own Nihilistic trials."

The man to whom Destram spoke shivered, and his strong frame, dark and deeply cut, twitched a little, while his eye gleamed. He hesitated a moment, then carefully laid his pipe upon the rough table, and half-turning, replied:

"Gentlemen, if it is my turn I will speak, and as my friend has suggested the subject, although it is not a pleasant one to me, I will tell you a tale of my home, Russia, and of myself, a Nihilist. If it seems strange, then grant me that strange things and horrible ones may happen even in Christian Europe, and in this nineteenth century. It is word for word true."

We drew nearer the speaker and listened intently. A Russian story told in Colorado, for our cabin was far up among the spurs of the Rockies, in the western portion of the State, and that story the history of a Nihilist, was new and strange treat for American ears.

"Six years ago I was living in Darnowsky, in the province of Rublin, in the southern part of the greatest of European empires, a young man happy as circumstances would allow, and at the time of which I speak, doubly happy and contented in my little school, for I was a teacher, since I had just made the sweetest and prettiest girl in the village my wife.

"Marie Casloff was mine, won from a score of suitors by love alone, for I had little money and I was content.

"Chief among the disconsolate ones was the son of an ex-army officer, Louis Lodiski by name, a handsome but unprincipled fellow, who for years had been infatuated with Marie. However, when our

coming wedding was announced, Louis left the village, and I was spared his scowl and muttered threats, and soon forgot him in the joy of home-life.

"For three years I was at rest. Then came the great cloud that to-day overhangs my native land, and its dark shadow fell across even my humble threshold. I had been a St. Petersburg student, and when that strange monomania of communism, silent and deadly, crept through the nation, it found in me an easy prey, and I became a Nihilist, swore the terrible oaths, and linked myself body and soul to their unknown and horrible purposes. I shudder now as I remember.

"There was a circle formed in our town, and two months after I had joined it, there appeared one night amongst us, commissioned from the Grand Circle at Moscow as our chief, Louis Lodiski.

"I bowed before him, but when I saw the fierce light of baffled passion and eager revenge gleam in his hated eyes, brightly as when last I had met him, then the rejected suitor of my wife, I knew and felt for the first time into what a horrible pit I had fallen; for, free as was before the world, in secret I was bound by my vows, the serf and slave of my bitter enemy.

"But of all this my wife knew nothing, except that her old lover was in town.

"For a time there was little work for our society, but it so happened that toward the spring, a new quartering of soldiers was made in our town, under the charge of Colonel Jelikoff, a tried and true officer of the government, and one who had several times incurred the displeasure of the Nihilists. Hardly had the troops become settled when a sealed dispatch was received by Lodiski from the Grand Circle at Moscow, containing the death warrant of the colonel; and in drawing lots for the one to act as executioner, the same devil's luck which had first dragged me into this conspiracy, or some treachery of my chief, cast the dread duty upon me.

"By the rules of our order unquestioning obedience, at the price of one's own life, must be given to all decrees by the person so chosen, and I knew it; yet the word 'murderer' flamed before my eyes, and my heart stood still, as I held the fatal lot in my hands.

"And even as I gazed, dazed and dull, upon my comrades about me, whose stern, white faces, reflected the horror in my own, the whisper of chief hissed warningly through the air the single word:

"Beware!"

"With the cry of a lost soul, I fled from the room.

"There remained three days of grace. The ukase of the Grand Circle, with a perfection of cruelty, granted the slave doomed to execute their diabolical commands three days mercy. At the end of that time the condemned must cease to live, or the slave would become the victim instead.

"Of the first day, I have no remembrance. It did not consist of hours, but of moments, each separate and distinct—of ideas only born to die. In a word, for the first twenty-four hours I was crazed. The second day found me cool and helpless. I made my plans. Obey I must, for my wife's sake and for my own; Jelikoff must die that we might live.

"For five hours, I debated where to do the deed; then, still uncertain, walked in the verge of the town, and as I walked some one joined me—Lodiski.

"'To-morrow?' said he, inquiringly.

"'To-morrow!' I returned. 'It must be to-morrow for one of us!' and I shuddered.

"We stood a space in silence; then the man came closer, and placed his hand upon my shoulder.

"'Listen! It is hard, it is dangerous. Capture means death. Here is money. You must flee instantly the work is done.'

"Unwittingly I thrust the gold into my bosom, and I repeated after him:

"'I must flee instantly! and my wife?'

"'I will care for her until you return.'

"In a single breath my brain cleared, the dread cloud that for two days had shadowed it passed, and I knew the hand that had worked my ruin. I was to become an outlaw, in order that my wife might be the spoil of this monster.

"What power it was that held my hands I know not. The rage in heart, the frenzy to seize the accursed one at my side and tear his throat out, all but overpowered me, and it was only by a superhuman effort of the will that I remained silent.

"'The deed must be to-morrow,' continued Lodiski, 'and the only place where you can find Jelikoff alone is in the bell-tower. Thither he goes each evening before the curfew rings, to watch the change of guards upon the opposite river bank. You can conceal yourself there, and strike him down. It will be hours before he is missed, and you will have time for flight.'

"I bowed my head. I dared not trust my tongue. It might be that I should strike too soon. Deep within my heart the determination to kill was well fixed;

but, unknown to my chief, the victim had changed.

"'I will join you at the foot of the tower after curfew. See to it that it is after—the end!' Lodiski concluded.

"My blood leaped.

"'It is well,' I replied; and he left me.

"That night I told my wife all, and her love stood the test. Ere morning dawned, under the escort of a faithful servant, she was at the Volga Dernstam—a landing ten miles away; and when the early sun kissed the reaches of level land about our town, it found her upon the deck of a river steamer, bound for Astrachan.

"All day long I gathered my little store of goods, and late in the afternoon sold them for gold to a friend—a Nihilist like myself—who secretly conveyed them to his home. Then, as the night waned and it drew toward night, thoroughly disguised, and armed with a pair of pistols and my dagger, I skirted the town, and came at last to the lonely watch-tower where hung the great bell that rang the curfew. Ere the ringer had entered the tower from his supper, I was secreted in the loft near the window.

"It was not my intent to kill Jelikoff. If he came, I could confess all, then descend and wreck my vengeance upon Lodiski below, and flee the country; or if he came not, the end would be the same. Still bound by my oath, and environed by a thousand spies, I dared not flee until night. And Lodiski must die!

"Alone in the grim tower I waited, and the bats about me squeaked, and the steppes swept mournfully in and kissed my hot cheek. The moments passed!

"Suddenly a nameless dread fell upon me. Instinctively I felt the presence of some new and near danger, and a sense of doom overcame me, as if I listened to the words of the judge who recited the condemning proofs of my falseness to our order. If I did not kill Jelikoff, and failed to find Lodiski, I must die!

"Quivering with this new terror, I glanced suspiciously about me—into the deep shadows of the corners, behind the great beams, aloft among the bats' nests, and at last beneath the mighty bell hanging silent at my side.

"And there, lying prone upon a cross-beam directly under the great iron dome, so close that the first swing of the ponderous metal would crush him, lay Lodiski, his evil eye fastened upon me! He had come as a spy, to know if I did well my duty—that he might denounce me publicly as a murderer if I did it, or condemn me privately to death if I did it not.

"Even as I saw him, I heard the step of the colonel on the stair, and his word to the waiting bellman below.

" 'Carl, I will detain you but a moment. When I descend you may ring.'

"My heart ceased to beat. Jelikoff ascended. I stood at his back.

" 'One! two! three! four! five! six! seven!'

"It was the village clock. Jelikoff turned to descend. I shrank into the shadow behind him. Lodiski's eyes blazed with a baleful fire.

"Jelikoff went down stairs.

" 'Fool! slave! coward!' hissed my chief, half-rising upon his hands and knees. 'You die!'

"There came a creaking sound, the great wooden wheel above turned upon its axis, the bats flew, snarling about, and then the mighty bell, swinging slowly, gained in momentum, and swept in a long arc upward.

"Lodiski uttered a single cry as the

tremendous mass poised above him, and would have dragged himself out of its reach, but with sudden fury I stretched my arm like a bar of steel, caught his hair, and forced him back upon the beam—and then the great bell fell as falls the knife of the guillotine, crushing into a hideous mass the body of the spy, while its heavy knell rang with a gurgling shiver far out across the barren land, and a little stream of blood, warm and red, ran slowly down the beam and dyed the lips and tongue of the iron monster as he swung.

"The curfew was sounding, and I was saved!

"Three hours later, in the silence of the night, I escaped the tower and fled. For twenty-four hours Lodiski's death was undiscovered, and before the truth was known I was with my wife upon the Caspian Sea, far out of the reach of the Nihilists.

"I have never seen Russia since."

OUR EXCHANGES.

A RAILWAY PATRIARCH.

SKETCH OF THE LIFE AND WORK OF W. W. GOODALE, OF BROOKFIELD, MO., THE OLDEST LIVING LOCOMOTIVE ENGINEER IN THE UNITED STATES.

From St. Joseph Gazette.

BROOKFIELD, Mo., May 23d, 1881.

I noticed in a recent issue of the *Gazette* an account of an interview had by one of your reporters with an old locomotive engineer while waiting with his engine in that city. It reminded me of one of the celebrities of our town, of whom, doubtless, many of your readers would like to hear.

Your correspondent met grandfather Goodale at the railroad depot to-day and made known to him that a short sketch of his life would certainly be interesting to all railroad men, and to thousands of others who cannot but contemplate with amazement the stupendous railroad system of the world which has had its inception, its beginning and its present triumph, all within the lifetime of this old patriarch, within the progress and success of which his life-work and recollections have been so intimately acquainted.

A pleasant interview with the old engineer in my office this afternoon elicited the following facts, which are quite bare, but constitute the outlines of one of the most stirring and adventurous lives of which I ever knew.

W. W. Goodale was born in Northampton, Mass., December 3, 1803, and consequently is in his seventy-eighth year. He was a steamboat engineer on Lake Erie in 1830-31-32. He commenced running a locomotive engine on the Baltimore & Ohio railroad in 1834. As is well known, this was the first railroad operated in the United States, and it was begun in 1828. When Mr. Goodale went into it, the roadway was in running order to Elliott Mills. He distinctly remembers about the great excitement in connection with the enterprise, the prophecies of failure and the wonders at its success. The engine he ran was the old "Wm. Penn," one of the first put upon the road.

At the opening of the Cumberland Valley road, in 1838, running from Harrisburg to Chambersburg, Penn., he took a new engine and went to work upon this road. From there, shortly after, he went to Philadelphia and in 1840 he shipped a

newly built engine from the old locomotive manufactory of Norris & Long, of that city, by schooner to New York, from New York to Albany on a barge, and from Albany on the Erie canal to within ten miles of Rochester. Here he set the engine up himself, put her upon the track of the new Rochester & Auburn road which was only completed at that time for four miles, and, preparatory to raising steam, had to fill the boiler with water carried from the Erie canal in buckets.

He stayed on this road till '42, putting the three first engines on the road and remaining until it was completed.

From there we went to Buffalo, and on the second day of September, 1842, pulled the first train ever run out of that city. The trip was from Buffalo to within a few miles of Attica. Wm. Wallace was superintendent of the road and a man by the name of Penfield was the conductor on this train. At this time there was as yet no "T" rails, all were of the "strap" variety.

Mr. Goodale stayed on this road until 1844, then worked for a time on the Philadelphia & Reading road. In 1845 or 1846 he took the engines "Jack Little" and "Henry Ruggles" onto the Long Island road running from Brooklyn to Greenport. Some time in 1846 he went onto the Norwich & Worcester road with a new engine. This was at the time when the fast running excitement broke out and roads were attempting to establish schedule time of one mile in one and a half minutes. He stayed on this road until 1849, when Norris, the Philadelphia locomotive manufacturer, sent for him to take their engines to Chili, South America. Before he started on his trip, he run for six months on the Hudson River road. The engines for Chili being ready they were shipped in a sailing vessel around Cape Horn, but Mr. Goodale crossed the Isthmus and arrived in time to receive his engines. He soon had them up and running on the Calderla & Copiapown road, part of which has since been sunk by an earthquake. He returned to the United States in '52. In 1854 he came west and went to work on the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy, where he remained until 1857, when, in fixing the grate in an engine furnace he became overheated and took a cold which settled in his eyes, causing blindness that lasted for four years.

At this time Mr. Goodale was pretty well off. Besides losing the four years' time, he spent \$5,000 for medical treatment. Norris, of Philadelphia, finally

sent for him and placed him under the care of the celebrated French oculist, Latello, of that city. He finally recovered sufficiently to resume work at intervals. In 1865 he came onto the "Old Reliable" Hannibal & St. Joseph, during the administration of L. W. Toune and Charley Mead. He was given a new engine, the "Fort Scott." He ran on this road at such times as his eyes would permit until about three years ago. His last work was running the switch engine in the yard at this place. After that he kept a boarding house but did not make the business succeed, in fact he says he lost over \$400 in it. He now lives with his daughter here, the wife of Joseph Halstead, a freight conductor of the Hannibal & St. Joseph railroad.

Mr. Goodale has been married three times. His last wife died the 13th of last December. The old gentleman is quite well preserved for one of his age. His health is good except his eyes, which trouble him considerably. Many a man fifty years of age looks older than "Pap" Goodale, as the railroad boys are in the habit of calling him. His mental faculties are yet strong and active, his memory particularly good, and he has a very interesting and intelligent conversational manner.

He is undoubtedly the oldest living locomotive engineer in the United States, if not in the world. Think of a life of fifty years on the rail, begun on the first railroad ever built in this country, and on almost the first engine ever put upon the road, and continued almost uninterruptedly until the age of seventy-five is reached. What a life of thrilling experience and wonderful reminiscence! Lots of newspaper space might be filled up, to the great interest and profit of a world of readers, from the recollections of this old engineer. I may be able to furnish something in this line to the column of the Gazette, in the future.

"AIN'T this a little high," asked an immigrant of a Texas saloon-keeper, who had charged him fifty cents for two drinks. "Well, yes, it may be a little high," replied the bar-keeper, as he was fumbling with a revolver in the cash-drawer, "but you are in Texas now, and I need the money."

ANOTHER imposter has been exposed. He claimed to be a railroad brakeman out of work, but when he went out of the room he did not slam the door hard enough to make the chairs dance, and was, of course, arrested.

AN UNCOMMON MEAN BEAST.

CHARACTERISTICS OF THE COYOTE, WITH AN ANECDOTE IN POINT.

From Texas Siftings.

In the unsettled interior of America on the great plains is found the coyote.

The coyote is about two-thirds the size of a yellow dog, and looks like a second-hand wolf in straightened circumstances. He bears about the same relation to the genuine wolf that the buzzard does to the eagle, or that a chicken thief does to a modern bank cashier. He has a perpetual air of being ashamed of himself, or of something he has done. As you catch a glimpse of him, trotting away from one mott of timber to another, looking back over his ears, and with his tail furred around his left leg, he looks as if he was aware that the police had a clue to his whereabouts, and were working up his case. No one ever saw a fat coyote. You may catch a young one, civilize him as much as you can, feed him on canned groceries, and put a brass collar on him, but his ribs will still be his most prominent feature, and at the first favorable opportunity he will voluntary and ungratefully leave your hospitable roof, and from choice, become a roving vagabond on the prairie, living on carrion and sharing meal with the buzzard. These predatory shadows are not at all dangerous. There is no fight in them. They are fatal to sheep when the coyote majority is forty to a minority of one sick sheep, but otherwise they are quite harmless. What they lack in courage they make up in craftiness. They will twist themselves into all manner of grotesque postures, and tumble around in the long grass, that the rabbit or young fawn may, by curiosity, be induced to come within reach of their sharp fangs. This last playful characteristic of the coyote was described to us by a friend, who was a New York newspaper reporter, and acquainted with a coyote that resided in a cage in Central Park. His statement may, therefore, be relied on, even to the length of the grass. The coyote has a small head and fox-like ears, but the biggest end of him is his voice. The mellifluous, silver-toned euphony of one of his nocturnal overtures would scare a monkey off a hand organ, and make an Italian opera singer hang himself with envy, and one of his own chords. When he slinks up, and, seating himself in the twilight of a camp-fire on the prairie, opens out with a canticle and runs

up the scale—starting with a *diminuendo* whine, throwing in a staccato shriek, and ending with a cressentio howl—the sonoric outburst terrifies the Genus of Acoustics and makes the welkin ring, until it cracks itself and has to be carried off and repaired.

A hardy frontiersman, traveling over the boundless prairies of Western Texas, when the shades of night are beginning to fall, prepares to camp for the night. He stakes out his tired steed to graze on the flower-bespangled grass while he prepares his frugal meal. Having placed his weapons within easy reach he spreads blankets, and, stretching his weary limbs, resign himself to the care of the drowsy god. Suddenly the air is alive with direful yells, shrieks and howls, as if all the Indians on the American continent had been turned loose. Does the hardy frontiersman spring to his feet, seize his trusty rifle, and prepare to sell his life as dearly as possible? He does not. He merely turns over and mutters drowsily, "D—n a coyote, anyhow," for he knows that of all the wild beasts that roam the jungle, the coyote is the most harmless.

One coyote at night can make enough noise to induce the inexperienced traveler to believe that there are at least fifty of them in the immediate neighborhood. If a coyote was assayed, we venture to predict that he would be found to consist of one part wolf and nine parts of vocal ability. The only time when the voice of the coyote, as one of the resources of Texas, has any value, is when it is used to take the conceit out of some smart stranger from the Eastern States. The acclimated Texan induces the stranger to go with him in pursuit of game, and to camp out on the prairie or in the woods, and he enjoys the stranger's fear when he hears the coyote for the first time, as they howl around the camp-fire in "the dead waste and middle of the night." It is difficult to convince the stranger that the coyote will not make a meal of him and eat his horse and baggage for dessert. In fact, it is not the policy of the Texan to convince the stranger.

That this popular fallacy regarding the ferocity of the coyote exists, was illustrated not long since in the remarks made by a northern preacher in a sermon he preached shortly after his arrival in the State. He was illustrating how the heedless sinner refused to benefit by the most earnest warning, in the very presence or the wrath to come. He said: "Deaf, friends, methinks I see two men walking out on one of your bee-utiful prairies.

They enjoy the perfume of the flowers, the songs of the innocent little birds, and the calm, quiet beauty of your glorious Indian summer evenings. Communing together, they walk along, heedless of danger. The sun sinks to rest beyond the distant horizon, the curtain of night gradually descends and closes out the light of day; still the two men walk leisurely along, feeling safe and secure. But hark! What sound is that in the distance? What blood-curdling howl makes them arrest their steps? It is, dear friends—it is the cry of the wolves on their track—the fierce and bloodthirsty coyote in hot pursuit, ah! And what you do think these two unfortunate men do? One of them, my beloved congregation, realizes his danger and running to a tree climbed up, by the aid of a convenient branch, out of the reach of the cruel fangs of the relentless beasts of prey. He called unto his companion and said unto him: 'O, my brother, reach out and take hold of this branch, climb up here beside me, and be saved!' But the other said: 'No, there is no danger; the wolves are still a long way off—I have time enough.' Alas! dear hearers, while he was yet speaking the dreadful coyotes came upon him and, rending him limb from limb, devoured him even in the twinkling of an eye. Thus it is, O careless and heedless sinners, that you, to-night, stand," etc., etc.

When the preacher concluded the services and was leaving the church, he was accosted by old man Parker (who has lived in Texas since '36), who said:

"Parson, the front end of your discourse was grand and gloomy, and calculated to bluff the unconverted sinner. You had a full hand, and might have raked in all the mourners in the pot; but, Lord bless your soul, you played a nine spot when you chipped in with that wolf yarn. Yes, Doctor, you played ——— when you got on that coyote lay!"

GATH ON THE PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

The Pennsylvania railroad seems to have got at an early period some body with taste and elegance about them. Take the color of its cars—a rich royal magenta with a gold band through it—to begin with. Then their experimenting on splendid new engines, some of which make a mile a minute. They offer prizes to superintendents for the best piece of road bed. All the new air-brakes, patent platforms, internal fixings, the Pennsylvania

railroad adopts before any body else thinks of them. Along the line of the road there are men constantly inventing improvements. Its station houses are almost all of stone or brick, built to last into the twenty-first century. Some of these station-houses will probably be seen five hundred to six hundred years hence. A constant premium is put on people living on the Pennsylvania line. Trains between terminal points seldom or never stop at the suburban points, which have their own system of trains, the one never running into the other. The block signal system is on their whole main system, and they carried all the passengers to the Centennial exhibition without the loss of a life. Wherever the Pennsylvania railroad enters it either sweeps away competition or compels it to get up and dust itself. Politeness is enforced along all the line, and full information is given to passengers.

From Punch.

ENGLAND TO AMERICA.

JAMES ABRAHAM GARFIELD.

Born November 19, 1831, Died President of the United States, November 19, 1881.

Silence were best, if hand in hand,
Like friends, sea-sundered People met,
But words must wing from land to land
The utterance of the heart's regret,
Though harsh on ears that sorrow thralls
E'en sympathy's low accent falls.

Salt leagues that part us check no whit,
What knows not bounds of time or space,
The homestead feeling that must knit
World scattered kin in speech and race.
None like ourselves may well bemoan
Columbia's sorrow! 'tis our own.

A sorrow of the nobler sort,
Which love and pride make pure and fair
A grief that is not misery's sport,
A pain that bows not to despair;
Beginning not in courtly woe,
To end in pageantry and show.

The Great Republic's foremost son
Struck foully, falls; but they who mourn
Brave life cut short, good work half done
Yet trust that from beyond Death's bourne
That blameless memory's gifts may be
Peace, Concord, Civic Purity.

Scarcely known of us till struck with death,
He stirred us by his valiant flight
With mortal pain. With bated breath
We waited tidings morn and night,
The hope that's nursed by strong desire,
Though shaken often, will not tire.

A CONSCIENCE-STRICKEN ANIMAL

A moral responsibility of some animals seems less doubtful than that of "intermittent lunatics." If it should become the duty of a public attorney of the future to prosecute a homicidal monkey, the following case (quoted in Brehm's "Thierleben") would furnish an ugly precedent against the counsel for the defense: A few years ago Dr. Scomburg, the Superintendent of the Botanic Garden of Adelaide, Australia, took charge of a select corps of monkeys and kangaroos, a "happy family," he might have called them, if it had not been for the depravity of an old babuiana, or female Bhunder baboon. If she had not been the only representative of her species, he would have tried to get rid of her, for her only object in life seemed to be to make herself as disagreeable as possible. Solitary confinement made her wildly obstreperous, but in the family cage she kept the marsupials in a delirium of terror, and in the evening when her younger relatives ventured to enter the sleeping-box she seemed to consider herself divinely ordained to remove them by force. But one day she attacked her own keeper, and without any apparent provocation lacerated his wrist in a shocking way. Scomburg at once ordered her to be shot. The next morning the assistant keeper approached her cage with a shot-gun which had often been used to shoot the rats that infested the menagerie building. The other monkeys seemed to expect another razzia, but the Bhunder knew better. The moment she saw the gun she made a dash into the sleeping-cage, and when the keeper tried to open the door she yelled as if she hoped to get off on a plea of insanity. Meaning to try her, the keeper waited till breakfast time, but the babuina did not show herself. She kept out of sight a full hour, till the mess-boy brought an extra lunch of sliced pumpkins, when she made a rush for the bucket in hopes of securing a portable piece. In that moment the keeper bolted the door of her sleeping-cage, and went back for his shot-gun. As soon as the babuina caught sight of him she flew toward her place of refuge, and, finding the door locked, made a mad attempt to squeeze herself through the interspaces of the front railing. But the bars proved inflexible, and, after another desperate pull at the sleeping-cage door, the babuina flung herself into a corner, closed her eyes, and was apparently dead with fear fear before the buckshot struck her.

DANGER OF MARRYING RAILROAD MEN.

Girls ought to be warned of the "frightful danger to be incurred in marrying railroad men, especially brakeman. It is related that the other night a member of that hard-working fraternity, on being roused from a dream of an impending crash, was found by the neighbors sitting up in bed holding his wife by the ears, having nearly twisted the terrified woman's head off in his ineffectual exertions to "down brakes."

DANIEL WEBSTER'S PRESENCE.

A timely paper on Daniel Webster, the centennial of whose birth was celebrated January 18, has been contributed to the February Century by W. C. Wilkinson, who thus describes Webster's remarkable presence:

Perhaps no man ever lived that, quite apart from any adventitious circumstances affecting him, such as accident of birth, or dignity of station, apart indeed from actual achievements of his own, by mere and pure force of inherent character and personality, so impressed the generation to which he belonged as did Daniel Webster. There was something almost supernatural about it. The adjectives by which he was customarily characterized, in the common and instructive speech of the people, attributed a kind of divinity to the man. He was the "godlike Daniel" to his countrymen in general, who thus called him by the phrase which, with a certain semi-conscious humor in its racy of National character, redeemed its own excess of veneration by a corrective dash of associated familiarity. But no less the educated men among his fellows were accustomed to employ in their own more scholarly way a similar language. To them, he was "Jove," a "descended god," a "demi-god," "the Olympian." If he went abroad, some Englishman said he "looked like a cathe" or Sydney Smith with irreverent homage to his Titan might, said he "was a steam-engine in breeches."

This imposing effect of Webster's personal presence was partly due to the remarkable physical mold in which he was cast. He was not gigantic in proportions, was not even greatly above the medium height; but somehow the beholder took from him an instantaneous and overwhelming impression of immense mass, weight, momentum—in one word, of

power. He was always one of the sights of Boston, where his presence in the streets made the neighboring buildings look smaller. Men from the country, that did not know who he was, would stand to gaze at him. Of course, as soon as you were aware that a physical frame so magnificent was the abode of a moral and intellectual nature not unfit to inhabit it, the pleasurable inspiration of wonder and awe that you felt in beholding was more than doubled. But when, in addition, you could further assure yourself that this man was the great lawyer, the great statesman, the great orator, of his country and time, why, naturally, the enthusiasm of admiration and delight of which you were conscious in his presence is something extraordinary.

WHO SHOULD NOT BE A WIFE.

Has that woman a call to be a wife who thinks more of a silk dress than her children, and visits her nursery no oftener than once a day? Has that woman a call to be a wife who cries for a cashmere shawl when her husband's notes are being protested? Has that woman a call to be a wife who sits reading the last novel while her husband stands before the glass vainly trying to pin together a buttonless shirt bosom? Has that woman a call to be a wife who expects her husband to swallow diluted coffee, soggy bread, smoked tea and watery potatoes six days in seven? Has she a call to be a wife who flirts with every man she meets, and reserves her frown for her home fireside? Has she a call to be a wife who comes down to breakfast in abominable curl papers, a soiled dressing gown, and shoes down at the heel? Has she a call to be a wife whose husband's love weighed naught in the balance with her next door neighbor's damask curtain or velvet carpet? Has she a call to be a wife who would take advantage of a moment of conjugal weakness to extort money or exact a promise? Has she a call to be a wife who takes a journey for pleasure, leaving her husband to toil in a close office, and have an eye, when at home, to servants and children? Has she a call to be a wife to whom a good husband's society is not the greatest of earthly blessings and a house full of rosy children its best furnishing and prettiest adornment?

THERE has never been discovered a man with a grievance who objected to mention it.

TIME IS MONEY.

One fine morning when Franklin was busy preparing his newspaper for the press, a lounge stepped into the store and spent an hour or more looking over the books, etc., and finally, taking one in his hand, asked the shop-boy the price.

"One dollar," was the answer.

"One dollar!" said the lounge; "can you not take less than that?"

"No, indeed; one dollar is the price."

Another hour had nearly passed when the lounge said:

"Is Mr. Franklin at home?"

"Yes, he is in the printing office."

"I want to see him," said the lounge.

The shop-boy immediately informed Mr. Franklin that a gentleman was in the store waiting to see him. Franklin was soon behind the counter, when the lounge addressed him thus:

"Mr. Franklin, what is the lowest you can take for that book?"

"One dollar and a quarter," was the ready answer.

"One dollar and a quarter! Why, your young man asked me only a dollar."

"True," said Franklin; "I could better have afforded to have taken a dollar than to have been taken out of the office."

The lounge seemed surprised, and wishing to end the parley of his own making, said:

"Come, Mr. Franklin, tell me what is the lowest you can take for it?"

"A dollar and a half," was the reply.

"A dollar and a half! Why, you offered it yourself for a dollar and a quarter."

"Yes," said Franklin, "and I had better have taken that price than a dollar and a half now."

THE MAN WHO LAUGHS.

The man who laughs is the sympathetic man. A man who laughs with one in prosperity is one who weeps with him in adversity. The man who never laughs, but wears a perpetual unmeaning smile, is the man whose heart is cold toward his fellows, while the hearty, sympathetic natures that greet every ludicrous incident with hearty laughter are the ones whose chords are touched by every pathetic circumstance.

AS ANY man may be compelled to eat his words, he should never indulge in bitter speeches.

LONGFELLOW.

DIED MARCH 24, 1882.

WILLIAM C. RICHARDS.

Gathered his harvest and the "aftermath,"

The reaper laid his ringing scythe aside;
His feet forsook their long accustomed path
And, for his one sad task, he died!

Over a hundred happy fields of song

His keen blade in the golden sunlight
swept;

Whose mellow fruits their sweetness shall
prolong

Where tender eyes his death have wept.

And they will weep, afar—from sea to sea,
On crowded continents and lonely isles
In whose pure homes his purer minstrelsy
The fancy and the heart beguiles.

Oh, cruel Death, to mock our fond desire,
And snap the strings of our supremest lute,
To quench upon our hearths Song's mystic
fire,

And leave the halls of Craigie mute.

The bard of Cambridge by a happy lot,

Dwelt in the soldier-home of Washington;
Their lustrous names, thus aptly linked shall
not

Be severed while the tides flow on!

If "first in war and first in peace," we shrine
Within our hearts, the chieftain's deathless
name,—

We'll crown the author of "EVANGELINE"

With still undying, though another, fame!

A LOVE LETTER.

(Picked up by "The Tramp" in an alley in
Kalamazoo.)

In this remarkable effusion it will be
seen that the sublime and the ridiculous
follow each other in brilliant and laugh-
able succession.

MY DEAR MISS A.—Every time I think
of you my heart flops up and down like
a churn-dasher. Sensations of unutter-
able joy caper over it like young goats on
a stable roof, and thrill through it like
Spanish needles through a pair of tow
linen trousers. As a goslin swimmeth
with delight in a mud-puddle, so swim I
in a sea of glory. Visions of ecstatic rap-
ture thicker than the hairs on a blacking
brush, and brighter than the hues of a
humming-bird's pinions, visit me in my
slumbers; and borne on their visible
wings, your image stands before me, and
I reach out to grasp it, like a pointer snap-
ping at a blue-bottle fly. When I first
beheld your angelic perfections, I was be-

wildered, and my brain whirled around
like a humble-bee under the glass tumbler.
My eyes stood open like a cellar door in
a country town, and I lifted up my ears
to catch the silvery accents of your voice.
My tongue refused to wag, and in silent
adoration I drank in the sweet infection
of love. Since the light of your face fell
upon my life, I sometimes feel as if I
could lift myself up by my boot straps to
the top of the Presbyterian steeple, and
pull the bell-rope for singing-school. Day
and night you are in my thoughts. When
Aurora, blushing like a bride, rises from
saffron couch; when the jay-bird pipes
his tuneful lay in the apple-tree by the
spring-house; when the chanticleer's shrill
clarion heralds the coming morn; when
the drowsy beetle wheels his droning
flight at sultry noon-tide, and when the
lowing cows come home at milk-time, I
think of thee; and like a piece of gumelast-
ic, my heart seems to stretch clear across
my bosom. Your forehead is smoother
than the elbow of an old coat. Your eyes
are glorious to behold. In their liquid
depths I see legions of little cupids bath-
ing like a cohort of ants in an old army
cracker. When their fire hit me, upon
my manly breast, it penetrated my whole
anatomy as a load of bird shot would go
through a rotten apple. Your nose is
from a chunk of Parian marble, and your
mouth puckered with sweetness. Nectar
lingers on your lips like honey on a bear's
and myriads of unfledged kisses are there
ready to fly out and light somewhere,
like bluebirds out of a parents' nest. Your
laugh rings in my ears like a wind-harp's
strains or the bleat of a stray lamb on a
bleak hillside. The dimples in your
cheeks are like bowers in beds of roses,
or hollows in cakes of home-made sugar.

I am dying to fly to thy presence and
pour out the burning eloquence of my
love, as thirsty housewives pour out hot-
coffee. Away from you I am as melan-
choly as a sick rat. Sometimes I can hear
the June bugs of despondency buzzing in
my ears, and feel the cold lizzards of de-
spair crawling down my back. Uncouth
fears, like a thousand minnows, nibble at
my spirits, and my soul is pierced through
with doubts, as an old cheese is bored
with skippers.

My love for you is stronger than the
smell of Coff's patent butter or the kick
of a young cow, and more unselfish than
a kitten's first caterwaul. As the song-
bird hankers for the light of day, the cau-
tious mouse for the fresh bacon in the
trap, as a lean pup hankers for new milk,
so long I for thee.

You are fairer than a speckled pullet, sweeter than a Yankee doughnut fried in sorghum molasses, brighter than the top-not plumage on the head of a muscovy duck. You are candy kisses, raisins, pound cake, and sweetened tody altogether.

If these few remarks will enable you to see the inside of my soul, and me to win your affections, I shall be as happy as a woodpecker on a cherry tree, or a stage horse in a green pasture. If you can not reciprocate my thrilling passion, I will pine away like a poisoned bed-bug, and fall away from the flourishing vine of life, an untimely branch; and in the coming years when the shadows grow from the hills and the philosophic frog sings his cheerful evening hymns, you, happy in another's love, can come and drop a tear and catch a cold upon the last resting-place of

Yours truly.

RUNNING A LOCOMOTIVE.

Brooklyn Eagle.

"Well, I've had a little experience in running an engine," said a long specimen of the genus Yankee, putting one elbow on the bar counter and holding his whisky straight up to the light, "and if it would amuse you I'll give you a yarn or two."

"Stave ahead," said his companion, "but I've been there myself. I used to run an engine from New York to Philadelphia."

"Oh, you did," said the Yankee. "Well, that just amounts to nothin'. I've been a special engineer for the last ten years, and there ain't a mile of track atween here and 'Frisco I haven't traveled over. You see us specials are obliged to be ready for anything at a moment's notice, and when we travel we just go right over the ground, and don't you forget it."

"I've made some pretty good time myself," said the second engineer. "I took a train through from New York to Philadelphia in eighty minutes."

"Oh, that's child's play," said the first engineer. "Why, man, I've made that run myself, and with one piston-rod gone at that. It was a lively trip, and don't you forget it. I'd just got back from a special run up through the coal regions, when word came that one of the big guns of the company wished to start at once for Philadelphia. I knew what that meant, so I jumped aboard long-legged Jim, hitched a construction car behind the tender, and a drawing-room coach

behind that and reported for duty. I knew my engine, and I ran up forty pounds of steam more nor she was marked to carry. When the word came I let everything slide and the old boy just jumped into the air. Then he settled down to his work. Everything was clear in front of us, and I let him out for all he was worth at the start. In less 'en five minutes you couldn't a counted the telegraph poles they flew by us so fast. I had two firemen un' I just made 'em earn their passage from the word go. Old Jim must have eat up two ton o' coal inside of ten miles."

"What!" ejaculated the second engineer.

"Sure!" said the first engineer. "And we hadn't been out of the station fifteen minutes before every blasted boiler pipe was red hot, and we had to keep flooding the cab with water to keep from burning the darn thing up. Oh, we was just gettin' there, my boy, and I didn't let up a pound. Every time we took a curve the outside wheels would be at least a foot up in the air, and once or twice the tender jumped clean on to the ties, and old Jim would yank her back again, and—"

"Ain't you kind of stretching a point?" asked the second engineer.

"Not a bit of it," said the first engineer. "Why, afore we was half way to Philadelphia, both o' those stokers was down on their knees praying, and I had to do the feeding myself until I swore 'em back to their senses again. Well, everything went well the first two-thirds o' the run, and I was just a whistling to myself over the record I was piling up, when there came a report like a rifle, and I knew one of the blasted piston rods had busted. There was nothin' to do but stop, and I lost ten minutes fixen up. The big gun left the coach and came down to see what was up. 'What's to be done?' said he. 'I've got one piston rod left,' says I, 'and I'll take you through on time.' He knew me, and he just lit a fresh cigar and walked back to the coach as contented as a lamb. Well, I just set those praying firemen to work for all they was worth, and I had her up to sixty pounds over the limit in less 'en no time. Then I let her slide. Lord, Harry, I thought old Jim would jerk the stuffin' out of everything behind him. We just played hop scotch, and I don't believe we touched the rails more nor four or five times a mile. I knew it was a \$100 check or nothin', an' I was after that check. Well, those firemen got to praying worse 'en ever, and I had to swear I'd throw 'em

overboard afore they'd come to time. I tell you we was just movin'. Why, the towns got to runnin' all together, and we had no more 'en got a squint at one station afore we was five miles past the next one—"

"Hear! hear!" said the second engineer, "that's laying it on too strong."

"True as you're here," said the first engineer. "I'd introduce you to the praying firemen, but they cut the business after that run, and I kinder lost sight of 'em. Well, we got within ten miles of Philadelphia and I begun to stop her."

"Stop her?"

"Yes; I knew I couldn't do it inside o' ten miles, and I didn't quite fetch it at that; for when we ran into the station we smashed in the bumpers and ripped up about twenty feet o' the platform before old long-legged Jim would agree the run was over, but I got the check," and the Yankee engineer thoughtfully drained his glass, as his friend ordered the bar-keeper to "set 'em up again."

For Firemen's Magazine.

MY GEMS.

BY ELMON J. NOYES.

I have three gems, three little gems,
Too precious for a crown,
These little gems are priceless gems,
And won without renown.

The first is life, a silver gem,
A gem God gave to me,
Would that this gem, while it shall last,
Be filled with purity.

The next is love, a golden gem,
A gem without alloy,
Which makes my path all happiness,
And life a single joy.

Third is Heaven, a diamond gem,
Enclosed in death's black crust,
I may not reach this gem, so fair,
But I will wait and trust.

I soon shall pierce this outside case,
And rest beneath the sod,
Whether I reach this gem or not,
I'll leave it all with God.

EDITORIAL.

WE have witnessed the dawn of a "New Era." "Hand in Hand" with "New Hope" we "Advance" with "Confidence" to "Success."

RESURRECTED.

After a long period of disbandment the Lodges at Brookfield, Mo., and Galesburg, Ills., have been resurrected by Instructor Stevens, and now promise to rank with the best in the Order. Phoenix No. 23 was organized at the former place, and Progress No. 105 at the latter, with 22 and 23 charter members, respectively.

These localities had been without the Brotherhood for some time, and concluded to embrace it once more and place themselves within the bounds of its benefits. It is becoming more evident every day to the respectable classes of locomotive firemen that the Brotherhood is as much necessary to their welfare as they are to its existence.

DELINQUENTS BEWARE!

Remember that you have been false to your pledge, made in honor's court!

From cheerless homes we hear a wail—it comes from the widows and helpless children of your dead friend and brother, who had confidence in your honor and trusted them to your keeping. We say again, "take warning," for the finger of destiny is pointing in your direction.

THE Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen is making a good record in the field of labor. Day after day it is quietly gaining new victories. Railroad companies generally respect it, for its history is not one of rupture and strife, and they recognize in it an organization capable of doing a vast amount of good, while those helpless ones who have been left dependent upon its aid, are its friends, indeed. There are a hundred reasons why it should exist, and we challenge the world to give a single one why it should not.

GOOD EXAMPLE.

We are in receipt of a letter from a member of Cactus Lodge No. 94, located at Tucson, Arizona, who writes:

"We are far away from our co-workers in the States, but distance does not lessen our interest in the Brotherhood. Our Lodge is increasing very rapidly, but we are careful to admit only those who are entitled to a place among the tried and true. An applicant must be an honorable man—faithful to his employer and himself as well, before he can go hand in hand with the men who pride themselves in being members of No. 94."

Good enough, Bro. Sargent! This is as it should be. The Cactus will make her mark in years to come.

DO THINGS WELL.

A good fireman knows that his duty does not end in making the steam gauge mark the 140 point. His engine must be polished; his clothes must be made to present a clean and tidy appearance; he must show proper respect for his superiors; in fact, conduct himself in such a manner as to gain their confidence. The man who neglects this important part of his duty stands in the way of his own advancement. No master mechanic, who takes any pride in his engines or those who man them, will promote a fireman who does his work in a slipshod manner. The man who is prompt, respectful and trustworthy, is sure to reap a reward, while the lazy, greasy one, who stands around and finds fault because he has been jumped, gives way to make room for him. And thus it ever will until they learn that while they cannot all be millionaires, every one of them can be a gentleman.

STRONG DRINK.

It is charged that railroad men are addicted to the too common use of intoxicating liquor. We are forced to acknowledge that in a great measure this is true. But not to the same extent that a similar charge would have been ten years ago, for railroad employes do not indulge as much in the habit as they did then, especially enginemen.

And we wish it understood that the

cause is attributable to the Brotherhood, in proof of which we submit the following from the laws governing it:

SECTION 1. "Any member dealing in, or in any way connected with the sale of intoxicating liquors, shall be expelled.

SEC. 2. Any member found guilty of drunkenness shall be suspended for the first offense. A repetition shall be punished with expulsion, and under no circumstances shall a member so expelled be reinstated before the lapse of one year."

GET ACQUAINTED.

Members running into cities where there are several railroads centering, should endeavor to form the acquaintance of the firemen employed on them. If they find any among them who are not Brotherhood men, they should aim to make them such if they find them worthy. The first thing to be done is to provide them with a copy of the Constitution and By-Laws, which will convince them that they have been plodding alone when they might have been enjoying an agreeable companionship with those engaged in the good work.

NO ASSESSMENT FOR MAY.

Members of the Order are hereby notified that all death notices were issued in the April assessment, and there being no deaths since, there will be no assessment for May.

EUGÈNE V. DEBS, *G. S. & T.*

For Firemen's Magazine.

TO A MAY-FLOWER.

BY ELMON J. NOYES.

Thou little sparkling cup
 With petals pure and white,
 Art thou here to recall to me
 Pleasures of last May-night?
 When with a dear friend I wandered,
 Through a flowery dell,
 The story in those laughing eyes,
 No words can ever tell.
 But to-day alone I wender,
 The cold winds round me rave;
 I will pluck thee, little flower,
 And lay thee on her grave;
 For thou dost remind me of that flower
 That now blooms in an immortal bower.

CORRESPONDENCE.

STRIKES AND STRIKERS.

LEADVILLE, COL., April 10, 1882.

Editor Firemen's Magazine:

Three thousand miners on a strike in Maryland, a thousand men in Pennsylvania, three thousand railroad employees and other workmen on a strike in Omaha. Strikes in Chicago, and strikes in Fall River, Lawrence, Glen Cove, and other places. Riots, arrests, military suppressions, mass meetings, mobs and turmoil. This is the record of one week. What a sight is here presented us! Thousands of American citizens struggling to keep themselves from being forced down to starvation wages.

In Omaha the strikers became threatening, and the Governor of Nebraska applied "the resources of civilization." Deeming the State militia inadequate to maintain "law and order," he called on President Arthur for assistance. Nine companies of regulars are ordered to the scene of disturbance. Soldiers and strikers have a skirmish; one citizen is bayoneted, and dies, and several others are wounded. No soldiers hurt. Other workmen under military protection take the places vacated by the strikers. Peace prevails in Warsaw—or Omaha. "Law and order" is triumphant, the heel of legalized authority is on the neck of labor and the achievement is heralded as a grand victory from Maine to Mexico. And all this happened not in Poland, not in Ireland, not in despotic Russia, not under the "blood and iron" rule of Bismarck, but in the very heart of this free and enlightened Republic of ours. Right here the question suggests itself: Are strikes justifiable? Are they the proper and legitimate weapons for outraged labor to use in its efforts to regain justice? Some honest workmen think strikes necessary and advantageous, but I do not agree with them. I consider them a useless waste of time and energy; they never bring any permanent good to labor, but deplete its strength by wasting its resources. The majority of strikes result in failure, because of the want of unity among the workers, as there is always a set of traitors among them, who from poverty or want of principle, will take the places and perform the duties left by the strikers; and, besides, the machinery of capital is cunningly arranged. It has

the law, the government and the army at its disposal, and is prepared to shoot or imprison the moment its slaves rebel.

In some isolated instances solitary trade unions have succeeded in getting an increase of pay, but at the first favorable opportunity they were again reduced. As the means to an end, and that end the wiping out of old and false industrial systems whereby labor is robbed of the fruits of its toil, and the establishment of the new order, founded on justice and equity, I consider strikes as worse than useless, if not detrimental, because they divert attention from the real issues; strikers only ask for an installment of justice, instead of demanding the whole amount. But, leaving the justice or injustice of the strike aside, it was the outward manifestation of discontent, it was the means resorted to by the half-fed and poorly paid workers to demonstrate to the world that they were being outraged, and to protest against the continuance of the grievance.

This they had a legal and constitutional right to do, but the Governor of Nebraska did not consider them entitled to exercise this right, and ordered out the military to suppress them. By what authority or under what law is the President empowered to lend the army to a railroad corporation to shoot and kill its striking employees when called on by an imbecile Governor, who is the tool of the corporation?

Is it not straining the powers delegated to him? The army is maintained at the expense of the people to protect them; then why is it given over to a grasping, grinding corporation to butcher a portion of the people?

Methinks I hear some "law and order" man exclaim: "Oh! but these strikers became riotous and threatened to destroy property, and it was necessary to call out the military to protect property and suppress the mob. The Governor only did his duty."

I do not favor violence of any kind, and believe that property honestly accumulated should be respected, but when wealthy corporations, in their blind, insatiable thirst for increased dividends, tighten the screws on the already poorly paid toilers in their employ, and the toilers rebel, why should the army and militia be given the corporations to shoot

and kill their rebellious servants? With as much reason might the same forces be given the strikers to coerce the corporations, one is as justly entitled to governmental protection as the other. I do not consider property any more sacred than man; property is only of secondary importance and man the stable element, and I do not think it right or just to elevate man-made institutions above man himself, who should be sovereign. Man is not useful as he produces wealth, but wealth is useful as it sustains man, ameliorates his condition, improves his capacities, gives opportunities for his further cultivation, and aids his advancement in the great scheme of human progression. The system of social economy which makes wealth, and not man, the ultimatum is based on a monstrous fallacy—on a fallacy so slavish and so utterly detestable that the wonder is how accomplished and personally amiable men can be found as its abettors, or how intelligent and thinking workers can submit to live under it.

To my mind the saddest part of the whole affair is that workmen are found willing to butcher their rebellious brothers for very poor wages—far less wages than the traitors would be willing to work for. The rank and file of the regular army and militia is composed of workmen, or the sons of workmen, and the wonder to me is how they can reconcile themselves to shoot and bayonet their brother toilers who are struggling against forced starvation.

Workmen are their own worst enemies. If they would only exhibit a part of the unity that is arrayed against them, there is no wrong they could not right, no grievance they could not redress, but they can never accomplish anything by strikes and violence; it is only by united and intelligent political action that labor can emancipate itself. First learn to control yourselves, purge your minds and hearts of old prejudices and political bigotries, suppress your old party predilections and strike as a unit against the rotten system that is oppressing you.

You have the power of numbers if you but learn to use in your own interests, and when you get to control the politics of the country, then you can dictate your own terms to capital, but not till then.

To the members of the B. of L. F., I would say, keep away from strikes, pursue the even tenor of your way and leave them severely alone, but in the stormy times that are coming, do not for Heaven's sake let any false sense of duty

induce you to take up arms against less fortunate workmen, whose trials are great, and who have not the same control over their passions you have. If the corporations want to shoot or kill anybody, let them do it themselves; they cause all the riot and turmoil by their infamous exactions, and should be left to shift for themselves when the storm they have created is beating about their ears. As Prof. Henry Appleton told a Committee of his State Legislature a few days ago: "There is serious business ahead before labor submits to be kicked and robbed by those who should be its servants, instead of its tyrannical masters. While thieves and politicians are reveling in iniquity, and relying complacently on police and militia to choke down the appeals of outraged labor, they are really sleeping above a slumbering volcano, which, when it breaks out in full force some day, will awaken them too late."

The police and militia may muster up manhood enough to refuse to shoot their brothers, and then what?

When workmen refuse to shoot workmen, and cannot be bribed to take the places of striking brothers; or when they will turn away from strikes altogether, and determine to use the ballot box as their most effective weapon, then, and not till then, can labor hope to regain its true position.

THOS. P. O'ROURKE.

FROM NO. 81.

DULUTH, MINN., April 26, 1882.

Editor Firemen's Magazine:

For the first time since the organization of our Lodge, do I beg for a little space in the Magazine. I feel that the Magazine should contain the opinions of individual members, not only for the good of the Order but also for the improvement of those who endeavor to write.

No. 81, of which I am a member, was organized nearly one year ago, and its progress has been all that could be desired. Our membership, although not very large, is composed of the best element. It is almost remarkable—the good will that prevails among the Brothers; and their attachment for each other has called forth comment from outsiders. Sobriety is observed almost to a man in our Lodge.

I have often been surprised in reading the Magazine to see how ably some of the Bros. handle very important subjects and it gives me no little satisfaction to find

that all firemen are not unlettered and unambitious, as many suppose.

During our short existence of eleven months, four of our members have been transformed into engineers, yet they cling, none the less, to us. The fortunate four are Bros. F. D. Millsbaugh, Master; J. Collins, Secretary; L. M. Smith, Financier; and Bro. D. Anderson. They are equally as able in their work in the Lodge room as upon their engines.

Much as I would like to comment upon the good qualities of every one of our members, I feel that I have filled my allotted space, and must resign to some other brother, who may also be desirous of expressing his views.

No. 81 is pleased with the Magazine and the usefulness of its readings and teachings. Hoping that you will continue to improve in the future as in the past in advancing the interests of the Firemen, I am

Faternally yours,

L. H. SMITH.

CIRCULATION OF THE MAGAZINE.

CHICAGO, ILLS., April 3, 1882.

Editor Firemen's Magazine:

Your appeal of the 18th inst. is before me. Judging from its contents, I would infer that you have been somewhat disappointed as regards the circulation of the Magazine for the current year. I know of no cause for your disappointment unless it be a lack of interest on the part of the members of the Order. Your statement shows that a great many of our Lodges have done nothing whatever for the book, and others, no doubt, were laboring under the impression that the brothers scattered abroad over this vast continent would never know but that they were doing their full duty. Your circular, however, has shown where our interested members are located.

It is surprising to see that the Lodges having done the least have every advantage over the others.

Baltimore City Lodge, No. 96, at Baltimore, Md., where there are tens of thousands of inhabitants, does not order a single copy, while Black Hills Lodge, No. 86, at Laramie, Wyoming, and other Western Lodges—almost beyond the confines of civilization, have done excellent work. No. 46, at Springfield, Ills., which was at one time the Queen Lodge of the Order, has become so well informed that they require no further knowledge, and send no subscriptions.

Franklin Lodge, No. 9, at Columbus, Ohio, the home of our most worthy Grand Master, who has stood at the helm of our organization for years, orders three copies and there are many others who have done comparatively as well.

This matter should be one of general interest and should be taken home to each member individually. In union there is strength. Without the assistance of our Magazine, which is virtually the main stay of our Brotherhood, a few months would find our now prosperous association disbanded, and by a vast proportion, forgotten—except as one of the experimental things of the past.

If there is any good or sufficient reason why we, as other, less intelligent or enterprising Brotherhood men have done before us, should not make ours a society to rank on an equilibrium with, and even excel others, I am not prepared to say what that reason is.

The B. of L. F. is destined to become a grand organization and we are just beginning to lay the foundation of its future greatness. We should, therefore, work with unvarying zeal and fidelity in order that our efforts may be crowned with success. It is the obligated duty of every signer of the Constitution to support the Magazine. This delinquency on the part of the several Lodges mentioned in the circular, is wholly inexcusable.

Then let us, one and all, come to the front and with a united effort, work to increase the circulation of our Magazine until 10,000 copies are bought, paid for and read. The book is a credit to our cause and every member should feel it a duty incumbent on him to give it his cordial patronage and support.

JOHN J. HANNAHAN,
Magazine Agent,
Garden City Lodge, No. 50.

FROM NO. 60.

PHILADELPHIA, PA., April 16, 1882.

Editor Firemen's Magazine:

In perusing the columns of our Magazine, I observe many and favorable reports from most branches of the Order, which proves both pleasurable and interesting to me. No. 60 is lively and "up to the kinks" at present—having a membership of sixty-two—all in good standing.

Jacob Anderson is our Master and fills this responsible position with so much dignity and firmness, that he is loved and respected by all the boys. Many of our

members have been on the sick list during the past few months, which has made it rather hard on us.

Bro. Wm. Robert was the last member claimed by sickness—though he is now up and around again. Among our number we have many engineers. We are proud of them, as they are all men worthy of the elevated position.

Our Financier, Bro. Joseph Shepherd, keeps our funds in a pretty "healthy" condition. He greets the boys with such a smiling face and good natured shake of the hand—that they find it impossible to say him "nay"—in response to a request made by him.

Bro. William T. McDowell has forsaken the paths of single blessedness and taken unto himself a wife—Miss Lizzie R. Mostler—a highly accomplished lady of Harts-ville, Pa. Mr. and Mrs. McDowell have the good wishes of No. 60.

I will close with many sincere wishes for the prosperity of our Brotherhood.

Fraternally, PIONEER.

CHIMES FROM "R. R. CENTRE."

ATCHISON, KAN., April 8; 1882.

Editor Firemen's Magazine:

We have every reason to feel proud of our organization. It has stood the crucial test. The outlook is very promising and our future prospect decidedly encouraging. Our mission is one of union and harmony, and there alone rests our strength. Our duty is to preserve harmony at all hazards—yielding up and setting aside all passion prejudice. We must banish all animosity from our ranks and act as one man for the good of the whole, and thereby ensure the perpetuity of our noble Order. Though enemies assail us, if we are true to the great underlying principles of our institution—Benevolence, Sobriety and Industry—we will thrive in spite of their attacks.

There is one serious fault with some of our members; they rarely attend Lodge meetings. This is all wrong and is to the discredit as well as to the disadvantage of those brothers.

They may think that they have elected officers to keep the Lodge in running order but they should remember that those officers have a right to expect a co-operation in the performance of their duties. When every member does his part of the work no one is overburdened, while the interests of the Lodge are carefully looked after.

To those who fail to attend meetings, I would say—"brethren, you are not performing the duties of membership! You are false to one of the most important requisites, and sooner or later you will learn it to your disadvantage."

Another matter we should not forget is that it is incumbent on us to guard with a vigilant eye the portals to our Order. We should examine into the character, standing and habits of every applicant for membership, and if, upon careful investigation, he is found wanting and his acceptance would be of discredit or injury to the Order, he should be rejected without the slightest hesitation. In failing to do this, we would be remiss in the duties we have pledged ourselves to perform. But in all cases, justice should be done.

When we enter our Lodge room we should lay aside all personal feeling, either for or against an applicant; we should divest ourselves of all groundless prejudice and unmerited partiality and discharge this responsibility with pure hearts and spotless hands.

Again, a good member will second every effort that is put forth for the advancement of our Order, of which he is a part. Whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well and every member should aim to do his part.

Our Magazine is worthy of a place in the home of every brother, and every brother should take it and get some one else to take it.

It is a credit to the calling and to the Order and should meet with a cordial appreciation.

More anon, R. R. CENTRE.

For Firemen's Magazine.

LOVE'S REPLY.

BY TIM FAGAN.

Nor can the darkest melancholy gloom,
Urg'd by misfortune's blighting hiss;
Nor shadows of despondent's doom,
Pierce through the ecstasy of Lena's kiss.

The world with cold disdainful look,
May turn away in haughty tread,
But ne'er such word shall enter this.
And friends with curling lip forsook;
Yes, all may go but leave the bliss,
The raptures of my Lena's kiss.

Hope frown's dark but ne'er takes wing,
Ambition's thirst shall never slack,
While shining pure as Heaven above,
Comes bright and clear along my track,
The pure, soft light of Lena's love.

A GROWING LODGE.

ROCK ISLAND, ILL., April 12, 1882.

Editor Firemen's Magazine:

Knowing that communications from Subordinate Lodges tend to awaken an interest in the Magazine, and as Twin City, No. 39, has never been represented by a correspondent, and fearing that "ye editor" might think that the interest at this point in the Order is not sufficient to warrant a communication, I take upon myself the responsibility of opening the ball, and hope that some pen more able will take the hint, and keep it rolling. Now, as this is the first voice, and as No. 39 has been in operation some four months, we will start from the first and briefly state its progress until the present.

We organized with some twenty-six charter members, and twenty-six more determined men never took hold of anything. Out of that twenty-six, the officers, as reported in the Magazine, were elected, who have proved themselves worthy of the confidence reposed in them and have conducted the affairs of the Lodge in a satisfactory manner.

Our membership has increased to thirty-three, with several applications on file. Before we are a year old we hope to approach nearly one hundred members, as there is plenty of timber here to work on.

Since our organization there have been two promotions to the right side: Bros. George J. M. Colburn, who now presides over the destinies of engine No. 54, than whom no better man ever opened a throttle, and J. Hoover, who, as yet, is only an "extra," but finds his time well employed in that capacity. "Jim" is a "square" boy, and will no doubt get the first show.

No. 39 gave a ball some time since, which was highly successful in a financial point of view. There was a large and joyous crowd, and hearts beat happily, and "chased the glowing hours with flying feet," until we' sma', etc.

In speaking of promotions, and perhaps this item should come under that head, we forgot to mention that of Bro. J. W. Cavanaugh, our worthy Financier, who has been promoted to a seat in our City Council, as Alderman from the Fifth Ward. He met with strong opposing candidates at the polls, but by a combination of forces we elected "Jim," who, no doubt, will make a good Alderman, and earnestly look after the interests of the ward he represents.

We number in our Lodge, and, until

recently, as a co-laborer, Mr. C. Kendall, but who has proved traitor to the cause, having abandoned the "scoop" and gone into the grocery business. There is another matter in this relation we want to mention, and that is that "Charlie" has taken unto himself a partner for life, and in so doing thought himself rather "cute," no doubt imagining that "the boys" knew nothing of it. But they did, Charlie—knew it all the time, and thought it a shabby trick, too. However, we wish the couple much happiness, and Charlie prosperity in both business relations.

So far as we have gone into the Brotherhood, we are much pleased with its workings, and hope the good work will go on until it embraces all the firemen in the United States and Canada, so that when they are called from the foot-board of the engine their families will not be left unprovided for. So, with good wishes for the future of the Order, we remain, fraternally,
No. 39.

FROM NO. 79.

ROODHOUSE, ILLS., March 20, 1882.

Editor Firemen's Magazine:

The following letter, of which we feel very proud, was received by our Lodge from Bro. J. M. Dodge, after whom No. 79 is named. Please give it space in the columns of the Magazine: R. H.

SAN DIEGO, CAL., March 4, 1882.

BROTHERS OF No. 79, B. of L. F.:

Permit me to extend to you the hand of fellowship, and to express to you my delight and the gratification it afforded me when I was officially informed that a Lodge had been called after my name; it shows the esteem in which my poor labors for the cause have been held; certainly, unexpected by me, and so I feel it a duty as well as a privilege to write a word of encouragement, and to assure you of the deep interest I will always take in your welfare and prosperity.

I am well aware that it will not be necessary for me to enter into any details into the character and principles of our Order, as, no doubt, you have already received full instructions on those points from our Worthy Instructor, Bro. Stevens, whose fidelity in those matters is so well known and highly appreciated. Let me here, however, remark that the greater the degree of fidelity shown in attendance upon the privileges of the Order and in keeping all accounts perfectly square, the greater will be your success and your

enjoyment; the deeper your interests the more beneficial the results.

I shall be much pleased to hear from you and will promise to reply punctually to any letters you may write. Trusting that this simple letter will find the brothers of "J. M. Dodge Lodge, No. 79," active in the good cause they have so earnestly begun. Let us unite our efforts, dear brothers, and we will do our utmost to make our Lodge a fit model for all others. If, in my power, I will willingly assist you at any time. Believe me, brothers, to be

Yours fraternally,

J. M. DODGE.

CULINARY COMMENTS.

CENTRALIA, ILLS., April 17, 1882.

Editor Firemen's Magazine:

I read an article in January Magazine soliciting contributions from the ladies, for the Magazine, and I became impressed that as the wife of a fireman, it was my duty to add a mite. As I am young and my education limited, I feel a reluctance in writing for so public a book. Trusting, however, to the charity of the readers, I shall select for my subject,

"THE MANAGEMENT OF WASHDAY."

Take for washday any day convenient, although Monday is preferable; for as grand-mothers say "the clothes have all week to dry." Monday morning, then, arise with the lark. Don't rush out and fill the boiler first thing, but simply get your breakfast on to cook, now you will find time to fill the boiler and if "Baby" is awake, dress him and make the bed, having prepared the table the evening before. Breakfast is now ready, and before sitting down, John will put the boiler on for you. Take your time, and enjoy your breakfast the same as if it were not washday. Breakfast over, a few minutes will clear the table and put things to rights. We have known housekeepers to leave beds unmade, dishes unwashed and all the morning work stand until the washing was done, but this has the appearance of, and really is, doing work backward. Now to the washing; not rushing and working yourself all out of breath, but go your gait and work steady, stopping two or three times to give Baby his playthings, which he has thrown down. Before you have time to get tired your washing is done. By ten o'clock there need be no trace of Washday inside the house.

We read an article recently, which said that a good husband consisted of a man who would accept a cold dinner on wash-day, but if washday is properly managed, where is the need of cold dinners?

Before closing, I will give to our readers a good receipt for

APPLE CUSTARD.

Take tart apples, stew and rub through a colander; to each pint of apples, one egg, two tablespoons of sugar, two to three of butter; add a little grated nutmeg and bake as other custards.

YOUNG WIFE.

FITTING TRIBUTE.

CHICAGO, ILL., April 11, 1882.

Editor Firemen's Magazine:

Not having seen any communication from our Lodge in the Magazine for some time, I thought I would write and let you know that we are still in a flourishing condition. No. 47 has been blessed by two of nature's noblemen, who have coupled all the grand principles of our Order with their generous and unselfish natures.

It was with a sad feeling of reluctance that we consented to the withdrawal of Bros. J. M. and R. V. Dodge from the ranks of this Lodge, to join the new one, of which they, no doubt, have been the founders.

What a debt of gratitude we owe these two tireless workers in the good cause! It seems as though the last ties that bound us together had been severed. Looks of regret were plainly depicted upon each brother's face, when the request came for withdrawal cards. Members that have never had the pleasure of meeting them, but claimed an intimate acquaintance through their communications to the Lodge and the Magazine, were loth to signify their assent, but our devotion to the Order got the better of our feelings, taking into consideration that our loss will be another's gain.

"Jack and Dick," we deeply regret your leaving us, but under your careful tuition, this bud will blossom, blessed by a climate unsurpassed for the fertility of its soil, and will become a brilliant star in our Order. May its course be brightened by the soft glow of Benevolence, tempered by Sobriety, and strengthened by the strong arm of Industry.

"OLD 47."

OUR BROTHER "HOOD."

MARQUETTE, MICH., April 30, 1882.

Editor Firemen's Magazine:

I am a member of the B. of L. F., and belong to No. 52, but am away up here, about 400 miles north of Chicago. There being no Lodge nearer than No. 82, I shall never sever my connection with No. 52, unless I succeed in gathering material enough at this place to justify us in organizing a Lodge, which I hope will be done soon. Formerly there were not enough eligible men here, but during the last year there has been a new road (the D. M. & M.) completed, and has brought several more firemen to this place. I have been here two years in the employ of the M. H. & O. R.R., and am on the throttle side of my engine. I look every month for items in the Magazine from No. 52, and was well pleased to see in the March number the promotion of Bros. Knell, Wright, Rau and Lee, and also to note the success of their sixth annual ball. After finishing my Magazine I reproached myself severely for having, during the two years past, accomplished nothing to benefit our Order; I might at least have written now and then for the Magazine, and if the Brothers will kindly grant my forgiveness for this neglect, I shall try to conduct myself differently.

In my next letter I will give you an account of this road and this place.

Fraternally,
L. L. Hoon.

THE ENGINEER'S DREAM.

Editor Firemen's Magazine:

I dreamed a dream, lately, (not that is anything unusual) but I dreamed I had a fireman, from which I do not wish any one to infer that I am ever without a fireman, but then he was a model fireman, and I am sorry to say that the only perfect fireman I ever had was in my mind, so to speak. He always seemed to know just what I wanted of him—I never had to tell him what to do nor *why*; he always knew when to ring the bell and when not to; he always oiled the valves and cleaned the ash-pan at the right time without loss of time, or suggestion from me.

His brass was always clean and so were his windows and I was never afraid to go into the cab at either end of the road with my best clothes on; the cans were always filled and kept clean and I never

had to pick up a piece of waste at the same time I took hold of the torch or a tool of any kind.

He was not always asking all sorts of foolish questions, but at the same time, had a desire to learn and could be trusted alone with the engine any time I felt like going off; he always gave me the correct signal in switching, whether he got it from the "brakesies" or not, and if a "braksie" came over to the engine to do any "chinning" that same "stoker" was the one to stand him off, and in good shape, too.

Whenever I wanted to make a long run for coal there was no fault finding from him, but there was an extra shovel on the back of the tank and he knew just how to persuade the "brakesie" how to use it. In fact, he was a model fireman and I was just going to ask the "old man" to give him a lift when I woke up, and he was gone; and now I guess I'll go, too, but I wanted you all to know what pleasure I had with that model fireman—in my mind.

EX-FIREMAN.

CEDAR RAPIDS RIPPLES.

CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA., April 10, 1882.

Editor Firemen's Magazine:

In looking over the March correspondence I failed to find anything from No. 27, and not wishing her to fall behind, I will endeavor to enlighten you and our sister Lodges of our doings, etc.

Our meetings are held on the second and fourth Sundays of each month, and as business has dropped off some, they are well attended. We have at present fifty members and five waiting for admission, so you see that we are doing quite well.

At our last meeting a communication was read from Bros. Maxfield and Wilson, who are now on the K. P.

"Old Post" is well represented by Bros. Snyder and Kuntz, who are employed on the Iowa route as machinists and are giving good satisfaction.

The Magazine comes to us more welcome than ever before and we are justly proud of it. Our agent is using his best endeavors to give it a wide circulation.

Bro. Phelps, our worthy Financier, has taken unto himself a partner for life. Success to them.

Bros. Hutton and Lowry are again called "Pa." The title fits exactly and has a tendency to increase the stature of these brothers.

Bros. Kimball and Barnes, two new members, are employed on the C. M. & St. P., and promise to become faithful workers in our Order.

Bro. Owens, commonly called "Shorty," has moved to Cedar Rapids and his smiling countenance can always be seen on meeting days, by the side of our worthy P. M.

Bro. Gillfeather, who has a 190 mile run every day in the week and lots of brass to keep clean, is generally on hand.

Hoping that these few items will find room in your valuable Magazine, I remain

Yours fraternally,

E. X.

"OLD SCHOOL BOOKS."

PARSONS, KAN., March, 15th, 1882.

Editor Firemen's Magazine :

In walking around an old desk, I, by chance, came across some old books which brought back so many recollections to my mind that I felt an impulse to write a communication for your Magazine on the subject of "*Old School Books*."

As I picked up one after the other, curiosity impelled me to look inside of the fly leaves, and as I examined them one by one I could, in imagination, follow the steps of the owner from school to business. The arithmetic, of course, came first, soiled and stained by the hand of time. It bore on the fly leaf the names of all the old classmates and their ability in that study. If that old book could speak it could reveal to strangers accounts of hard fought battles and of hard earned victories. When, at last, examination came and the arithmetic was laid aside for higher branches of study it may, perhaps, have felt, in its way, pangs of remorse. Not so with the student. He, happily, parted with his arithmetic and proudly took up algebra, geometry, etc., in its stead. From that common district school he entered upon a new life at College. Later we hear of laurels won, such as can be gained only by perseverance and toil; he conquered, and as he left school to enter upon the busy paths of life he never dreamed that the struggles of life could be harder than the struggle for education.

In after years mark this man of the world bending over his old school books; eagerly, intently, and like one who is in a dream, as each leaf is tenderly turned over it reveals to him the face of some old comrade. Do not intrude upon him, for as those leaves are turned his feelings are too sacred to ignore, too sad to break;

he would gladly give years of his life to bring back again the good old times, with its dear associates, if only for one hour. It would rest him from the toils of life, and I can almost safely say that one can, to a great extent, portray the character of an individual by reading over the inscriptions on the fly leaves of his books.

Those dear old books!

Reader, you too have some old books laid away enveloped in loving memories. They are as dear to you as life itself, for they bring back happy times of long ago, and when you are wearied go to them for solace, and like the silent messages of thought they will bring to you what nothing else can bring, namely, the times when you were perfectly free from care and knew naught but bliss. L. C. H.

FROM NO. 97.

LOS. ANGELES, CAL., March 20, 1882.

Editor Firemen's Magazine.

Thinking that it would please you to hear from Subordinate Lodges, I will make a few remarks regarding Orange Grove Lodge No. 97. With Bro. Elton at our head, and through his hard work, we are in a flourishing condition; our Lodge now numbers forty-three solid members, with many knocks upon our door for admittance. With Bro. Poindexter as Financier, we are about to accomplish more this year than has been done any one year preceding. Promotions to the right are very numerous, but the boys do not forget that they still belong to the B. of L. F. Hoping that you may be as well pleased to hear from us as we are from you, I am, Fraternally yours,
BROTHERHOOD.

BOONE, IOWA, March, 21st, 1882.

Editor Firemen's Magazine :

The boys of No. 25 are manifesting a lively interest in the Order, as will be seen by the following: The meetings are held regularly, and with an average attendance. There have been two special meetings within the last month for the purpose of initiating new members. Our boys are constantly being promoted to handling the throttle instead of the scoop, Bro. J. B. Reed among the latest. Queary—Why is it that we do not hear from the wives, sisters or mothers of some of the brothers? Can it be that they are not interested in the prosperity of our Magazine; or, are they all waiting for some one to write first? Yours fraternally,

W. A. C.

TIM FAGAN'S PILGRIMAGE.

Editor Firemen's Magazine.

—"If fame engage your views,
 Forbear those acts which infame pursues;
 Wrong and oppression no renown can raise;
 Know, friend! that virtue is the path to
 praise."

[HOMER'S ODYSSEY.]

The hall of Apollo was built by Henry IV, but we read that it was burned in 1661. Louis XIV restored it, and between the years 1848 and 1851 it attained its present magnificence. Before passing through this gallery, we shall linger a few minutes to look at the handsome mosaic under our feet, that ornaments the floor of the pretty circular vestibule, or rotundas that look out on the Cour de Louvre, and there, that door to the right, opens on the grand stairway, whose cold stone steps leads down to the galleries of ancient and modern sculpture. It was up those steps that Henry of Navarre was brought after receiving his death wound, and in this vestibule he expired; they were taking him to his bed-chamber, now called "Hall of the Seven Chimnies," of which I shall have occasion to mention again.

This Apollo gallery was at one time occupied by Anne of Austria, when her apartments were in the Louvre. Of what silent knowledge are those walls possessed, and what stormy meetings have they witnessed between that proud woman and the prouder and haughty Richelieu, who was King of her Queen, and dictator to his King?

The gallery runs towards the Seine and at right angles to it; on the southern end a window opens on a small balcony overlooking the quay, and giving a fine but limited view of the river. It is said that from this balcony Charles IX fired upon the fleeing Huguenots on the eve of St. Bartholomew. An inscription with this information was placed above the window, but was removed by Napoleon I. Was it Bigotry that placed it there? Was it truth that removed it? In either case, they were at that time an undeveloped people, living under a corrupt monarchy, having no opportunities or receiving any, to better their condition, either mentally or otherwise, that they may see and understand their relationship and duties to each other, notwithstanding what their social differences of opinions may be, religiously or politically. The same undeveloped state of society that brought forth the massacre of St. Bartholomew in France,

was capable of giving birth to the narrow-minded Know-nothingism of the United States. Both were washed out by blood. One when the light of 1793 burst in upon it; the other was forgotten in the groans from 1861 to 1865. Monsters, that it seems the most depraved barbarism would scarcely tolerate. We read with horror of an African chief who sacrifices 200 innocent wardens that their blood may stain the thirsty mortar that shall cement the walls of his new palace. Yet, with the full glare of the 19th century's sun of civilization shining upon us, we see an army marching out to conquest, to subdue a people. Why? because they can. True; the African savage chief commits a most revolting crime, that is *justly condemned* on every side, but, how venal and insignificant it appears when we compare it to the track of devastation and death that follows in the wake of the so-called civilizer the "army commanded by Christian Princes of the blood," whose actions are *unjustly applauded* by the world.

In contemplating these facts, it is refreshing to see the healthy changes that are every day taking place, and observe the awakening of the people to the existence of the great fundamental truths of their happiness. With these few remarks I shall leave this subject for the present, in Longfellow's beautiful lines:

"Bathe now in the stream before you,
 Wash the war-paint from your faces,
 Wash the blood stains from your fingers,
 Bury your war-clubs and your weapons,
 Break the red stone from this quarry,
 Mould and make it into Peace-Pipes,
 Take the reeds that grow beside you,
 Deck them with your brightest feathers,
 Smooth the calumet together,
 And as brothers, live henceforward!"

The ceiling of the gallery of Apollo is not a flat one, but springs from the side walls with a graceful curve, which moulds itself into a fine, lofty and impressive arch. Nearly all the galleries of the Louvre, and the Palace of the Luxembourg have the same agreeable finish within them and affords an opportunity, that is not neglected, for a pleasing ornamentation that is highly artistic. From the windows, piercing the spring of the arch, the greatest number of these galleries receive their light, which throws its rays with great advantage directly on the paintings that hang on the opposite wall. However, the Hall of Apollo is an exception in this case, as the light is admitted on its beauty through the large windows along its side. The decorations and fres-

coe painting of the walls and ceiling are of bewildering beauty and grandeur. There is not a single hanging painting in this hall; there is no space left for them; all is of finished skill and refined art. Along the curve of the ceiling the signs of the Zodiac are beautifully illustrated; nearing the tops at regular intervals are the four seasons, and directly in the center is a large representation of Apollo destroying the Python. Along the walls are superb panels containing portraits of some of the most celebrated painters, sculptors and architects of France. These portraits are *not* paintings, they are tapestries from the famous Gobelin works. Indeed, it is difficult for one to believe this even when standing before them examining and admiring their beauty of color, and finish of detail; yet it is nevertheless a fact, they are the work of the loom, not of the brush. This gallery contains the Musee de Bijoux; jewelry museum, one, if not the finest works of Renaissance plate and ornaments in the world. Great taste is displayed in the manner and arrangement in which these articles are exhibited in their glass cases down the center and along the sides. Many ornaments are of silver and gold, studded with precious stones. There are jewel caskets of kings, queens and emperors; magnificent vases and pitchers of crystal beautifully wrought; there is also the incomparable collection of Limoges and other enamels. Amongst the curious reliquaries, croziers, etc., the most remarkable in the *chasse*, which contains the relics of St. Potentianus, Archbishop of Sens, of the seventh century. To the care of one of those glass cases is a metal box which is said to contain an arm of Charlemagne; in the same case is his crown, scepter, spurs, sword and Evangelarium, a manuscript of the gospels written on vellum, in Latin. It dates from the year 850. The settings of the sheath and belt of the sword are of gold, and the huge spurs will compare favorably with our more modern and musical Mexican. Keeping company with these articles is the very handsome embossed steel helmet and breast-plate of Charles IX. True, they show a great skill and beauty of workmanship; but they should not desecrate the memory of Charlemagne by permitting them to remain in company with even a ragged hem of his garment.

TIM FAGAN.

W. R. SHELL will please correspond with A. S. Hart, Esq., 2339 Wentworth Ave., Chicago, Ills., Financier of No. 47.

OUR MISSION.

CHICAGO, ILL.

Editor Firemen's Magazine:

"Our object is to build up, not to tear down." These words I take for my text.

The object of all good members of our institution is to build up; but I entertain fears which are not groundless, that some of our Lodges, in order to satisfy an ambition to increase their roll of membership, admit men who do not possess the strength and grandeur of principle required to perpetuate any benevolent institution; they are men who are unworthy of the name of Brother. It is a fallacy for us to presume that we can reform such characters; that we can do much towards bettering this class of individuals, I freely admit, for I know several members of our Lodge who *to-day* would be wrecks, had it not been for the good influence of our Order. That we do not entirely succeed, is very evident, as you will agree, after looking over the lengthy black list published in the Magazine each month. It is time for our members to understand that we are not a reformatory institution—we cannot afford to risk our reputation by admitting men who can not give us a proof that they are capable of living up to our motto, Benevolence, Sobriety and Industry. None should be admitted or retained, who are not good soldiers in the cause, for in case of an emergency they would be but traitors and deserters.

I hailed with delight the number of expulsions noted in the April Magazine, because I feel that the different Lodges are doing their duty by heeding well the Constitution, framed at the last Convention, which is having the desired effect inasmuch as it drives out the drones, who, by their example and influence, contaminate many well meaning men. In conclusion, I would say that we should build up, but the material must be good, for it is the quality and not the quantity of members which constitutes a good Lodge. This statement may be easily demonstrated by referring to the time when the life of our Order was in peril; many of our *large* Lodges contributed comparatively nothing while some of the *smallest* ones responded nobly.

Trusting that all of our Lodges will be slow in choosing members and deal in a summary manner with the back-sliders, I am

Yours in B., S. & I.,

UNCLE DANIEL,
Triumphant No. 47.

FROM NO. 39.

ROCK ISLAND, ILLS., April 13, 1882.
Editor Firemen's Magazine.

Twin City Lodge has never before asked space in this department—not because her members are in the least inactive—but for the reason that we have been very busy on the road. No. 39 is yet in her infancy, and considering the short time we have been banded together have made wonderful progress. We have thirty members in good standing and ten applicants for membership. The boys are, without exception, well pleased with the Order, and I dare say that the day is not far distant when we shall be able to boast of one of the finest divisions in the State.

Two of our members, Bros. Hoover and Colburn, have been promoted to the right side since our organization.

Bro. J. Hall has severed his connection with the C. R. I. & P. to try his luck on the St. P. M. & M. We wish him success.

S. A. Maxwell, having resigned the Master's Chair, we elected H. F. Carroll to fill the vacancy, at our last regular meeting.

Bro. S. Nichols, our Magazine Agent, is working hard to secure subscribers. He is a good man, and one of the kind who thinks that every engineman ought to take the Magazine, and for two important reasons—first, for the good reading matter contained therein, and second, for the sake of patronizing the Order and thus advancing this noble cause.

Most of our members attended the burial of Mr. S. E. Bishop, formerly an engineer on the C. R. I. & P. Road. Mrs. Bishop has our sympathy and we, with her, mourn his untimely death.

Bros. Charles Hinkley and F. Mooney are on the sick list but are convalescent. We hope to see them on duty again in a short time.

Thanking you, Messrs. editors, for the space granted, I remain,

A LOVER OF THE BROTHERHOOD.

CUPID AT WORK.

BUFFALO, N. Y., April 10, 1882.
Editor Firemen's Magazine:

A delightful wedding party was hospitably entertained at the residence of Mrs. Alexander Clark, of Swan street, on Wednesday evening last, on the occasion of the marriage of Bro. Frank L. Breese,

of No. 12, to Miss Nellie Green, a sister of Mrs. Clark, Rev. H. W. Crabbe performing the ceremony in the presence of a number of friends. The bride was tastefully attired in white. Numerous beautiful presents bore testimony of the affectionate regard in which the happy couple are held by their friends.

Capt. Clark and daughter furnished the music. A most delicious repast served to enhance the pleasures of the evening.

Among those present were Rev. and Mrs. H. W. Crabbe, Captain and Mrs. Drury, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. P. Wilkins, Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Breese, Mrs. John Breese, Mr. and Mrs. James Green, Miss Nettie Green, Mr. John Green, Mrs. Jno. Strong and Mrs. Strong, of Canandagua, Mrs. Vincent, Mrs. T. Clark, Miss C. Bernish, Miss A. Hunter, Miss Hettie Hancock and Mrs. Tice.

Bro. Breese is one of the oldest members in No. 12, being a charter member; he was promoted some two years since to the right hand side, and has proved competent. His Brothers in No. 12 all wish him and his fair bride a safe and pleasant journey through life. I am informed by good authority that another of 12's boys, living at the east end of the division has had his heart pierced by Cupid's dart, and is about to follow the example set by Bro. Breese. It's all right Gus, but don't forget us when the cake is cut.
YANKEE.

THE "TRAMP" ABROAD.

FYAL, WESTERN ISLAND, March 1, 1882.
Editor Firemen's Magazine.

After a long silence, I feel compelled to disclose my hiding place and confess my ill-content with my surroundings—away from my friends in the Brotherhood.

Although many miles of pathless ocean lie between them and myself, I still think of them, and find great consolation in learning of the continued increase and prosperity of an organization of men engaged in the grandest work ever allotted to mankind.

You may, perhaps, consider me extravagant in my language and insincere in my professed love of the Brotherhood, but I pledge you upon my word that no man ever was more honest and sincere in his expressed convictions than those I am now engaged in transmitting to you, and I would be willing at any time to go far out of my way and to go to many inconveniences in order to do myself the pleasure of serving a worthy member of

it. I love it for the good it is doing and would weep if a successful blow were aimed at its existence; for with its fall, many poor beings who now regard it as their only hope and bask in the sunshine it sheds around them, would have to grope in darkness and despair.

No, dear editor, as I am much interested in the Magazine, as well as those who read it, I shall beg your indulgence while I ask a few questions relating to those who have assisted in making it so readable in the past.

First, I wish to know what has become of our old friend "J. M. D.," the California ranchman. He seems to have forgotten himself, and the Magazine, as well. There can be no excuse for him, as he has already given us an exhibition of his ability as a writer. Located, as he is, in a land that flows with milk and honey—within the shadow of the orange tree—fanned by the inspiring breezes of the broad Pacific—there is no reason why he should not abound with lofty ideas and noble thoughts—and give expression to them, for the benefit of his many admirers, in the columns of the Magazine.

Next comes "Hank Lovely," the fellow who knows when the boys are weak and strikes at an evil among them with all the force of his earnest nature. I hope he will continue to favor us with his letters, for they have a moralizing tendency and will result in much good.

The ever popular "Tim Fagan" having wakened from his long slumber, I trust will continue to amuse and delight your readers with the many interesting sights that came under his observation during his sojourn abroad.

"Tim" ought to consider it his duty to write a sketch every month. He must keep in view the fact that we have not all traveled and, even if we had, we would lack the ability to give our friends the benefit of its portrayal on paper.

The "Hungry Man," in his letter from the land of beans suits me. His way of "sizing" up sluggards is "great." He strikes right out from the shoulder, as it were.

That he is a loyal member, I have no doubt, and should he ever take the lamented H. G.'s advice and go west, he will meet many a black diamond-tosser who will gladly share the contents of his lunch bucket with his hungry brother from Salem.

Another of our admired contributors is Mrs. Josiah Lickshingle. This good woman seems to understand her business—as well as that of her husband, at least, so

far as his duties to his Lodge are concerned.

I am very desirous of becoming acquainted with her, and on my contemplated trip across the continent, I shall make it convenient to stop over at Laramie and measure the length of her broomstick. In the mean time, I hope she will visit all the brothers' wives in her vicinity and teach them to view Brotherhood matters from her standpoint.

Long life to Mrs. L. Wish we had more of her kind behind some of our dish-water members.

The "Deacon" I take it for granted, is a praying member, but writing plainly about what he sees, seems to be his strongest fort.

His description of his "Ride from the Missouri to the Red" must have furnished some of the members food for thought, while others, no doubt, wished him aboard the Jaenette in search of a Northwest passage. As for me, I stood by the "Deacon" and hope he will always give us the facts as they come under his notice.

Before concluding this rambling letter, I will give your readers a brief description of these islands. They belong to Portugal and the principal ones are called as follows: "Fyall, the largest and the capital of the group," "Flores," "St. Michael," and "Pico."

The climate is delightful and nearly every species of tropical fruit grows here in abundance. The natives are chiefly Portuguese and are very ignorant and superstitious. They look upon foreigners with aversion and suspicion. Contrary to all civilized lands, they are not the children of progress. The dust of ages is too sacred to be blown from their surroundings. They are the same that their ancestry were in all respects, and are well contented in the bliss of their ignorance. Their past history is one of darkness and stupidity and the future seems to have nothing else in store for them.

Modern improvements meet with a stormy opposition by the officials. There is now standing, near the United States Council building, a pair of cart wheels, succumbing to the hunger of idleness and rust, their use having been prohibited by the executive of the island.

His reasons were that they produced so little noise as to encourage smuggling. The carts now in use have huge, block wheels and can be heard for miles as they move along.

So, you see that the bold moon-shiner who dares to engage in unlawful traffic, is sure to be held up, even by the dull

revenue officers who guard the coast lines of this wretched government.

I am glad to inform you that my mission here is accomplished and that the calls of my numerous friends are too urgent to be longer resisted—made more so by their generous offers to clothe my shivering body in winter garments, so as to protect me against the terrors of the cold.

The dread recollection of the terrible Winter of 1880-81 is still fresh in my mind, when the linen duster, the cotton shirt and the canvas overalls were the only covering between me and its terrible blizzards. Gentlemen of my calling don't particularly like cold weather, anyway. The season that charms the soul of the tramp is Spring-time, when mother earth is draped in green, and the young lambs are skipping about on the hill-side and the little birds seem to be bursting their tiny throats in song-praises to the All-wise Creator of the universe for giving them such a beautiful sun-lit land in which to dwell.

Let me hope, in conclusion, that your members will all labor to make the Brotherhood permanent and great, by extending it into new places and everywhere widening the horizon of its influence, and that you, my dear fellow, may be spared, to continue your work away into the coming years.

Trusting that you may accept these sentiments with the same pleasure in which they are expressed, I remain

Yours, ever the same,
"TRAMP."

NEW CORRESPONDENT.

MASON CITY, IOWA, April 8, 1882.
Editor Firemen's Magazine.

Having a few moments to myself, the thought occurred to me that a short letter from our growing city might be of interest to the readers of our valued Magazine. Although an old member of the Brotherhood, this is my first introduction as a correspondent, so you will please overlook the many mistakes I am sure to make.

To begin with, I will tell you something about old "Cerro Grodo" and the men who stand behind her in her prosperous career.

I regret to inform you that our worthy Master, brother George Hodam, has quit the road and become a granger. However, with his earnest nature and industrious habits, his departure is bound to

be a successful one. He has the satisfaction of knowing that he bears the good wishes of every member of No. 29 to his new home.

Bro. Keith, our former Secretary, is now at Freeman, Dakota, with his newly wedded wife, comfortably situated as station agent of the C. M. & St. P. R.R.

Bro. Marks, our Magazine agent, is soon to leave for Portage City, Wis., to take charge of a stationary engine. Bro. Taylor takes his place, and good work may be expected of him. He promises to run our list of subscribers up to one hundred, and I am sure he will do it, for he is one of our most substantial members.

Bro. W. S. Haines is running an engine with good success—his thorough knowledge of the locomotive placing him in the front ranks of the profession. Many more of our members are looking forward to promotion, which will soon come.

Bro. A. H. Tucker is again at the helm, having been elected to fill the position made vacant by the resignation of Bro. Hodam, which he assumed with the concurrence of every member of the Lodge, and one he is eminently qualified to fill. He is a ready speaker, a good parliamentarian and has given the Brotherhood much thought and attention, which enables him to take a step in advance of many of his co-workers in the cause. He is withal an energetic and active man and a most incessant worker, and from the first has been sanguine of the final success of the Order. It is the feeling of all, that should "Cerro Gordo" survive and Bro. Tucker be spared until the meeting of Delegates in Terre Haute, in September, he will be there as their representative, to sustain the good reputation which he made at the last convention at Boston.

Should you find space for these lines, it will encourage a backward member to try again, but if you should purposely misplace them I shall be

Yours just the same,
ONE OF THE BROWNS.

RESIGNATION OF A MASTER MECHANIC.

LITTLE ROCK, ARK., March 30, 1882.
Editor Firemen's Magazine.

Mr. L. Finlay, Master Mechanic of the Arkansas and Texas division of the St. L. I. M. & S. R.R. resigned his position March 15, a position he has filled ably for fourteen years, with credit to the company and justice to his men. As a M. M., Mr. Finlay, was known far and wide

and none can show a brighter record for ability, honesty, and impartiality. One of the most noticeable features of Mr. Finlay's engines was their general good shape; not any great amount of red paint or gold leaf was used, but in the valve motion and machinery nothing was neglected—his policy, "a stitch in time will save nine," was carried out. An engine was not allowed to run down, and fall to pieces before being overhauled, but was run in for light repairs and would come out in a short time in first-class shape, and could be coupled on to a passenger train

and make good time. The result was, that the freight, as well as the passenger engines were at all times in proper shape. Not only were the conditions of the engines closely looked after, but also the qualifications of the men in whose charge they were placed. A perfect knowledge of the locomotive was required, combined with careful management—and with these qualities, the best results were obtained.

The locomotive engineer and firemen are very sorry to lose Mr. Finlay but we hope a better future is in store for him.

EMPLOYEE.

PERSONAL.

A NEWLY made engineer is Bro. J. Sturat.

GEORGE DOWLING, of Avon, No. 38, is at Omaha, Neb.

AFTER a brief illness, James Southard, of No. 16, is at the post of duty again.

A MAN who fills the bill: Robert J. Turnbull, of Mo. 69.

GEO. M. REEVES, of No. 104, is requested to communicate with his Lodge at once.

BRO. G. H. Keings will please correspond with the Financier of his Lodge, C. R. Rosier, Amboy, Ills., Box 420.

ROBERT EBBAGE, of Vigo Lodge No. 16, is running one of the best engines on the Vandalia Line. Success to him always.

K. C. DONEHEW is the new Financier of our Industrial Lodge, and right well does he do his duty.

He is just where he belongs—Bro. S. P. Oleson, of No. 85—since he has been an engineer. Good!

JOHN DELANEY, of our Garden City Lodge, is a genuine brotherhood man, as everyone says who has ever met him.

JACK DODGE is again enabled to attend the meetings of the Order. His happiness is near complete.

E. A. BEMENT, of No. 64, is running extras on the C. St. P. M. and O. line with fair prospects for a road engine.

THE promotion of J. A. Hoke, Master of J. W. Richardson Lodge, No. 104, will be gratifying news to his many friends.

BRO. H. W. RICE has left the N. Y., L. E. & W. R.R. to take a position as engineer on N. Y. L. & W.

BRO. GATES, of Lodge No. 48, is firing a passenger engine between Peoria, Ills., and Keokuk, Iowa.

BRO. LINDSEY is running an engine on the C. M. & St. P. R.R. out of Dubuque, Iowa.

BRO. J. W. RENAUD, of Lodge No. 56, is respectfully requested to correspond with the Financier of his Lodge.

OLIN MONTAGUE, Esq., of No. 3, has been given, permanently, the choice seat on the right side of his engine.

SIoux CITY LODGE, No. 64, rejoices over the promotion of Bro. Cutting, one of its favorite members.

WHEN you wish to see the pleasant face of Bro. Joseph Johnson, of No. 48, you must look to the right for that is where he now stands. That's "right."

EUGENE CANFIELD is the latest addition to the family of Master Canfield, of No. 64. The boys say he will soon be a candidate for B. of L. F. honors.

ON Sunday, April 2, to E. D. Eckman, of No. 27, a blooming girl of eight pounds. Mother and child doing well and "Eck" correspondingly happy.

A. W. QUIMBY, P. Cummings, B. F. Bass and P. Kennedy, of No. 45, are requested to correspond with their Lodge without delay.

BROS. PAT. DOYLE, C. Mooney, John Fleming, and H. Longstaff, are requested to correspond with the officers of Orange Grove Lodge, No. 97, Box 72.

THE members of Lodge No. 90 express many thanks to Bro. Symmes for a beautiful gavel, presented by him, of which they all feel very proud.

A. WALTENSPIEL, of No. 91, will learn something to his advantage by corresponding with his Lodge at once.

BROS. A. E. Girard and Graves, of No. 30, are at present running yard engines at Dubuque, Iowa.

THE members of Industrial, No. 21, have our thanks for an invitation to their ball on the 17th instant. We hope the affair may be all that is expected.

JACK MULVIHILL thinks that if "Little Waddy" continues, he will soon be as heavy as "Wad" and will be in good condition to fight Sullivan.

BROTHER HAMMOND, of Buffalo, No. 12, has returned from his late trip to the northwest. He says that the old Erie is good enough for him.

THE engine of Brother John Pavell, of Lodge No. 78, recently blew up in Lafayette, demolishing the round house. Fortunately no one was injured.

FRED. HONNAKER, of No. 104, tells a good story of a man's power of endurance. For downright powerful wood-choppers, Kentuckians carry off the palm.

THE handsome Vice Master of Phoenix, No. 23, advertises for a lost watch. Will some of the members come to the rescue and assist a brother in distress?

C. W. BEACH, of No. 99 writes: "There were three of the 'Bison' brothers at our last meeting." Do you "catch on," Bro. Piper?

If any of our members desire to see enthusiasm on behalf of our Order let them attend a meeting of New Hope Lodge, No. 37. That's the place for business.

BRO. SHEPLEY, of No. 19, is not only a success as a Magazine Agent, but also as an engineman. He has deservedly stepped over to the popular side.

WE are in sympathy with Bro. L. Wil-laume, the kind and congenial Magazine agent, of No. 14, who has been seriously ill at his home at Brightwood, Ind.

BROS. J. M. Barnes and Geo. Lincoln, of No. 22, are respectfully requested to correspond with the Financier of their Lodge at once.

A FULL fledged engineer is what the boys call Bro. Ed. Fitzsimmons, of No. 56. He runs an engine between Stansberry, Mo., and Council Bluffs.

OUR Instructor reports having met Bros. Wm. Fluck and Homer Howard, of New Hope Lodge, No. 37, and speaks of them as being young men of more than ordinary promise in the cause.

BROS. R. H. Hillman and M. Tully, of Capitol Lodge No. 46, are respectfully requested to correspond with the Financier of their Lodge.

THE many friends of Frank Smith, of No. 16, are glad to see him take such an active interest in the work of the Order. His superior is hard to find.

BRO. STEVENS speaks in high terms of the enginemen of the Northwest. The Brotherhood is well sustained there for that country abounds with good men.

WM. BUCKLEY, of No. 66, speaks loudly in praise of the members of No. 95, whom he met on his recent trip to Milwaukee. Our Chicago Lodges don't harbor bad men.

H. STEWART, Frank C. La Mountain and Wm. Gardner, are requested to correspond with the Financier of their Lodge. Address: Chas. D. Brooks, care of Box 1588, Denver, Colorado.

THE members of No. 55 wish to know the real name of "A Mother's Protector" who contributed the article on "Our Mothers" in the Januray Magazine. The information will be thankfully received.

TO FILL the vacancy caused by the resignation of Bro. Frame as Magazine Agent of No. 15, Bro. P. McDermott was elected, and we are promised that he is a good one and competent.

A. DETAMORE, R. Daniphon, A. Fender, J. H. Eckley, A. G. Skogerstrom and J. Burke, of No. 54 are requested to make known their respective addresses to their Lodge.

AMONG the many Masters we have met there is none more earnest and faithful than Orville E. Fox, of Vigo Lodge, No. 16. He has the full confidence of every member, and a Lodge in his charge is bound to thrive.

C. B. HALL is the Financier of Inter-State Lodge No. 92. The boys deposit their wealth with him without fear of disappointment, for he is the soul of integrity. There are no better men in the Order than Bro. Hall.

IN the case of John Knox, of No. 33, who was recently promoted to the right side, it is made evident that real merit always gets its reward. A faithful fireman is sure of success.

AS MASTER of San Diego Lodge, No. 90, R. V. Dodge will have an opportunity to manifest his peculiar fitness for that place. We predict a healthy development of the new Lodge under his efficient management.

BRO. L. LEHMER, of No. 88, has, without just cause or provocation, left our honorable society of B. of S., Bachelors of Shovels, and become a benedict; the lady is one of Ogden's fairest daughters, and the boys of No. 88 wish them a happy voyage.

THE very worthy Secretary of No. 15, Bro. H. Taylor, has recently been presented with a fine young son, of whom he is very proud. The Brotherhood boys in that vicinity take much interest in the little fellow's welfare, as his father is one of their most esteemed co-workers.

By order of officers of Lodge No. 10, all members of said Lodge, who are located at great distances are requested to send for withdrawal cards, and join Lodges near which they are located.

BRO. JOHNSON, Financier of Lodge No. 67, bade the boys farewell and departed for new scenes. Honest and straight forward, Bro. Johnson's excellent qualities will be recognized wherever he may go. The boys of No. 67 miss his kind face from their ranks.

OUR old friend, Arnold P. Greene, of No. 2, writes us a very interesting letter from Boston, where he is now located. His interest in the Order is only whetted by his wanderings, and every day he is becoming of more service to us. Arnold is a Brotherhood man every day in the week.

STEP by step Bro. H. E. Stewart, of No. 76, is forcing his way into prominence. He has been elected to a responsible office in his Lodge where he will carefully discharge every duty. True merit never fails to assert itself.

THERE was a fine surprise in store for Bros. Turlay and Kerner, of No. 37, who, upon coming home, found each a little stranger, who had been left in their charge. Bro. Turlay a son, and Bro. Kerner a daughter. The fathers indulged in a hearty shake.

ANCHOR LODGE, No. 54, is in the height of her glory. Her members are rapidly advancing. We note the promotions of Bros. Rankin Stacey, Cass Jones and Mathews. These promotions we gladly record, for they are all richly deserved. The above named are prominent members of their Lodge.

GRAND INSTRUCTOR STEVENS met Vice Grand Master Burns in Chicago a few days ago, and a pleasant consultation was had. The congratulations were mutual upon the excellent condition of the Order.

THE members of No. 38 are not slow to show their merits; of this Lodge, Bros. T. Disk and Sadler have been made Engine Despatchers. If they so continue they will soon reach a higher position.

JOSEPH HEALY, of Lone Star, No. 70, understands thoroughly the duties of membership. We hold him in high esteem for the valuable services he renders the Order.

A FINE young son has been added to the family of Bro. Chas. Colvin, of Rocky Mountain, No. 77. The importance of this event is duly appreciated by the happy father.

HEIRS were distributed very liberally in Jersey City; one having been brought to the household of Bro. Phillips, one to Bro. Forsyth, and one to Bro. Donnelly all parties concerned doing well.

A PAINFUL accident befell Bro. T. Foster, of No. 50, recently, while oiling a stationary engine. His hand was badly crushed, and the surgeons have grave doubts of saving it. The members of his Lodge are doing all they can to alleviate his suffering.

T. H. LAWLER, former Master of Lodge No. 68, Jersey City, N. J., denies having stolen ten dollars from the beneficiary fund of his Lodge. He had better remain quiet on that score, or we will publish the evidence of his guilt.

THE members of Vigo Lodge are unanimous in their praise of Bro. James Smith, their Financier. Honest and faithful in the discharge of his duties, why should he not enjoy the respect and confidence of his fellow members?

ENCOURAGING news pours in from No. 14. Bro. John Hanrahan has taken a life companion, formerly Miss Nellie Oliver. The Bros. of Eureka wish them joy, but hope that Bro. Hanrahan will never, never use the "Lodge" dodge.

It will now be in order to congratulate Bro. A. Alexander, of No. 69, and lady, who were united in marriage a short time ago. May health, wealth and happiness be theirs through life.

ONE of our most popular members, Bro. L. E. Beckley, of Central Lodge, No. 22, is running a motor on the Minneapolis, Lyndale and Lake Calhoun Narrow Gauge R.R. While on his last trip to the northwest, Bro. Stevens did himself the pleasure of visiting Bro. Beckley and his lady at their new home, and enjoying their kind hospitalities.

TALLY one for Zeb Moore, of 93. He had his April death assessments paid on the fifth of the month—five days after they left the Grand office and twenty-five days before they were due. Zeb is hard to "beat."

THE boys say that Messrs. Alex. Mowat, of No. 67, and Gibson, never tire of telling how cordially they were received by the Strafford and Buffalo boys, while visiting at those places.

A PIECE of glass from a bursting water-gauge entered the eye of Bro. Thomas Pready, of No. 15, recently and caused him the most intense pain. We hope that no permanent injury has been sustained.

IT is with pleasure that we are called upon to record the marriage of Bro. G. Olds, of No. 18, to Miss Nannie Johnson, of St. Louis. Mr. and Mrs. Olds are people of much merit, and we all unite with No. 18 in wishing them our best.

THEY say, that on account of a new beard, the latest addition to Bro. Holler's personal attractions, he has been kissed by a young lady who thought he was the other fellow. Bro. Holler turned away and wept. Bro. H. is an officers of No. 10.

THE Secretary of Adair Lodge No. 100, Bro. Chas. Russell is back again after quite an absence from home. He speaks in high terms of the kind treatment bestowed upon him by Lodges Nos. 17 and 37.

"THE TRAMP" is exciting a great deal of interest in our columns. He is well posted in the affairs of the Order, and has no mercy for unworthy members. Will some one please give us his address. We should like to make his personal acquaintance.

BRO. A. W. ROLLINS, of Boston Lodge, No. 57, is now located at Aurora, Ills., and rendered valuable assistance in the organization of Progress Lodge, No. 105, for which he has the sincere thanks of Instructor Stevens.

INSTRUCTOR STEVENS returns thanks to Bro. Frank Carpenter, and also to the Welch Bros. for the assistance they rendered in organizing Key City Lodge, No. 106.

OF the eleven charter members, who originally constituted Minnehaha Lodge, No. 61, all of them are alive and in good standing, with the exception of the late Bro. Fleming, who was killed about eight months after the Lodge was organized. This speaks loudly in praise of the firemen of that locality.

MR. AND MRS. CHARLES EATON, of No. 48, Peoria, have gone East on an extensive bridal trip. We wish them every joy and trust that they may know only happiness. The boys say they wish that we had a slice of the nice frosted cake. We wish so, too.

TO ANY of the Brothers desiring to know how to use a traveling card to the best advantage, we would recommend them for information to Bro. Dailey, who clings desperately to the old adage of "Nothing ventured, nothing gained."

BROS. Ben. McLain and George Kingsley, of No. 85, are strong advocates of "Woman's Rights." They don't exactly care to have them vote, but then—they are strongly in favor of taking them into the firm assilent (?) partners. They have led out; let others follow.

JOHN EMERY, of No. 54, writes: "There is scarcely a fireman left in our Lodge—all have been promoted. But we take the same interest in the Order, for we are not inclined to go back on the boat that brought us safely over." Good enough, John! We never had a better endorsement from any source, and we are rightfully proud of it.

HAVING sold out all interest in the Magazine business, Bro. A. B. Frame, of No. 56, retired, only to form a partnership with the newly made Mrs. Frame. The boys tell it on him that he can't be spared from home of evenings as in times gone by. We hope that these two young people will find their lives "framed" in by perpetual joys and pleasures.

A LETTER from Bro. Harry Barnes, of Vigo Lodge, No. 16, who is now stationed at Aldrich, Minn., announces that the boys who comprise Pine City Lodge, No. 81, are among the best he has ever met. Harry is well qualified to judge, for he has met enough brotherhood men to enable him to discriminate between the fraudulent and the real kind.

WITH the coming of Spring, the matrimonial market brightens up. We have, as an illustration, Bros. Murray and Dolan, of No. 19. The former has taken for a life companion, Miss Delia Dolan, sister of Bro. Dolan, and not a few of the boys envy him the prize he wooed and won. The loss of his sister proved too much for Bro. Dolan and it is reported substantially that he is about to lead to the Altar one of Wadsworth's belles. No 19 wishes all parties concerned health, wealth and happiness.

THE boys in the vicinity of Trenton, Mo., speak very loud in praise of Mr. Born, their Master Mechanic. At one time he was inclined to oppose the Brotherhood, as its purposes had been grossly misrepresented to him. He now thoroughly understands its objects and gives them his cordial endorsement by treating members of the Order with the utmost consideration.

THE ladies of Peoria manifested their approval of the B. of L. F. in a very substantial manner. They gave a social for the benefit of same; the proceeds to be appropriated for the purchase of a set of new regalias for officers and members. The boys of No. 48, by their manly bearing, stand in with the ladies. There is another feather in the caps of our Knights.

THE latest promotions to the engineer's side, in No. 45, are Bros. John Adams, E. H. Raiford, B. F. Cummiskey, and John Stansberry. These gentlemen are all running road engines and we have our opinion of the M. M. of the St. L., I. M. & S. R.R., for giving them such responsible positions. He certainly has his eyes wide open and knows how to appreciate those who attend strictly to business.

THE bells of Hoszta, Iowa, will never chime more sweetly than when on the eve of May 3d they proclaim the bridal of Bro. F. H. Mason and Miss Minnie Rich. Bro. Mason is a prominent member of No. 94, and Miss Rich a prominent member of Hoszta society. May you always be happy, and may your lives throughout be as merry as a marriage bell.

OUR attention is called to a fast run that was made on the Vandalia Line a short time ago between Terre Haute and Indianapolis. Engine No. 8, with Edward Miller at the throttle and Wm. Cronin at the scoop (both members of Vigo Lodge No. 16) did the work. The distance is seventy-three miles, and the run was made, including six stops, in one hour and forty-nine minutes.

Engine No. 8 is what may be called a "smart piece of machinery," especially when handled by such a man as Ed. Miller. He has been in the service of the Company many years, and has never yet had the slightest accident for which he was responsible. No engineer on the line enjoys a better reputation than does this model man who made the fast run.

THROUGH the columns of the Magazine, Bro. John Clarke, of No. 40, desires to return thanks to H. Pressey, Esq., of Lowell, Mass., also to Bros. J. C. Edwards and Adams, of No. 57, and to Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Davis, of No. 3, for the many favors shown him while on his way to Lowell with the remains of Bro. A. Wright, deceased, of No. 40.

THE active efforts of Bro. Al. Hennell, of No. 44, who is now stationed at Effingham, Ills., are about to consummate in the organization of a Lodge at that place. Bro. Hennell is one of our most energetic members and never loses sight of his obligation to the Order. Such men are worthy of the highest appreciation.

THE news of the marriage of Bro. Wm. Davis, of Vigo Lodge, No. 16, rather astonished his old-time friends. It was done up very quietly. Jimmy Dickson and Charley Flaherty never can forgive him, for leaving them in the lurch. It is said that they will get even with him by doing likewise. Success to Mr. and Mrs. Davis!

ONE MORE.

It is a pleasure to note the organization at National City, California, of San Diego Lodge No. 90, with ten charter members, on the 2d of April.

Bros. J. M. and R. V. Dodge, former members of Triumphant Lodge No. 47, did the work, and are entitled to equal credit. As is well known, they have been cultivating an orange farm at San Diego for some time, but they never lost sight of the Brotherhood. At the very first opportunity they organized a Lodge in their immediate vicinity, so that they might again take an active interest in the work of the Order. Many difficulties attended their efforts, but they remained undaunted. The place being quite small, there were many disadvantages to overcome that required the most persistent efforts. To note a few of them may be of interest to our readers. For that purpose we will quote a few lines from Bro. J. M. Dodge's letter. He says:

"As we could secure no hall in which to organize, we were at a loss to know how to proceed. Fortunately, however, we spied a lone box car, numbered 1020 C. S. R.R., which had been thrown in on a side track. It suggested itself that this was an opportunity, and the suggestion was at once acted upon. But to our dismay we found that the doors of the car

were locked. Even this, however, did not baffle us, for we found that the car had end windows. We again mustered our forces together (five of us in all) and crawled through the aperture—the only means by which access could be gained. I called the meeting to order, and made a few opening remarks, after which Bro. R. V. took the floor and made a very earnest and impressive plea in behalf of the Order.

There was San Diego No. 90 born and given to the Order to aid in the grand work in which it is engaged. We then adjourned to meet again to perfect the organization. In the meantime Mr. Fisher, the Assistant Superintendent of the C. S. R.R., kindly tendered us the use of the section house for meeting purposes. At the appointed time we met again, and found that Bros. Gamble and Symmes had the section house in perfect readiness—the hand-car had been moved out and a rude table had been constructed with their own hands. A fine gavel was presented by Bro. Symmes, who, by the way, is as good a Brotherhood man as there is in the whole Order. Officers were duly elected and the organization of the Lodge perfected. There are ten members in all, and it may be of interest to you to know their occupation. Here they are:

Austin A. Gamble, C. H. Symmes, Julius P. Vasque, R. V. Dodge, engineers; J. W. Casey, A. W. Clark, A. M. Woods, Robert Stedman, James Rhoads, firemen; J. M. Dodge, "granger."

While we never expect to have a large Lodge, we expect to have a good one. I must not forget to say that our Magazine Agent, Bro. Symmes, has already been at work. With the co-operation of his fellow members, he has already secured fifty subscribers. This is doing quite well, considering the small field in which we have to work."

A great deal more might be taken from the same letter to show that San Diego No. 90 is an established success. If men will embrace and sustain the Brotherhood against such disadvantages, we have a right to expect a great deal from those who are surrounded with every opportunity.

There is a moral taught in the organization of No. 90, which we hope our members may appreciate and profit by.

Too much praise cannot be bestowed upon the Dodge Brothers for the faithful execution of their duties, and their unwavering fidelity to the cause at all times and under all circumstances. We hope

that the work so inauspiciously begun by them may result in the development of a Lodge that will crown their names with all the honor of their achievements.

NEW LODGES.

Instructor Stevens is faithfully engaged in responding to the many calls for new Lodges. He has just returned from a very successful trip to the Northwest, upon which two new Lodges were instituted. Key City No. 106 was organized at Dubuque, Iowa, on the 2d of April, and Onward No. 41 was organized at Mandan, Dakota, on the 9th inst. These two Lodges start out under the most flattering auspices, and give every indication of a speedy development.

In addition to organizing and visiting Lodges, Bro. Stevens has been actively engaged in extending the circulation of the Magazine. On this trip alone he secured two hundred subscribers. During the past two months he has secured more than five hundred new subscribers. There are many applications for charters on file yet, which are receiving attention in their regular order, as promptly as circumstances will permit. We predict that there will be 125 working Lodges represented at the next Convention.

B. OF L. F. SOCIABLE.

Peoria, Ills., Journal.

The supper and sociable given by the ladies under the auspices of the locomotive firemen, at Druid hall, last night, was a pronounced success. After those in attendance had appeased the abnormal cravings of their several empty digestive organs, an attractive programme was rendered, consisting of readings by Mrs. Meredith and Mr. Brady, also solo singing by Mr. Woodruff and the Misses Heath and Douglass. The proceeds of the entertainment were donated to the brotherhood to be expended in the purchase of regalias. The presentation was made by Mrs. Smith with the following address:

Worthy master, officers and members of the lodge convened, and this audience assembled, it gives me pleasure on so favorable occasion as the present one, of expressing to W. F. Hynes, Lodge No. 48, B. of L. F., the warmest congratulations for the rapid growth you have made. Being only in your infancy, as it were, organizing under the most trying circumstances, you have been wonderfully blessed. And you have proven by your industry on the start, your permanent organization, lay-

ing broad and deep the foundation upon which rests the strong pillars of sobriety and benevolence that support the beautiful temple you have reared. And let me assure you there is every reason to believe that with this noble and manly start you have made, with the land-marks ever before you, prosperity and mutual good will be the inevitable result. And these happy countenances now before me give abundant evidence of the warm hearts that beat in true friendship and sympathy for your welfare and success; especially so when they show in as tangible form as they do to-night their sincerity of purpose and high esteem for your cause. And I am gratified with the high honor of conveying to your honorable body the knowledge of the fact that the proceeds of this social gathering have been appropriated to this Lodge, for the purpose of procuring such regalias for the Lodge as you may determine proper.

And now, in behalf of the ladies who have so kindly arranged this friendly gathering for this benevolent brotherhood, I make the formal presentation, hoping that it may strengthen the bonds of union that bind this band of brothers together; and may this purse seal our allegiance to your order, and give you fresh courage for greater attainments in the months and years that are to come.

AN ENJOYABLE RE-UNION.

From the Chicago Sun.

From the Stock Yards, from the Car Shops, from Englewood, by special trains, and from all parts of Chicago, by street cars and carriages, the locomotive firemen, their wives and sweethearts gathered in Martine's Hall, on Wednesday evening last, and joined in a dance of which all of them will cherish a pleasant memory for many years. It was the third annual ball of the Garden City Lodge No. 50 of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, and it is "putting it mild" to say that it completely eclipsed its predecessors, was unmarred by a single unpleasant occurrence, and was keenly enjoyed by every one of the two hundred couples that participated. The management was unexceptionable; every committeeman knew his place and performed his duty promptly and with an exactness that insured complete harmony and good feeling throughout. It may be truthfully said of the boys, in the language of the "Boatman's Song," that "They danced all night, till broad daylight, And went home with the gals in the morning."

—for long before the sounds of flying feet were hushed the hands of the clock pointed to that darkest hour of the night that comes just before the morning.

To the committeemen named below the Brotherhood owe a vote of thanks for duty well performed:

Committee on Arrangements—J. H. Walsh, Thomas Cunningham, G. E. Bronson.

Floor Committee—A. Curran, J. J. Hanahan, Thos. Adams, W. J. Stewart, Wm. Conway, chief, A. Goldie, J. Delaney.

Reception Committee—W. S. Barrows, W. E. Compher, F. Dunn, G. Davidson. H. J. Strong, J. Enderley.

In short, the ball was an immense social success, and the entire Brotherhood have ample cause for feeling proud over it.

BROTHERHOOD OF LOCOMOTIVE FIREMEN.

San Diego (Cal.) Union.

In a recent issue we stated that a Lodge of the Order of Engineers had been instituted at National City. A note from Mr. J. M. Dodge informs us that we were in error as to the title of the organization. A Lodge of the "Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen" was organized. This is a very large organization, having a Grand Lodge and one hundred Subordinate Lodges all over the United States. Its object is the relief of members and their families in sickness and distress, the entire receipts of the Order being devoted to this purpose. It publishes an excellent monthly magazine, of which we have a copy before us. Mr. Dodge informs us that though the Order is called the Brotherhood of Firemen, it does not necessarily follow that the members must all be Firemen, about one-half of the membership being Engineers. It is unquestionably a noble society, and it is one of the gratifying evidences of the progress of San Diego, that there are already railroad men enough here to set in motion another Lodge of the Brotherhood.

CHARTER RECLAIMED.

The charter of Charter Oak Lodge No. 80, Hartford, Conn., was reclaimed by the Grand Lodge March 27th, owing to non-payment.

F. W. ARNOLD, G. M.
E. V. DEBS, G. S. & T.

RESOLUTIONS.

FROM NO. 66.

BELLEVILLE, ONT., March 13, 1882.

At a regular meeting of Challenge Lodge, No. 66, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That the thanks of this Lodge be tendered to Bro. Wm. Moxam for so kindly donating three mottoes to adorn the walls of our Lodge room.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the editor of the Magazine for publication.

W. V. MCCARTHY,
W. HIGGINS,
J. DAVIS,
Committee.

RESOLUTIONS OF THANKS.

LITTLE ROCK, ARK., April 17, 1882.

At a regular meeting of Rose City Lodge, No. 45, B. of L. F., the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, Our Lodge has been presented with an elegant Motto by Miss Cora Finlay, accomplished daughter of our ex-Master Mechanic of the St. Louis, Iron Mountain and Southern R.R.

Resolved, That we regard this testimonial as a mark of appreciation, in which our noble order is held by this highly esteemed young lady.

Resolved, That we extend her our best wishes and shall ever do our utmost to prove worthy of the respect and appreciation shown us.

Resolved, That we extend Miss Cora Finlay our sincere thanks for the gift received at her hands and that her kindly interest in our welfare is most respectfully reciprocated.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be forwarded to Miss Cora Finlay; also that they be spread upon the records of this Lodge and published in the Firemen's Magazine.

Respectfully,
W. A. KOLLEY,
FRED H. KLINN,
C. PETERSON,
Committee.

FROM NO. 91.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., April 5th, 1882.

At a regular meeting of Golden Gate Lodge No. 91, B. of L. F., held at their hall on March 14th, the following preamble and resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, It has pleased Almighty God, in His wisdom, to remove from our midst our late Bro., H. P. Cline, therefore, be it

Resolved, That in the death of Bro. Cline, we have lost a friend and Brother, and though we sincerely deplore his loss, we bow in humble submission to him who doeth all things well.

Resolved, That we tender to his bereaved sisters our heartfelt sympathy in their hour of tribulation.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the sisters of our deceased Brother, and published in the Magazine.

T. MARTIN,
J. MCCREAGH,
A. DEITRICH,
Committee.

FROM NO. 74.

KANSAS CITY, MO., March 14, 1882.

At a regular meeting of Kansas City Lodge, No. 74, B. of L. F., held in A. O. F. Hall, the following resolutions were unanimously passed:

WHEREAS, Our worthy and highly esteemed Bro. John D. Clinton, who has acted as our Financier for two terms, has obtained a final withdrawal card;

Resolved, That although we regret very much his withdrawal, we still regard him with the same brotherly feeling as ever, and wish him every success through life and that he may always meet with friends who esteem him as highly as we.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be spread on the minutes of the meeting, a copy be presented to J. D. Clinton and that a copy be sent to the Firemen's Magazine for publication.

WM. PIERCEY,
JOHN MULVIHILL,
ANDREW MURRAY,
Committee.

FROM NO. 71.

PHILADELPHIA, PA., March 26, 1882.

At a regular meeting of Penn Treaty Division No. 71, B. of L. E., held on the above date, the following resolutions were adopted:

Resolved, That the officers and members of Division No. 71 acknowledge the receipt of twenty-four copies of the Firemen's Magazine, by order of Bro. Harry Keler, of Division 187, formerly of Division 139, to be distributed among the members of Division No. 71, B. of L. E.

Resolved, That we appreciate the kind gift and return our sincere thanks to Bro. Keler, and may he live long and enjoy the comforts of this life and the blessings hereafter.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be presented to Bro. Keler; also published in the Engineer's Journal and the Firemen's Magazine.

D. W. FOWLER,
F. A. E. Div. No. 71, B. of L. E.

FROM NO. 66.

BELLEVILLE, ONT., March 26, 1882.

At a regular meeting of Challenge Lodge No. 66, of the B. of L. F., held in their hall on Sunday, February 26, 1882, after the regular order of business was disposed of, the members were agreeably surprised by being made the recipients of a very beautiful and neatly worked motto, inscribed "Benevolence, Sobriety and Industry."

It is beautiful in design and finish, and framed and worked in silk and velvet, by the dextrous and nimble fingers of Miss Helena Link, sister of Bro. Link, of this Lodge, therefore, we tender the following resolutions of thanks:

Resolved, That the sincere thanks of this Lodge be returned to Miss Link, considering that the words are very appropriate, and we hope we may all keep them in our minds and try to follow the same.

Resolved, That we shall ever remember Miss Link for the kindness she has bestowed upon us, and that such tokens of regard may encourage us to make friends, and to cherish those that are friends to us.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be presented to Miss Link, and also be forwarded to the Firemen's Magazine for publication.

JOHN LOGUE,
THOS. COLLINS,
P. FLAGLER,
Committee.

FROM NO. 3.

JERSEY CITY, N. J., March 27, 1882.

The following resolutions were adopted at a regular meeting of Adopted Daughter Lodge No. 3, B. of L. F.:

WHEREAS, It has been the will of our Heavenly Father, in the midst of a bright and joyous life, to call from earth to that beautiful Home above, the devoted wife and infant child of our worthy Brother, Albert Morehouse, therefore be it

Resolved, That we sincerely sympathize with Bro. Morehouse, and pray that the all merciful God will bless and strengthen him to bear, with a Christian fortitude, his great and sorrowful loss, and to most humbly submit to the holy will of Him who doth all things well; for blessed are those who die in the Lord.

Resolved, That we deeply sympathize with the sorrowing parents and friends who have been called upon to part with a devoted daughter and a loving sister.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to our afflicted Brother and his family, and to the Firemen's Magazine for publication.

THOS. MAYPOTTER,
B. D. MAXWELL,
J. E. OPP,
Committee.

FROM NO. 50.

CHICAGO, March 16, 1882.

At a regular meeting of Garden City Lodge No. 50, held in Masonic Hall, corner of State and Fourth streets, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That the thanks of this Lodge be gratefully tendered to Mr. R. H. Chamberlain, Div. Supt. C. R. I. & P. R. R., for furnishing a special train, free of charge, on the occasion of our third annual ball, held at Martin's Hall, Wednesday evening, February 15th, 1882, and

Resolved, That we tender our thanks to Mr. O. M. Peaslee, round house foreman, for his kindness in allowing so many to attend, and for past favors; also to the members of Triumphant Lodge No. 47, for the interest they manifested in the success of the same, by their attendance and assistance, and be it further

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be forwarded to the Magazine for publication, and a copy of said Magazine be furnished to each of the above named gentlemen.

WM. CONWAY,
ALFRED. GOLDIE,
JOS. SAMMONS,
Committee.

VOTE OF THANKS.

GALESBURG, ILLS., March 28, 1882.

At a special meeting of Progress Lodge, No. 105, B. of L. F., the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That the thanks of this Lodge are hereby tendered to Mr. H. C. Case, proprietor of Brown's Hotel, for his kindness to Mr. S. M. Stevens, Grand Organizer, B. of L. F., while in this city.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be spread on the minutes of this meeting, also presented to Mr. H. C. Case, and sent to the Firemen's Magazine and local journals for publication.

THOMAS E. GREEN,
ALBERT J. BARTEL,
Committee.

FROM NO. 37.

CENTRALIA, ILLS., April 21, 1882.

At a special meeting of New Hope Lodge, No. 37, B. of L. F., the following resolution were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, It has pleased Almighty God to take from our midst, by death, the wife of Bro. W. E. Lillard, be it therefore

Resolved, That we extend to our brother our heartfelt sympathy in this sad hour of his bereavement, and although his loss is great, we hope that time may heal the wound; and be it further

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be presented to our brother and be published in the Firemen's Magazine and also in the city papers of Clinton, Ills.

H. G. CORMICK,
F. M. JAMES,
J. B. MAWBY,
Committee.

FROM NO. 103.

LOUISVILLE, KY., April 4, 1882.

At a regular meeting of Falls City Lodge, No. 103, the following resolutions were adopted:

Resolved, That the thanks of this Lodge be tendered to J. W. Richardson, James Scott, Charles Hahn, and George Buxe, of J. W. Richardson Lodge, No. 104, for the deep interest they took in the organization of our Lodge by Instructor Stevens.

Resolved, That these resolutions be spread upon the minutes of the Lodge, and that a copy be sent to the Firemen's Magazine for publication.

THOS. PIDGEON,
DAN. SEXTON,
THOS. BATES,
Committee.

FROM NO. 66.

BELLEVILLE, ONT., March 26, 1882.

At a regular meeting of Chicago Lodge, No. 66, of the B. of L. F., held in their hall, March 26, 1882, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, Our Lodge was presented with a beautiful wrought motto, nicely framed, entitled "Benevolence, Sobriety and Industry," and in the center a very nicely worked pair of cross scoops, a fine iron and coal hammer, and

WHEREAS, This present was made to us by Miss Collins, sister of Bro. Collins, of this Lodge, it is therefore

Resolved, That we accord it a conspicuous place in our Lodge room, and that we shall ever hold in grateful remembrance the fair donor of the same. Be it further

Resolved, That her kindness shall never be forgotten and that she shall always be held in the highest esteem by the members of Challenge Lodge.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be presented to Miss Collins and to the Firemen's Magazine for publication, and that they be recorded on the minutes of our meeting.

E. MORRIS,
T. DALY,
J. LOGUE,
Committee.

RESOLUTIONS OF SYMPATHY.

ST. PAUL, MINN., March 29, 1882.

At a regular meeting of Minnehaha Lodge No. 61, B. of L. F., held March 26th, 1882, the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, It has pleased Almighty God in His infinite wisdom to remove from his home on earth, to that on high, the only child of our worthy Bro. W. F. Premier; therefore be it

Resolved, That we, the members of Minnehaha Lodge No. 61, B. of L. F., tender our afflicted Brother and his wife our sincere sympathy in this, their hour of sorrow, and for consolation we commend them to Him who is the giver of all good, and we trust that they may meet the departed one in that home where sorrow is never known, and where friends are never parted.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be given to our afflicted Brother, also entered upon the minutes of the Lodge, and published in the Firemen's Magazine.

S. J. MURPHY,
Chairman Committee.

FROM NO. 48.

PEORIA, ILLS., April 23, 1882.

At a special meeting of W. F. Hynes Lodges, No. 48, B. of L. F., held at their hall March 24, 1882, the following resolutions were adopted:

Resolved, That this Lodge tenders a vote of thanks to the mothers, wives, sisters, and lady friends who gave a social for the benefit of the Lodge and presented us with a well-filled purse, which was gratefully accepted.

Resolved, That the Lodge may always be conducted in such a manner that these ladies may feel this to have been a good act and for a good purpose.

Resolved, That these resolutions be sent to the Firemen's Magazine for publication.

GEO. C. WATT,
GEO. PARKER,
T. CURRAN,
Committee.

ADMITTED BY CARD.

No. 18.—C. E. Wilkins from No. 31.
No. 77.—Archie Clark from No. 74.
No. 79.—W. M. Dolan, from No. 40.
No. 81.—John Downey, from No. 47.
No. 54.—A. U. Brown, from No. 21, and C. C. Hamilton, from No. 74, and James W. Lawson, from No. 21.

REINSTATED.

No. 34.—Frank Kinch, in good standing.
No. 40.—James Taylor, in good standing.
No. 54.—Wm. Knight, in good standing.

WITHDRAWALS.

No. 14.—Fred. Fusey, final.
No. 16.—John Haggart, final.
No. 26.—T. Thompson, to join elsewhere.
No. 33.—B. Shelly and E. J. Shields, final.
No. 35.—Wm. Waddington to join No. 8.
No. 43.—Harry Bell, final.
No. 53.—W. T. Bender, final.
No. 57.—J. A. Demar, final.
No. 74.—Archie Clark, to join No. 77.
No. 94.—G. B. Stearns, final.

BLACK LIST.

No. 1.—Frank Caskey, expelled for drunkenness and non-payment of dues, and A. Schlegel, expelled for non-payment of dues and assessments.

No. 16.—Thomas Monehan, expelled for non-payment of dues.

No. 17.—Joseph Casquin, expelled for non-payment of dues.

No. 18.—C. W. Farway, for drunkenness and bad conduct.

No. 25.—John Madison and Michael Moran expelled for non-payment of dues.

No. 30.—G. L. Bennett, M. J. Cronin, D. F. Finley, O. D. Gray, W. H. Hawley, E. G. Hancock, A. Lewis, J. A. Fields.

No. 33.—A. Nearpass, expelled for non-payment of dues.

No. 35.—Chas. Maus, expelled for non-payment of dues and assessments.

No. 37.—J. F. Betz, expelled for non-payment of dues.

No. 38.—James Bell, expelled for non-payment of dues.

No. 47.—G. Reiser, for dealing in liquors.

No. 54.—M. Mullen and J. R. McLaren, expelled for non-payment of dues.

No. 57.—Charles H. Waterman and C. H. Berry, for non-payment of dues.

No. 63.—John Johnson, for non-payment of dues.

No. 64.—Mike Weir and Chas. L. Martin, expelled for non-payment of dues.

No. 71.—B. Atwell, for non-payment of dues.

No. 77.—Peter Ready, expelled for defrauding the Lodge; T. Kelleher, C. R. Ramsey, Wm. Gardner, Howard Stewart, Frank La Mountain, Myron Olmstead and W. H. Pelham, for non-payment of dues.

No. 78.—F. W. Brewster, for non-payment of dues and assessments.

No. 81.—John Gardener, expelled for non-payment of dues.

No. 83.—Geo. C. Barker, for non-payment of dues.

No. 86.—C. Kane and Ward Marsh, expelled for non-payment of dues.

No. 88.—John Shanley and James Perkins, expelled for non-payment of dues. (James Perkins deserves special mention. While suffering with small-pox, the Lodge paid him sick benefits to the amount of \$36.00. As soon as he got well he manifested his gratitude by leaving for other parts. He has paid no dues since, and thus goes on record as a common fraud.)

No. 91.—H. D. Edson and E. Durphy expelled for non-payment of dues.

No. 101.—M. C. Osborne, expelled for non-payment of dues.

NOTICE.

Those wishing photographs of the Grand Officers for "Our Brotherhood Chart" can obtain them by enclosing 25 cents in stamps to E. V. Debs or S. M. Stevens.

BOUND MAGAZINES.

We have had all the surplus Magazines of 1880 and 1881 handsomely and substantially bound and offer them to our subscribers at \$1.50 per volume. We will send them to any address in quantities of one or more, postage paid, on receipt of the price.

LODGE BLANKS AND SUPPLIES.

We call the attention of Lodges to the following list of blanks and supplies which we are prepared to furnish at the lowest figures: Constitution and By-Laws, Rituals, Keys to the Unwritten Work, Black List Forms, Limited and Final Withdrawal Cards, Traveling Cards, Letter Heads, Envelopes, Applications for Membership, Notices of Election, Register Blanks, Receipts for dues, Beneficiary Registers and Orders on Financiers, etc., and Magazine Subscription Blanks.

Nearly all of the foregoing blanks have a tinted locomotive stamped upon them and are neat and practical.

The receipts are of a new form gotten up purposely to avoid the perplexities that often arise through the use of the ordinary forms.

In order to receive prompt attention, all orders for blanks must be directed to the Grand Secretary and Treasurer.

LODGE ADDRESSES.

We ask all Lodges to examine the addresses of their officers in this month's magazine. If any names are misspelled or addresses not correctly given, the Grand Secretary should be notified so that he can make the necessary corrections.

TO MAGAZINE AGENTS.

Magazine Agents in calling for their books at the Express office, must tell the Express clerk that their package is "*Dead Head*." Dead Head Packages are not billed and are therefore not entered on the books at the Express office.

GRAND AND SUBORDINATE LODGES.

GRAND LODGE.

F. W. Arnold, Room 2, Pioneer Block, Columbus, O. Grand Master
W. E. Burns, 1325 Michigan Ave. Chicago, Ills. Vice Grand Master
E. V. Debs, Terre Haute, Ind., Grand Secretary and Treasurer
S. M. Stevens, Terre Haute, Ind., Grand Organizer and Instructor

GRAND EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

J. A. Leach, Chairman Atchison, Kan
J. H. Walsh, Secretary Chicago, Ill
E. Upton Montreal, Can
E. A. Mace Philadelphia, Pa
J. H. Brewer Lafayette, Ind

GRAND TRUSTEES.

W. Maroney, Chairman Chicago, Ill
W. F. Hynes Denver, Col
D. Ross Stratford, Ont

DISTRICT SECRETARIES.

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H. G. Cormick, Box 151 Centralia, Ill
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J. M. Dodge, Box 317 San Diego, Cal
W. H. Davies, Box 374 Atchison, Kan
M. W. Jamison, Box 626 Logansport, Ind
C. J. McGee, Box 772 Danville, Ill
J. D. Weaver, 2210 16th Ave. S., Minneapolis, Minn
D. E. Barry, 510 Seneca St., Buffalo, N. Y
W. J. Wheeler, 900 North 42d St., West Philadelphia, Pa
G. A. Hewitt, B. & A. Eng. House, Boston, Mass
E. Upton, 9 Burgess St., Pt. St. Charles, Montreal, Can

SUBORDINATE LODGES.

1. **DEER PARK**; Port Jervis N. Y.
C. E. Barkman, Box 21 Master
F. L. Smith, Box 361 Secretary
A. J. Shiner, Financier
C. E. Barkman, Box 21 Mag. Agent
2. **HAND IN HAND**; Providence R. I.
A. H. Stevens, 60 Jewett St. Master
H. S. Lawton, 58 Francis St. Secretary
T. B. Wardwell, 28 Common St. Financier
W. Lowry, 60 Jewett St. Mag. Agent
3. **ADOPTED DAUGHTER**; Jersey City, N. J.
E. W. Davis, 172 Pavonia Ave. Master
E. Ely, 205 Pavonia Ave. Secretary
B. D. Maxwell, 314, E. 23rd St. Financier
New York City, N. Y. Mag. Agent
E. W. Davis, 172 Pavonia Ave. Mag. Agent
4. **GREAT EASTERN**; Portland, Maine.
A. E. Dennison, 17 Fort St. Master
G. E. Sheridan Secretary
F. O. Mitchell, 28 Merrill St. Financier
A. E. Dennison, 17 Fort St. Mag. Agent

6. **PRIDE OF THE WEST**; Desoto, Mo.
G. E. Woodruff Box 181 Master
C. J. Burke Secretary
G. E. Woodruff, Box 181 Financier
P. H. Coyne, Mag. Agent

7. **POTOMAC**; Washington, D. C.
A. N. Spamer, 448 N. Central Ave., Baltimore, Md. Master
M. Hurley, 1008 6th St. S. W. Secretary
John C. Graham, 319 D St., S. W. Financier
R. M. Smith, 130 Carnall St, S. E. Mag. Agent

8. **RED RIVER**; Denison, Tex.
E. J. Bouchard Master
E. Flint Secretary
T. Dollarhide Financier
J. K. Arthur Mag. Agent

9. **FRANKLIN**; Columbus, Ohio.
D. Roach, Piqua Shops Master
W. K. Redmond, City Water Works. Secretary
T. C. Biddle, Piqua Shops Financier
W. K. Redmond, City Water Works. Mag. Agent

10. **FOREST CITY**; Cleveland, Ohio.
H. Holler, 17 Waring St. Master
S. C. Myers, 783 St. Clair St. Secretary
T. H. Sheppard, 154 Pelton, Ave. Financier
W. P. Sheets, 30 Lake St., Alleghany, Pa Mag. Agent

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NO. 6

SIXTEEN YEARS AFTER.

HOOKER'S FIGHT IN THE WILDERNESS—A
STRANGE BATTLE IN THE PINE THICKETS
—MEN WRITHED IN AGONY AS THE
WHIP-POOR-WILLS SANG—THE
AWFUL WAILS WHICH WERE
HEARD MILES AWAY.

Burnside attacked Lee in front at Fredericksburg and failed. Hooker, when called to command, had his plan at his fingers' ends. Fredericksburg could be flanked and Lee forced to come out of his entrenchments and deliver battle. Nothing easier. Hooker, in the last days of April, 1863, had, as reports go, 130,000 men of all arms and nearly 400 cannon. Lee had, by the same testimony, less than 60,000 men and less than 200 cannon. What could be easier than for 130,000 men to crush 60,000 if the latter could be flanked out of their intrenchments? And what could be easier than a flank movement at Fredericksburg?

It was for Hooker to plan and for Lee to wait. Hooker planned to move by his right flank, cross the Rappahannock at fords far above Fredericksburg, and march in behind Lee. The fords were defended only against raiding parties. When the heads of corps reached them in that grand march the Confederate defenders were swept away in a breath. The march of that mighty army was a pageant never to be forgotten, and the men of the Army of the Potomac were never so certain of success. How could they fail? All the woods led to Chancellorsville, twelve or fourteen miles to the south of and in rear of Fredericksburg. With the Federal army at Chancellorsville Lee must march out and meet it and be defeated. Sedgwick's corps was left at Fredericksburg, with orders to cross and attack if Lee began withdrawing, and when the grand army reached Chancellorsville Lee was between two fires. Hooker's plan was simple, sensible and certain of success, and when the last of his army

corps swung into the wilderness around Chancellorsville he felt no egotism in saying in his dispatch:

"The rebel army is now the legitimate property of the Army of the Potomac!"

So it looked to even the dullest private soldier.

It is a singularly wild and picturesque ride from Fredericksburg to the battlefield over the old plank road. There is no town—no hamlet—not even a four-roads. At the brick house where the Chancellors lived the road from Ely's Ford empties into the plank road, making a three-corners. The change since the battle was fought is but slight. That part of the house destroyed has been rebuilt, and the old walls have been allowed to retain the round-shot and shell fired into them from the Confederate lines. Directly opposite the house fifty acres of the forest have been cleared away, and yet, between the Ely road and the spot where Stonewall Jackson fell, there is not enough cleared field to maneuver one army corps. When Hooker massed his magnificent army there nineteen years ago, seven-eighths of them were hidden in the woods and thickets. There was not even room enough in the clearings to mass all his cannon.

The army of the Potomac now being in the rear of Lee, the men expected to be marched towards Fredericksburg. Between Chancellorsville and the city are twenty splendid battle grounds, the poorest of which would give an army of 150,000 men opportunity to come into action. If Lee had hurried out on the plank road to meet Hooker they would have fought at Salem Church, and had they fought there Lee would have been crushed in two hours. He had hurried out on that road—he had reached Salem Church—he had passed beyond it—he was within two miles of Chancellorsville before he saw a Federal. Hooker had started two corps on the march to Fredericksburg, and others were waiting to follow, when a dark shadow sudden flitted across wood and thicket, and Hooker's exultation changed to fear. The two corps were instantly ordered back.

Then followed orders which mystified everybody. The army which was facing up the plank road towards Fredericksburg suddenly received orders to face down the road, with their backs to Lee, and with feverish haste breastworks were thrown up, trees felled, and preparations made to meet a foe which no one had expected.

The army, which had marched by the flank, to force Lee out into the fields to give battle, was now at bay, cooped up in the thicket and forest, hiding behind earthworks and *abatis*, and everybody mystified by the commander's strange orders. Mystify a soldier and you demoralize him. When the grand army crossed the Rappahannock every man knew Hooker's plan. It was to swing in behind Lee and fight him. That army was never in better condition for marching and fighting. When suddenly recalled from the march, ordered to change front, and pushed into forests and thickets so dense that a captain at the head of his company could not see the thirtieth man in the line, a tremor of coming disaster swept over every division. Four hours' walk from the brick house will take you over every point of the battlefield. The felled trees are rotting on the ground—the earthworks are there—the spot where Hooker massed thirteen guns—another spot where he massed sixty-three—you can pick up every detail and find the headquarters of every division. Aye! you can do more. You can stand in the swamps and thickets and see slimy serpents dragging themselves through the black water—hear the lonesome cries of the whip-poor-will—feel that it is midnight in there forever. Strange place to hide away an army which had marched from the sunshine of Falmouth Heights to crush a foe of only half its strength!

The shadow which had thrown its chill over the thickets of Chancellorsville was that of Stonewall Jackson. Resting on Lee's right flank at Fredericksburg, he had waited until the Federal army reached Chancellorsville. Then he had let go his grip on the hills overlooking the muddy Rappahannock, and moved by the Telegraph road and across the fields not to strike Hooker where that commander was waiting to be struck, but to pass his right flank and reach his rear. Lee left 6,000 men to hold Fredericksburg against Sedgwick, and advanced towards Chancellorsville by way of Salem Church. When Hooker saw the plan to strike his flank and rear he changed front again on a part of his lines and threw up further

breastworks. He had come to attack Lee, but without seeing a Confederate or firing a musket he suddenly assumed the defensive. He had forced Lee out of his intrenchments and then sought cover himself. He had his pick of the best battle grounds in Virginia, and had rejected all of them for the swamps and the thickets of the dark wilderness. Joe Hooker was a soldier and fighter, but neither soldier nor historian has ever been able to satisfactorily explain his Chancellorsville campaign. Had his army moved up to Salem Church Sedgwick's corps could have crossed at Banks' Ford and joined it, instead of fighting its way over the hill of Fredericksburg. He could have picked his positions and intrenched, and Lee could not have carried one of them.

All night Friday night Jackson was moving through the dark thickets across the Federal front, and in some places within a mile of it. Neither swamp nor slough nor darkness of midnight halted the march. Daylight found his thousands still in motion—noon found them on the Brock Road—4 o'clock in the afternoon saw them debouching into that same Chancellorsville plank road, not a mile from Hooker's line of battle.

In making this march to reach Hooker's rear, or what had been his rear until he faced about, Jackson came so near the Federal lines at a spot called the Furnace that a smart fight ensued and about 700 Confederates were captured. It was plain to all that Jackson was on the move. For what? Some of the prisoners said that it was a move to reach Hooker's rear, but Hooker begged to differ with them. He insisted that Jackson was retreating towards Richmond, and he sent off a dispatch that "the enemy are flying." While he was writing it Stonewall Jackson was forming a line of battle within a mile of him.

In front of Jackson was the Eleventh corps. The shadows of evening were drawing down, and 20,000 men were busy cooking their suppers, when the Confederates came dashing at them through the woods. There was something appalling in the suddenness of attacks—something terrifying in the vigor with which it was made. The muskets were stacked, the batteries unprepared, and not a dozen shots were fired before that great army corps, surprised, terrified and panic-stricken, rolled out of the woods and back upon the cleared fields around the brick house in one mighty mass of blue. Thousands saw the sight, and it was a sight never to

be forgotten. With one rush the Confederates had doubled a whole corps back on the center and captured its intrenchments, muskets, ammunition and provisions. The attack fell like a thunderbolt—destroyed like a tornado. It ceased almost as suddenly as it began. Berry's brigade rushed into the gap, other brigades followed, and Jackson was checked. Then night fell, the moon rose, and but for groans and wails and straggling musket-shots men could hardly have believed what their eyes saw half an hour before.

Perhaps the last Federal to exchange words with Jackson was Col. William D. Wilkins, of Detroit, who was then Assistant Adjutant-General of the Twelfth Army Corps. In the dusk of evening he was riding to the headquarters of different divisions with orders, and as he rode for the flag of the Third Division he rode straight into the ranks of the Confederates. Recognized as an officer of distinction, he was at once conducted along the plank road to the spot where Jackson had his headquarters in the saddle. At this time the Federal cannon were throwing showers of shot, shell and grape into the woods, and one of the Colonel's escort was killed at his side. At this time the dry ditches on each side of the highway were full of Confederate infantry, lying close to escape the Federal artillery fire. General Jackson asked Col. Wilkins his name, rank, etc., speaking in a quiet voice and a kindly manner, and the last words he ever spoke to a Federal were:

"Sorry for you Colonel. Take Colonel Wilkins to the rear and see that he is well used."

Ten minutes later he was lying under the pines mortally wounded.

Had Jackson lived one hour longer Hooker would have been cut off from the roads to the river. Then what? It would have been tame surrender or a fierce and bloods wrestle to cut a way out. It is there to-day—the blind road leading from the plank in a halfcircle around to the Ely road. It winds around thickets, crosses swales, ascends hills and makes sharp turns to avoid quagmires, but 20,000 men could be passed over it between dusk and midnight. The men of Jackson were following it when death came to the great leader. Men have called it the hand of fate. To Hooker's army it was the hand of providence.

WHEN a man's money is gone his friends drop off like buttons from a pair of ready made pants.

WHY LINCOLN WAS KILLED.

From New York Truth.

The arrival in this city of the late Col. John W. Forney of the Philadelphia Progress, called to memory a chapter of American history, believed now to be published for the first time, which, in view of the general interest taken at present in Guiteau's case, is fraught with interest. One portion of the following story was given to Truth by Col. Forney himself at the New York hotel, while the rest was obtained from a source which, though it cannot be disclosed, is of the greatest reliability.

Among the chosen friends of John Wilkes Booth's boyhood was a dashing, chivalrous young man of the name of John Y. Beal, whose home was in the beautiful Shenandoah Valley, not far from Winchester. When the war broke out, Beal, who was a fanatical secessionist, went to Canada, and from there joined a party of Southerners engaged in carrying on an irregular kind of warfare on the Northern lakes against the Union. Their chief object was to release Confederate prisoners of war quartered on Johnson's Island, near Sandusky, Ohio, but they also set fire to ships and public buildings, and even took measures to send infected clothing into the north for the purpose of spreading a pestilence. Finally a number of them were captured, and so the rest dispersed. Among the unfortunates who fell into the hands of the enraged Northerners was young Beal. He was brought before a court-martial and convicted of an attempt to wreck a passenger train near Buffalo. The sentence was death by the rope.

One afternoon, while Beal was under sentence of death, there alighted from a carriage two men, who walked into the room occupied by Washington McLean, of the Cincinnati Enquirer, who was at that time in Washington in the interests of his business. The visitors were Senator John P. Hale, of New Hampshire, and John Wilkes Booth. Booth was anxious to save the life of his friend Beal, and had interested the senator in his behalf. They importuned McLean to go with them to the president—as a Democrat, as a friend of Booth, as a man who exercised influence over Mr. Lincoln—and to vouch with Mr. Hale for any promises Booth might make in return for this great favor to him. After a protracted interview, Mr. McLean decided that the best plan would be for him to first write

to the president, begging for Beal's pardon. Should a letter not have the desired effect, Mr. McLean promised to intercede personally with Mr. Lincoln. Before his visitors left, however, he advised them to enlist the sympathies of Col. John W. Forney on Beal's behalf.

Booth was not slow in following the advice. Not being personally acquainted with the gallant colonel, he visited one of the latter's friends, Col. Lee, an old Washington resident. Through Col. Lee and Mr. Thaddeus Stevens, then the Republican leader of Pennsylvania, Col. Forney was induced to address an earnest letter to his friend, the president, imploring him to exercise his clemency for the convicted man.

Several days passed, but neither Col. Forney's nor Washington McLean's letters were answered. The date fixed for the execution was rapidly approaching, and Booth grew alarmed. Once more in company with Senator Hale he knocked at Washington McLean's door. The latter declared himself ready to fulfill his promise. It was an hour or more past midnight when Hale, McLean and Booth were driven to the White House. The guard, at McLean's request, admitted the carriage to the grounds. Mr. Lincoln was called from his sleep, and there, in the dead of night, he sat and listened to the prayers of Booth and the indorsements of those who came with him to ask the favor of executive clemency.

This interview lasted until four o'clock in the morning. It was one of tears, prayer and petition. There was not a dry eye in the room as Booth knelt at the feet of Lincoln, clasped his knees with his hands and begged him to spare the life of a man—a personal friend who, in serving the one he loved, had come to the door of death.

Booth told all. He told how, long before, in a fit of passion to do some bold deed, he had joined in a conspiracy to kidnap the president, and to hold him as a hostage for the release of certain military prisoners who were Booth's friends, and who it was thought were to be shot. He told of the meetings they had held at the house of Mrs. Surratt, and that all of that plan had fallen to the ground long before. He offered his services at any time, and in any place or capacity, free of cost and fearless of consequences. The eminent gentlemen who were there joined with him in the request that the prayer of Booth be granted, and that Beal should be pardoned.

At last President Lincoln, with tears

streaming down his face, took Booth by the hands, bade him rise and stand like a man, and gave him his promise that Beal should be pardoned. He then asked the party to depart that he might gain rest for the work of the morrow, and said that official document that they asked should be forwarded to the United States Marshal, Robert Murray, in New York, and through him to the officers charged with the execution of Beal.

At breakfast next morning, Lincoln informed Seward, secretary of state, what he had done or promised to do. Seward said that it must not be; that public sentiment in the north demanded that Beal should be hung. He declared that to pardon Beal would discourage enlistments; lengthen the war and insult the sentiment that called for blood. He chided Lincoln for making such promises without asking the advice of the cabinet, or advising with himself (Seward) on state policy. As the argument grew warm, Seward declared that if the conduct of the war was to be trifled with by appeals for humanity, he should go out of the cabinet and use his influence against the president, and charge him with being in sympathy with the South. Lincoln yielded and Beal was executed. The reaction to Lincoln's nervous system was such that for days he was far from well.

The effect on Booth was terrible. He raved like a madman, and in his frenzy swore that Lincoln and Seward should both pay for the grief and agony he had been put to. From the death of Beal, Booth brooded over schemes of vengeance for that which he considered a personal affront. His rage took in Seward, and he engaged Harold, Atzerodt and others to avenge Beal's death by killing Seward, while he (Booth) wreaked human vengeance on the president.

At last came the hour. Booth killed Lincoln. His friend and the relatives, or avengers of Beal, tried their best to kill Seward, but failed.

THE COLD WINTER OF '27.—Two oldest inhabitants, who are always remembering something, discuss the weather. "Yes, sir," says one, "for real unadulterated cold weather give me the winter of 1826-27. The rivers were all frozen solid, and the fish in 'em, and I recollect that I chopped out an eel and used him for a walking-stick. Of course I stood it up against the door outside whenever I went into the house."

OUR EXCHANGES.

EDGAR A. POE.

HIS DYING HOURS—HIS INFLUENCE ON ENGLISH LITERATURE—THE STORY OF POE'S DEATH.

Lecture by Dr. Moran, in Washington.

Coming down to the closing days of Poe's life, Dr. Moran gave the true version of his last visit to Baltimore. He said Poe arrived in that city and went to a hotel, where he completed his arrangements for a trip to Philadelphia. Starting on his journey he reached the Susquehanna River, which it was then necessary to cross by boat. The weather was tempestuous and the water so rough that he decided not to venture on the boat and returned to Baltimore, where he went to a hotel and left his trunk. Later, he started for a walk about the city, and those who last saw him noticed that he was followed by two or three suspicious characters, who closely dogged his footsteps. As the shades of evening descended upon the city Poe had rambled on until he had reached a dangerous portion of the town, where it was unsafe for a man to loiter alone. Here the men who had been following came up with him, and he was forced into a low den, where he was drugged, robbed, stripped of his apparel, and then clothed in the filthy rags of one of the brutes who had assaulted him. From this place he was thrust into the street, and as he staggered along, his brain numbened by the deadly drug, he fell over an obstacle in his pathway and lay insensible for hours exposed to the cutting October air. A gentleman passing recognized the face of Poe as he lay prone upon the street, and calling a hack he directed that he be conveyed to the Washington Hospital, sending his card to Dr. Morgan, with the single word "Poe" written in the corner. Poe was cared for and received energetic medical treatment to counteract the effect of his depressed condition. During this time Dr. Morgan said to him: "How do you feel, Mr. Poe?"

"Miserable."

"Do you suffer any pain?"

"No."

"How long have you been sick?"

"I can not say."

"Where have you been stopping?"

"At a hotel on Pratt street, opposite the depot."

"Have you a trunk or anything you would like sent for?"

"My trunk contains nothing but my papers and manuscripts."

In the course of this conversation, Dr. Moran says he critically examined the condition of his patient, and could discover nothing whatever to indicate that it was the result of liquor or any intoxicating drink. The speaker said the slander had been reiterated that Poe died while under the influence of liquor and nothing could be further from the fact. Upon his arrival at the Hospital the Doctor questioned the hackman who brought him there, and he declared that Poe was not drunk, nor was there the smell of liquor about him when he lifted him into his vehicle. As Poe's last hour approached, Dr. Moran said that he bent over him and asked if he had any word he wished communicated to his friends. Poe raised his fading eyes and answered "Nevermore." In a few moments he turned uneasily and moaned: "Oh, God, is there no ransom for the deathless spirit?" Continuing, he said: "He who rode the heavens and upholds the universe has His decree written on the frontlet of every human being." Then followed murmuring, growing fainter and fainter, then a tremor of the limbs, a faint sigh, and the spirit of Edgar Allen Poe had passed the boundary line that divides time from eternity.

A WESTERN LADY'S

SUPPOSED EXPERIENCE WITH HER SERVANTS
HELP IN THE KITCHEN.

"I want to advertise for a girl to do general housework," said a Laramie lady to the business man of the Nye Boomerang. "I have had some little trouble and annoyance during the past year, and would like, if I could, to get a good girl who differs in many respects from those I have been wrestling with. Last fall I heard of a good girl who was working for a neighbor of mine, and went to work systematically to get her. I found out

afterwards that it was a put up job on me, and that the neighbor wanted me to get the girl more out of revenge than anything else. The girl's name was Cleopatra. She wanted \$27 per month and the use of the piano. I was so sure that she was a good girl that I engaged her on that lay-out. Cleopatra had so many lovers that we had to move the sofa into the kitchen on Sunday, and my husband and myself sat around on the floor, while Cleopatra wooed the festive mule puncher. We wanted to throw all the home influence we could around Cleopatra, so that she would feel perfectly cheerful and like one of the family. She used to wear my dresses when I was away, but when I asked her to let me wear her wardrobe she seemed hurt, and her whole system was churned up with convulsive sobs. By-and-by my dresses got kind of shabby, as the result of continuous wear by Cleopatra and myself, and so she got discontented and went away. Then I got a nice girl from Nebraska, but just as she had learned to make a pie that would yield to the softening influence of time, she married a man from Bitter Creek, who was so cross-eyed that when he wept, the scalding tears would roll down the back of his neck. I then secured a girl from the old country. She could not speak the English language fluently, and so we didn't have a very sociable time of it. When I would tell her to wash the dishes she would generally black the stove or bring in a scuttle of coal. I used to pour out my soul to her sometimes and ask her to confide in me, but she had a far away look, like a man who cannot pay his board bill. One day at dinner I asked her to bring in the dessert, but she didn't grasp my meaning, and through some oversight, brought in the dish-rag on a tray. She used to wash the children's faces with the stove rag and brush their hair with the shoe brush, and in that way soon won their esteem and regard. One day, while we were at the table, she brought in the soup, and in an unguarded moment stuck about seven inches of her thumb in the soup, in order to get a more secure grip on the tureen. In the first impulse of joy and maidenly surprise she thoughtlessly dropped the tureen and soup in my husband's lap. My husband is a shy and rather reticent man, but he arose with a graceful movement to his full height and killed her with the carving knife, and kicked her gory remains under the table. After the inquest I got a hollow-eyed girl from Fort Collins. She was an orphan, with pale hair

that she used to work up in the hash. She was proud and impulsive in her nature, and ate everything in the house. We used to hear her in the middle of the night foraging around after cold pie, and fragments of rich and expensive grub. She had a singular yearning for jam, and an impassioned longing for preserves that we never succeeded in quenching. When the jelly and fruit gave out, she would sadly turn her attention to cold ham and mustard, with the smoldering ruins of baked beans, and cold cabbage and vinegar. We stood it till groceries came up so, and apples got to be seven dollars and a half a barrel, and then we asked her to send in her resignation. Shortly after that my husband made an assignment. What I would like now is a good girl, not so much as a companion and confidential promoter of financial ruin, but more to wrestle with manual labor in the kitchen, at so much per wrestle and board. I'm not difficult to please, but I don't want to pay the same salary that the cashier of a bank gets, just for the sake of having a pampered menial in the house who doesn't do enough work to drive away her ennui."

WHY HE OBJECTED.

Stamford Advocate.

A crude old farmer, living on the line of one of the recent railroad surveys, and who is owner of a barn of large dimensions, with huge swinging doors on both sides, observed a posse of surveyors busily driving a row of stakes through his premises that extended to the very center of his big barn. Sauntering leisurely toward the trespassers, with an air savoring somewhat of indignation, he addressed the leader of the gang as follows:

"Layin' eout another railroad?"

"Surveying for one," was the reply.

"Goin' threw my barn?"

"Don't see how we can avoid it."

"Wall, now, mister," said the worthy farmer, "I calkerlate I've got sumthin' to say 'bout that. I want you tew understand that I've got sumthin' else tew dew besides runnin' out tew open and shet them doors every time a train wants tew go threw."

APPRECIATED.—"There!" triumphantly exclaimed a Deadwood editor, as a bullet came through the window and shattered the inkstand, "I knew that new 'Personal' column would be a success."

OLD-TIME WONDERS.

Chicago Standard.

Our young folks, or, more strictly speaking, our little folks, open their eyes with wonder as we tell them stories of the olden time, when there were no railroads, no telegraph wires, no steamboats; and when messages were carried by men on horseback or slower stage-coaches, and when people traveled along leisurely, never imagining that they would ever be whirled through the country by steam-cars or exchange the canal packet for the palatial and swiftly-going steamers.

To those of us who for many years have enjoyed the benefits of all these modern improvements it is difficult to realize the incredulity of the masses of the people about them when they first appeared. Yet it is true that so recently as 1837, Fernando Wood, who had served his country long and well, and had been in Congress for many years, was considered fanatical and visionary because he had faith in Prof. Morse and his invention. Fernando Wood was a member of the Congress which appropriated thirty thousand dollars to Prof. Morse for his experimental telegraph line between Washington and Baltimore, and on account of it was defeated after his next nomination to Congress. The people wished to punish the man who had so misrepresented them as to vote for so visionary a project as transmitting intelligence through the air upon wires strung upon poles. Prof. Morse waited year after year for Congress to pass the bill appropriating the amount for building the first line, and the last night of the session he went to his rooms discouraged, being told that it was scarcely possible that it would pass. But, to his great delight, a young lady brought him the good news, a few hours afterwards, that just before the adjournment the bill passed with the President's signature. The Professor was overjoyed, and said to the young lady who had brought him the word: "You shall send the first message over the wires;" and she telegraphed from Baltimore to Washington:

"What hath God wrought!"

A short time after this, when a political convention was in session in Baltimore, the announcement of the nomination of a candidate was telegraphed to Washington, but so reluctant were the people to believe in this new invention that they regarded the message as a pure fabrication, and would not publish it in

the Washington paper until a courier arrived from Baltimore confirming it. And we wonder now that the people were so slow to believe in these great inventions.

In the "Memorials of a Quiet Life," by Augustus Hare, the incident is related that in 1829 a company of noted people were invited to Liverpool to see the first locomotive and train of cars, and to ride in them. One who was there writes:

"To us who have no turn for these things, and therefore cannot or do not realize any description, the seeing them comes with such novelty and force, and brings such a train of new thoughts; this thing, which is to convey carriages, people, goods, everything, from Liverpool to Manchester, thirty miles in an hour, ruining half the warehouses at Liverpool, by making Manchester into a seaport town, the goods landed at the docks at Liverpool being henceforth transported at once into the warehouses at Manchester in as short a time as they now take in being carried from the lower to the upper part of the town. The effect of the velocity is that when you stand on the railroad, and watch the machine coming, it seems not to approach, but to expand into size and distinctness like the image in a phantasmagoria. * * * We were soon seated in one of the carriages, and started off at the rate of thirty miles an hour; our speed increased as we went on, perceptible only from the strong current of air, and our passing objects so rapidly. I never felt so strange, so much in a state of magic, of enchantment, as if surrounded by new powers and capabilities. I tell you all this, yet you will hardly believe, as I did not, what is doing till I had seen it."

The majority of the people in Europe and America were incredulous about all these inventions until they had seen them, and some would scarcely believe their own eyes.

I well remember our first sight of and experience with a sewing-machine. My father, who, although a college professor of one of the dead languages, had a good knowledge of mechanics, nearly thirty years ago examined with delight and entire satisfaction the first sewing machine brought to the city in which we lived. After testing the new invention thoroughly, he came home one day stating to my mother that he had seen the machine stitch a shirt-front and cuff in five minutes, and that we could hardly estimate the value of one in a large family. I remember our astonishment at the statement, and our mother's words—

"Well, John, I can hardly believe that until I see it with my own eyes."

A few days after the machine was purchased, and its coming proved a red-letter day in the history of our family. How we all stood about watching the wonderful needle with its eye near the point instead of at the head, as it flew up and down while our father showed us the beautiful stitch it made, and we rejoiced at the thought that the sewing would be accomplished as if by magic. With beaming joy he showed us the perfection of the machinery, the gauge by which we could shorten and lengthen the stitch, the screw by which we could tighten or loosen the thread, the presser-foot which held the work firmly in place, the shuttle which carried the lower thread and helped form the lock-stitch, and the treadle which set the machine in motion, and by which we could regulate its speed. We were enchanted with it. Our mother sat down to try it, but such a complication of machinery, so many things to look after at once, were distracting, and to her impracticable. Then our father guided the work while mother tried to give regular strokes to the treadle, but after five or ten minutes' trial, mother said:

"It is too complicated, we can never use it. I feel as if I were rushing along on a railroad train, and we should have a collision in a moment, or go to destruction in some way," and so saying she rose from her seat, and, with a solemn look on her face, said:

"We have been rash in this purchase, and have made a great mistake."

Then sitting down before the fire, and quieting us all, who "were sure we could make it work," she said to her husband:

"I will tell you what you had better do, John. I can never do anything with such a machine, and I do not believe it will ever work, and we must get rid of it as soon as possible. You had better go down immediately and see the agent, and offer to give him ten dollars if he will take it back, and we will promise to say nothing about it, to injure him, to any one."

Then an earnest discussion followed, which at last resulted in mother allowing her oldest daughter to try her skill at the machine, although she feared that such trial would result in severe damage to it. The experiment, although accomplished in a jerky, zigzag fashion, proved that the machine could be used, and it was retained, and fully justified all that had been predicted concerning it. But from that day to this, our mother never

again seated herself before it, preferring to continue her work in her quiet way, and allowing the children of this generation to enjoy the modern improvements.

So slow have many been to credit the practicability of those things that now seem a necessity to us all.

For Firemen's Magazine.

THE WAY TO BE HAPPY.

JAMES A. WINN.

The subject anything but new,
And yet I trust 'twill please a few;
Perhaps nine out of ten.
'Tis meant to suit the grave and gay
A healthy moral to convey,
And if you'll follow all I say—
You will be a happy man.

To those who feel dispirited,
I merely wish to show,
The future will be brighter
If they try to make it so;
Therefore, if a moment you'll allow
And pay attention to me now,
I fancy I can tell you how
You may be happy yet.

Never joke or sneer a friend;
A jest it may per chance offend
And wound him when you don't intend.
So let it be your plan
If faults in others you detect,
Look to yourself and then reflect,
Perhaps you have the same defect;
Remove it if you can.

Civility costs nothing,
Of this you may be sure,
Respectful be to all around
And kindly treat the poor
Your business done don't stay out long.
To help a friend ne'er hesitate:
Live well, but still live temperate.

Whate'er your rank in life may be,
The mainspring of prosperity
You'll find is strict integrity.
So let it be your plan
To act with great propriety
Avoiding low society
Studying strict sobriety
And do the best you can.

When troubles are approaching,
Do not meet them on the way—
But bear up bravely—nobly,
They soon will pass away.
And if at last by diligence
You find the way to opulence
Then practice true benevolence
And you *must* be a happy man.

HOW MILLIONS OF FALSE TEETH ARE MADE.

Wilmington Star.

A reporter of the Star recently visited a factory in this city where false teeth are made by the million. In the process of manufacture the silix and feldspar, in their crude state, are submitted to a red heat, and then suddenly thrown into cold water, the effect being to render them more easily pulverized. Having been ground very fine in water, and the water evaporated, the two materials mentioned are dried and sifted. The kaolin is washed free from impurities. These materials, with feldspar, sponge, platina and flux in proper proportion for the enamel, are mixed with water and worked into masses resembling putty. This done, the unbaked porcelain masses are ready for the molding room. The molds are in two pieces, and are made of brass, one-half of the teeth or sections being on either side. The coloring materials are first placed in the exact position and quantity required, and the body of the tooth and the gum is inserted in lumps corresponding to the size of the teeth. The moulds are then closed, and they are dried by a slow heat. When perfectly dry they are taken out and sent to the trimmers' room. The trimmers remove the imperfections, and send them in trays of fire to the furnace, where, having remained for twenty minutes, they are complete.

AN UNSUCCESSFUL EFFORT TO KILL A WHALE.

Eastern Shore Herald.

On January 6th, at 3 o'clock P. M., an alarm was given by one of the men at the life-saving station that there was a whale on the bar. The surfboat was launched at once. The gallant crew, full of excitement, sprang to the oars, and the boat soon reached the monster. Captain Cobb, with his large double-barreled gun, fired ten times with the largest sized shot, which seemed to have no effect upon the whale. The party had no harpoon of any consequence, or lance, but went to work to stop up his spout with a pole, and that seemed to have no effect. The next movement was to try the effect of an ax on the head of the whale to cut a hole into him, which Captain Spady did with great alacrity and expertness while the fish was floundering in the water, but even this did not produce the desired effect. The party re-

solved to make a last desperate effort upon his life, and sharpening a good sized pole, drove it into the hole which had been cut a distance of three feet and broke it. The party had one small harpoon, which they threw into the whale, but the chord parted. By this time the tide began to rise and the whale gradually moved off. He was not less than seventy feet long, and grounded in twenty feet water. Night coming on probably saved the whale's life, for he went as straight out of the inlet, says one of the party, as Captain Cornell could have steered his vessel.

A HUNTER OF THE GUNNISON.

Denver News.

Among those who drifted hither in '59, during the Pike's Peak excitement, and who have remained as hunters or prospectors, is Moccasin Bill, still living in his cabin in the Sangre de Christo Mountain. At the age of fifty years this man is as straight and active as at twenty, and when he mingles with other men—a rare occurrence—he towers above them like some giant among Lilliputians. His long hair falls over his shoulders and descends nearly to his waist in natural curls, now slightly tinged with gray, while a beard that has known no razor for thirty years sweeps his breast. Many years ago he established a hunting camp in the Gunnison country. Having excavated a hole in the side of a hill and completed a warm and secure retreat, he was prepared to pass the winter and brave the perils of that season of the year. He had located a series of traps, and daily he plodded through the snow to secure any animal that might have been captured and to replenish his larder by bringing down such game as might be obtainable. As winter advanced the snow became deeper, and spread over the mountains and valleys to the depth of many feet.

While making his daily round one day, and while staggering along with a bundle of furs on his back and his rifle on his shoulder, he heard a cry, faint and weak, yet still a cry for help. With true frontier courage he responded to the appeal, and ere long found, half buried in the snow and nearly perished, an Indian. With infinite difficulty he conveyed the savage to his cabin and there nourished him back to strength. This Indian had secreted himself upon the trail of the hunter with the avowed purpose of killing him, but had succumbed to the cold

and was rescued by the man he had sought to slay.

Before leaving his benefactor he unbosomed himself and while relating his story pleaded for pardon. His benefactor knew full well the object the one he had rescued had in view, but had nobly rescued him from a horrible fate. The savage and would-be murderer departed from the cabin of his benefactor with a changed heart and returned to his tribe, where he related his adventure. From that day the hunter was honored by the Indians and many days were spent in their wigwams by one whom they had once sought to destroy. His traps were never molested, and when he left for the settlements he carried with him the love of his savage neighbors.

THE WIFE'S POCKETBOOK.

A SUGGESTION WORTH PONDERING—ONLY
"EQUAL AND EXACT JUSTICE."

From Toledo Blade.

Every wife should have a stated weekly or monthly allowance of money for her own use, subject to no inquiry as to its disposal, but absolutely and unqualifiedly hers to do with as she thinks best. This should in no sense be considered as a gift but as her right, earned by her labor and responsibility at home as truly as her husband's money is won by his work on the farm, in his workshop, store or office.

No true, manly, and just man but will say, if he stops to think, that his wife's duties and cares in looking after the household, whether she does the manual labor herself or see that it is done, is not as arduous in its way as his own. There is no cessation in the demand upon her strength and endurance. Each day brings its treadmill round, as regularly as the sun rises and sets, beginning with its rising, but rarely ending with the setting. Happy is she who finds her happiness in these labors, who feels that she is ministering to the comfort of dear ones who appreciate her efforts.

But we will venture to say that not even among those who like housekeeping and are content, is there one woman who does not feel often and often a longing to have some money, be it ever so little, that she could call her very own, which she did not have to ask for, often trembling for fear of a harsh refusal, always expecting the inevitable question, sometimes pleas-

antly, too frequently asked with a growl, but always humiliating, "What do you want to do with it?" As if a mature woman, a wife and mother had not discretion enough to use a few dollars sensibly unless she accounted for every cent of it to her husband as though he were her lord and master. But whether she has or not does not alter the question of right. She earns her share of what he gets for his labor as truly as he does. She toils for him and their children at home given her time and strength to her tasks, and thus shutting herself out from acquiring anything only through him, and too often he is a niggardly giver, making her feel like a beggar when she does not even receive her dues. He does not ask her when he may buy a cigar, or a handkerchief, or a suit of clothes.

Let him try that awhile and see how he will like it. And yet it is too often the experience of women, married to those called good men, who would not be guilty of cheating a neighbor out of his just dues, but deprives his wife of what is hers because he can.

True, she has her home. So has he. She has enough to eat. So has he. She has what clothes he chooses she shall have. He has what he chooses to get. Where is the justice of putting a thinking, reasonable, mature woman in so humiliating a position, merely because through her love she has become a wife and mother. * * * * *

Men wonder that women are restless and want to do something for themselves. They should think, they say, that there was enough work to keep the house and family in order without taking outside labor. And so there is. But the key to this desire, whether acknowledged or not, and often it is not confessed even to themselves, is to be more independent, to feel less a pensioner upon a husband's bounty. We know a man who will not allow his wife—a pleasant, sensible woman—to purchase even a handkerchief for herself. "A brute," say you? Yes, in that respect but otherwise a reputable, and respectable citizen. Were we in her place we should take in washing in order to have something that we could call our own.

Many good men are unjust in this matter of money because they do not stop to think or reason. Custom has made the wife a dependent upon the husband, and he holds her there, even though he knows and appreciates her worth. He cannot understand how she can have any feeling about asking for money, or any sense of

injustice in this arrangement of things. It is there, nevertheless, as almost all husbands will find, if they try to find out the fact for themselves, and it is the unsuspected cause of much domestic unhappiness.

TEMPERATE STATEMENT.

The Century Magazine.

How impatient we are, in these Northern latitudes, of looseness and intemperance in speech! Our measure of success is the moderation and low level of an individual's judgment. Doctor Channing's piety and wisdom had such weight that, in Boston, the popular idea of religion was whatever this eminent divine held. But I remember that his best friend, a man of guarded lips, speaking of him in a circle of his admirers, said: "I have known him long, I have studied his character and I believe him capable of virtue." An eminent French journalist paid a high compliment to the Duke of Wellington, when his documents were published: "Here are twelve volumes of military dispatches, and the word glory is not found in them."

WARMTH OF SNOW.

Frank White, of Leadville, returning alone from a trip in the Indian country, found himself freezing to death in a blinding snow storm on the Grand River. Remembering that he had heard old travelers on the plains talk about the latent heat in a snow bank, he dug a deep hole in a drift with his hands and crawled in. Presently he began to feel more comfortable, and the delightful but ominous drowsiness which precedes death by freezing stole over him. He fought against in vain, and at last became unconscious. The next morning he awoke, not in eternity as he had confidently expected to do, but in the snow-drift, as warm and snug as the traditional bug. Through this extraordinary experience Mr. White has conceived such a high opinion of the value of latent heat to the mining community that he is anxious to have it called regularly on the exchanges.

GARFIELD'S LAST DAYS.

Col. Rockwell, who has been visiting the Garfields during the holidays, was one of the most intimate friends of the late President, and was almost constantly at his bedside after he was shot.

At a little company the other evening, at which Col. Rockwell was present, the conversation was about Garfield and his way of making an intimate acquaintance with so many different men.

Then the conversation turned to the last days of the great man, and many of the incidents related in Col. Rockwell's paper in the January number of the Century were referred to.

"There is one thing, I believe, that has thus far escaped being published," said the Colonel, "and that was a little incident that occurred only a few days before his death. It was along in the afternoon, and I was the only one near his bedside at the time. He had just awakened from a short nap, and lay quietly gazing at the ceiling above. 'Old boy,' said he, suddenly, 'do you think my name will ever go down in history?' 'Yes,' I responded; 'not so much though for what you have done as what you will do.' With a sad smile upon his face and a slight shaking of his head, he said: 'No, not for what I will do; my work is finished.'"

IMPORTANCE OF MENTAL PHILOSOPHY.

American Register.

Next in importance to religion, to all classes of men and women, is mental philosophy. Indeed, without a knowledge of mental philosophy, even religion can not be fully understood. Its importance to legislators, and to all who are chosen to administer the affairs of government, can not be overestimated. A thorough knowledge of the faculties of the human mind, studied in their relations of duty and to external objects, should be regarded as indispensable to the statesman as light is to the painter, or tools to the mechanic. Without such knowledge, how can the judge, the lawyer, or the juror analyze evidence that will safely defend the innocent or convict the criminal? How can the physician accurately draw the line between sanity or insanity, or between the causes of mental depression and the causes of physical disease? How can the clergyman understand in what language to appeal to the numerous and various faculties of the minds of his hearers, unless he has clear conceptions of their separate and combined activity? How can parents and teachers educate children without a knowledge of their differences?

The frank confession of Sir G. S. Mac-

kenzie, published in 1836, is a striking example of candor, and is to be remembered for what it teaches: "When I was unacquainted with the facts on which phrenology was founded, I scoffed, with many others, at the pretensions of the new philosophy of the mind. On hearing and conversing with the most eminent disciple of Gall, the lamented Spurzheim, the light broke in upon my mind; and many years after I had neglected the study of mind, in consequence of having been disgusted with the utter uselessness and emptiness of what I had listened to in the University of Edinburgh, I became a zealous student of what I now perceive to be truth. During the last twenty years I have lent my humble aid in resisting a torrent of ridicule, and abuse, and have lived to see the true philosophy of man establishing itself wherever talent is found capable of estimating its immense value."

KEEP IT TO YOURSELF.

Christian Register.

You have trouble, your feelings are injured, your husband is unkind, your wife frets, your home is not pleasant, your friends do not treat you fairly, and things in general move unpleasantly. Well, what of it! Keep it to yourself. A smouldering fire can be found and extinguished; but, when coals are scattered, you can't pick them up. Bury your sorrow. The place for sad and disgusting things is under-ground. A cut finger is not benefitted by pulling off the plaster and exposing it to somebody's eye. Charity covereth a multitude of sins. Things thus covered are cured without a scar; but one published and confided to meddling friends, there is no end to the trouble they may cause. Keep it to yourself. Troubles are transient; and when a sorrow is healed and passed, what a comfort it is to say, "No one ever knew it till it was over."

This is a boy's composition on girls: "Girls are the only folks that have their own way every time. Girls is of several thousand kinds, and sometimes one girl can be like several girls if she wants anything. This is all I know about girls, and father says the less I know about them the better off I am."

A SUNDAY SCHOOL teacher in Albion N. Y., asked her class the question, "What did Simon say?" "Thumbs up," said a little girl.

PLANTATION PROVERBS.

Nebber spec' ter drible a mule jes' by twistin' ob his tail,
Nor to pick de lock ob Heaben wid a rusty shingle nail.

Nebber spen' yo' idle moments loafin' roun' a chicken roost.

'Less yo' mos' almighty sartin dat de bull-dog ain't tied loose.

Nebber spec' ter hive de chillun wid a circus goin' by,

Nor ter make a Christmas dinner offen las' yeah's rabbit pie.

Nebber whittle out yo' fortin' fum de empty codfish box,

Kase de chaps is allus safes' wot kin stan' de hardes' knocks.

Allus cut de ripes' clover wen de grass is damp wid dew;

Allus sabe de viles' sinner 'bout de bes' camp meetin' pew.

Allus gib de weakly kitten all de healthy bull-pup's keer;

Allus drap de hungry stranger in de snugges' cabin cheer.

Nebber swim across de bayou if de alligator's in,

Kase he cuts de water faster dan de smartest niggah kin.

Nebber ax de lazy darky w'en ter hoe de tater row;

W'en yer startin' out ter trabbel ride a critter wot yo' know.

Nebber rest yer winter's libin' on yer richer nabor's word,

Kase de silver-troated bird may turn out a mockin' bird.

'Taint de dog as barks' de loudes' allus makes de toughes' fight,

Nor de wind dat rattles' wildes' allus brings de coldes' night.

'Taint de forty-shillin' waistcoat kibers up de trues' heart,

Nor the loudes' color chromo talks about the fines' art.

'Taint de thousan' dollar harness makes de stiddy wu'kin' nag,

Nor de fiddle playin' darkey puts de cake meal in de bag.

Settle all yo' little troubles 'thout the aid ob court hus' law,

Or yo'll fin' yo' mouf is holdin' mo' dan yo' kin ebber chaw.

Nebber eat de morrer's breakfus' till de day w'en it is due,

Kase de 'membrance ob de feastin' makes de fastin' moughty blue.

J. Russell Fisher, in N. O. Picayune.

THE REASON WHY.

Texas Siftings.

A good many years ago, when a certain place in Texas was a very small town, quite a number of prominent citizens went out on a hunting expedition. One night when they were all gathered around the camp fire, one party suggested that each man should give the time and reason for his leaving his native State and coming to Texas, whereupon each one in turn told his experience.

Judge Blank had killed a man in self-defense, in Arkansas. Gen. Soandso had forged another man's signature to a check, while another came to Texas on account of his having two wives. The only man who did not make any disclosures was a sanctimonious-looking old man, who, although a professional gambler, was usually called "Parson."

"Well, Parson, why did you leave Kentucky?"

"I don't care to say anything about it. Besides, it was only a trifle. None of you would believe me, anyhow."

"Out with it! Did you shoot somebody?"

"No, gentlemen, I did not. Since you want to know so bad I'll tell you. I left Kentucky because I did not build a church."

Deep silence fell on the group. No such excuse for coming to Texas ever had been heard of before. There was evidently an unexplained mystery at the bottom of it. The "Parson" was called on to furnish more light.

"Well, gentlemen, you see a congregation raised \$3,000 and turned it over to me to build a church—and I didn't build the church. That's all."

A TEXAN veteran called in to see us yesterday, and he stated positively that he did not capture Santa Anna at the battle of San Jacinto. As he is the first old Texan we have ever met who did not capture Santa Anna, there is something very strange about it. We are afraid he is an awful liar, but perhaps he was only drunk. We do not wish to do him any injustice.

LOST THE GAME.—"But I pass," said a minister recently in dismissing one theme of his subject to take up another. "Then I make it spades," yelled a man from the gallery, who was dreaming the happy hours away in an imaginary game of eucher. It is needless to say that he went out on the next deal, assisted by one of the deacons.

For Firemen's Magazine.

THE FIREMAN'S MUSE.

BY A. H. GREEN.

Our firemen are a jolly crew,

This, you may plainly see,
They like some fun, and sometimes do
A round of gayety.

They have their frolic—enjoy it too—

This none of them deny,
But, let duty call, they are ready to
Brave danger, and to die.

Yes, ready when th' wintry blasts

Are howling, black and wild.
They face each danger while it lasts,
Each man is bravery's child.

They list to naught but duty's call,

And duty's stern command,
Noble heroes are they all
When dangers are at hand.

When thunders roll—with deafening peel—

Follow lightning's blinding flash,
When forest oaks do bend and reel,
And fall with awful crash,
Th' blizzards blow, and pierce like pointed
steel

Or rain in torrents pour
Or the elements, terrific, clash
They stand at duty's door.

They feed the monster iron horse
With black and grimy coals,
And help the engineer to force
Him on, for us poor thankless souls.

They scan the rails, for on the track
Many dangers there may be
To us poor travelers who may lack
The Christian's Faith, Hope and Charity.

Their hands are grimed with honest toll,
And cheeks are weather tanned.

Their noble efforts cannot soil
Th' bright records of our land.
Are not the widows and orphans of
This loyal and noble band

From want and misery held aloof
By each honest grimy hand?

Then why should the soulless sycophant

Treat those true, noble men
As foes, and eye them with contempt?

Are they not always ready, when
A brother's life is spent
To care for his orphaned ones, and then
His widow to protect,

And all her sorrows lighten?

Do they not teach

In the Brotherhood's hall—
And practice what they preach—
To heed the suffering, wailing call
Of those within their reach?

Then let approbation on them fall,
And let us here beseech
God's blessing on them all.

St. Lawrence Lodge, No. 15.

HE WAS INTRODUCED.

HOW A PROMINENT RAILROADER "MADE MASH."

There is a certain young but prominent railway man of this city, says the Milwaukee Wisconsin, whose duties at times take him out along the line of the road; and, as might be expected, his acquaintance in various localities is extensive. He is of a social nature, and is partial to young ladies, never neglecting an opportunity to make additions to his circle of friends among the fair sex.

Not long since, the young man, let him be called "Jim," for the sake of convenience (though that isn't his name), was approached by a friend, a married man, and the request was made:

"Jim, come up to my house to-night. There is a young lady there I should like you to become acquainted with."

This struck the key-note—struck it so hard, in fact, that Jim had no suspicions, notwithstanding the fact that his friend was an arrant wag, so he said:

"Is she good looking?"

"Betcher life!"

"Who is she?"

"O, she's a stranger in town."

"Visitor?"

"Yes; she came yesterday."

"How old is she?"

"O, she's not old; she isn't as old as you are."

"Will you introduce me if I come up?"

"O-f-c-o-u-r-s-e! What am I asking you to come for?"

Jim had his mind made up to go, from the very first, but these little interrogatories were for form's sake. He didn't want to seem eager. So, with an assumed nonchalance, he said:

"Well, may be I'll drop in this evening;" and off he went, smiling. His friend was more than smiling; he was grinning so he could be heard half a block.

Promptly after tea Jim sailed out toward his friend's house—not without, however, a careful attention to his toilet and other essentials to a good-looking lady's man. But when he neared his friend's house his courage began to fail him. It seemed something out of the usual line. Without a doubt the young lady would be prepared for his arrival; had heard of him beforehand; knew why he was coming; and would think he was a "little off." He even thought of going to a wet grocery store to get "cloves" to

brace him up with a little artificial valor; but then cloves were so very aromatic they would "give him dead away." Well, to cut the matter short, he did, with a heart beating like a trip-hammer, manage to knock at the door.

His friend opened it, and Jim went in. The lady of the house was not present, but Jim, in his excitement, took no note of that.

After chatting awhile with those present, and talking about everything, from the price of turnips to the Star Route trials, he said (again with his assumed carelessness):

"By-the-way, old man, where is that young lady visitor of yours?"

"O, thunder! I'd about forgotten that! Come into the next room. She's in here with my wife."

And into the next room they went.

Jim saw in the next room only his friend's wife. But she was in bed, and seemed to be ill.

His friend plunged down among the pillows, and finally fished up a mysterious looking bundle.

"There she is, Jim! My daughter! Weight, ten pounds! Isn't she a slick one? She's worth her weight in diamonds!"

Jim didn't know what to say. The revelation was so unexpected, it "broke him all up;" but he put the best face he could on the matter, and congratulated the fortunate father on his heiress, and shortly after took his leave.

That evening the inhabitants of the street in which this incident took place were startled at seeing two figures moving with meteor-like rapidity through the alley, toward the suburbs. Those who were posted say they were those of the railway man and a six-foot Irishman to whom he had paid two dollars to kick him out of town.

"Nor ded, but gon ahead," is the way they carve it upon the tombstones at Deadwood. Orthography always did hate a new settlement.

"My dear," said a gentleman to his wife, "our club is going to have all the home comforts." "Indeed," replied the wife; "and when, pray, is our home to have all the club comforts?"

An Illinois girl found that she must either give up her lover or her gum, and after one day spent in reflection she pressed his hand good-by, and said she would always be a sister to him.

FELLOWS WHO OUGHT TO BE KILLED.

New York Graphic.

The fellow who crosses his legs in a crowded car, and uses the space in front of him as a cuspadore.

The restaurant fiend who insists upon eating with his knife.

The fellow who can't sit next to a woman without insulting her.

The fellow who can't pass a woman in the street without leering into her face.

The fellow who tells old stories.

The professional borrower who never pays—about the meanest of all fellows.

The fellow who takes another woman to the theater and leaves his wife at home.

The fellow who sits behind you on a first night and tells his neighbors all the plot of the play.

The fellow who borrows your umbrella "just for a minute" and returns the handle in a month.

The fellow who goes out between every act to get a drink and comes in later after each drink.

The fellow who sits on your hat in church because you have politely made room for him.

The fellow who has just heard "a good thing."

The fellow who interlards every word with an oath.

The fellow who smokes bad cigars on the front platform or elsewhere.

The fellow who uses hair oil.

The fellow who has been abroad "you know."

The girls who ought to be taught better. Gainsborough hat girls.

Oscar Wilde girls.

Girls with loud voices.

Girls who talk aloud in theaters.

Giggling girls.

Two awfully young girls.

Girls who are only just coming out.

Girls who are out too long.

Girls of thirteen who imagine themselves eighteen.

Girls of forty odd, who imagine themselves twenty-two, and dress accordingly.

Blue girls.

Vichery-Vassary girls.

Girls who use slang.

Girls who have cousins to take them home.

Girls who can't dance.

Girls who can do nothing but dance.

Girls who flirt with the wrong fellow.

Girls who flirt with the right fellow.

Girls who powder and paint.

Scientific girls who wear glasses.

Girls who know grammar too well.

Girls who know anything too well.

Girls who like any fellow's autograph save one.

Girls who can sing or play, and make a fuss over it when asked.

Girls who can neither sing nor play, and are always too ready to be asked.

Girls who don't know their own minds.

Girls who do know their own minds.

Fast girls.

Slow girls.

In fact—!!

LIFE.

Robert G. Ingersoll.

Life is a shadowy, strange and winding road on which we travel for a little way—a few short steps—just from the cradle with its lullaby of love, to the low and quiet way-side inn, where all at last must sleep, and where the only salutation is—good night.

THE ALMIGHTY DOLLAR.

Toronto (Can.) Globe.

"Brother Smith, what does this mean?"

"What does what mean?"

"Bringing a nigger to this church."

"Your own? Is that any reason why you should insult the whole congregation?"

"But he is intelligent and well educated."

"Who cares for that? He is a nigger."

"But he is a friend of mine."

"What of that? Must you, therefore, insult the whole congregation?"

"But he is a Christian, and belongs to the same denomination."

"What do I care for that? Let him go and worship with his fellow-niggers."

"But he is worth \$5,000,000," said the merchant.

"Worth what?"

"Five million dollars."

"Worth \$5,000,000! Brother Smith, introduce me."

Life is a volume

From youth to old age.

Each year furnishes a chapter,

Each day is a page.

THE Chinese will stick; at least that portion of them, recently arrived in San Francisco, who were vaccinated with muncilage.

SITTING DOWN ON A DOG.

Detroit Free Press.

A woman and a terrier dog reached the Union depot yesterday half an hour before the time of the Grand Trunk train for Buffalo, and while the woman sat down in the waiting room as the best thing she could do, the dog made the tour of the room several times, and then curled up on a seat not far away, to get a wink of sleep before being turned over to the tender care of the baggageman.

All things were so, when a young man with a good deal of cane and watch chain and necktie sauntered in and took a cool survey of the various females. The one nearest the dog not only had a young and pleasant face, but she was all alone. After satisfying himself of this, the young man advanced, and made a graceful bow and inquired:

"Beg pardon, but do you go east?"

She nodded.

"Ah! I thought so. If you have any baggage I should be most happy—ah—shall be most happy to—"

He had all the time been preparing to sit down beside her on the dog, and the sentence was not yet finished when he sank gracefully back. Some dogs have been sat down on so often that they don't mind it, but this terrier had always been a pampered pet, and had been given proper time to shake off sleep and get his legs under him. When suddenly buried under 140 pounds of masher his ideas must have been terribly confused, but not for long. A clock could not have ticked over six times when the young man began to rise up and whoop, and he was scarcely up when he made a course for the door which upset every handbox and satchel for a width of ten feet.

As he went out of the door a black object let go of him and trotted back, and it was only when the dog began rubbing against the baseboard to restore himself to his former round shape that anyone was able to discover why the frenzied young man had left in such a hurry.

THE FATHER OF HIS COUNTRY.

The following beautiful epitaph was discovered on the back of a portrait of Washington, sent to the family from England. It was copied from a transcript in the handwriting of Judge Washington:

"Washington: The defender of his country—the founder of liberty—the friend of man. History and tradition are

explored in vain for a parallel to his character. In the annals of modern greatness he stands alone; and the noblest names of antiquity lose their lustre in his presence. Born the benefactor of mankind, he united all the qualities necessary to an illustrious career. Nature made him great; he made himself virtuous.

"Called by his country to the defense of her liberties, he triumphantly vindicated the rights of humanity, and on the pillars of National Independence laid the foundation of a great republic. Twice invested with supreme magistracy by the unanimous voice of a free people, he surpassed in the Cabinet the glories of the field, and voluntarily resigning the sceptre and the sword, retired to the shades of private life. A spectacle so new and so sublime was contemplated with the profoundest admiration, and the name of Washington, adding new lustre to humanity, resounded to the remotest regions of the earth.

"Magnanimous in youth, glorious through life, great in death; his highest ambition, the happiness of mankind; his noblest victory, the conquest of himself. Bequeathing to posterity the inheritance of his name, and building his monument in the hearts of his countrymen, he lived the ornament of the sixteenth century, he died regretted by a mourning world."

LIFE ON THE STAGE.

New York Mail.

Actors and actresses are proverbially long lived, and free from bodily infirmity. Performances are seldom changed through the illness of the performers. In many theaters a season has passed without a single alteration, even of a part, from illness.

This healthiness is attributed to the necessarily active life of actors and to the regular exercise not only of the limbs, but also of the internal organs of the throat and lungs, thereby fortifying the weakest portion of the human system.

Actors who have resisted the great temptation of their calling to intemperance, have reached the very longest term of human life.

Of all classes they are the freest from crime. This is owing mainly to their constant occupation of mind, time and body in their pursuit; but it may be also attributed to their softness of feeling and sympathy of character. They are charitable almost to recklessness in their efforts to relieve suffering.

CHARACTER OF HENRY CLAY.

WILLIAM H. SEWARD.

He was indeed eloquent—all the world knows that. He held the keys to the hearts of his countrymen, and he turned the wards within them with a skill attained by no other master. But eloquence was, nevertheless, only an instrument, and one of many that he used.

His conversation, his gestures, his very look was magisterial, persuasive, seductive, irresistible. And his appliance of all these was courteous, patient, and indefatigable. Defeat only inspired him with new resolution. He divided opposition by his assiduity of address, while he rallied and strengthened his own bands of supporters by the confidence of success which, feeling himself, he easily inspired among his followers.

His affections were high, and pure, and generous, and the chiefest among them was that one which the great Italian poet designated as the charity of native land. In him, that charity was an enduring and overpowering enthusiasm, and it influenced all his sentiments and conduct, rendering him more impartial between conflicting interests and sections than any other statesman who has lived since the Revolution.

Thus, with great versatility of talent, and the most catholic equality of favor, he identified every question, whether of domestic administration or foreign policy, with his own great name, and so became a perpetual Tribune of the people. He needed only to pronounce in favor of a measure, or against it, here, and immediately popular enthusiasm, excited as by a magic wand, was felt, overcoming and dissolving all opposition in the Senate chamber.

In this way he wrought a change in our political system that, I think, was not foreseen by its founders. He converted this branch of the legislature from a negative position, or one of equilibrium between the executive and the House of Representatives, into the active, ruling power of the republic. Only time can disclose whether this great innovation shall be beneficent, or even permanent.

Certainly, sir, the great lights of the Senate have set. The obscurity is no less palpable to the country than to us, who are left to grope our uncertain way here, as in a labyrinth, oppressed with

self-distrust. The time, too, presents new embarrassments.

We are rising to another and more sublime stage of national progress—that of expanding wealth and rapid territorial aggrandizement. Our institutions throw a broad shadow across the St. Lawrence, and, stretching beyond the valley of Mexico, reach even to the plains of Central America, while the Sandwich Islands and the shores of China recognize their renovating influence.

Wherever that influence is felt, a desire for protection under those institutions is awakened. Expansion seems to be regulated, not by any difficulties of resistance, but by the moderation which results from our own internal constitution. No one knows how rapidly that restraint may give way. Who can tell how far or how fast it ought to yield.

Commerce has brought the ancient continents near to us, and created necessities for new positions—perhaps connections or colonies there—and with the trade and friendship of the elder nations, their conflicts and collisions are brought to our doors and to our hearts. Our sympathy kindles or indifference extinguishes, the fires of freedom in foreign lands.

Before we shall be fully conscious that a change is going on in Europe, we may find ourselves once more divided by that eternal line of separation that leaves on the one side those of our citizens who obey the impulses of sympathy, while on the other are found those who submit only to the counsels of prudence. Even prudence will soon be required to decide whether distant regions, east and west, shall come under our own protection, or be left to aggrandize a rapidly spreading domain of hostile despotism.

Sir, who among us is equal to these mighty questions? I fear there is no one. Nevertheless, the example of Henry Clay remains for our instruction. His genius has passed to the regions of light, but his virtues still live here for our emulation. With them there will remain, also, the protection and favor of the Most High, if, by the practice of justice and the maintenance of freedom, we shall deserve them.

Let, then, the bier pass on. We will follow with sorrow but not without hope, the reversed form that it bears to its final resting-place; and then, when that grave opens at our feet to receive so estimable a treasure, we will invoke the God of our fathers to send us new guides, like him that is now withdrawn, and give us wisdom to obey their instruction.

THE HOTTEST SPOT ON EARTH.

One of the hottest regions on the earth is along the Persian gulf, where little or no rain falls. At Bahrin the arid shore has no fresh water, yet a comparatively numerous population contrive to live there, thanks to the copious springs which break forth from the bottom of the sea. The fresh water is got by diving. The diver, sitting in his boat, winds a great goatskin bag around his left arm, the hand grasping its mouth; then takes in his right hand a heavy stone, to which is attached a strong line; and thus equipped, he plunges in and quickly reaches the bottom. Instantly opening the bag over the jet of fresh water, he springs up the ascending current, at the same time closing the bag, and is helped aboard. The stone is then hauled up, and the diver, after taking breath, plunges again. The source of the copious submarine springs is thought to be in the green hills of Osman, some five hundred or six hundred miles distant.

HE LONGED TO BE THERE.

Six or eight genial spirits sat around a stove in a Grand River grocery the other night, and after several other subjects had been exhausted, some one introduced that of panics in churches, theaters and halls. This gave Mr. Hopewell a chance to remark:

"Gentlemen, I just long to be there."

"Where?"

"Why, in one of those panics. Yes, sir, I'd give a new twenty-dollar bill to be in the theatre one night when there was an occasion for a panic."

"Why?"

"Why, because one cool, level-headed man could stop the thing as easily as you could end up that barrel of flour."

"Well, dunno about that, observed one of the sitters. "There is something awful in the cry of fire, and hear it where and when you may, it startles and frightens. What would you do in a theatre in case there was a cry of fire and a rush?"

"I'd stand upon my seat, pull a revolver from my pocket, and shout out that I'd shoot the first man who attempted to crowd or rush. One cool man would check the panic in ten seconds."

While the subject was being continued the grocer withdrew to the rear end of the store, poured a little powder on a

board, and gave three or four men the wink. Directly there was a bright flash, yells of "fire!" and "powder!" and every man sprang up and rushed. Hopewell didn't spring up and talk of shooting. On the contrary, he fell over a lot of baskets piled between him and the door, got up to plow his way over a rack of brooms, and when he reached the sidewalk he was on all-fours, white as a ghost, and so frightened that he never looked back until he reached the opposite side of the street.

SOME DISCONTENTED PEOPLE.

After all, though content is something we are always praising, where should we be to-day if it had not been for the discontented folks? Doubtless, living in caves and wearing undressed skins, and clawing uncooked bones for dinner.

That placidity of disposition which asked no more than it already has, would have been an utter barrier to the progress of civilization. The being who patted together a mud-hut and made some sort of primitive oven, was the discontented cave dweller, weary of damp rocks and raw chops. And after him have followed other discontented folks, who have built with brick and stone, and thought out all our present luxury of habitation.

The primitive lamp fuse, first made by Heaven knows what malcontent lighted the way to candles, whale-oil, and kerosene lamps—to gas and the electric light.

And that never satisfied being, whoever he was who first used a sharp stick instead of his fingers for eating his meat, began our present table service, though his wildest fancy never looked toward finger bowls.

History hands down to us the names of the men who were not contented with knitting and spinning, and weary hand-work, and so invented machinery to make yards of cloth and linen where inches had been made. Of those who, not contented to travel slowly over the world, applied steam to vessels and vehicles. Of those who were so unwilling to wait days or even hours for news, that they caught the lightning and bade it "put a girdle round the earth in forty minutes." It took a good deal of discontent to arrive at the Atlantic cable.

We know of men who were not contented with their rulers and so put better ones in their place. Of men who were not contented with degrading superstitions and so found truth. Of men who

were not content with what was guessed at about far-off lands, and so went to learn the facts. Of men who were so discontented with wrong that they gave their lives for the right. And we are able to know so much about these men and all they have done for those who have come after them, because there were other men who, not contented with slow manuscript-making, invented printing.

Discontented people have given the farmers their reaping, and mowing, and threshing machines; the rock blasters, their steam drill; invalids, beds and chairs on which they can rest; surgeons, instruments and appliances by which they can save life and relieve anguish.

A number of them, more than ordinarily discontented, wrote out our Declaration of Independence and gave us these United States and a government which it is to be hoped, wise men will be discontented enough to keep from corruption whenever it steals in.

In fact, the only way in this world is to be discontented, and to make other people discontented, too, with whatever is not so good but that it can be made better. In that way only can the march of improvement be kept up.

ANECDOTE OF SPOTTED TAIL.

From Boomerang.

The popularity of the above named chieftain dates from a very trifling little incident, as did that of many other men who are now great.

Spotted Tail had never won much distinction up to that time, except as the owner of an appetite in the presence of which his tribe stood in dumb and terrible awe.

During the early days of what is now the great throbbing and ambitious West, the tribe camped near Fort Sedgwick, and Big Mouth, a chief of some importance, used to go over to the post regularly for the purpose of filling his bridle head full of Fort Sedgwick Bloom of Youth.

As a consequence of Big Mouth's fatal yearning for liquid damnation, he generally got impudent and openly announced on the parade ground that he could lick the entire regular army. This used to offend some of the blood-scarred heroes who had just arrived from West Point, and in the heat of debate they would warm the venerable warrior about two feet below the back of his neck with the flat of their sabres.

This was a gross insult to Big Mouth,

and he went back to the camp, where he found Spotted Tail eating a mule that had died of inflammatory rheumatism. Big Mouth tearfully told the wild epicure of the way he had been treated, and asked for a council of war. Spot picked his teeth with a tent pin and then told the defeated relic of a mighty race that if he would quit strong drink, he would be subjected to fewer insults.

Big Mouth then got irritated and told S. Tail that his remark showed that he was standing in with the aggressor and was no friend to his people.

Spotted Tail said that Mr. B. Mouth was a liar by yon heaven, and before there was time to think it over, he took a butcher knife about four feet long from its scabbard and cut Mr. Big Mouth plumb in two just between the umbilicus and the watch pocket.

As the reader, who is familiar with anatomy has already surmised, Big Mouth died from the effects of this wound and Spotted Tail was at once looked upon as the Moses of his tribe. He readily rose to prominence, and by his strict attention to the duties of his office, made for himself a name as a warrior and a pie biter, at which the world turned pale.

This should teach us the importance of taking the tide at its flood, which leads on to fortune, and to lay low when there is a hen on, as Benjamin Franklin has so truly said.

A VERY HARD WOOD.

One of the hardest woods in existence is that of the desert ironwood tree, which grows in the dry washes along the line of the Southern Pacific Railroad. Its specific gravity is nearly the same as that of lignum vitæ, and it has a black heart so hard, when well seasoned, that it will turn the edge of an ax and can scarcely be cut by a well-tempered saw. In burning it gives out an intense heat, and charcoal made from it is hardly second to anthracite.

A RECENT census of Cuba shows a white population of 980,000, a colored population of 485,000, and Chinese 43,000.

THERE is nothing more to be esteemed than a manly firmness and decision of character. We like a person who knows his own mind and sticks to it; who sees at once what is to be done under given circumstances, and does it.

NOT THAT KIND OF A DONKEY.

From Texas Siftings

A coolness has arisen between Mr. and Mrs. Fitznoodle, one of the most respectable families in Austin. One day last week a Mexican donkey was run over in the outskirts of Austin and killed by a freight train on the International Railroad. Next morning, just as Mr. Fitznoodle was about to start down town, his wife threw her arms around his neck and said:

"Dear Alonzo, promise me not to go near the railroad track. How can the engineers distinguish between you and a donkey, in time to stop their train?"

HOW TO TREAT A COLD.

When you get chilly all over and away into your bones, and begin to snuffle and almost struggle for your breath, just begin in time and your tribulation need not last very long. Get some powdered borax and snuff the dry powder up your nostrils. Get your camphor bottle and smell it frequently; pour some on your handkerchief, and wipe your nose with it whenever needed. Your nose will not get sore, and you will wonder what has become of your cold. Begin this treatment in the forenoon and keep on at intervals until you go to bed, and you will sleep as well as you ever did.

AN ANECDOTE OF CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN.

From Boston Herald.

The following anecdote illustrates Miss Cushman's decision and nerve. At the National Theater, Boston, during the season of 1851-52, as she was playing Romeo to the Juliet of Miss Anderson, in the midst of one of the most romantic passages between the lovers, some person in the house sneezed in such a manner as to attract the attention of the whole audience, and every one knew that the sneeze was artificial and derisive. Miss Cushman instantly stopped the dialogue, and led Miss Anderson off the stage, as a cavalier might lead a lady from the place where an insult had been offered her. She then returned to the footlights and said in a clear firm voice, "Some man must put that person out, or I shall be obliged to do it myself." The fellow was taken away; the audience rose en masse and gave three cheers for Miss Cushman, who recalled her companion and proceeded with the play as if nothing had happened.

SOME NEW GEOGRAPHY.

From Detroit Free Press.

"Of what is the surface of the earth composed?"

"Of corner lots, mighty poor roads, railroad tracks, base ball grounds, cricket fields and skating rinks.

"What portion of the globe is water?"

"About three-fourth. Sometimes they add a little gin and nutmeg to it."

"What is a town?"

"A town is a considerable collection of houses and inhabitants, with four or five men who 'run the party' and lend money at 15 fifteen per cent. interest."

"What is a city?"

"A city is an incorporated town, with a Mayor who believes that the whole world shakes when he happens to fall flat on a cross walk."

"What is commerce?"

"Borrowing \$5 for a day or two and dodging the lender for a year or two."

"Name the different races."

"Horse race, boat race, bicycle race, and racing around to find a man to indorse your note."

"Into how many classes is mankind divided?"

"Six; being enlightened, civilized, half civilized, savages, too utter, not worth a cent, and Indian agents."

"What nations are called enlightened?"

"Those which have had the most wars and the worst laws and produced the worst criminals."

"How many motions has the earth?"

"That's according to how you mix your drinks and which way you go home."

"What is the earth's axis?"

"The lines passing between New York and Chicago."

"What causes the day and night?"

"Day is caused by night getting tired out. Night is caused by everybody taking the street car and going home to supper?"

"What is a map?"

"A map is a drawing to show the Jury where Smith stood when Jones gave him a lift under the eye."

"What is a mariner's compass?"

"A jug holding four gallons."

"Never leave what you undertake until you can reach your arms around it and clench your hands on the other side," says a recently published book for young men. Very good advice; but what if she screams?

GARIBALDI, bowed down by age and infirmities, is described as having presented a pitiable sight on his recent visit to Sicily to attend the celebration of the "vesspers." The difficulty of moving him from the railway coach to the carriage at Palermo caused him to be placed in the vehicle with his back to the horses, and it was thought best not to try to move him around. So he rode to the villa prepared for him backward and doubled up, with his head on the knees of his wife, who sat opposite to him. In sympathy with his sufferings, the 60,000 persons who had assembled to greet him attempted no demonstration, but stood in silence, with bared heads, as their illustrious guest passed among them.

THE OLD STORY RETOLD.

From Buffalo Sunday Times.

Nothing is more beautiful to witness than the manner in which two partners of one wedded life come to understand each other's nature, and to read each other's unuttered thoughts. For instance, one evening last week a husband came home and found his wife in her most becoming costume frying oysters in batter for him and singing cheerfully, the cat with a bow of fresh blue ribbon around his neck, the table a miracle of shining splendor, and everything unusually festal and enjoyable. After dinner the young woman got him his pipe and whisky decanter, and sitting down upon his knee, called him pet names in a tone which would have unsuited a grindstone for further business, and told him that he looked ten years younger. And he went down into his clothes without a word or murmur, and laid his pocketbook in her lap, remarking, "Dolly, there's enough for a new bonnet, I guess, besides a seal-skin cloak!"

SMITH WAS OUT.

From Detroit Free Press.

A Griswold street lawyer was sitting in his office the other week when a stranger appeared at the door and said:

"Beg pardon, but can you tell me where Smith's office is?"

"Yes, sir—next door."

The stranger uttered his thanks and passed to the next door, which was locked. Returning to the lawyer he observed:

"Smith seems to be out?"

"Of course he is. If you had asked that question in the first place I should have answered it by telling you so."

The visitor had a troubled look on his face as he passed out of the building, but that look was gone when he returned next day and inquired of the lawyer:

"How much will you charge me for a verbal opinion in a little matter?"

"Oh, about \$5."

The case was stated and the opinion given, and the stranger was moving away when the lawyer said:

"My fee, please."

"I haven't a cent to pay you!"

"You haven't?"

"Of course not. If you had asked me that question in the first place I should have answered by telling you so. Good morning, sir!"

A GIRL'S GLIMPSE OF SHELLEY AND BYRON.

From Chambers' Journal.

During a part of this time, the poet Shelley, his wife and infant were inmates of the same house; and we soon made their acquaintance. They were very kind to us; and Shelley proposed to mamma, that if she would accompany them to Pisa, where Lord Byron was resident, he would himself undertake William's education; but mamma declined, saying she was fearful her husband would be displeased if she allowed an intimacy between her family and Lord Byron's. (Indeed, she was half afraid he would not approve of our friendship with Shelley and his wife.) During my leisure hours, I was always in the Shelleys' apartments. The poet would place his infant in my lap and bid me amuse myself with a live doll, whilst he continued his writing. Both Shelly and his wife were delightful; and when they left, some months afterward, we were very sorry. One day Shelley told me Lord Byron was coming next day to visit him. In vain I implored mamma to let me be with them when the great poet came; but she would not hear of it. I told Shelley this with tears in my eyes; and he said: "Well, little woman, if mamma won't let you be in the same room with the ogre; if you are very anxious to see him, look through the keyhole, and I will place him so that you shall have a full view of him."

So, next day, Willie and I went on tip-toe to Shelley's door, and peeped through the keyhole. We were so fascinated, alternately watching the great poet, that we

remained there some time. At last, Byron began to fidget, and said: "I say, Shelley, I don't know how it is, but I feel as if some one was watching me." Shelley smiled; and pointing to the door, told him what we were doing, and who we were, and also that mamma would not allow us to make his acquaintance. "I had no idea," said the poet, "I bore such a bad name. I should be very glad to know the young people, and their mother too, if she would permit it." He then got up and came toward the door; but we fled down the passage, whilst he and Shelley stood laughing. That was the first and last I saw of Byron.

A YOUNG LADY WHO READS THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

From Oil City Derrick.

"Have you read the President's message yet?" asked Erastus, as he gazed fondly and lovingly into the eyes of her through whom he hoped, at some time in the future, to capture a good bank account.

"Yes, dearest," replied she, "I completed it only a few days ago."

"And what do you think of it?"

"Oh, I think it is just too awfully splendid for anything."

"Yes, as a literary production it is very good."

"And wasn't it just too lovely to think that they got married at last, in spite of all the fuss?"

Then followed a pause, and the young man's mind wandered out into the front yard of the future, and he asked himself what kind of a woman that would be to bring up and educate the family of which he hoped to be the father.

ABOUT SUNLIT ROOMS.

No article of furniture should be put in a room that will not stand sunlight, for every room in a dwelling should have the windows so arranged that some time during the day a flood of sunlight will force itself into the apartment. The importance of admitting the light of the sun freely to all parts of our dwelling cannot be too highly estimated. Indeed, perfect health is nearly as much dependent on pure sunlight as it is on pure air. Sunlight should never be excluded, except when so bright as to be uncomfortable to the eyes. And walks should be in bright sunlight, so that the eyes are protected

by veil or parasol when inconveniently intense. A sun-bath is of more importance in preserving a healthful condition of the body than is generally understood. A sun-bath costs nothing, and that is a misfortune, for people are deluded with the idea that those things only can be good or useful which cost money. But remember that pure water, fresh air and sunlit houses, kept free from dampness, will secure you from many heavy bills of the doctors, and give you health and vigor which no money can procure. It is a well-established fact that people who live much in the sun are usually stronger and more healthy than those whose occupations deprive them of sunlight.

It is quite easy to arrange an isolated dwelling so that every room may be flooded with sunlight some time in the day, and it is possible that many town houses could be so built as to admit more light than they now receive.

LOST TIME.

Lost wealth may be restored by industrious and frugal endeavor; wrecked health may sometimes be regained by temperance and self-denial; forgotten knowledge may be brought back by earnest study; friends that have been alienated may be won again by assiduous attention; forfeited reputation may be measurably restored by penitence, humility and fidelity; but time once lost is lost forever.

The moments that are gone come back no more; the priceless hours that have escaped us in our listlessness, our idleness and our folly, no toils can win them, no wealth can purchase them, no effort can bring them back. No prayers, nor repentant sighs can give us that which, when we had it, we idly cast away.

To-day God gives us time, and with it opportunity. The precious gift is in our hands; the past cannot be recalled, the future cannot be foreseen.

To-morrow, of which we often boast ourselves, may never come to us. We do not live to-morrow. We cannot find it in title deeds. The man who owns whole blocks of real estate and great ships on the sea does not own a single minute of to-morrow. It is a mysterious possibility not yet born. It lies under the sea of midnight, behind the veil of glittering constellations.

Now, in the living present is the hour of probation, the opportunity for improvement, the day of salvation. Let us redeem the time, because the days are evil.

PRIMITIVE RAILROADING.

From Minneapolis (Minn.) Tribune.

A personal item in the Tribune some weeks ago, mentioning William Marshall, of Schenectady, N.Y., (father of Mrs. Geo. B. Hall, of Minneapolis,) as conductor of the first railway passenger train run by steam in the United States, recalled to the writer's recollection his first railway ride, on the same road, and the two inclined planes up which the cars were drawn by stationary engines at Albany and Schenectady. The road, now a part of the New York Central, was from Albany to Schenectady, sixteen miles. The company to build it was chartered in 1826 and called the Mohawk & Hudson Railroad Company. Construction was begun in 1830 and in September, 1832, the road was opened for traffic. The capital was furnished by moneyed men of New York city. John R. Jervis, C. E., superintended the building of the road, and during its progress having his headquarters in Schenectady, he was a constant patron of Billy Marshall, who then kept a livery stable. When the road was near completion Mr. Jervis persuaded Marshall to sell his stable and become a railway conductor. The president of the company was Hon. John I. De Graff, then mayor of Schenectady, and formerly a member of congress. About the time his road was completed, the other De Graffs, Andrew and Ira, his distant relatives and also of Schenectady, now so well known in Minnesota, began their career as railroad builders between Schenectady and Utica.

The first passenger train left Albany for Schenectady, September 24, 1832. It consisted of a reconstructed English locomotive, weighing about four tons, which more resembled Saroni's light steam wagon than a locomotive; a small platform car for a tender, carrying two barrels of water and a few armfuls of wood; and two passenger cars. These passenger cars were made by taking the bodies of thorough-brace stage coaches from their road wheels and mounting them, each, on four car wheels. The engineer and fireman was John Hampson, an Englishman. An artist of the day made a picture of the train by cutting paper to represent it and from this outline engravings were made which are still extant. In these Marshall, as conductor, is represented as seated outside, in front of the first coach. The passengers were Capt. R. G. Cruttenden, S. Wilcox, Lewis Benedict, Joseph Alex-

ander, Chas. E. Dudley, Jacob Hayes, John Miggs, Edwin Crosswell, Billy Winne, John Townsend, John I. De Graff, Thurlow Weed, Josiah Snow, Jos. C. Gates and Erastus Corning, making seventeen persons carried by the train. Wilcox then kept the Western Hotel at Albany; Alexander was president of the Commercial Bank of that city; Hayes was high constable of New York city; Meigs was sheriff of Albany county; Crosswell was editor of The Albany Argus; Winne was the famous penny postman of Albany, and Weed was editor of the Albany Journal. This train made three round trips a day between Albany and Schenectady, or rather between the inclined planes, from which horses were used to draw the cars into each city.

Passenger tickets sold at stores and shops for some time, and when the stages cut prices the tickets went ridiculously low. Mr. Marshall's duties as conductor were extensive. He had to look after the sale of tickets and the transfer of baggage in Schenectady, besides taking charge of the train on its three round trips. "Billy," (so his old neighbors still call him) laid the foundation in his first fifteen years service of the present position of railway conductors, was chief in charge of their trains. It is said when close cars and engines in the cabs came in use, Billy to facilitate communication with the engineer, ran a cord forward and to its end at the tender suspended a stick of wood. Then he notified the engineer of his system of signals by raising and lowering the stick of wood. But the engineer thought he ought to be boss of the train, and he chucked that stick of wood into the fire-box. Next trip Billy tied another stick of wood to the cord and gave the engineer notice that there would be somebody whipped if it was again removed. At the end of the trip the stick was missing, and the conductor and engineer had a hard fight. Billy won and ever since railroad engineers have had to obey the conductors' signals. But the stick of wood was soon dispensed with, and the conductors' cord was attached to the engine bell.

Four years after the Albany & Schenectady road was opened—in August, 1836—the Schenectady & Utica road was opened. Passengers were then carried from Utica to Albany for seventy-five cents, and was sometimes reduced by the rivalry of stage-lines to ten cents. Among the presidents of the pioneer railway, succeeding De Graff, were David Banks, Geo. Law, Isaac Newton, John T. Norton, and

E. C. McIntosh, the latter of whom served until 1854, when the road was consolidated with the Utica and other roads, forming the nucleus from which the New York Central system has since grown. George Law, only lately deceased, long known as "Live Oak George" was a warm friend of Mr. Marshall and highly esteemed the latter's faithful and intelligent service.

Isaac Newton was at the head of a prosperous steamboat business on the Hudson. John T. Norton was a partner of Erastus Corning. The last president, Mr. McIntosh, died about 1855 and left a widow who became the second wife of ex-President Fillmore. The consolidated roads were first controlled by Erastus Corning and Dean Richmond, then by Commodore Vanderbilt and now by his eldest son.

It is proposed next year to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of the opening of the old Mohawk railroad at Schenectady and Albany, September 24. Several of those associated with the building and opening of the road are still living and will join in the celebration.

WHO WOULD BE A BOY AGAIN?

In company one evening, when the song, "Would I were a boy again," was called for, a gray-headed "old boy" discoursed thus:

A boy again! Who would be a boy again if he could? to have measles, itch, and mumps; to get licked by bigger boys and scolded by older brothers; to stub toes; to slip up on the ice; to do chores; to get your ears boxed; to get whaled by a thick-headed schoolmaster; to be made to stand up as the dunce for the amusement of the whole school and be told how miserable, weak, and stupid you were when you were born, and to have the master ask you what would have become of you at that interesting time in life if your parents had not been so patient with and so kind to you; to eat at the second table when company comes; to set out cabbage plants and thin corn because you are little, and consequently it wouldn't make your back ache so much; to be made to go to school when you don't want to; to lose your marbles; to have your sled broken; to get hit in the eyes with frozen apples and soggy snow balls; to cut your finger; to lose your knife; to have a hole in your pair of pants when your pretty cousin from the city comes to see you; to be called a coward at school

if you don't *fight*; to be whaled at home if you *do* fight; to be struck after a little girl and dare not tell her; to have a boy too big for you to lick to tell you that your sweetheart squints; to have your sweetheart cut you dead and affiliate with that boy John Smith, whom you hate particularly because he set your nose out of joint the week before; to be made to go to bed when you know you ain't a bit sleepy; to have no fire-crackers on the Fourth of July, no skates on Christmas; to want a piece of bread and butter with honey and get your ears pulled; to be kept from the circus when it comes to town and when all other boys go; to get pounded for stealing roasting ears; to get run by bulldogs for trying to nip water-melons; to have the canker rash, cat-chism, stone bruises; to be called up to kiss old women that visit your mother; to be scolded because you like Maggie Love better than your own sister; to be told of a scorching time little boys will have who tell lies, and are not like George Washington; to catch your big brother kissing the pretty school ma'am on the sly, and wish you were big so you could kiss her too, and—and—*why who'd be a boy again?*

THE DOUBLE BED.

A new western town, but lately reclaimed from the wilderness, where the houses are few, mean, and ugly, the streets mud or dust, the trees destroyed, and the general appearance one of poverty struggling with heavy obstacles, where the wolves run the mail in ahead of time, and night is made hideous by a tailor practicing on a flute—this is a good place to keep away from.

Into such a town as this, and during court week, I once rode on horseback, at the end of a weary day; passed into a continuous mud hole, studded with stumps and ornamented with logs, that a benighted country called a road. Night had already closed in, and I was guided to the hotel by the thousand and one boys of the place, and the noise issuing from the bar-room, no less beastly and disagreeable. I found the landlord shut up in a corner pen, dealing out liquid insanity to his customers. To my request for supper and a bed he responded that I could eat my fill, but there was not a bed unengaged or not occupied in the house. I persisted, until the wretch informed me that there was "a feller" in No. 6 occupying a double bed, and I could "roll in there," if so minded.

It was dismal, but my only hope; so, after the evening indigestion, I climbed the rough stairs to No. 6. I was told by the landlord to walk in without knocking, and did so.

I found my companion measuring off his dreams by snores, and, undressing, rolled in," as the landlord had suggested. The stranger turned over, with something between a growl and a grunt, as I crept to his side.

Tired as I was, I could not sleep. The bed-tick felt as if it were stuffed with grasshoppers, and the pillows were of the sort to slip up one's nose in the night, and be sneezed out some time during the day. Besides this, my bedfellow snored abominably. It sounded like a giant trying to blow "Old Hundred" through a tin horn, without knowing exactly how.

I bore this infliction as long as I could, and at last gave my friend a dig in the ribs, exclaiming at the same time,

"Hillo—sh—what is it?" he asked in a confused way.

"I am sorry to disturb you, but I think it my duty to inform you that I walk in my sleep."

"Well, walk."

"My Christian friend, I am well aware that this is a free country, and if a man wishes to walk in his sleep, there is no constitutional provision to prevent him. But I wish to remark that if I do walk you had better not interfere with me."

"Oh, walk! I won't say a word about it."

"Well, don't. When addressed or interfered with, I am apt to get furious. I nearly brained a poor man with a dog-iron the other night."

"The deuce you did! That's rather disagreeable. A fellow might, under an impulse, blurt out something to you."

"Better not."

"No, I should think not."

A long pause followed this. At last the now wide-awake lodger asked abruptly:

"Did you notice my hat on the floor?"

"I believe I did."

"If you walk, you know, I'd rather you would not step in it."

"I'll bear that in mind."

After another pause he again asked:

"Did you notice that door on the left?"

"I saw a door on my left."

"Well, if you walk, I'd advise you not to go out there. It opens on a porch, only the porch hasn't been built, and it's twenty feet down into the stable yard."

"I don't believe I shall walk out of that door."

"Don't think I would if I walked much."

I supposed my inquisitive friend was dropping into a sleep, when he again broke out:

"I say, did you really brain a man with a dog-iron?"

"I tried pretty hard."

Then came in a silence that was not broken. After a little while I heard my bedfellow creeping softly from the other side of the bed. I could hear him feeling about for his hat and his clothes. Then I had the satisfaction of knowing that the door had closed softly on my retreating tormenter. I rolled over and slept the sleep of innocence.

The next morning, on descending to breakfast, I found an old friend seated at the table. We had not met for years. After a cordial greeting, I said:

"Are you stopping here?"

"I have been trying. But I am nearly dead. I slept on a bench in the bar-room, amid a lot of drunken brutes who sang 'Bingo' for wagers of drink all night."

"Could you get no bed?"

"Yes. I had a double bed to myself when that stupid ass of a landlord sent up a crazy fellow, who walked and struck out with dog-irons."

"Good heavens, Gillipsy, was that you?"

"And, D., you don't mean to say that you served me that infernal trick!"

It was a case that called for diplomatic explanation.

A MAN is always wanting some one to tell him how handsome he looks; a woman will just stand before a glass and see for herself.

For Firemen's Magazine.

RETURN OF THE ORPHAN'S MOTHER.

BY JOHN MCAULIFF.

Years came and went the boy grows a man,
While unfolds the universal plan,
The foliage parts, speaks an angel dear:
My son, we will build a Heaven here.
Throughout the boundless realms of space,
I failed to find a fitter place.
Seek God and Heaven are words quite fair,
Will power is God found every where,
Crawl not for Heaven on bended knees;
Help build one here, uproll your sleeves,
Make human needs the basis rock,
Build broad and firm 'gainst time's fierce
shock;
Wisdom and justice cement with love,
Bedeck with gems from mines above;
Place right o'er might, truth as corner stone;
Make room for all—aye every one.

THE OLDEST OF EMPERORS.

On March 22 William I., Emperor of Germany and King of Prussia, completed the eighty-fifth year of his life. His career is equally remarkable for its length and its striking historical features. He entered Paris as captain in the victorious German army in 1814, and again in 1815. In 1848, when the revolution had overpowered his brother, King Frederick William IV., he fled to England, covered with derision. In 1849 he commanded the army which was to give the *coup de grace* to the revolution in Germany, escaped an attempt on his life, quelled the Baden insurrection, and by his rigor made himself an object of execration. In 1857, as the lieutenant of his mentally disabled brother, he inaugurated, amid general plaudits, the "new era" in Prussian politics. Crowned king in 1861, he proclaimed himself a ruler by right divine, was shot at by Oscar Becker, a democratic student, and through Von Bismarck-Schonhausen opened the period of "conflict" with the parliament. This was ended by the armed conflict with Austria and South Germany in 1866; and returning in triumph from the battle field of Sadowa, he became master of North Germany and the royal hero of the German nation. In 1870 he boldly took up the gauntlet thrown down to him by Napoleon III., invaded France, and sent her emperor and her armies captives to Germany, and in 1871 had himself proclaimed emperor of the united Fatherland at the chateau of Versailles, reduced Paris, dictated peace, and annexed Alsace-Lorraine to his empire.

It was not his own genius or sword which achieved these successes, unsurpassed in all history, but he knew how to rely on Bismarck for diplomacy and on Moltke for strategy, and he shared the toils and dangers of his armies, while his son and nephew stood at them. He was now the ruler of the most powerful empire on earth, and he meant to advance it on a path marked out by moderate liberalism. Liberalism involved it in a struggle with Ultramontanism, not yet ended, and too great moderation in liberalism provoked new regalid attempts. Hodel's bullets, in May, 1878, inflicted no harm, but Nobiling's shot nearly proved fatal, and caused acute pain and long illness. The emperor bore his sufferings and perils with fortitude, and after employing some rigorous measures, allowed his chancellor to adopt a scheme of social

reforms partly coinciding with the demands of the political camp from which the murderous assaults had emanated. When his nephew, Alexander II., fell a victim to the fanaticisms of more relentless foes, William refused to resort to exceptional measures of precaution, declaring all such to be futile. In January, 1882, in an incipient new conflict with the parliament, he emphatically asserted his right not only to reign but to govern. Firmness and vigor, in fact, characterize the whole of this remarkable career—qualities which new trials may possibly show in even brighter light, or ultimately baffle. This career may still be prolonged, and the teaching of the Athenian sage forbids us to declare it happy before it is ended.

A NEW LODGE.

San Diego (Cal.) Sun.

At National City, on April 2nd, was organized San Diego Lodge No. 90, of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, an Order having for its object the promotion of the interests of that large class who serve on railroads. Messrs. J. M. and R. V. Dodge Jr., were the organizers of the Lodge, having belonged to one in the east before their coming to this section, which impelled them to establish one here. There are twelve members at present, five of whom are engineers. To become a member requires a six months' term of occupation either as fireman, brakeman or engineer on a railroad. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: R. V. Dodge Jr., Master; C. H. Symmes, Financier and Magazine Agent; A. M. Woods, Recording Secretary. We wish the organization every success.

For Firemen's Magazine.

A THOUGHT.

BY TIM FAGAN.

Doth dwell a pain in every heart,
A crushing pain like this of mine?
And deep in every brain a dart
That burns but leaves no outward sign?
Or is the fruit of grief a smile?
Doth dark on every path in life,
Such shadows fall as this I tread?
And give no ray in honor's strife,
Or show the way that joy had led?
And did joy live? Alas, it's dead!
Joy came once; look'd, it smil'd and fled.

IN MEMORIAM.

BY J. ANDREWS, K. C. R. R.

Dedicated to E. L. Thurber, passenger conductor on C. B. & Q. R.R., who died from injuries received by being thrown from a buggy.

Friend of my soul, unknown, unseen,
A friend of mystic sway;
Thy friendship warmed Life's winter scene
And lighted darkening day.

And yet, kind words did cheer us on,
Kind deeds will never die,
And Thurber's name inscribed a fame
On this friend *History*.

But he is gone; his thoughts no more
Will pulse, responsive art;
Nor shall I more on Iowa's shore,
Hail his fraternal part.

Along the road and in my home,
I hear the kind regret
That Death has sued this Western son,
And early claimed the debt.

Age, ripe and dim, may friendly sigh
Over this shade unknown;
Ed's work is done and soon may I,
Be with the shadows flown.

UNION LINKED WITH LIBERTY.

ANDREW JACKSON.

Without Union, our independence and liberty would never have been achieved; without Union, they can never be maintained. Divided in twenty-four, or even a smaller number of separate communities, we shall see our internal trade burdened with numberless restraints and exactions; communication between distant points and sections obstructed, or cut off; our sons made soldiers, to deluge with blood the fields they now till in peace; the mass of our people borne down and impoverished by taxes to support armies and navies; and military leaders, at the head of their victorious legions, becoming our lawgivers and judges. The loss of liberty, of all good government, of peace, plenty, and happiness, must inevitably follow a dissolution of the Union. In supporting it therefore, we support all that is dear to the freeman and the philanthropist.

The time at which I stand before you is full of interest. The eyes of all nations are fixed on our Republic. The event of the existing crisis will be decisive, in the opinion of mankind, of the practicability of our Federal system of Government. Great is the task placed in our hands;

great is the responsibility which must rest upon the people of the United States. Let us realize the importance of the attitude in which we stand before the world. Let us exercise forbearance and firmness. Let us extricate our country from the dangers which surround it, and learn wisdom from the lessons they inculcate. Deeply impressed with the truth of these observations, and under the obligation of that solemn oath which I am about to take, I shall continue to exert all my faculties to maintain the just powers of the Constitution, and to transmit unimpaired to posterity the blessings of our Federal Union.

At the same time it will be my aim to inculcate, by my official acts, the necessity of exercising, by the General Government, those powers only that are clearly delegated; to encourage simplicity and economy in the expenditures of the Government; to raise no more money from the people than may be requisite for these objects, and in a manner that will best promote the interests of all classes of the community, and of all portions of the Union. Constantly bearing in mind that, in entering into society, "individuals must give up a share of liberty to preserve the rest," it will be my desire so to discharge my duties as to foster with our brethren, in all parts of the country, a spirit of liberal concession and compromise; and, by reconciling our fellow-citizens to those partial sacrifices which they must unavoidably make, for the preservation of a greater good, to recommend our invaluable Government and Union to the confidence and affections of the American people. Finally, it is my most fervent prayer to that Almighty Being before whom I now stand, and who has kept us in his hands from the infancy of our Republic to the present day, that he will so overrule all my intentions and actions, and inspire the hearts of my fellow-citizens, that we may be preserved from dangers of all kinds, and continue forever a UNITED AND HAPPY PEOPLE.

COULDN'T FOREGO IT.—When the Duke of Richmond was Lord Lieutenant of Ireland he took into his head, being in his cups, to knight one Thady Cuffe, a Dublin tavern keeper. Next day his Grace wished to undo what he had done, and, calling Cuffe, offered a compromise. "Your Grace," said the gallant Knight, "I'd be willing to do it, but Lady Cuffe would sooner part with her life nor the title.

EDITORIAL.

WITH wonderful "Progress" we move "Onward." "Phoenix" like, No. 23 rises from the ashes of old 44 at Brookfield, Missouri. Again we have struck the Key (City) and new Dubuque, Iowa, bears the fruit of our Organizer's work. "Triumphant" (ly) we shout "Excelsior" and with a hearty "Good Will" we "Welcome" all "Enterprise" (ing) enginemen to the benefits of our Order.

"HONESTY is the best policy," John, I have tried both." So said a father to his son, and his confession confirmed the sincerity of his conviction. We quite agree with him, for we believe that honesty, in the long run, will wear better than knavery.

According to our teachings, no man can be a consistent member of our Order unless he is honest in all his transactions with his fellow-men.

INFORMATION comes to us that a member of our Order has been found in possession of two traveling cards, running sixty days each. The Lodge that issued them is known to us and a repetition of this breach of the law will cause trouble for them. Had the delegates at the Boston convention thought it best to recommend a traveling member for the space of four months, they would have made a law to that effect, but that they did not think so is evident from section one of article seven of the constitution, which reads as follows:

"Traveling cards cannot be granted for a longer period than sixty days, and the dues of a member applying for such card must be paid to the date of its expiration."

A word to the wise is sufficient.

SAND.

There is no quality in human nature more admirable than "sand." The man who has lots of "sand" is the successful man. No obstacles daunt him, no allurements turn him aside from the path he has marked. Grant's declaration—"we will fight it out on this line if it takes all Summer"—has become a proverb because back of the statement stood the man of "sand." "Sand" means grit; it means the power to hold on. When an engine is called upon to exert its greatest strength it needs sand to give it a better grip on the track. When men are called upon to exert their greatest mental and physical strength, "sand" is necessary. Men who have plenty of "sand" in their boxes never slip on the path of duty. Wet weather and greasy tracks do not effect them, their "sand" will not let them fail. The man of "sand" is a moral hero; no wavering on his part when duty commands his action. Be it at the bed side of the suffering or in the wild rush of the midnight train, the man of "sand" does what he is called upon to do, quickly, calmly, boldly. No quiver in his iron nerve. Death alone can conquer the man of "sand."

QUERIES.

Is it possible to obtain as high hydraulic pressure by using nothing but water, as can be obtained by using any other fluid?

What is hydraulic pressure, and how is it obtained?

What does the word hydraulic mean?

If some fireman will answer these questions he will confer a great favor upon.

F. G. of No. 67.

CORRESPONDENCE.

OUR CACTUS LODGE.

TUCSON, ARIZONA, May 12, 1882.

Editor Firemen's Magazine.

There are many of our members who could send in useful and instructive contributions to our Magazine, but because they have very little practice in writing they feel timid in making a beginning; if they would try to overcome this timidity, by writing occasionally, it would be a means of making the book more interesting and also a very excellent mode of self-improvement. Upon comparison they would, no doubt, find the second production superior to the first, the third superior to the second, and so on, until they became so familiar with the pen that they would be able to write as fast as ideas suggested themselves. If disinterested parties take time to send in the contributions which they do, then, why should not we be able to do the same, or why should it not be a duty incumbent upon each one of us who are members to make an effort. This is my first production, but I do not intend that it shall be my last, and by careful study and perseverance I hope to be able to handle my subjects nicely. I must frankly acknowledge that I can shovel coal or clean an ash pan better than I could run a newspaper, but we must not let labor be an impediment to our mental development; if we but use our time properly we can find time enough to attend both to our physical and mental duties.

No. 94 has a number of splendid men who are capable, too; among them I may mention Bros. Simpson, Greenleaf, Spahr, Wiley and Sargent.

Bro. Mason has gone away to get married, the boys all feel more important when they are known as married men; may he and his bride have a full share of happiness.

Our boys are also stepping over to the right side quite rapidly, which is a decided mark of progress. It takes but a short time to see the good results when Benevolence, Sobriety and Industry are practiced, and as our Order grows older the good results will become more manifest. This is the conclusion of my first effort and for the present I am

KENO.

FROM NO. 25.

BOONE, IOWA, May 11, 1882.

Editor Firemen's Magazine

Still the world moves on and the boys of No. 25 help to keep the ball rolling and although they are very quiet, they do some very tall thinking, they do not forget the sick and afflicted, neither does Bro. Crane forget to dun the delinquents for their dues and assessments, but be it said to the credit of our boys that the delinquents are few; the majority pay like men and do not require to be dunned. They gave a grand ball on the eve of April 28th, for the benefit of Bro. Ed. Davis, who has been confined to his bed almost four months with Rheumatism, but who has so far recovered as to be firing a switch engine. The ball was quite well attended and after all expenses were paid, quite a neat sum was realized.

Meetings are very nicely attended, but we notice that some of our oldest members do not attend very regularly and we would like to see them come and help matters along, we feel more confidence in them than in those who are less experienced and it makes a good impression upon new candidates to see older members take the required interest. If Bro. Mark Crane has indulged in day dreams he awoke to the full responsibilities of married life nearly two years ago. I think he has ceased to dream day dreams, but is engaged in day work and even if he is a *small* man he fully makes up in quality what he lacks in quantity.

Some people can't understand why Bro. Ed. Fisk looks so high and walks so straight but if they should happen to see him walking around that big, new, Tilton, the 106, with a piece of waste, looking for imaginary specks of dust or grease, they would understand.

Bro. Dick Pike, our Worthy Master, is a live, energetic man, who tries to implant it into the mind of every member that it is his duty to attend meetings regularly, pay their dues promptly and meet every obligation.

Yours in B. S. and I.,

FLAT WHEEL.

A CORDIAL ENDORSEMENT.

CHICAGO, ILLS., May 8, 1882.

Editor Firemen's Magazine.

In your May issue I notice that a new correspondent signing himself "One of the Browns," has been estimating the merit of our Cerro Gordo members, from a Brotherhood standpoint, and, as I take it for granted that he knows whereof he speaks, I feel convinced, without further proof, that the men in that locality are up to the highest standard.

There is one—of whom your correspondent speaks in flattering terms—whose personal acquaintance I had the honor of forming at the last convention, and to whom I feel indebted to the full value of my esteem. In fact, I was prompted to write these few lines in order to express my hearty endorsement of the beautiful compliment bestowed upon him by your able contributor. It will require no strain of the imagination to know that I mean Bro. A. H. Tucker—a man in all the integrity of nature. He is not only an honor to himself and his Lodge, but to the entire Order.

A few days ago I met our worthy Instructor, S. M. Stevens, in this city, on his way back from the Northwest.

As he had made a very tiresome trip, he was hardly in condition to say much about his travels, but when I asked him if he had met any good Brotherhood men in that locality, he seemed to brighten up as he repeated the names of those, whom he said, "were the embodiment of our principles." "But among them all," said he, "there is none to whom I more cheerfully pay the tribute of my admiration and respect than to Bro. A. H. Tucker, of Cerro Gordo Lodge, No. 29; he is a towering monument of manhood and would grace any legislative assembly in the land. Our members, one and all, should feel proud of him."

The eloquent words of our Instructor will evoke the hearty approval of every member who is acquainted with the subject of his eulogy.

With a few more such men in our Order it would soon supplant every institution of its kind.

To speak his praises in my humble way, has been my mission, for I feel it a duty to recognize and show an appreciation of men of merit, as imperative, as to ignore those who are devoid of it.

Fraternally yours,

ONE OF THE SMITHS.

LOCAL SQUIBS.

LAFAYETTE, IND., April 2, 1882.

Editor Firemen's Magazine:

Perhaps a few items from Tippecanoe Lodge No. 36 may not be uninteresting to your readers, so I will pen them as they come under my observation. I will begin with Bro. Beemer, who is now a salesman at Perrett & Miller's buggy and carriage house.

Although Bro. B. has laid the scoop aside, he is still in love with the Brotherhood and does all he can to enhance its welfare. If any of our members need anything in his line they will do well to give him a call, for he is sure to give them satisfaction.

John Moore, Robert Zink and E. D. Marney were admitted at our last meeting. Bro. Sam Rogers has been sent to Tilton to take the right side of a switch engine.

Pat Boles is running a pusher at Logansport, and does his duty like a little man.

On and after the 15th of this month the divisions will be changed on the Wabash road from Tilton to Antioch, and from Antioch to Toledo, giving the boys a run of 126 miles and another of 127 miles.

The left hand engineers will soon know whether they can stand the work or not. This is a matter of serious importance to those who fire ten-wheelers. Should they be able to stand it they will be at a loss where to live. The folks at Antioch say "come to Antioch," and those at Tilton say "come to Tilton," so we will have to experiment a while, and find out at which end we get the longest "lay-overs," before we cast anchor in either harbor.

In the meantime, we will be as happy as a healthy climate will permit.

Fraternally yours, McM.

FROM NO. 70.

LONGVIEW, TEX., May 20, 1882.

Editor Firemen's Magazine:

Our object being "to build up and not to tear down," according to Uncle Daniel of No. 47, in the May number of the Magazine, and as I rarely see anything in that valuable book from "old 70," I take it upon myself to drop a few lines in regard to the extensive "black list" found in each number of the Magazine. Our object being to admit only good and honest men into our Order, we should when one makes application for admission inquire well into his character; and

if he does not fill the bill in every particular, he should not be admitted, as very often parties join for purely mercenary purposes; our Order furnishes endless advantages and many worthless ones join simply to enjoy these benefits. For instance, we find men who wish to take a trip free of charge. "Well, how is the Brotherhood, Jim, is she any good? I want to take a trip soon and would like to get into it in order to get a card to travel on. Will you take up an application for me?" This man no doubt gets in, takes the desired trip, comes back and forgets all about the Brotherhood, forgets his obligation, forgets to pay his dues and assessments, and even forgets the time of Lodge meetings until such time as he wishes to reap more of the benefits; then he comes to pay up all old accounts, and evidently takes a new interest in the matter. But when that time comes, Brothers, let it be too late, and let us do him as he done us; namely, forget all about him. In my opinion, when a man can not pay the paltry sum required of him, and pay it like a man, he ought not to be harbored in any Lodge, and the sooner we can rid ourselves of such, the broader will the path to prosperity open to us. I would make an earnest appeal to every Brother in the Order to pay promptly and avoid having their names published in the black list; let us all work for one object, and that to keep the black list as small as possible by keeping bad men out of the Order in the first place. Let us show each other, and let us show the world that if we are only humble firemen, that we have as much honor as can be found in honor's court anywhere. Now I would ask a question: Whom do you favor by doing right and paying up? Do you favor the Lodge or yourself? Don't you think you receive about as much as you give? Certainly you do, and by way of advice, I will add that if you tire of the Brotherhood and wish to leave it, leave in an honorable manner, pay up what you owe and take a withdrawal card. You will then, at least, be acting the part of a gentleman. Don't wait until you are expelled and published. If you are at a distance from your Lodge, correspond with its officers and show them that your interest has not died out. If you will do as I suggest in this letter, I will warrant you, Brothers, that our black list will decrease from day to day. Hoping that all will pay strict attention to this subject, I will sign myself

JUSTICE,

Of Lone Star Lodge No. 70.

CARD OF THANKS.

WELLS, NEV., April 16, 1882.

To the Officers and Members of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen:

GENTLEMEN: I received this day from Mr. Ole Thompson, Financier of Silver State Lodge No. 89, a draft for one thousand (\$1,000.00) dollars, as payment of the insurance of my late husband, who died on the 2d of February, and was at the time of his death a member of Silver State Lodge No. 89.

You have my thanks, as well as my sincere desire for the welfare of your noble Brotherhood in return for your many acts of kindness to me during my husband's illness, and at the time of his death. You comforted my family at a time when we sorely needed assistance, for which you have our everlasting gratitude.

Most truly yours,

MRS. PRISCILLA DUDLEY.

TIM FAGAN'S PILGRIMAGE.

Editor Firemen's Magazine.

"The base degenerate iron offspring ends;
A golden progeny from heaven descends!

Thy own Apollo reigns

The lovely boy with his auspicious face."

—Virgil.

Apollo was the son of Jupiter and Latona; he is sometimes called Phoebus, and is often confounded with the Sun, because he was once represented with a crown of light radiating from his head. This light is supposed to have represented his bright intellect and genius, his manly virtues and good qualities, and his superiority of character; however, not a few of our ancient writers prove that Apollo, Sun, Phoebus and Hyperion were all different deities, though often confounded one with the other.

Cicero gives us the names of four persons called Apollo. The first was the son of Vulcan, the second was son of Corybas, and was born in Crete. The third was son of Jupiter and Latona, to whom I refer in this paper, and the fourth was born in Arcadia, and called Nomion, because he gave laws to the inhabitants.

It seems that the son of Vulcan was the most ancient and from him it appears the actions of the others have been copied. Egyptian mythology gives us some interesting information concerning Apollo; as does also Plutarch, Homer, Virgil and many ancient writers.

The well known jealousy of Juno, wife

of Jubiter, created the serpent Python to torment and persecute Latona,

—“Who, forced by fate
And haughty Juno's unrelenting hate.”

was refused a place to give birth to her children. Jubiter saved her from the fury of the monster by changing her into a quail.

Neptune, the god of the sea, he who

“With ready trident stands
And opes the deep, and spreads the moving
sands;
Then heaves them off the shoals; where'er
he guides
His finny coursers, and in triumph rides,
The waves unruffle and the sea subsides.”

This sublime character was so moved to pity at the severity of the fate of Latona, that he raised the island of Delos from the bottom of the ocean, where she was restored to her natural and original shape, and gave birth to the twins, Apollo and Diana, the ideal beauty of manhood and womanhood. Diana became the goddess of the chase.

“Her spotted habit sits with such a grace
On her smooth shoulders, and so suits her
face;
Her head with ringlets of her hair is crown'd
And in a massive caul the curls are bound.
She shakes her myrtle javelin; and behind,
Her Lycian quiver dances in the wind.”

Apollo immediately after his birth, destroyed the serpent Python with arrows; he afterwards vindicated the honor of his mother by putting to death the children of the proud Niobe, a goddess who had seven sons and seven daughters. Niobe insulted and ridiculed the worship which was paid to Latona, observing that she had a better claim to alters and sacrifices than the mother of Apollo and Diana. This so provoked Latona that she entreated of her children to punish the arrogant Niobe; soon, after, in response to her prayer, all the sons of Niobe were killed by the darts of Apollo; and all the daughters, except Chloris, were destroyed by Diana. Niobe, struck at the rapidity and suddenness of her misfortune, was changed into stone.

Apollo was the god of all the fine arts, of medicine, poetry, music and eloquence, of which he was deemed the inspiring genius. He had also received from his father the power of knowing futurity.

Aesculapius, the son of Apollo, was killed by the thunders of Jubiter for raising the dead to life; this so aroused the anger of Apollo that he destroyed the Cyclops who had manufactured the thunder-bolts, an act of violence that cost him his abode with the gods in heaven, from which he was banished by Jubiter, and stripped of his dignity.

Nine years of his exile he spent in Thessaly as a shepherd, hence he became the god of shepherds, and a wolf, the declared enemy of the fold, was offered in sacrifice to him. Admetus, who was then King of Thessaly, had been very kind to the exiled deity, and Apollo in gratitude for this tender treatment had afterwards rewarded Admetus by many beautiful presents, and finally redeemed him from the sting of death.

Apollo is always represented as a tall beardless young man, very handsome and well formed, in his hand he carries a bow, and sometimes a lyre; this last was given to him by Mercury.

His worship and power were well known and universally acknowledged, and his statues and temples were numerous, particularly in Egypt, Greece and Italy.

A celebrated statue to him stood upon Mount Actium, as a signal to mariners to avoid the dangerous coasts.

It was to this statue that the Emperor Augustus addressed himself for victory before the battle of Actium, which took place on the 2d Sept., B. C., 31, where he defeated the fleet of Antony and Cleopatra; in honor of which the conqueror built the town of Nicopolis, and raised a temple to Apollo on Mount Palatine, which he enriched with a valuable library.

His most famous oracle, and most splendid temple was at Delphi, where every nation had laid many and costly presents whenever they had occasion to consult with its mysteries, or laboured to extract the hidden knowledge that was otherwise denied them.

“Know, from the bounteous heavens all
riches flow,
And what man gives, God by man bestow;
Proud as thou art, henceforth no more be
proud;
Let He imprint His vengeance in thy blood.”

—*Odyssey.*

TIM FAGAN.

FROM NO. 59.

SOUTH PUEBLO, COL., May 15th, 1882.
Editor Firemen's Magazine:

Some things begin to have a suspicious look around here. We are in a flourishing condition, although for a month or more the boys have not been making any too much time on the road, and it seems strange that so many of our Brothers are asking for traveling cards; we see a new man on “engine 24” in Bro. Fred. Brigham's place. Now, all we want is

some invitations and a little of the cake this way; and to Mrs. John Hill, the members of No. 59 send kind regards through these columns, and we earnestly ask that she does not allow John to carry in any water or build the fires, he is so delicate, you know. The Secretary says he intends to go east this fall, but the boys can not fathom his purpose in so doing. I can say, boys, wait patiently until Thanksgiving time, and then find out.

We have just met with a severe loss in case of Bro. Henry L. Smith's death, of which resolutions will be found in the Magazine, and I must say that a very striking illustration of the duty we owe to our friends and ourselves was presented to us in his death. When he filled out his policy he made this remark to me: "There, if anything happens to me, mother is provided for," and it seemed as if a great load had been lifted from his shoulders; how little the poor fellow thought that in less than a month he would be sleeping his long last sleep in the potter's field, stricken down in the prime of life by that terrible disease, small-pox. I say, brothers, if you love your friends and the Order, if you value your own life and integrity, by all means keep your dues and assessments promptly paid, and then if you are maimed or killed, you and your friends are substantially provided for. This insurance is the foundation of our Brotherhood and the life of the Order, and must be maintained, no matter what the cost may be. It has taken long years of toil and labor by us and our predecessors to accomplish these results, and I ask you, are these results to be thrown away because we can not spare the money? I say not by any means; we can frequently spare a dollar for a theatre or carriage ride, why can we not put the money to this charitable purpose, and not growl about it. Some say we are not growling, and I say some are growling. Now, do those who are not satisfied with the present system of insurance stop for a moment and consider the difference in our old system and the new; do you realize the difference between \$400 in case of death, and \$1,000 in case of disability or death? I fear not; your mind is not capable of seeing the difference. The present system was adopted by our delegates at the last Convention; you sent them there, knowing full well that important changes were to be made, and now I say let well enough alone, and time will prove the wisdom of their action. Fraternally,

E. B. MAYO.

FROM NO. 21.

SOUTH ST. LOUIS, MO., May 6, 1882.

Editor Firemen's Magazine:

I have quite a budget of news for you, which I am about to put into proper shape for the Magazine. I will begin by giving you a short account of our first annual ball, which took place on the evening of April 17, 1882, and which was a brilliant success, both socially and financially. Music was furnished by the Knights Templar Band, of St. Louis, and a splendid supper partaken of. Dancing was indulged in to a late hour.

We are under many obligations to the lady friends of No. 21, who very kindly furnished many excellent cakes for our supper. Prominent among these are Mrs. Fuller, Mrs. M. Lynch, Mrs. J. J. Sweeney, Mrs. M. Baker, Mrs. West and Misses West and Wilson. They also rendered us their assistance in many other ways, and we shall long remember the goodness of these ladies, as the success of our ball is in a great measure due to their efforts. We also thank Mrs. J. A. Hayes for the initials of our Order, beautifully worked in evergreen and presented the evening of our ball.

All who participated in this social event will long remember the gallant boys of No. 21.

We wish a long rail and a safe ride to Bros. Donehew and Durner, who stand with the promoted.

For quite a while, dear editor, the existence of No. 21 hung by a thread, as you well know, and I write you this as an evidence of our prosperity, due to the manly conduct of our members and the skillful management of our worthy Master.

Always,

A MEMBER.

A LETTER FROM IOWA.

BOONE, IOWA, May 11, 1882.

Editor Firemen's Magazine:

"Young Wife" has led out in the May number of your Magazine with one very important subject, and now I would like to mention another and make a few suggestions thereon. I have so much in my mind that I could write about, but will confine myself to one subject only, and remembering that the surest way to reach a man's heart is through his stomach, I will say a few words about lunches, the bane of some women's lives. But if they had to work hard and then eat

those same lunches, they might not think preparing and putting them up was the hardest part, after all.

Now, I should hate the sight of a lunch pail if I had to take one half or two-thirds of my meals out of one, as most all train men have to.

Being a fireman's wife, of course I have lunches to put up, and know just how much extra work they make, and I make it a point to have as great a variety for them as possible. Of course, one has to keep within their means, and the season of the year has a great deal to do with cooking for lunches; but there are so many little, inexpensive ways of cooking the same article that a change can be had quite often. "A change is as good as a feast."

So I will change the subject by adding how well I like to read the Magazine. I always read the "Correspondence" first.

I will give a recipe for Cream Pie, which is very nice: One pint of sweet milk, one half cup of sugar, let come to a boil, then stir in two eggs well beaten with two dessert spoonfuls of cornstarch; add a lump of butter the size of a hen's egg, and a pinch of salt. Flavor with lemon or vanilla, and fill the crust and bake. The crust should be baked before being filled, and to prevent its blistering prick it with a fork in several places. Reserve the white of one of the eggs, if you wish, to frost it with.

I am afraid my letter is too long, and so I will close by wishing the Magazine and its readers success and long life.

A FIREMAN'S WIFE.

EVENT OF THE SEASON.

PHILLIPSBURG, N. J., April 20, 1882.

Editor Firemen's Magazine.

This is to inform the brethren of the Order that the ball just given by Excelsior Lodge, No. 11, was, in all respects, a grand success. The hall was well filled with happy participants and not a thing occurred to mar the pleasures of the evening.

The following notice of the affair appeared in one of our city papers:

"The ball of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, of Phillipsburg, in Able's hall last night proved a great success. The attendance was large, the music good and the dancers in excellent humor. The ball was given on the first anniversary of the order, and was a fitting close to a year during which the Brotherhood has prospered and enlarged. There were 135

couples in the grand march, and as the dance went on 'joy was unconfined.'"

I am also happy to say that it was a financial success, as over one hundred dollars were reaped above all expenses.

We must not forget to express our thanks to Bro. J. Cole, of No. 13, for the valuable assistance he rendered us. He took a very active part in the work and contributed largely to the success of the entertainment.

Bro. Kerkendall was master of ceremonies and did his whole duty in that capacity.

Bro. Leminger was floor manager, and as such, gave entire satisfaction.

Bros. D. Gorgas, E. Teel and R. Tyn-dall rendered him valuable assistance. Bros. Kidney and Melroy officiated in the cloak room.

Bros. Mason and Hosford presided at the door and were very faithful in the discharge of their duties.

This will give No. 11 a solid foundation, and you may look for some good reports from her.

Fraternally, EXCELSIOR.

THE PINE CITY BOYS.

BRAINERD, MINN., April 30, 1882.

Editor Firemen's Magazine:

With feelings of pride and pleasure, I announce to our sister Lodges that Pine City Lodge, No. 81, has just held her annual ball and reception—an occasion long to be remembered by the many happy participants.

It was a grand success and will do much to elevate us in the estimation of the people of this city.

The following account of the affair appeared in one of our city papers:

"The ball given last evening by the Locomotive Firemen was a decided success in every particular, financially and socially. There were about fifteen couples present, and as the arrangements were all perfect and everything in good order, those assembled could not but help enjoying themselves and with such excellent music as was furnished by Prof. Dresskell's full orchestra, the time passed so quickly that no one hardly realized the fact that the first part of the programme had been danced and that the next thing in order was supper. The dancers then proceeded to the Headquarters hotel, where a magnificent banquet awaited them, to which ample justice was done by the appreciative and hungry guest. After thoroughly refreshing themselves

they again repaired to the ball room, where they danced until the small hours, when all went home, voting the Locomotive Firemen the princes of entertainers. The hall was beautifully festooned and decorated with mottoes, pictures of locomotives, etc. The following was the programme of the evening:

PROGRAMME.

- 1 Grand March, with Quadrille . . . B. L. F.
- 2 Quadrille Welcome All
- 3 Schottische Couple Up
- 4 Quadrille N. P. R. R.
- 5 Waltz Twelve Miles an Hour
- 6 Quadrille Toot! Toot! Now we're Off
- 7 Varsouvienne Brainerd
- 8 Quadrille Indicator
- 9 Danish Polka Our Gallant Conductors
- 10 Quadrille B. St. P. & G. F. R. R.
- 11 Fireman's Dance Our Faithful Firemen
- 12 Polka Redawa, Our wives and Sweethearts
- 13 Quadrille Pay Car and Engine 8
- 14 Waltz To Supper, A. P. Farrar

SUPPER.

- 15 Quadrille All Aboard—A la Dow
 - 16 Schottische On Time
 - 17 Quadrille Ladies Choice
 - 18 Varsouvienne Air Brakes
 - 19 Quadrille Our Visitors
 - 20 Galop Ten Minutes Late
 - 21 Lancers Rolling Down Muskoga
 - 22 Waltz Around the Curves
 - 23 Quadrille Climbing up Fond du Lac
 - 24 Virginia Reel Over the Steel
 - 25 Quadrille—Tucker Uncle Ed
 - 26 Polka Mazourka Our Mutual Friend
 - 27 Quadrille Eugene V. Debs
 - 28 Waltz To 20 Miles an Hour
 - 29 Money Musk Oscar Lyke, Mogul Engin'r
 - 30 Quadrille We Sma' Hours
- HOME, SWEET HOME . . . Time Order: Home at 4 A. M.

All in all, it was one of the most pleasant and enjoyable receptions ever given in this city and will long linger in the memories of those who were present.

Pine City Lodge, No. 81, is booming louder and louder and soon she will give substantial evidence of her prosperity. Instructor Stevens passed through here a short time ago and stirred up the "slug-gard"—as the Magazine calls them—by the magic of his eloquence. The general verdict is "that he is a good one."

Yours in B. S. and I.

RED JACKET.

BENEFICIARY BALL.

BOONE, IOWA, May 8, 1882.

Editor Firemen's Magazine:

Connecting Link takes a step ahead at every meeting. I also can state with great satisfaction that the ball, given by its members on the eve of April 28, for the benefit of Bro. Ed. Davis, who has been laid up with rheumatism for some time, was a success, financially, as well as

otherwise; great credit being due the following committees:

Committee of Arrangements—W. H. Fuller, J. B. Reed, T. A. Adams, E. Davis.

Reception Committee: R. Simpson, R. S. Pike, M. M. Crane, J. D. Russell, L. Sieling.

Floor Managers: D. M. Finley, T. H. Keating, C. A. Wheeler.

I am glad that there is one "young wife" that takes an interest in our Magazine.

The "Tramp" expresses the sentiments of every true member of the Order.

Fraternally yours, W. A. C.

A SUCCESSFUL ENTERTAINMENT.

PORTLAND, ME., April 19, 1882.

Editor Firemen's Magazine.

Great Eastern Lodge No. 4 of the B. of L. F. gave their first annual assembly at Grand Army Hall last evening. When the grand march took place at 8:30 o'clock, the hall was well filled with ladies and gentlemen, and later all available space was occupied.

The following programme was carried out during the evening:

PROGRAMME.

Grand March and Circle—B. of L. F.

1. Quadrille—Welcome.
2. Boston Fancy—Our W. M.
3. Waltz and Galop—Div. 40, B. of L. E.
4. Lady of the Lake—E. V. Debs.
5. Quadrille—Our Lady Friends.
6. Quadrille—Waltz—Our Committee.
7. Quadrille—Waiting for Orders.

INTERMISSION—30 MINUTES.

Waltz, Polka and Galop.

8. March and Portland Fancy.
 9. Quadrille—All Right.
 10. Spanish—Our Manager.
 11. Lancers—S. M. Stevens.
 12. Waltz—On Time.
 13. Hull's Victory—I Feel Tired.
 14. Quadrille—Come to our Next.
- Good Night.

The assembly may be pronounced a decided success.

The ladies all looked charmingly, and were elegantly attired, while the gentlemen likewise made a splendid appearance and seemed as much at home in the dance as on their engines. The Committee of Arrangements consisted of A. J. Reagan, J. Webber Jr., L. G. Shaw, G. E. Sheridan and A. E. Shorey.

The floor director was A. J. Reagan, assisted by L. G. Shaw, J. Webber Jr., G. E. Sheridan, G. C. Cobb, O. Rollins, R. G. Hilborn, and J. F. Doyle.

The programme embraced fourteen dances, and the music was furnished by

Chandler in excellent style. Everyone present had a most enjoyable time and the occasion will long be remembered. Great Eastern Lodge No. 4 aims to do everything she undertakes in proper shape, and her first annual ball was no exception to the rule. A. E. D.

PAST SCHOOL DAYS.

DEERFIELD, MICH., May 28, 1882.

Editor Firemen's Magazine:

How little we think what a pleasure our school days are, until it is too late; they have passed—passed forever. We do not know how much to appreciate good things until we are deprived of them, then we think if we could but live it over again, we would then know how to value happiness. During our school-days we are free from all cares and responsibilities; but human nature is such that our inclinations are to rob the future of her mysteries, and by so doing we scarcely heed the present, as it is passing slowly away. It is only in after years that we reproach ourselves for not having been more appreciative of good times. Our school days gone, what would we give to shake off responsibilities for only a little while and return to the old school house to see the dear faces of school mates around us again, and the patient teacher bending so kindly over us, almost sacrificing herself in her endeavors to point out the path of right to us. Throughout our lives, no matter what our lot may be, when we look back at the past we all admit that our school days were the brightest and happiest we have ever known. F. J. M.

TEXAS SIFTINGS.

FORT WORTH, TEX., May 12, 1882.

Editor Firemen's Magazine:

The last number of the Magazine contains an editorial admonition to "get acquainted," and as our isolated situation precludes the possibility of our getting acquainted with the Brotherhood in the manner you suggest, we shall from time to time ask a little space in the Magazine, that we may pose for a photograph and be known among the boys. We feel that we are already acquainted with the regular correspondents of the Magazine, whose epistles, coming in monthly succession, seem like letters from friends, and, when a familiar signature is absent from its columns, we feel slighted and tempted to

"blow them up" for their negligence, if we ever get a chance. The Magazine is an excellent medium through which to form acquaintances, both as individuals and as Lodges, for through it we learn of what other Lodges are doing, and are thus stimulated to greater energy in building up our individual Lodge, and striving to emulate the example of the more worthy Brothers, whose good deeds are recorded in them.

Down here we feel like a sort of detachment from the regular army, or a kind of a side show on the outside, but e'er long we propose to be under the big canvas of the "big circus," with season tickets for our families and friends. Since our organization, in February, we have had eight acquisitions to our Lodge, and have about as many more applications pending. Four of the boys have been promoted to the right side within as many weeks. They are Bros. James McGuire, W. Ransom, J. B. Guile and H. J. Berquist. Our finances, under the skillful manipulation of Capt. Jno. O'Malley, have been sufficient to keep us out of debt, and leave quite a handsome balance in the treasury. We could make a much stronger showing in the way of members were we to take in every stragglng "tallow pot" that makes application, but when an application is made we examine into his record, and if unworthy, we do not admit him, for over the door it is written, "No tramp or professional dead beat need apply." We are striving to keep our Lodge free from reproach and its membership pure, and whether we number as many as others or not, we shall have the consolation of knowing that what we have are worthy of the cause, and when our older sisters shall have reached the climax of perfection, the Trinity will "loom up like a diamond in the dim distance," as bright a constellation as any. *Crescite multiplicamini.* More anon,

HEADLIGHT.

ADVANCE OF WAGES.

TORONTO, CANADA, May 12, 1882.

Editor Firemen's Magazine:

Little Dominion No. 67 is getting too dignified to be represented in the Magazine only by short remarks under the personal heading. There are two or three brothers of this Lodge whose names I could mention, living in glass houses just now, and had, therefore, better not throw any stones.

Bro. Mowat's trip was, no doubt, very

enjoyable, but we will make no comments.

Some time ago the firemen on the Grand Trunk Railway decided to ask for a raise of pay, and a deputation was formed on which were appointed the following named Brothers: J. Lamb, for Stratford; S. Vaughan, for Toronto; E. Adamson, for Belleville; R. Trumbull, for Brockville, and Tom Clarke for Montreal.

On arriving in Montreal, they were very courteously received by Mr. Wallis, our Mechanical Superintendent, who, after considering their application, granted them a very fair advance. The delegates are enthusiastic over the way in which they were treated in Montreal and wish to intimate to the boys there their appreciation of the same, and to publicly announce that they are ready to back Bro. Tom Clarke, of Montreal, in a take-him-as-you-please against the best men of the Order.

September will not be long in coming now and with it our Convention, and by the by, the question has been asked us: Which is to be the finest Lodge of the Dominion this year? Why, the Dominion Lodge, of course. The Toronto boys have spoken, and that settles it.

Yours fraternally,

MOGUL.

JERSEY JOTTINGS.

JERSEY CITY, N. J., May 11, 1882.

Editor Firemen's Magazine.

Here is a little news from No. 13, of Jersey City. We had an excellent meeting on Sunday last, the seventh inst. About fifteen of No. 3's members kindly paid us a visit and we received some good suggestions from Bro. E. W. Davis and others, for which we are grateful. We all sympathize with Bro. Thomas Kelton, whose father died recently and we trust that his loss may be Heaven's gain. One of our Brothers thought he would do it nicely, he and Bro. Lewis got a leave of absence from our Master Mechanic, Mr. Williams, and went to Newark. They little suspected from Mr. Williams's smile that he knew all. We wish Bro. Jones and bride a full share of this world's happiness. Hoping that Bro. Lewis will soon follow suit, I am, the same W. J. C.

SOME impostor recently presented an old traveling card to Bro. Gavin, of No. 81, expecting him to recognize it. It is of the 1878 issue, but has the date altered. Bro. Gavin wisely took it up and sent it to the Grand Lodge.

A MOTHER'S GRATITUDE.

CHICAGO, ILLS., May 22, 1882.

Editor Firemen's Magazine.

For the first time it has been my painful and yet pleasant duty to go to the home of the mourning, to give to those who mourn the loss of a loved one, the proceeds of our bounty for the relief of those who suffer.

Sad and painful it is to go to the house of our lost Brother, to see the afflicted and aged mother, who is just ready to step over into the unknown hereafter, to follow her beloved son, her support in life, who has just gone before and who is waiting for her over there where there is no more parting; to see with what heart-breaking sorrow she mourns her loss. She can not speak, her voice is broken with sobs that come from the heart; her frame shaking, and her head bowed down with grief, as she listens to us who once were companions and brothers of her beloved son.

And then the pleasure to see a smile through the tears, as a beam of sunshine through a shower, and to receive her blessings, as we tell our object of this visit, and she receives the bounty of our beloved Order. She sees that she has something to keep her from poverty and distress, that must have come in her old age had it not been for the benevolence of the B. of L. F.

Brothers, do any of you think you could witness a sight like this without pledging yourselves anew to live up to the rules of our Grand Constitution? I believe I can answer "No" for all.

We all have loved ones to depend on us, their sons, husbands or fathers.

Then let us keep our dues up so when the time comes to leave our dear ones, on our last trip, let us leave them knowing the B. of L. F. will administer to their wants in their time of affliction and trial.

ONE OF 47.

HALF a century ago the average age of a Minister in a French Cabinet was sixty-five. Twenty-five years ago it fell to sixty. The new Cabinet is the youngest that has been known in France. Its oldest member is only sixty-two, its youngest thirty-five. M. Gambetta, its chief, is only forty-three. The twelve Ministers count between them six hundred and twelve and a half years, giving an average of little over fifty-one years for each Minister.

PERSONAL.

THE boys of No. 41 are elated over the deserved promotion of their worthy Financier, Bro. J. F. Reilly.

BRO. P. W. JOHNSON, after long and faithful service as Financier of No. 62, has resigned, and has been succeeded by Bro. J. A. Bryden.

LAWRENCE MAHEAR, of No. 79, is hereby requested to correspond with the Financier of his Lodge.

BRO. L. WHITE, of No. 13, is hereby respectfully requested to correspond with the Financier of his Lodge.

BRO. PATRICK THANAY, of Rochester Lodge, No. 99, is the happy father of an eleven pound boy.

N. A. AMES, Master of Onward Lodge, No. 41, is six feet of as fine Brotherhood timber as can be found in the Order.

CLINTON Lodge, No. 34, received a friendly visit from Bros. W. T. Post and Kennedy, of Boone Lodge. Visitors are always welcomed at Clinton.

OUR new lodge at Mandan, Dakota, reports the promotion of Bro. J. F. Reilly. May all the boys meet with the same success.

BROS. Harry Young, R. L. Jamison and Patrick Mullaney, of No. 56, will please correspond with the Financier of their Lodge.

E. E. DENIS, of our New Era Lodge says that the boys of No. 81 can tell a bogus traveling card on sight. It is not safe to present any of that kind in that country.

WE wouldn't have believed it of you, Bro. Kendall. We know that you had a great fondness for Davenport, but we did not know that the future Mrs. Kendall resided there. Our best to yourself and lady.

THE right man in the right place is Bro. Holl, of No. 82. Although quite a young man, the day is not remote when he will be known among the peers in the Brotherhood.

JOHN EMERY, the Magazine Agent of No. 24, is still at work, until at the present time his list numbers sixty-one, which is doing remarkably well in a small place, and that it required work, no one will dispute.

CHRISTOPHER KEETE, of No. 17, is hereby requested to correspond with the Financier of his Lodge. Address, C. A. Cripps, City Clerk, Vincennes, Ind.

BRO. J. N. IRWIN is one of the "Square" boys, who, by his conduct, has won a place in the heart of every man who knows him. He is a credit to his Lodge and an honor to the Order.

THE members of No. 81 return their thanks to Minnehaha Lodge No. 61 for courtesies shown them on the occasion of their recent ball. They were cheerfully and worthily bestowed.

WE all have a standing invitation to the stately residence of Bro. Geo. Loda, in St. Louis. We will at our earliest convenience, take advantage of his generosity.

THE right kind of a Brotherhood man is Bro. W. P. Mitchell, of Lone Star, No. 70. He understands the duties of membership and contributes, in a great measure, to the well-being of his Lodge.

BROTHERS WEAVER and Brown, esteemed members of No. 82, are old and successful engineers, whose promotion did not cause them to forget that they once handled the scoop; nor do they fail to remember their duty to their first love—the Brotherhood.

THE "Hungry man from Salem" wants to know why a man who does the least to support the Brotherhood, expects the most benefits from it. The "Tramp" says: "for the same reason that a mule kicks the man who feeds him. It is the nature of the beast."

WE have just heard, through our Organizer, from our old friend F. W. Dyer, of St. Paul, Minn., who represented No. 61 at the Boston convention. It is to such men that the Brotherhood owes its present flourishing condition, and we are always glad to hear from them.

W. E. SULLIVAN, of No. 43, has changed his location for the present, and is now running Engine No. 2 on the St. Joe and Des Moines narrow gauge, where he will be pleased to meet his many friends. The boys at St. Joe miss him a great deal; in fact, they can scarcely get along without him.

A SHORT time ago, Bro. John Brink, of No. 62, presented his Lodge with a complete outfit of regalias, for both officers and members. This generous act was greatly appreciated by the members, who tendered him a resolution of thanks.

WE are under obligations to Jos. W. Holmes for a copy of the Firemen's Magazine, edited by E. V. Debs, at Terre Haute, Ind., in the interest of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen. It is a neat specimen of the kind and ought to receive a hearty support.—*Greene County Advocate, Roodhouse, Ills.*

THE "Hungry Man" from Salem wants to know what the "Tramp" was doing in that back alley in Kalamazoo. The "Tramp" says he was hunting for a bone to pick, and now the "Hungry Man" offers to bet that that bone was hidden under the feathers of a live chicken.

KEY CITY Lodge No. 106 is about to receive a valuable acquisition to her number, and as she is a very young Lodge, two such members as Bros. Thomas and Geo. Welch will be of great service to her. The above mentioned brothers have withdrawn from No. 34 in order to join the little Lodge at Dubuque.

THE Brothers of No. 18 hereby return thanks to the members of No. 54 for invitations to their third annual ball, and the many courtesies shown them while in attendance of same. The boys of No. 18 were handsomely entertained, particularly Bros. Smart and Reed, who played the gallant so successfully as to call forth many flattering comments from the fair sex.

THE engineers and firemen of Battle Creek, Michigan, are fitting up a Lodge room which is said to be one of the finest in the State. That is a great and important step in the cause, for no man feels a great inclination to attend Lodge in a dingy and uncomfortable Lodge room. These boys deserve great praise for their refined tastes.

ON April 28th, the engine of Bro. J. F. Reed, of West End Lodge No. 18, met with a severe accident. When within twenty miles of Kansas City, she ran into a flat car on the main track, turning her over and doing considerable damage. Engineer Hammond was seriously, though fortunately, not dangerously injured. Bro. Reed had "layed off" to attend the ball of Lodge No. 54, little thinking of the danger he averted.

INSTRUCTOR Stevens speaks of Steve Murphy, of Minnehaha No. 61 as one of the most thoroughly posted members he has met for a long time.

CHARLES ELTON, the plucky Master of Orange Grove Lodge, has managed so judiciously and worked so faithfully that No. 97 has no superior. When the boys see Bro. Elton moving among them they feel their duties and it must be said to their credit that the majority of them aid him very much by being punctual in their payments. May Bro. Elton's shadow never grow less.

BRO. DEAN, the old warhorse of No. 82 is at present loaned out with his engine to the St. Paul, Minneapolis and Manitoba Company. The Minneapolis & St. Louis line, however, is the one he depends on for his wealth. Bro. Dean is a great admirer of our Magazine and always gets hot when the carrier fails to show up at the proper time and still hotter when it does not come at all.

It is substantially reported that Bro. —, of No. 50, who so eagerly desired the ladies to exchange ideas in the January Magazine, has lost all fear of washday since reading treatise on same by "Young Wife," and like unto the advertiser of patent medicine, "he cries for it." Another firemen's wife took compassion upon J—— on the pie question, and when he reads her delicious receipt for cream pie, he will be in his seventh heaven of bliss, pi(e)ously speaking.

THE marriage of Bro. George Plummer, of Lone Star Lodge, No. 70, to Miss Mollie Maddocks, of Longview, Texas, is announced. As Bro. Plummer is a most worthy member of the Order it is earnestly hoped by his fellow-members that he may always be upon the main track to happiness and success and that the fair companion he has chosen for a life partner may share every pleasure to the end of the journey.

ON their return from an extended bridal trip through the east, Bro. Eaton and bride were tendered a brilliant reception by the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen of Lodge No. 48, of which Lodge Bro. Eaton is Secretary, and Mrs. Eaton has signified her intention of becoming assistant secretary. The reception was given at Prof. Bornstein's Academy, and dancing was indulged in up to a late hour. Everyone present felt happier for having been there. Bro. and Mrs. Eaton return thanks to the noble boys and their fair ladies.

BROS. Thomas Kirsker and C. C. Gould, of Perseverance Lodge, No. 98, are respectfully requested to correspond with Financier of said Lodge.

HARRY BARNES, of Vigo Lodge, No. 16, is one of the most forcible exhorters our Order contains. Visiting one of our Lodges recently, that is noted for its uniform quietude, he expressed a wish to hear from its members relating to Brotherhood affairs. Not one responded, whereupon the subject of this item requested them to get up and dance and if they could not dance, to sing, or do something to show him that they were alive. What a grand Brotherhood we would have if it contained a thousand such men.

DEATH OF NATHANIEL HASKELL.

The sad news of the death of Bro. Haskell, of Cactus Lodge, No. 94, has just reached us. The following account of the tragic affair is clipped from the Tucson, Arizona, Citizen:

The body of Nathaniel Haskell, who, on Sunday evening last, was killed on the Atchison and Topeka road near the junction with the El Paso branch, was brought to Tucson last evening and was at once conveyed to the undertaking establishment of E. J. Smith, at which place the body was to-day embalmed by Dr. Holbrook preparatory to its being forwarded to Chicago, at which place his relatives reside. At the time of his death he was a member of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, and since the return of

the body to this place they, the firemen, have taken entire charge, bearing unitedly among them all expenses incidental to embalming and preparing it for shipment east for interment. The body has been placed in an elegant casket and will tomorrow begin its journey, accompanied by an escort of honor together with his sorrowing family. Funeral services were this evening held at the residence of Mr. Mellis, Rev. Mr. Berry officiating. At the time of Mr. Haskell's death he was on his way to a family reunion at Chicago, and was riding on the engine which was running at schedule rates. When reaching Rincon the switch leading to the El Paso branch, had been misplaced and on reaching it the engine left the track and pitched violently head into the band, leaving the tender and breaking the steam connections immediately near where Mr. Haskell was sitting, scalding him to death in a fearful manner. He is supposed to have been thrown forward by the shock and rendered senseless, otherwise he might have possibly escaped as did the engineer and fireman with a few slight bruises. He leaves a wife and three children, the eldest about fourteen years and the youngest perhaps ten. They are not unprovided for, as his connection with the Locomotive Firemen insures his life for one thousand dollars, which will at once be paid to his family, and as by the generosity of his brother firemen in bearing the present expenses that amount will be clear. Mr. Haskell was much respected as the good hearts of his brother firemen have testified to that effect.

RESOLUTIONS.

THANKS.

JERSEY CITY, N. J., May 14, 1882.
To the Officers and Members of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen:

GENTLEMEN: Please accept my sincere thanks for the amount of insurance due me on account of my brother's death, one thousand dollars (\$1,000), and received this day from C. A. Wilson, Financier of Washington Lodge No. 13.

J. W. LOTT.

RESOLUTIONS OF SYMPATHY.

JERSEY CITY, N. J., May 4th, 1882.

Editor Firemen's Magazine:

At a regular meeting of Washington Lodge, No. 13, B. of L. F., held in their hall at Jersey City, N. J., the following preamble and resolutions, expressing sorrow at the death of our late Brother William D. Lott, were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, It has been the will of the Almighty God to take from our midst our beloved Bro. Wm. D. Lott, we bow in humble submission to the will of the Grand Master, where Providence is based upon infinite wisdom;

Resolved, That in the death of Bro. Wm. D. Lott, the B. of L. F. has lost a true and worthy member;

Resolved, That the thanks of this Lodge be tendered to all friends who assisted us in the funeral of our late Brother and also to the Brothers of No. 11;

Resolved, That the thanks of this Lodge be extended to our General Superintendent, W. W. Stearns, and to our Master Mechanic, C. G. Williams, for the acts of kindness shown us;

Resolved, That we drape our Charter in mourning for the space of thirty days;

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be presented to the relatives of our deceased brother and that they be published in the Locomotive Fireman's Magazine.

E. COLBATH,
GEO. HULL,
C. A. WILSON,
Committee.

FROM NO. 33.

TRENTON, Mo., May 3d, 1882.

Editor Firemen's Magazine:

At a regular meeting of Success Lodge, No. 33, B. of L. F., the following resolution was adopted:

WHEREAS, It has pleased Almighty God to remove from among us one of our Charter Members, Bro. John Valley, who died at South Pueblo, Colorado, April 19th, 1882, aged 27 years, therefore be it

Resolved, That we hereby tender to the parents and other relatives of our deceased brother our heartfelt sympathy in the hour of their affliction; and we further

Resolve, That our Lodge Charter be draped in mourning for the period of thirty days, as a token of respect to the memory of Bro. Valley; it is also further

Resolved, That the officers and members of Success Lodge No. 33, tender their best thanks to the officers and members of Royal Gorge Lodge No. 59, and to the Ladies Benevolent Association of South Pueblo, Colorado, for the kindness they displayed towards Bro. Valley during his sickness and for the care and kindness they displayed in sending his remains to his afflicted parents, and to Bro. P. Ryan of No. 59 for so kindly consent-

ing to accompany the remains and attending the funeral of our deceased Bro.; and be it further,

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be forwarded to the afflicted relatives and to Royal Gorge Lodge No. 59, and that they be placed on the minutes of our Lodge and a copy also be sent to the Editor of our Magazine for publication.

GEO. ATHERTON,
S. HART,
J. DIPPLE,
H. STAMPER,
C. A. CARSON,
H. BROWNHILL,
Committee.

FROM NO. 75.

PHILADELPHIA, May 23d, 1882.

Editor Firemen's Magazine:

At a regular meeting of Enterprise Lodge, No. 75, B. of L. F., held April 23d, 1882, the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, It has pleased Almighty God in His infinite wisdom to remove from his home on earth to that on high, the infant son of our worthy brother J. C. Lack, therefore be it

Resolved, That we, the members of Enterprise Lodge, do most sincerely extend to our worthy brother and his wife our sincere and heartfelt sympathy in the hour of their sorrow and bereavement.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be presented to our afflicted brother and his wife; also entered on the minutes of the Lodge and published in the Locomotive Fireman's Magazine.

HENRY WALTON,
H. L. ROBERTS,
CHARLES MAUL,
Committee.

FROM NO. 75.

WEST PHILADELPHIA, April 23, 1882.

Editor Firemen's Magazine:

At a regular meeting of Enterprise Lodge, No. 75, B. of L. F., the following preamble and resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, It was the will of Almighty God to call away the beloved wife of our esteemed brother, Cyrus J. Shengle, and,

WHEREAS, He is suffering severely from this great affliction, therefore be it

Resolved, That the officers and members extend their heartfelt sympathy to our Brother in this his hour of tribulation, and commend him to seek con-

solation in Him, who thought best to take from him, his loving wife; and be it further

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be presented to our afflicted Brother, and the same be recorded on the minutes of this meeting, and be published in the Fireman's Magazine.

WM. J. WHEELER,
HOWARD KRITSER,
GEORGE B. GARRETT,
Committee.

FROM NO. 105.

GALESBURG, ILLS., April 21, 1882.

Editor Firemen's Magazine.

At a regular meeting of Progress Lodge, No. 105, B. of L. F., held April 6, the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, Progress Lodge, 105, B. of L. F., since organized, has held all meetings in the Hall of Division 62, B. of L. E., and

WHEREAS, The members of Div. 62 B. of L. E. has granted Progress Lodge, 105 B. of L. F., her Hall gratis, be it

Resolved, That the thanks of Progress Lodge 105 B. of L. F., be extended to Div. 62 B. of L. E. for their kindness and liberality.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be presented to Div. 62 B. of L. E.; also sent to the Firemen's Magazine for publication.

T. E. CREEN,
W. B. RITTER,
A. T. BARTELL,
Committee.

FROM NO. 59.

SOUTH PUEBLO, COL., May 3d, 1882.

Editor Firemen's Magazine:

To the Officers and Members of Royal Gorge Lodge, No. 59, B. of L. F.

BROTHERS: It is with feelings of profound sorrow that we inform you that we are called upon to mourn the loss of a faithful helper and an esteemed Brother. On Sunday the 30th day of April, Bro. Henry L. Smith succumbed to that terrible contagion, small pox, and his spirit has passed to that bourne whence no traveler returns; although we were unable to assist in laying him in his last resting place, it will ever be a pleasure to honor and respect his memory; be it therefore

Resolved, That we tender to his aged mother and loving friends our warmest sympathy in this terrible affliction and

ask them to look to Him who directs all things for the comfort they so much need, and to his mother we will say that his only thought was for her comfort and welfare, and that he in his intercourse with us conducted himself upright and honorable and it was indeed a pleasure to call him Brother; and one whom had he lived would have been an honor to her, to our beloved order and to himself; and be it further,

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to his mother, spread upon our minutes and published in the Magazine and our Hall be draped in mourning for one month; and that our Brotherhood charter be dedicated to him.

Fraternally Yours

JOHN CORR,
L. E. WADE,
E. B. MAYO,
Committee.

RESOLUTIONS OF THANKS.

CARBONDALE, PA., April 30, 1882.

Editor Firemen's Magazine:

At the last regular meeting of Van Bergen Lodge, No. 62, the following resolutions were adopted:

Resolved, That the heartiest thanks of this Lodge are tendered to Bro. John Brink, for presenting this Lodge with a full set of regalias for Officers and members.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the Firemen's Magazine for publication.

A. HOYLE,
J. A. BRYDEN,
O. E. KISTED,
Committee.

FROM NO. 94.

TUCSON, ARIZONA, April 23d, 1882.

Editor Firemen's Magazine:

At a special meeting of Cactus Lodge, No. 94, B. of L. F., held April 23d, the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, The Supreme Ruler of the Universe has seen fit to remove from our midst our Friend and Brother, Nathaniel Haskell, who died in New Mexico, April 16th, 1882, from the effects of a distressing accident; and

WHEREAS, We have the melancholy satisfaction of knowing that all that could be done to pay respect to his remains was done by Ass't. Gen'l. Supt. Filmore, Ass't. Supt. Bean, Division Master Mechanic and Agent Shepherd of the S. P. R. R. of Arizona; and Ass't. Supt. Leach

and Messrs. Arnold and Comfort of the A. H. S. F. R. R. and by Engineer Palmer; therefore be it

Resolved, That we consign our Brothers good name to the memory of the Brotherhood and commend his virtues and exemplary life as a fitting example for us all to follow;

Resolved, That we offer condolence to the afflicted family of our late Brother and commend them to the Divine Protector of the Widowed and Fatherless;

Resolved, That the thanks of our Fraternity be returned to the officers who so kindly gave us every assistance and manifested sympathy for the bereaved family;

Resolved, That our Charter be draped in mourning for the space of thirty days and that a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family of our deceased Brother and spread upon the minutes of this meeting and sent for publication to the Fireman's Magazine.

F. D. SIMPSON,
WM. GORDEN,
CHAS. ARCHAMBAULT,
Committee.

FROM NO. 50.

CHICAGO, April 4, 1882.

Editor Firemen's Magazine:

The following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted at regular meeting of Garden City Lodge, No. 50.

WHEREAS, Almighty God in His infinite wisdom has seen fit to remove from our midst, by that dread disease pneumonia, Mrs. Ella Welch, beloved mother of Bro. John Welch; therefore, be it

Resolved, That to the bereaved son and mourning relatives and friends we extend our sincere and heartfelt sympathy; be it further

Resolved, That while we fully realize the deep sorrow and grief into which Bro. Welch is thrown, we would commend him for consolation to Almighty God who doeth all things for the best; be it further

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be spread upon the records of Garden City Lodge No. 50, and sent to Editor of B. of L. F. Magazine for publication and a copy also sent to family of deceased.

Shall we meet with many a loved one,
Torn on earth from our embrace?
Shall we listen to their voices,
And behold them face to face in heaven?

D. HOLLAND,
J. DELANY,
J. J. HANNAHAN,
Committee.

FROM NO. 34.

CLINTON, IOWA, April 24, 1882.

At a meeting of Clinton Lodge, No. 34, B. of L. F., the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, Death has invaded the households of two of our worthy brothers, taking from Bro. John S. Keith his esteemed wife, and from Bro. A. McMahon and wife their infant son. Therefore, be it

Resolved, That we, as a Lodge, extend to Bro. Keith and little daughter, and Bro. McMahon and wife our heartfelt sympathy in their sad bereavement.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to Bros. Keith and McMahon and published in the Clinton Herald and Firemen's Magazine.

A. J. SILL,
J. W. ADAMS,
B. S. KEITH,
Committee.

DEATHS AND DISABILITIES.

NATHANIEL HASKELL.

Bro. Haskell, of Cactus Lodge, No. 94, died April 16th, at Kincon, New Mexico, from injuries received in a railroad accident on the A. T. & S. F. R. R. His policy is payable to his wife, Mrs. E. F. Haskell, of Tucson, Arizona. The members of No. 94 took charge of the remains and paid all burial expenses, besides donating the afflicted family one hundred dollars.

GEORGE BAUER.

Bro. Bauer, of Industrial Lodge, No. 21, suffered the amputation of his left hand, April 23d, at South St. Louis, Mo., in consequence of a very distressing accident that befell him while in the discharge of his duties.

He was in the act of cleaning his ash-pan, while in a side-track, when, unfortunately, the train began to move; and in his effort to escape his impending fate the driving wheel passed over his left hand, necessitating the amputation of the lacerated member at the wrist joint. He will be entitled to the full insurance, as per section 7 of article 5 of the constitution.

EDWIN S. NEAVIL.

Bro. Neavil, of Enterprise Lodge, No. 75, died at North Wales, Pa. April 25th, of Pulmonary consumption. His policy is payable to Emma B. Neavil, of North Wales, Pa.

HENRY L. SMITH.

Bro. Smith, of Royal George Lodge, No. 59, died at South Pueblo, Col., of small-pox, April 30, 1882. He had only been a member of the Order two months when that dread disease claimed him as a victim. His policy is payable to his mother.

EUGENE BEETEN.

Brother Beeten, of Susquehanna Lodge No. 71, Oneonta, N. Y., was killed, May 6th, on the D. & H. C. Co. R. R., by the overturning of his engine. He was caught in the wreck and scalded so badly by the escaping steam that

he died in a short time. His policy is payable to Mrs. A. Beeten, of Slingerland, N. Y.

The following members having died since the new system of Insurance has gone into effect, but unfortunately they were not square on the books at the time of their death, so their respective claims have not been allowed:

HUGH P. CLINE.

Bro. Cline, of Golden Gate Lodge, No. 91, died of small-pox, January 8.

STEPHEN STRONG.

Bro. Strong, of Hawkeye Lodge, No. 27, died at Laramie, Wyoming, of Pneumonia, January 23.

J. VALLEY.

Bro. Valley, of Success Lodge, No. 33, died at South Pueblo, Col., April 19.

ADMITTED BY CARD.

No. 8—Wm. Waddington from No. 35; Arthur Detamore from No. 54.

WITHDRAWALS.

- No. 1—J. W. Forrest, final.
- No. 8—C. W. Green to join No. 27.
- No. 22—Thomas Quinn, to join No. 3.
- No. 34—George Welch and Thomas Welch, to join No. 106.
- No. 38—D. B. Annan, to join No. 84.
- No. 46—B. Whittell, final.
- No. 47—Angus Menish, from No. 38.
- No. 54—A. Detamore, to join No. 8.
- No. 70—J. C. Bunn, to join elsewhere; J. H. Leiby, to join No. 8.
- No. 73—A. F. Tubbs, to join elsewhere.
- No. 87—S. M. Cunningham and C. Miller, final.
- No. 98—J. W. Reisdorph to join elsewhere.
- No. 105—A. W. Rollins, from No. 57.

REINSTATED.

- No. 1—Al. Schlegel.
- No. 47—John McCann, in good standing.
- No. 70—W. B. Conley, M. Gorman and John McCann.
- No. 77—Frank La Mountain, in good standing.
- No. 61—E. Durphy.
- No. 94—J. B. Baker.

EXPELLED.

- No. 12—C. F. Willor, expelled for non-payment of dues.
- No. 13—Asbury Sovell, expelled for non-payment of dues.
- No. 18—James Farrell, expelled for non-payment of dues.
- No. 21—John Chanch, E. W. Webber and John Keating, expelled for non-payment of dues.
- No. 22—J. M. Barnes, expelled for non-payment of dues.
- No. 46—James Morris and Michael Tully, expelled for non-payment of dues.
- No. 55—Pat. Curry, expelled for non-payment of dues.
- No. 56—E. R. Evans, James W. Renand and Charles W. Harris, expelled for non-payment of dues.
- No. 67—Wm. Lormer, for non-payment of dues.
- No. 70—Jacob Bher, Fed Chappel, Chas. Greenwood, Thomas Harrison, Win. Maher, and Nelson Turner, expelled for non-payment of dues.

No. 75—G. W. Carson, expelled for non-payment of dues.

No. 83—Frank Benton, expelled for unbecoming conduct and dishonesty.

No. 86—John Dunn and Thomas Lynch, expelled or non-payment of dues.

No. 95—C. J. Copp, E. Fisk and R. G. Williams, expelled for non-payment of dues and violation of obligation.

No. 97—W. O. Dow, expelled for non-payment of dues.

No. 100—Patrick Grady, expelled for non-payment of dues.

JANUARY MAGAZINE.

Having sent out many January Magazines as samples, the issue has been completely exhausted and if Agents have any on hand that have not been disposed of they will favor us by returning them to this office. Full credit will be given for all that may be sent us.

THE EDITOR.

TO MAGAZINE AGENTS.

Magazine Agents in calling for their books at the Express office, must tell the Express clerk that their package is "Dead Head."

Dead Head Packages are not billed and are therefore not entered on the books at the Express office.

LODGE ADDRESSES.

We ask all Lodges to examine the addresses of their officers in this month's magazine. If any names are misspelled or addresses not correctly given, the Grand Secretary should be notified so that he can make the necessary corrections.

PHOTOGRAPHS OF GRAND OFFICERS.

Those wishing photographs of the Grand Officers for "Our Brotherhood Chart" can obtain them by enclosing 25 cents in stamps to the Grand Lodge.

BOUND MAGAZINES.

We have had all the surplus Magazines of 1880 and 1881 handsomely and substantially bound and offer them to our subscribers at \$1.50 per volume. We will send them to any address in quantities of one or more, postage paid, on receipt of the price.

LODGE BLANKS AND SUPPLIES.

We call the attention of Lodges to the following list of blanks and supplies which we are prepared to furnish at the lowest figures:

Constitution and By-Laws, Rituals, Keys to the Unwritten Work, Limited and Final Withdrawal Cards, Traveling Cards, Letter Heads, Envelopes, Applications for Membership, Notices of Election, Register Blanks, Receipts for dues, Beneficiary Registers and Orders on Financiers, etc., and Magazine Subscription Blanks.

Nearly all of the foregoing blanks have a tinted locomotive stamped upon them and are neat and practical.

The receipts are of a new form gotten up purposely to avoid the perplexities that often arise through the use of the ordinary forms.

In order to receive prompt attention, all orders for blanks must be directed to the Grand Secretary and Treasurer.

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 S. M. Stevens, Terre Haute, Ind., Grand Organizer and Instructor

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ALICE ARLINGTON'S SECRET.

BY GUINEVERE.

Alice Arlington locked the door of the little school house, dropped the key in her pocket and turned, with a half-drawn sigh, to the woodland path leading to the highway and village beyond.

For two short months she had taught the district school, and already the life was growing irksome to her. She had come there an entire stranger, and entered the list of candidates for that much desired position, and, despite the fact that she bore neither recommendations nor credentials, the public opinion turned in her favor, and she was chosen.

The village gossips at once set to work at ferreting out her family history, but were at length obliged to retire from the field, defeated; and now, at the end of two months, the towns-people knew nothing more of her save that she was very pretty and refined, very reticent, and exerted an influence over the children that had never before been equaled.

Young Godfrey Howell, sauntering up the woodland path, saw the weary look on the girl's face, and was moved by it.

"This life is tiresome for you," he remarked, taking her books and falling into step by her side. "You are wearing yourself out."

She smiled slowly, and looked at him from under her long lashes.

"I find it tedious at times," she replied; "but I do not think there is any real danger. Do I look superannuated?"

"I cannot judge from such a poor view of your face," he said. "Your hat almost completely hides it."

She pushed back her broad-brimmed Leghorn with her ungloved hand, and stood facing him. Godfrey had nothing to do but stop and survey the face upturned for criticism.

He saw a pair of red, smiling lips, straight, aristocratic little nose, black hair waving over a broad, white brow, and dark blue eyes from which every suspi-

cion of weariness or lassitude had vanished. No wrinkles, no dark lines, nothing but fresh, young beauty, and Godfrey Howell ended his survey with a smile.

"You did not look like that when I first saw you," he said, "and it is useless to deny it—you are tired of this life."

"Yes, I am," she replied frankly; "but it is equally useless to complain. I have no other life to choose."

"Alice—Miss Arlington, why not accept the one I am willing to give you?" Godfrey exclaimed, impetuously. "You know I love you!"

"You never told me," the girl said, with teasing accent.

She had known it long ago, ever since she first met Godfrey Howell, in fact; but the spice of coquetry in her nature made her prevaricate.

"Surely, you must have guessed it," Godfrey said. "Then, I tell you now, I love you devotedly, love you as I can never love again. Will you leave this life, Alice, and come with me?"

He was holding her hands now, and looking down into her face as if to read the truth her lips would utter. For one instant a flush swept from chin to brow, and then faded; the girl's face grew white and hard, and she drew herself away without speaking.

"Alice, have I offended you?" the young man asked, anxiously. "Are you vexed at my—"

"No, no," she interrupted. "You have done nothing wrong. But I am sorry you told me this, because I have no right to listen."

"No right?"

"No; I am not free to listen to such speeches. There is a barrier in my past life that—"

"There can be no barrier that love cannot surmount," Godfrey began, earnestly; but Alice stopped him with a deprecating gesture.

"Please don't," she said, beseechingly. "I cannot listen now."

"But may I hope that you will sometime be kinder?"

"Sometime, perhaps," she answered, dubiously.

"Then I may hope—"

"I—I cannot tell," she interrupted, not daring to raise her eyes to the earnest face above her. "Good-bye."

She took her books and hurried away with a red flush on her cheeks, and a bright glitter in her eyes that bespoke mental excitement. And once in her own room, secluded from curious eyes, she paced up and down and wrung her clenched hands despairingly. Now that it was over, she despised herself for even the slight encouragement she had given Godfrey Howell, false because it was so hopeless.

Why must such things be, she asked herself. She could suffer, she had grown used to it now; but Godfrey Howell—why had he ever crossed her path, ever loved her, or taught her to love him? Was it not enough for her to live under the shadow of the past, without this new sorrow? But its darkness should not cloud Godfrey's life; she would go away, and he would forget her, for, with all his earnest love, he was but human, and forgetfulness is a part of human nature.

There was consternation among the school committee when the young teacher sent in her resignation.

"Why, we can't afford to lose her!" said the superintendent, excitedly. "I'll call on her immediately, and argue the case."

Alice Arlington received him courteously, but all his eloquence failed to alter her decision. If a higher salary was given? but no, even that tempting offer could not induce her to remain; so with an air of baffled disappointment he could not conceal, the delegate withdrew, and Alice dismissed her pupils for the last time.

Godfrey Howell, approaching the school house a half hour later, heard the sound of voices, low but intense, and paused an instant to listen.

Through the opening ahead he could see the speakers, Alice Arlington and a disreputable looking man with a swaggering air and bloated features that told their own story.

The teacher's face was very pale, and as her companion advanced with outstretched hands, she shrank back with a perceptible shudder.

"Keep your hands off," she said. "Your very touch is pollution!"

The man laughed jeeringly, and attempted to seize her. The next instant Godfrey had felled him to the ground, and stood facing Alice.

"I do not think you will be troubled by further insults from this ruffian," he said, in tones of suppressed excitement. "Come, Miss Arlington, let me take you from this scene."

But the girl was kneeling beside the fallen man, endeavoring to staunch with her handkerchief the blood trickling from a wound in the temple.

"He is hurt seriously, I'm afraid," she said.

"He deserves it for his impudence," Godfrey replied. "Come, I will see that he is properly cared for."

Alice raised her eyes to his, with an anguish in their depths he could not understand then.

"You have made a great mistake, Mr. Howell. This man is not a stranger to me—I would to Heaven he were!"

Godfrey looked at the man searchingly. He had been handsome once; there were still traces of manly beauty, but dissipation and reckless living had done their work. Who was he, and what possible claim could one so low and brutal possess on Alice Arlington?

He reiterated his last thoughts in words. Many suspicions darted through his mind as he waited, but he was totally unprepared for the answer when it came.

"He has every claim on me—I am his wife?"

So ended another of love's young dreams.

* * * * *

"Who is the reigning belle this season?"

Godfrey Howell was the querist, and his friend swept his eye over the brilliant throng before him.

"There are several," he replied; "but the latest is a Mrs. Desarte, wife of the new member of congress. There she is now, standing by the bronze urn. Do you see her?"

Godfrey gave a slight start as his gaze rested on the face of the new belle.

"Handsome, isn't she?" continued his companion; "and very charming. Shall I introduce you?"

"No, thank you. I recognize Mrs. Desarte as an old acquaintance, though the name sounds unfamiliar."

Yet, when he stood beside her, the words came very easily from his lips as though often spoken.

"Mrs. Desarte."

She flushed a little, and held out one jeweled hand.

"This is an unexpected pleasure, Mr. Howell. Have you been long in Washington?"

"Several weeks."

"It is strange we have not met before." Then, after a moment's silence. "How did you learn my name?"

"A friend mentioned it, and I recognized your face. I should know it anywhere; five years have not altered that."

There was a slight emphasis on the last word, as though other things might have changed if that had not. If Alice Desarte noticed it, she gave no sign.

"Mr. Desarte is here with you, I presume?" Godfrey said.

"Oh, yes." Then in a lower tone, "I scarcely think you would recognize *him*. Perhaps I have you to thank, Mr. Howell, for the change these years have wrought in him. I made a vow that day when you left me, that I would live differently, and endeavor by influence to win my husband from his dissolute life. You know how well I have succeeded."

They were all alone now, standing in the shadow of the great urn, with no one near to hear their words. Somehow, they had known each other so well that Alice did not hesitate to give this man her confidence, and it seemed no more than kindly interest when he asked:

"And are you happy now, Alice?"

The name slipped involuntarily from his lips, and he did not correct himself.

Alice's eyes were averted as she answered: "Yes, perfectly so," or he might have read in their depths something her words did not reveal.

There was a silence, then Alice spoke:

"There is Mr. Desarte now, conversing with the lady in black velvet and diamonds—that tall, pretty blonde."

"Yes, I see him," Godfrey answered.

Involuntarily his thoughts turned toward the past—the little school house, the kneeling girl, and the still, prostrate figure with its poor, bloated face upturned to the summer sky. There was not the faintest line of similarity between the latter and the proud, handsome countenance of the new member. Surely five years had worked wonders here.

"The lady with him is a new arrival, I believe," Alice remarked. "Do you know her, Mr. Howell?"

"Yes," Godfrey answered, with a light smile. "She is my wife, Mrs. Desarte."

"Ah!"

A short, simple word, and Godfrey Howell never knew how much significance it conveyed. It was one of Alice Desarte's natural gifts, this wonderful self-possession, and it served her well now.

Then her husband approached, and Godfrey Howell moved away and was lost in the throng.

The shadow that once darkened Alice Desarte's life had vanished, but she nursed her secret sorrow still, one that would never leave her until life and memory perish.

THAT BROTHER OF MINE.

BY BERTHA BERTON.

John came into the house one blustering, March afternoon, and flung himself down in the great, easy chair in the corner, in a despondent sort of way. He picked up a paper that lay on the table and as he did not say anything, I thought perhaps he wanted to read awhile without being disturbed. I sat near him in my low, sewing chair, darning his stockings.

John and I lived together, in the old house, where we were born and brought up. When father died, he left the house and farm to John, and a few hundreds in money to me.

I thought that John would be taking a wife soon and I should have to find another home, but he sat down by my side the night after the funeral and had a long talk with me about it.

"No, Millie," he said, when I mentioned his getting married, "I have no such intentions, but if ever I should marry, I want you to consider this your home, just the same as now. If you stay and keep house for me, there will be no need of my looking for a housekeeper, you know;" and the dear fellow meant every word he said, that night; but the best brother in the world might change his mind, so I was not too sanguine about staying always in the old homestead.

But five years had passed away since that night, and still John remained single. He was two years younger than I and that made him thirty-three. I was a confirmed old maid and John teased me about my primness, but I never minded it, for he was old-fashioned, and I knew his tastes so well that I generally suited him. He was reckoned an old bachelor by the young men, and we led a very quiet life.

Our house was low and rambling, with verandas covered with woodbine and climbing roses—and lofty trees, poplar and ash, elm and maple stood about the time-stained building, like sturdy sentinels. A flower garden well kept, and in summer, glowing with floral treasures, was my brother's pride, as well as my own; while fruits of various kinds grew in profusion for our use. It was a beau-

tiful place to us, with our strong home attachments, however it might seem to strangers; but within sixth months, a change had come over my brother, and I was not long in divining the cause.

A lady had been staying at Mr. Markham's through the fall and winter. The Markhams were our nearest neighbors, and we were quite intimate, so we often saw the visitor—Miss Grace Percy. She was a younger sister of Mrs. Markham, and we all liked her, for she was a sweet, unassuming girl, though not at all what I imagined John would fancy; for with all his quiet ways, I thought he liked brilliant women best, and Grace Percy was extremely plain in face and manner; but there was a subtle charm in her gray eyes. They grew luminous with feeling when she talked, and she was a rare conversationalist. Her voice, too, was melodious and well modulated, and therein lay her power.

From the first John and Miss Percy seemed mutually attracted, and it was not very long before their acquaintance developed into a pleasant friendship.

John had an excellent library, and Miss Percy had the privilege of helping herself to the literary treasures it contained, whenever she chose. Although a city girl, she readily adapted herself to our old-fashioned, country ways, and called morning or afternoon, as fancy led; and after selecting an author to her mind, she would, perhaps, nestle down in John's old arm-chair and read for several hours without ever dreaming where she was.

Sometimes John would go into the library, while I was getting dinner or supper, and picking out some rare, old volume, would read choice passages aloud, and he and Grace would discuss the merits of their favorites with great animation.

I liked to see them enjoying themselves, and I thought how it might end, by-and-bye, in their falling in love, and that John might sometime install Grace as mistress of the old homestead.

A prospect that I was not displeased with, for pleasantly as we had lived, I believed that my brother would be happier with a wife to love and care for him, than I, his spinster sister, could make him; and besides, I had a cherished desire of my own that could then be gratified. I had all my life hoped to indulge in a trip to Europe, and I could never leave John. He had not the least inclination for traveling, but preferred the quiet enjoyments of our own home and fireside to the discomforts and inconveniences inseparable from a tourist's life.

The long, winter evenings had passed off pleasantly. Sometimes John and I would go over to the Markhams, sometimes they would come over for an evening with us. We had an old cottage piano, and Grace would play and sing, while John's heavy bass, with the Markham's fine voices, made our parlor re-echo with melody.

Occasionally a game of chess would claim the sole attention of our little party; and I, with the eager interest of a child, would lean over John's shoulder to watch the bewildering game; for chess, with its intricate moves and problems, is perfectly fascinating to me, and an irresistible attraction always draws me toward a game in progress.

Thus the winter passed and not a word had been spoken, but I could see through my glasses—yes, I wore glasses at thirty-five, for without them I was so near-sighted that I could scarcely see beyond my nose, but with their aid I thought I could clearly discern that John was in love with Grace Percy, though of the state of her feelings I was not quite sure.

But on that March afternoon, when John had seated himself in his corner with such a disconsolate look, matters seemed in a somewhat unsettled state; for a cousin of Mr. Markham's had been stopping with them for a few weeks, and he appeared very devoted to Miss Percy; taking her sleigh-riding, escorting her home from evening entertainments, etc., and if she did not encourage him, it was quite as sure that she did not discourage his attentions.

That afternoon I had seen them riding by our house, and no doubt John had seen them, too. Mr. Rowland had a splendid chestnut horse, a light, graceful looking sleigh, with rich fur robes, and as they went dashing by, with the soft music of silvery bells, they added a charm to the winter scene. Mr. Rowland was a fine looking gentleman, and Grace, with her gray beaver hat with its broad brim caught up coquettishly on one side, and a long, gray and white ostrich plume curling about it, her face beneath, bright and full of animation, looked as if she was enjoying her sleigh ride intensely.

John was still so long, I began to have a nervous desire to break the silence, and looking furtively toward the dear boy, I saw that he was gazing blankly off into space through the window, and the paper I thought him so deeply interested in was upside down, a sure sign, I know, of being in love.

"Why, John!" and at the sound of

my voice he came slowly back from somewhere to the prosy realities of life, "are you sick?"

"No," he said shortly, and then I went to his side, and smoothing his raven hair back from his broad, white forehead, I essayed, in womanly fashion, to comfort and advise, and what I said you may guess, when, after a few extra touches to his toilet, he took his hat, after supper, from the rack and started out to call on Mr. Markham, so he said, and when the door closed behind him I smiled as I washed my dishes, humming the while some old love tune that he had brought to my mind.

When John came home that night he seemed in better spirits than when he went away, and I mischievously asked if Mr. Markham entertained him agreeably.

"Now, Millie," he said, as he came and kissed my cheek, "shall I tell you that Grace Percy don't care for young Rowland at all, and that she has promised to be your sister?"

"Which means," I said, looking up archly into his glowing face, "that the young lady has promised to be the wife of John Aliston," and he said, "yes."

IF YOU LOOK FOR FAULTS YOU WILL FIND THEM.

Chicago Advance.

A dove and a woodpecker chanced to be neighbors,

And so went together to call

On a peacock one day,

Who, they heard people say,

Had late come to live at the Hall.

Of course they conversed in a neighborly fashion,

Of what I've no leisure to tell,

But a part of their talk

On the home-going walk

Will serve for a lesson quite well.

She scarcely had waited to be out of hearing
Before Mrs. Woodpecker cried:

"Did you notice his voice?"

It was terribly hoarse!

And he showed such detestable pride."

"Was that what you saw?" was the dove's gentle answer;

"My time I could better employ;

The grand tail that he spread,

The rich hues on his head,

Gave me beauty enough to enjoy.

OUR EXCHANGES.

LOVE FIGHTS FOR LIFE.

HOW GEORGE W. SIMPSON CARRIED THE DAY
IN CHICAGO BY A LARGE MAJORITY.

Chicago Tribune.

"Must I really go, sweetheart?"

"Yes," replied Lillian McGuire, placing her shapely white hand in his, and looking into his face with a tender earnestness that showed the true womanliness of her nature; "it is better, far better for both of us that we should part forever," but as she spoke the hot tears of pain welled up into her beautiful brown eyes that had witched with their bright glances and dreamy tenderness so many men—and with a little sob of pain Lillian's head was bowed upon George W. Simpson's shoulder in an ecstasy of grief. "Couldn't you put a ten-year limit on your bill, darling?" asked the young man,

bending gently over the little head that was pillowed so trustingly just under his left ear; "I certainly ought to have as good a chance as a Chinaman." A low moan of pain and a convulsive shake of the little head was the only response. But George was not to be denied so easily. "Can I not have one hope?" he said, "one little nickel-plated, ten-cent hope?"

Lillian lifted her head and looked at him steadily. "Perhaps," she said, in cold Baffin's Bay tones, "you would drop, if a house fell on you, but I begin to doubt it. Know, then, since you will have it, that under no circumstances can I ever accept your proffered love, for I am a packer's daughter, and packer's daughters come high!"—this with a haughty expression that lower-case type cannot convey. George W. Simpson saw at once that this proud beauty had been making a plaything of his love. The revelation was a terrible one, but he bore it bravely.

"Very well," he said, in husky, haven't-had-a-drink-in-two-hours tones; "you have stamped with the iron heel of scorn upon the tender violet of my budding love, but some day, when your children are climbing upon your knee until you are in danger of becoming knee-sprung, you will, perhaps, remember, with a tinge of sadness in the recollection, how you toyed with the love of a loyal, trusting, Cooke county heart, and threw forever over a young and happy heart the black pall of a disappointed hope and crushed ambition."

Lillian looked at him steadily for a moment. "Do you mean these words you have spoken, George?" she asked.

"You can bet your life I do," he answered, in low, passionate tones.

"And do you really love me so dearly?"

"Well, I should gasp," was the reply, a pearly tear glistening in George's off eye.

"Then," said Lillian, twining her arms about his neck, "I will roost on your knee next Tuesday evening as usual. Papa would never forgive me if I let a man who can talk like that go out of the family."

AN ELOQUENT PASSAGE.

G. D. PRENTICE.

It cannot be that earth is man's only abiding place. It cannot be that our life is a bubble cast up by the ocean of Eternity to float a moment upon its waves, and sink into nothingness. Else, why these high and glorious aspirations which leap like angels from the temple of our hearts, forever wandering unsatisfied? Why is it that the rainbow and clouds come over us with a beauty that is not of earth, and then pass off to leave us to muse on their loveliness? Why is it that stars which hold their festival around the midnight throne, are set above the grasp of our limited faculties, forever mocking us with their unapproachable glory? And finally, why is it that the bright forms of human beauty are presented to our view and taken from us, leaving the thousand streams of our affections to flow back in Alpine torrents upon our hearts?

We were born for a higher destiny than earth. There is a realm where the rainbow never fades, where the stars will be spread out before us like islands that slumber on the ocean, and where the beautiful beings that pass before us like shadows, will stay forever in our presence.

HOW SILLY 'TWOULD BE.

"You have heard," said a youth to his sweetheart, who stood

While he sat on a corn-sheaf, at daylight's decline,

"You have heard of the Danish boy's whistle of wood;

I wish that the Danish boy's whistle were mine."

"And what would you do with it? tell me," she said,

While an arch smile played over her beautiful face.

"I would blow it," he answered, "and then my fair maid

Would fly to my side and there take her place."

"Is that all you wish for? Why, that may be yours

Without any magic the fair maiden cried.

A favor so slight one's good nature secures;
And she playfully seated herself by his side.

"I would blow it again," said the youth, "and the charm

Would work so that not even modesty's cheek,

Would be able to keep from my neck your white arms."

She smiled and she laid her white arm round his neck.

"Yet, once more would I blow, and the music divine,

Would bring me a third time an exquisite bliss,

And would lay your fair cheek to this brown one of mine,

And your lips stealing past it would give me a kiss.

The maiden laughed out in her innocent glee;
What a fool of yourself with the whistle you'd make,

For only consider how silly 'twould be

To sit there and whistle for what you might take.

ROCHESTER contains a young man who is possessed of a peculiar faculty for distinguishing close sounds, and is enabled thereby to perform some wonderful feats. He is able to give the numbers of between 250 and 400 locomotives (about one-half the total number) that run upon the Central Railroad, simply by the sound of the bells. This faculty has been tested hundreds of times and has rarely proven a failure.

NEVER kick a poor, friendless tramp away from your door. Tell a policeman to do it.

KISSES.

A father talking to his careless daughter said: "I want to speak to you of your mother. It may be that you have noticed a careworn look upon her face lately. Of course it has not been brought there by any act of yours, still it is your duty to chase it away. I want you to get up to-morrow morning and get breakfast, and when your mother comes and begins to express her surprise, go right up to her and kiss her on the mouth. You can't imagine how it will brighten her dear face. Besides you owe her a kiss or two. Away back when you were a little girl she kissed you when no one else was tempted by your fever-tainted breath and swollen face. You were not as attractive then as you are now. And through these years of childish sunshine and shadow she was always ready to cure by the magic of a mother's kiss the little, dirty, chubby hands whenever they were injured in those first skirmishes with this rough old world. And then the midnight kiss with which she routed so many bad dreams as she leaned above your restless pillow, have all been on interest these long, long years. Of course she is not so pretty and kissable as you are, but if you had done your share of the work during the last ten years the contrast would not be so marked. Her face has more wrinkles than yours, far more, and yet if you were sick that face would appear more beautiful than an angel's as it hovered over you, watching every opportunity to minister to your comfort, and every one of those wrinkles would seem to be bright wavelets of sunshine chasing each other over the dear face. She will leave you one of these days. These burdens, if not lifted from her shoulders will break her down. These rough, hard hands that have done so many unnecessary things for you will be crossed upon her lifeless breast. Those neglected lips that gave you your first baby kiss will be closed, and those sad, tired eyes will have opened in eternity, and then you will appreciate your mother, but it will be too late."

A STORY ABOUT GRANT.

Judge Usher in a recent letter, tells, with great unction, a story about General Grant at the time he received his commission as Lieutenant-General of the Army. Grant was always an enigma to Lincoln, as indeed it may be said he has always been to the American people—

and he never could understand him. When his other Generals were constantly telegraphing for men, and ammunition and supplies of all kinds, Grant never bothered the administration about anything, and Lincoln was anxious to know about it; so he wrote to Grant and asked him if there was anything he wanted, and if there was, to send for it. Grant replied if he had a few more men he could use them to advantage; and that the reason he wasn't always bothering the Government at Washington was because he thought they had enough trouble on their hands. But, to resume the other story about Grant and his Lieutenant-General's commission: He was called to Washington to receive the commission, and the President had called a meeting of the Cabinet. Coming from the field Grant was not very elaborately dressed, so he bought a suit of clothes for the occasion—regular hand-me-downs, worth probably \$35. The clothes didn't fit; but that didn't worry Grant at all, for he bestowed as few thoughts upon what he wore as any man in the army. The Cabinet meeting was held, and Grant was present. The President made a little speech and handed Grant his commission. The latter rose to reply, and, leaning upon a chair, began his response. He had evidently not studied it thoroughly, for he halted and stammered, and at last, finding his memory failing him altogether, he dived in a side coat pocket and fished out his manuscript. Although he had recited about half of it, he began at the first and read the whole thing through, and then sat down, uneasy, embarrassed, and wishing, probably, that all speech-making was where the Confederacy soon would be. While the scene, in a measure, was ridiculous, nobody felt like laughing—the times were too serious; yet the incident, afterward recalled, has doubtless provoked many a smile. Grant is a fluent man now to what he was then, and it was a painful position for him to be placed in, yet he thought he ought to say something to show his appreciation of the new honor they had conferred.

HOW TO SELECT A WIFE.—Dr. Franklin recommends a young man, in the choice of a wife, to select her from a bunch, giving as a reason, that when there are many daughters, they improve each other, and from emulation acquire more accomplishments and know more and do more than a single child spoiled by paternal fondness.

THE FIREMAN'S DREAM.

BY BLACK JACK TWEED.

For Firemen's Magazine.

In our last Magazine, if I rightly remember,
An item appeared, called an "Engineer's
dream,"

In which was set forth all a fireman's duties,
In the manner in which to the driver they
seem.

Now, I had a dream of a similar nature,
Which tells just the opposite side of the tale,
And if you can spare enough space in next
number

I'll give you the straight of my dream without
fail.

I thought I was firing a daisy new engine,
A beauty she was from the pilot clear back.
And to me 'twas a pleasure to keep my new
engine,
As bright as a dollar, from the cab to the
stack.

She had for a driver, a regular stunner—
Not a surly old bear, like a few that I've seen,
But he always endeavored to make things
quite pleasant;

Nor forgot that himself once a stoker had
been.

His oil cans he ne'er threw around in a pas-
sion,

Nor dirtied things over with waste full of
grease;

Nor expected the stoker to do all the oiling
Whilst he lay stretched out in the cab at his
ease.

When the engine was clean he would always
give credit—

Not brag what some stoker way down east
would do.

But was willing to post me on things round
the engine,

And give information 'twere well that I
knew.

But when I awoke, too soon, to my sorrow.
That I'd only been dreaming, too quickly I
find,

And a driver like the one that I dreamed of,
I'm thinking,

I never will fire for, except in my mind.

HALF A MILE WITH A TIGER.

Mr. John Bradley, in his "Narrative of Travel and Sport in Burmah, Siam and the Malay Peninsula," relates a perilous adventure he had with a tiger one day, in the jungles of Lower Siam. He and his companions, Grant and Lacy, and several native attendants, were returning

from an unsuccessful hunt when suddenly a large tiger crossed their path, and would have run away; but being fired upon, the brute stopped, and before any one could guess his intention, sprang upon Mr. Bradley. How the hunter fared is thus described in his own words:

Seizing me by the left thigh, the tiger shook me as a dog shakes a rat. Then, growling horribly, dragged me at a tremendous rate through the thick undergrowth of the forest.

I heard the frightened shouts of my companions and the reports of several shots, and then a dizziness came over me; but I did not lose consciousness.

As I was jolted through the forest I several times caught hold of the trees, but the tiger, growling fiercely, shook me free in an instant. All this time, though quite calm and collected, I felt a strong desire to preserve my life, and never for a moment experienced that apathy with regard to my danger that some persons have described under very similar circumstances.

How long I was in the jaws of the brute I cannot tell. It seemed to me an age before the creature stopped. My companions afterward declared that I had been dragged at least half a mile.

They followed as fast as they could run, and although I was unaware of it at the time, never lost sight of the beast. To this circumstance I undoubtedly owe my life; for had there been any delay in rendering me assistance, it must have been fatal to me.

The moment the tiger halted it released my thigh, and seemed to be attracted by the approach of my companions; though, as yet, I did not see them myself.

Taking advantage of this release, I tried to creep to the shelter of some tall bushes near at hand. In an instant, and with a terrible roar, the creature pounced upon me, seizing me this time by the shoulder, and lacerating my chest with its claws.

A shot was fired, and I heard the bullet whistle overhead. Fear of hitting me had caused them to fire so high.

A second and a third shot were equally unsuccessful; and the tiger, again releasing me, began to lick up the blood which oozed through my jacket. I began to feel very faint, and could not repress a groan. Several times the tiger dabbed his paws, apparently in play about my face, but did not use its claws, very fortunately for me.

Presently the beast seemed to be seized with a sudden rage, and commenced to spit like an angry cat at some one ap-

proaching, whose footsteps I could hear, but I could not see the men, for I was lying flat on my back.

There was the sharp bang of a rifle close to my head, a heavy weight fell across me, and then I comprehended that my brave friend Grant was pulling me from under the dead body of the tiger.

A CURIOUS CLOCK.

THE GARFIELD TRAGEDY PERFORMED BY
MINIATURE PUPPETS WORKED BY
MACHINERY.

From the Boston Globe.

A jeweler and watchmaker of Middlebury, Vt., has recently constructed a curious clock, which acts out to perfection the assassination of President Garfield. The machine is a common cuckoo clock, under which is a miniature depot. At the window is a ticket agent dealing out tickets, while at another a telegraph operator is seen busy at his work, and truckmen, porters, train despatchers, etc., are flying around as natural as life. All of these figures are of wood, about two inches long. At the end of each hour the cuckoo announces the fact, and immediately Garfield appears on the platform on which the scene is enacted, accompanied with Mr. Blaine.

Guiteau is seen to follow him, having just alighted from a truck wagon, and as he fires at the President the latter falls. Just then a train of cars dashing in, and in the confusion all the principal actors are carried into the depot out of sight. After the train despatcher has given the signal and the train has gone, a small door at the left opens and a priest appears, book in hand, in the act of reading a funeral service, while at the same time another door at the right opens and Guiteau appears on the gallows. The priest retires, and shortly after the gallows disappear with Guiteau, and the doors close. This is acted out at the end of each hour, and takes about three minutes.

"Yes, sir," said Mr. Gallagher, "it was funny enough to make a donkey laugh. I laughed till I cried."

"ALWAYS pay as you go," said an old man to his nephew. "But, uncle, suppose I have nothing to pay with?" "Then don't go."

A HALF loaf is better than a whole loaf-
er.—*Whitehall Times*.

THE WOMEN OF CYPRUS.

The women of Cyprus are quite peculiar in their costumes, wearing pantaloons fastened around the ankles, with fancy colored boots, a profusion of chains and trinkets around the neck, and a heavy girdle fastened by massive metallic plates. They dye the hair a lustrous brown with henna, and they deepen the expression of the eyes by coloring the eyebrows with the same dye. Their dress is of the brightest colors, crimson, blue, etc., and their head dress is a perfect copy of that seen on Phœnician and Egyptian statues. They are tall and Juno-like in mien and figure, with remarkably handsome and classic features. They are among the most beautiful women of the islands, recalling the finest faces of the ancient statues. Unfortunately, they do not cultivate grace of form, and by thirty they become quite stout and heavy. There is a certain dignity and elegance about the women of Cyprus that is very striking. They probably approach nearer to the ancient type of classic beauty than any other of the modern descendants of Hellen. They have but little education, but they are not lacking in intelligence, nor in a desire for knowledge. I cannot speak as well of the men. They have been so long crushed to the earth by Turkish oppression that they have lost much of the best qualities of their race. They are nevertheless industrious, patient laborers, peaceful and temperate.

THE MAN WHO WAS SCALPED.

Detroit Free Press.

The occupant of a Griswold street office received a call yesterday from a stranger who said he was trying to raise money to help him on to Vermont, and when the citizen replied that he had already disposed of seven callers since morning, the man continued:

"I tell you I have had hard luck. I lost my whole family by one accident."

"Well, that was bad."

"And I was robbed in Denver of \$2,000."

"Yes; you should have been more careful."

"Then I was sick for four months."

"I see."

"But that is not what I complain most about," continued the stranger. "I fell into the hands of the Indians and they scalped me."

"Scalped you? Let me see your head."

The man removed his cap and displayed a skull as bare and shiny as a billiard ball.

"Scalped! Why, you haven't been scalped!"

"Oh, yes, I have."

"But there is no scar here. You are simply a bald-headed man. If you had been scalped there would be some evidence of it beside a lack of hair."

"But the Indians sand-papered the evidences all away before they let me go!" vigorously protested the unabashed sufferer.

As soon as the citizen began hunting for an old chair-leg the stranger clattered down stairs, but at the door-way he turned around and called out:

"That's the way with the whole gang of you in this town! The Injuns might cut a man's head clean off and you'd claim that he was born that way! Don't you throw that club at me, and I'm going to Vermont if I have to ride in a palace car to get there!"

AN INNOCENT ABROAD.

Hartford Times.

A young lady from the rural district recently visited town with a beau. Getting into a car for the first time she took her seat, while the lover planted himself on the box with the driver. Very soon the conductor began to collect the fares, and approaching the rustic maiden he said: "Your fare, miss." The rural rosebud allowed a delicate pink to manifest itself upon her cheeks, and looked down in soft confusion. The conductor was rather astonished at this, but ventured to remark once more, "Your fare, miss." This time the pink deepened to carnation, as the rustic beauty replied: "Deed, and if I am good lookin', you hadn't ought to say it out loud afore folks."

A TRUE LADY.

Wildness is a thing which girls can not afford. Delicacy is a thing which cannot be lost or found. No art can restore to the grape its bloom. Familiarity without confidence, without regard, is destructive to all that makes woman exalting and ennobling. It is the first duty of a woman to be a lady. Good breeding is good sense. Bad manners in a woman is immorality. Awkwardness may be ineradicable. Bashfulness is constitutional. Ignorance of etiquette is the result of cir-

cumstances. All can be condoned and not banish men or women from the amenities of their kind. But self-possessed, unshrinking, and aggressive coarseness of demeanor may be reckoned as a state's-prison offence, and certainly merits that mild form of restraint called imprisonment for life. It is a shame for women to be lectured on their manners. It is a bitter shame that they need it. Do not be embarrassed. Do not be restrained. Do not wish to dance with the prince unsought; feel differently. Be sure you confer honor. Carry yourself so loftily that men will look up to you for reward, not at you in rebuke. The natural sentiment of a man toward woman is reverence. He loses a large means of grace when he is obliged to account her a being to be trained in propriety. A man's ideal is not wounded when a woman fails in worldly wisdom; but if in grace, in tact, in sentiment, in delicacy, in kindness she would be found wanting, he receives an inward hurt.

DON'T SLOP OVER.

"Don't slop over," the old man said, As he placed his hand on the young man's head;

"Go it, by all means go it fast,
Go while leather and horse shoes last,
Go it while hide and hair on horse
Will hold together; go it, of course,
Go it as fast as ever you can,
But don't slop over, my dear young man.

"Don't slop over, you'll find some day
That keeping an eye to the windward will pay;

A horse may run a little two long,
A preacher preach just a fraction too strong,
And a poet, who pleaseth the world with rhymes,

May write and regret in after times.
Keep the end of the effort always in view
But don't slop over, whatever you do.

"Don't slop over; the wisest of men
Are bound to slop over now and then,
And yet the wisest, at work or feast,
Are the very ones who blunder the least.
Those who for spilt milk never wall,
Are the ones who carry the steadfast pail,
Wherever you go, go in for the fat,
But don't slop over, and stick to that.

"Don't slop over, distrust yourself,
Nor always reach to the highest shelf.
The next to the highest will generally do,
And answer the needs of such as you.
Climb, of course, but always stop,
And take breath, a little this side of the top.
And so you will reach it, wind and strong,
Without slopping over—so ends my song.

TWO KINDS OF GIRLS.

Girls who indulge in handkerchief flirtations on the street, or readily enter into conversation with men encountered in their daily walks or rides, are not the stuff from which sterling women are fashioned. The girl of my choice holds herself as far above chance flirtations as the stars above the earth. Yet she is not proud. She likes the boys, and can talk sense with them, and give them confidentially, good advice upon topics about which they consult her. She can take up the conversation when it turns on politics even, and is thoroughly posted on the events of the day. She is likely to have her prejudices and preferences in opinion, but she is a lady, and never brings them forward offensively. The flirtation girl looks on with sheer envy, and some bitterness, when she sees how she is sought after by the finest men in the room, and how easy it is for her to carry on a spirited conversation. And yet she will not make her a model, but goes on in her folly to the bitter end.

A COSTLY THING.

The following story exhibits the costliness of the drinking habit:

A gentleman was walking in Regent's Park, in London, and he met a man whose only home was in the poor-house. He had come out to take the air, and excited the gentleman's interested attention.

"Well, my friend," said the gentleman, getting into conversation, "It is a pity that a man like you should be situated where you are. Now may I ask how old you are?"

The man said he was eighty years of age?"

"Had you any trade before you became penniless?"

"Yes, I was a carpenter."

"Did you use intoxicating drinks?"

"No, oh no. I only took my beer; never anything stronger; nothing but my beer."

"How much did your beer come to a day?"

"Oh, a sixpence a day, I suppose."

"For how long a time?"

"Well, I suppose for sixty years."

The gentleman had taken out his notebook, and he continued figuring with his pencil while he went on talking with the man.

"Now let me tell," said he, as he finished

his calculations, "how much that beer cost you, my man. You can go over the figures yourself."

And the gentleman demonstrated that the money, a sixpence a day, for sixty years, expended in beer, would, if it had been saved and placed at interest, have yielded him nearly eight hundred dollars a year, or an income of fifteen dollars a week for self-support.

"Let me tell you how much a gallon of whiskey cost," said a judge, after trying a case. "One gallon of whiskey made two men murderers, it made two wives widows, and made eight children orphans."

Oh, it's a costly thing!

BOOTS VS. THE GUILLOTINE.

During the French Revolution, a *fellon* named Schlabendorf, who possessed considerable ability as a writer, by heartily espousing the cause of the Girondists in all that emanated from his pen, rendered himself obnoxious to Robespierre, and at the dictation of that fierce leader was incarcerated.

When the death-cart, one morning, came to the prison for its load of those who were that day to be mercilessly butchered, Schlabendorf's name was on the list of the victims. The jailor informed him that such was the case, and he dressed himself for his last ride very nonchalantly and—he was extremely fastidious as to his personal appearance—with great care. His boots, however, he could not find. Here, there, everywhere, assisted by the jailor, he looked for them to no avail.

"I am quite willing to be executed," said he to the jailor, after their fruitless search, "but really, I should be ashamed to go to the guillotine without my boots. Nor do I wish to detain this excursion party," smiling grimly. "Will it make any difference if my execution is deferred till to-morrow? By that time I shall probably succeed in finding my boots."

"I don't know that it will matter particularly when you are guillotined," replied the functionary. "Suppose we call it to-morrow, then?"

"All right;" and the jailor allowed Schlabendorf to remain, not unwillingly, as owing to his universal good humor, he was especially liked by jailor and prisoners.

The following morning, when the death-cart drew up before the prison door for its "batch" of victims, Schlabendorf—dressed *cap-a-pie*—stood waiting the sum-

mons of the jailor to take his place therein. But the name was not called that morning, nor the next, nor the fourth, nor, indeed, ever again. For, of course, it was believed he had perished on the original morning.

Till the sway of Robespierre had ended he remained in prison; then he regained his liberty, as did the rest of those, once prisoners, whose heads had not fallen beneath the blood-stained axe.

FIVE CENTS.

"Well, my boy," said John's employer, holding out his hand for the change "did you get what I sent you for?"

"Yes, sir," said John; and here is the change; but I don't understand it. The lemons cost twenty-eight cents, and there ought to be twenty-two cents change, and there's only seventeen."

"Perhaps I made a mistake in giving you the money?"

"No, sir; I counted it over in the hall, to be sure it was all right."

"Then, perhaps the clerk made a mistake in giving you the change?"

But John shook his head; "No, sir, I counted that, too. Father said we must always count our change before we leave a store."

"Then how in the world do you account for the missing five cents? How do you expect me to believe such a queer story as that?"

John's cheeks were red, but his voice was firm; "I don't account for it, sir; I can't. All that I know is that it is so."

"Well, it is worth a good deal in this world to be sure of that. How do you account for that five-cent piece that is hiding inside your coat-sleeve?"

John looked down quickly and caught the gleaming bit with a little cry of pleasure. "Here you are!" he said. Now it is all right. I couldn't imagine what had become of the five-cent piece. I knew I had it when I started from the store."

"There are two or three things that I know now," said Mr. Brown, with a satisfied air. I know you have been taught to count your money in coming and going, and to tell the exact truth, whether it sounds well or not—three important things for an errand boy. I think I'll try you, young man, without looking any further."

At this, John's cheeks grew redder than ever. He looked down and up and finally he said, in a low voice, "I think I

ought to tell you that I wanted the place so badly I almost made up my mind to say nothing about the change if you didn't ask me."

"Exactly," said Mr. Brown, "and had you done it you would have lost the situation, that's all. I need a boy about me who can be honest over five cents, whether he is asked questions or not."

THE FASTEST RAILWAY RUNNING.

Philadelphia Record.

The fastest time ever made in this country by a train of three passenger cars was made on Saturday afternoon last, when a party of journalists from Philadelphia, Baltimore and other places were whirled to Cape May over the West Jersey railroad. The trip of eighty-one and a half miles was accomplished in eighty-three and a half minutes. The run to Millville of forty-one miles, was run in forty-two minutes. Many of the miles, especially after Millville had been passed, were covered in less than fifty seconds. The engine accomplishing this work was No. 22, in charge of Harry Reinhart. This trip formally opened the season at the Cape.

HUGO'S JOYOUS FAITH.

Victor Hugo.

I feel in myself the future life. I am like a forest which has been more than once cut down. The new shoots are stronger and livelier than ever. I am rising, I know, toward the sky. The sunshine is on my head. The earth gives me its generous sap, but Heaven lights me with the reflection of unknown worlds. You say the soul is nothing but the resultant of bodily powers. Why, then, is my soul the more luminous when my bodily powers begin to fail? Winter is on my head and eternal spring is in my heart. Then I breathe, at this hour, the fragrance of the lilacs, the violets and the roses as at twenty years. The nearer I approach the end the plainer I hear around me the symphonies of the worlds which invite me. It is marvelous, yet simple. It is fairy tale, and it is history. For half a century I have been writing my thoughts in prose, verse, history, philosophy, drama, romance, tradition, satire, ode, song—I have tried all. But I feel that I have not said the thousandth part of what is in me. When I go down to the grave I can say, like so many others, "I have finished my day's work;"

but I can not say, I have finished my life." My day's work will begin again the next morning. The tomb is not a blind alley; it is a thoroughfare. It closes in the twilight to open with the dawn. I improve every hour because I love this world as my fatherland, because the truth compels me as it did Voltaire, that human divinity. My work is only a beginning. My monument is hardly above its foundation. I would be glad to see it mounting and mounting forever. The thirst for the infinite proves infinity.

A WOMAN'S WHIMS.

The empress Josephine had 600,000 francs for her personal expenses, but this sum was not sufficient, and her debts increased to an alarming degree. Notwithstanding the position of her husband, she could never submit to either order or etiquette in her private life. She rose at nine o'clock. Her toilet consumed much time, and she lashed unwearied efforts on the preservation and embellishment of her person. She changed her linen three times a day, and never wore a pair of stockings that were not new. Huge baskets were brought to her containing different dresses, shawls and hats. From these she selected her costume for the day. She possessed between three and four hundred shawls, and always wore one in the morning, which she draped about her shoulders with unequaled grace. She purchased all that were brought to her, no matter at what price. The evening toilet was as careful as that of the morning. Then she appeared with flowers, pearls, or precious stones in her hair. The smallest assembly was always an occasion for her to order a new costume, in spite of the hoards of dresses in the various places. Bonaparte was irritated by these expenditures. He would fly in a passion, and his wife would weep and promise to be more prudent, after which she would go on in the same way. It is almost incredible that this passion for dress should never have exhausted itself. After the divorce she arrayed herself with the same care, even when she saw no one. She died covered with ribbons and pale rose-colored satin.

A SHARK, at Key West, ate a dog, two cats, four beef bones, three old boots, two beer bottles and an oyster can, and he was still hungry when the boys had to quit and go to Sunday school.

EXPRESSIONS.

Autumn-attic productions—Fall poems.

AN AFTER-CONSIDERATION:—"Can you get people out safely in case of fire?" Manager—"Haven't had time to think of that; getting 'em in is what interests me?"

IN Colorado the people are poetical. They never use the word "died." It is too harsh. They announce the demise of a fellow-man by saying, "he turned up his toes to the daisies."

WHERE one woman scans the horizon for signs of the dawn of a bright era, ten are scouting among their neighbors trying to borrow salaratus.

INDIGNANT BOARDING-MISTRESS. "Why, what are you there for?" Fat boy on table—"Mr. Howlett put me here. He says it's his birthday, and he wants to see something on the table besides hash!"

"It is very muggy here," remarked the man in the barber shop, as he glanced at the display of China upon the shelves; and then the barber lathered him and made him shut his mug.

DID you ever see a returned picnicker with a smiling countenance?—Exchange. Yes, met the fellow who carried the bottles in a basket; he missed the train and was just coming back from the depot.—Commercial Bulletin. His countenance wore a sort of a peeling look.

MYSTERY EXPLAINED: Long—"Bother boy! My boots ain't dirty. I wonder why he is always so precious anxious to clean them?" Short—"Well, he thinks yours is just the kind of foot to be a good advertisement for him."

WHY is the clown like the most hospitable of landlords? Because he entertains so many people.—Boston Courier. Rather because he is a host in himself, as it were.

THE railway system of India includes 8,611 miles. The gauge is three feet and six inches. All lines are built primarily for military and not commercial purposes.

FOR THE NEW PRIMER.—Here is another young man. What has the young man in his hand? The young man has in his hand a marriage license. Has the young man plenty of money? No, the young man has not plenty of money. What will the young man do? He will board with his mother-in-law.

WAS IT VERTIGO?

"Charles Hall," began the court as the next prisoner walked out, "you had an adventure on the market yesterday."

"Yes sir—yes, sir, I was seized with vertigo and fell down."

"Are you sure it was vertigo?"

"Yes sir—yes, sir—quite sure."

"I happened to be here when you were brought in, and you said 'shay' for 'say,' 'wizzer' for 'winter,' and so on."

"Oh, I always talk that way when I have the vertigo."

"You do, eh? And can any one sitting within six feet of you smell whisky in your breath?"

"Yes, sir, I use whisky to lesson the attack."

"Well, there's too much vertigo in Detroit, and I must apply a remedy. I shall fine you \$5."

"Yes, sir—just so—for having the vertigo?"

"You can call it that if you want to."

"Certainly—ah—here's your money. Rather queer that people are fined for sickness."

"And we always double the fine for a second attack. Call the next."

HOW TO BE DISAGREEABLE.

Bare malice toward every man who differs with you if you want to be in continual misery.

Grumble incessantly. It won't do you any good, but 'twill make other people miserable.

Never acknowledge that you are in the wrong for fear some people will think you have no mind of your own.

When making a call never clean your boots on the scraper or wipe them off on the door mat. Scrapers and door mats are simply ornamental.

If a kind friend points out to you some of your glaring failures, cut his friendship at once. Of course he doesn't value your friendship or he wouldn't take so much interest in your well doing.

Give your counterfeit currency to a blind man, and your silver money with a hole punched in it to children who won't know the difference. Remember that caution is as necessary as corn bread and sorghum.

Give your influence and support to public enterprises, and let other people pay the expenses. Show that you have the advancement of your native city's inter-

ests constantly before you, and your pocket book constantly behind you.

Collect your bills promptly, and don't pay any bills until you have to. You will thus have plenty of cash on hand, and make a little something in the way of interest on what you owe. You should always remember that other people have no rights you are bound to respect.

Remember that your occupation, whatever it may be, is disagreeable, and that all others are agreeable. Don't be happy, for then your great mind would have a chance to rest, and your fellow man would not be bored to death with your chronic complaints, and that wouldn't be "according to Hovie," or any other standard of what is right and just.

Make yourself at home if you happen to find yourself in a strange house; inspect the furniture critically, ask whether the carpets are body Brussels or three-ply, hammer on the piano without invitation, comment on the pictures, and be sure and find out whether they are oil paintings or chromos, and make yourself generally agreeable.

MR. NYE ON HIS TRAVELS.

At Grand Island the other day, says Mr. Nye, a passenger found three flies in his tea at the eating house. He called the waiter to him and said:

"You are in error about me. You evidently think I am traveling in a special car and putting on a great deal of dog. I'm riding second class, without baggage, and am only entitled to one fly. Give this cup to that big fat man at the corner table. He is a director of the road and is entitled to three flies in his tea and a dead cockroach between his pancakes. I cannot travel second class and usurp the rights of first-class passengers. Please pass the entomological mustard before you go and set the adamantine prunes where I can reach them. I may want to throw one at the head waiter occasionally to attract his attention."

GOVERNOR LITTLEFIELD of Rhode Island is a man of the people, having in his early days worked in a cotton factory at Natick, one of the villages which have grown up around the Sprague mills. While Littlefield was toiling at the spindle William Sprague was governor. By a turn of fortune's wheel Sprague became a bankrupt and Littlefield a Governor.

THE MEANING OF OUR FLAG.

Ingersoll's Decoration Day Speech.

The flag for which the heroes fought, for which they died, is the symbol of all we are, of all we hope to be. It is the emble of equal rights. It means free hands, free lips, self-government and the sovereignty of the individual. It means that this continent has been dedicated to freedom. It means universal education—light for every mind, knowledge for every child. It means that the school house is the fortress of liberty. It means that "governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed;" that each man is accountable to and for the government; that responsibility goes hand in hand with liberty. It means that it is the duty of every citizen to bear his share of the public burden—to take part in the affairs of his town, his county, his state and his country. It means that the ballot box is the ark of the covenant; that the source of authority must not be poisoned. It means the perpetual right of peaceful revolution. It means that every citizen of the republic, native or naturalized, must be protected at home in every state, abroad in every land, on every sea. It means that all distinctions based on birth or blood have perished from our laws; that our government shall stand between labor and capital, between the weak and strong, between the individual and the corporation, between want and wealth, and give and guarantee simple justice to each and all. It means that there shall be a legal remedy for every wrong. It means national hospitality—that we must welcome to our shores the exiles of the world, and that we may not drive them back. Some may be deformed by labor, dwarfed by hunger, broken in spirits, victims of tyranny and caste—in whose sad faces can be read the touching record of weary life—and yet their children, born of liberty and love, will be symmetrical and fair, intelligent and free.

That flag is the emblem of a supreme will—of a nation's power. Beneath its folds the weakest must be protected and the strongest must obey. It shields and canopies alike the loftiest mansion and the rudest hut. That flag was given to air in the revolution's darkest days. It represents the sufferings of the past, the glories yet to be, and, like the bow of heaven, it is the child of storm and sun. This day is sacred to the great heroic host who kept this flag above our heads, sacred

to the living and the dead, sacred to the scarred and maimed, sacred to the wives who gave their husbands, to the mothers who gave their sons.

Here in this peaceful land of ours—here where the sun shines, where flowers grow, where children play—millions of armed men battle for the right and breast-ed on a thousand fields the iron storms of war.

These brave, these incomparable men, founded the first republic. They fulfilled the prophecies, they brought to pass the dreams, they realize the hopes that all the great, and good, and wise and just have made and had since man was man.

But what of those who fell?

There is no language to express the debt we owe, the love we bear to all the dead who died for us. Words are but barren sounds. We can but stand beside their graves and in the hush and silence feel what speech has never told.

They fought, they died, and for the first time since man has kept a record of events the heavens bent above and domed a land without a serf, a servant, or a slave.

GARIBALDI DEAD.

New York Sun.

With the death of Giuseppe Garibaldi disappears a heroic figure which has long filled a place of unchallenged pre-eminence in the affections of his countrymen. He deserved their love and admiration, for he was not only a high-minded and single-hearted patriot, but a successful liberator, and what Mazzini planned, he, more than any other son of Italy, carried into triumphant execution.

To find a parallel to the influence exercised by Garibaldi's personality in the shaping of events we must look not to Kossuth or Bolivar or any leading spirit of the French revolution, for the movements with which those men were associated had acquired an impetus to which the contributions of individuals seemed relatively insignificant. But Garibaldi may be said to have revived the traditions of Italian valor, and in the victory he won over great odds in 1849 under the walls of Rome he taught his countrymen a lesson of self-respect and self-confidence which was never afterward forgotten. When Garibaldi, with a vastly inferior force, routed a French army, he wiped out the contumely of four centuries, reversed the triumphs of Charles VIII., and convinced the world that Italy was

at last worthy to be free. Nor is it doubtful to those who appreciate the difficulties of Cavour's position in 1860 that Italy owes her unity to the famous expedition of the one thousand against Sicily, a feat of arms whose equal must be sought in the exploits of the Vikings or of the Norman adventurers who conquered the same island eight centuries before. There are few finer things in history than Garibaldi's willing resignation of a dictatorship which he had won by his sword, in order that the historic kingdom of the Two Sicilies, after an age-long severance, might be merged in a united Italy. And even his two unsuccessful attempts to recover Rome in 1862 and 1867 served to fortify his countrymen in the resolve not to rest until the holy city had become the Italian capital.

Garibaldi was something more and larger than a patriot. His sympathies were not bounded by a single race or country. He was animated by a noble passion of emancipation, and proclaimed himself a citizen and soldier of every land struggling to be free. Before he was forty years of age he had twice nearly lost his life fighting for the independence of Uruguay, and at the age of sixty-three he offered his sword to France in the hour of her death grapple with Germany. In Hungary, in Poland, in Servia, in Spain, in every part of Europe where men have striven to throw off the galling yoke of despotism, Garibaldi's example was a beacon, and his name was the watchword of revolution. Of all contemporary great men who have been associated with the uprising for freedom, not one has had a stronger hold on the public heart, and not one has rendered more brilliant and substantial services to the progress of humanity.

LONGFELLOW'S FINEST SONNET.

"As a fond mother, when the day is o'er,
Leads by the hand her little child to bed,
Half willing, half reluctant to be led,
And leaves his broken playthings on the floor,
Still gazing at them through the open door.
Nor wholly reassured and comforted
By promises of others in their stead,
Which, though more splendid, may not please him more;
So nature deals with us, and takes away
Our playthings one by one, and by the hand
Leads us to rest so gently that we go
Scarce knowing if we wish to go or stay,
Being too full of sleep to understand
How far the unknown transcends the what we know."

A GOLDEN DEED.

It was during the wars that raged from 1652 to 1660, between Frederick III., Denmark, and Charles Gustavus, Sweden, that, after a battle, in which the victory had remained with the Danes, a stout burgher of Flensburg, was about to refresh himself, ere retiring to have his wounds dressed, with a draught of beer from a wooden bottle, when an imploring cry from a wounded Swede, lying on the field, made him turn, and, with the very words of Sidney, "Thy need is greater than mine," he knelt down by the fallen enemy to pour the liquor into his mouth. His requital was a pistol-shot in the shoulder from the treacherous Swede.

"Rascal!" he cried, "I would have befriended you, and you would murder me in return. Now I will punish you. I would have given you the whole bottle; but now you shall have only half."

And drinking off half himself, he gave the rest to the Swede. The king, hearing the story, sent for the burgher and asked him how he came to spare the life of such a rascal.

"Sir," said the honest burgher, "I could never kill a wounded enemy."

"Thou merits to be a noble," the king said, and created him one immediately, giving him as armorial bearings a bottle pierced with an arrow. The family only lately became extinct in the person of an old maiden lady.

SKOBELEFF'S SPEECH.

The language of General Skobelev, at the recent dinner, was this: "Gentlemen, we Slavs have got to fight the Germans. Yunderstammel. I'm perf'kly sober, and I repeat it, we've gotter fight the Germans"—or words to that effect. Immediately after making the speech Skobelev had an audience with the Czar.

The next day the General breakfasted with the Czar. Alexander helped him to a few choice candles, and a cup of tea, but Skobelev declined to eat any breakfast, saying that he had a terrible headache.

"It's that dinner, of course?" said the Czar, interrogatively.

"Yes, your majesty," replied the General. "I'm feeling like a biled owl this morning."

"I'm afraid"—resumed the Czar, as soon as the report of the explosion of a can of dynamite thrown at the palace wall had died away—"I'm afraid you made an awful donkey of yourself in that

speech about the Germans. You need not jump out of your chair. That was only a fifteen-inch shell that exploded down stairs, and such things can't hurt us in this room. The Nihilists generally explode one about this time of day."

"I'm afraid I did, your majesty," replied Skobeleff.

"Well, well," said the Czar, as he helped himself to another candle, and examined it with a microscope for traces of dynamite, and then tested it chemically for traces of poison, "it isn't of any consequence. You were a little drunk and nobody will mind what you said."

A big, fat colored woman went to the Galveston chief of police and told him that her step-son had run away, and she wanted to know where he was. "It boddens me to know why he left. He had everything he needed to make him comfortable. I done all I could for him," she observed. "Has he any marks by which he may be recognized?" "Well, I don't reckon all de marks I made on him with a bed slat, while de old man was holdin' him, has faded out yet."

THE LOVE OF AN HONEST MAN.

From New York Sun.

There's many a thing that the maidens wish

As they journey along in life,
As they take their part in the busy world,

And share in its cares and strife;

Perhaps they wish for a cosy house,

With furniture spick and span—

But to crown the whole they care the most

For the love of an honest man.

Yes, pretty maiden, where'er you are,

In palace or humble cot,

Whether your life is fair and bright,

Or trial and toil our lot,

Whether your name is Flora May,

Or homely Mary Ann,

You will be in luck if you win that love—

The love of an honest man.

O, a maiden may prize her diamond set,

Or dresses of latest style;

Or inhabit a house of costly build,

With carpets of velvet pile;

But the greatest blessing to woman's life—

Let her gain it while now she can—

From her golden locks to her silver hairs,

Is the love of an honest man.

SCIENTIFIC.

Written for Firemen's Magazine.

FORCE.

III.

BY C. O. M.

OF MATTER.—CONTINUED.

The next, or second form of matter, as we classed them previously, is the very interesting and important one of *liquids*, or "substances of a watery nature." When we speak of a "liquid," we imagine what it is from our notion that it resembles water more or less in its properties; and this definition of it is quite accurate, since water is not only the best example of this class of substances, but it is also the most abundant, it being, indeed, the most abundant of all distinct conditions of matter occurring on the

globe. It covers more than three-fourths of the earth's surface, either with vast depths as in the oceans, or in shallow sheets as in our lakes and streams. It is such a potent and wonderful agent in the performance of Nature's work, and it is such a beneficial, even necessary, factor of the well-being of us all, that it would seem as if its properties ought to be thoroughly understood. The truth is, however, that we are only familiar with its various phases and conditions of existence, without knowing the *reason why*, which underlies each. We all know, for instance, that unlike a block of wood, water will not hold itself into a compact mass which may be handled without falling apart. We know very well that it will not remain "in bulk" of itself, if taken up; it must be held or contained within a vessel of some kind. But, *why?* Simply because its molecules have insufficient "cohesion" to keep them tightly clasped to each other; one molecule can

"slip away" from the grasp (cohesion) of its neighboring one, and can move away from it far enough to come in cohesion with another one beyond, and from this again to another with the same freedom. Let us pour a clear liquid into a transparent glass dish, and before its agitation has ceased, add some coloring matter, in the shape of a fine powder. We will see a certain little tiny speck start from the surface and move along, now downwards, then sidewise, then spin around, and, in short, make every movement. Now these currents, waves, whirls, etc., show simply that the particles or "molecules" of one part are moving about to blend with those at a distant part. If the force of cohesion were greater, then the molecules would remain as they were. Cohesion, however, is not altogether wanting in water, for if it falls on an oily surface, it assumes a globular form; and we can even compress or distort these globules, and they will readily reassume their rounded form. Therefore, it must be that the molecules of water possess enough cohesion to be able to maintain a certain definite shape, under certain circumstances.

Our next popular conception of water, is that *it will always keep its size!* We know very well that it will take the shape of any bottle, dish, etc., yet the bulk will remain the same. We cannot make it measure more, or yet diminish it in amount, by changing the vessel. However, let us not conclude that liquids are incompressible, for as a matter of fact, it has been shown, by accurate experiment, that they can be compressed; though the degree is so very small that, practically, it is never taken in consideration. Nevertheless, there is one way in which the bulk of liquids can be varied enough to be appreciated. Liquids, same as solids (and gases), expand by heat, and contract from cold. This property will be fully treated when we come to "Heat" and "Steam," but I will illustrate the fact here, by mentioning an incident. While visiting some works where steam power was used, one of the firemen called my attention to a "puzzle." "There is a very *funny* thing I have noticed," he said; "cold water seems to do the boilers more good than when it is warm; *it don't take nearly as much of it to move the gauge up.* And it seems as if the more I warmed the feed water, the slower it fills up." I soon explained the mystery to him, and indeed the cause is apparent enough. The water which was introduced cold expanded *in the boiler* on becoming heated,

and, of course, its bulk was increased; while, if introduced warm, it was already in a state of expansion. Of course, so far as working results were concerned, the warmed water was the better of the two. It is possible that others may also have noticed this difference, though I have not met with another instance.

Since liquids cannot, practically, be compressed, it must happen that when a pressure is applied, the liquid communicates this pressure to the sides of the vessel containing it. It occasionally happens that water condenses in a large quantity in the cylinders of steam engines. If it has not a sufficient outlet, then the piston head, on starting the engine, will press on it; and as it cannot shrink in size or find a way out, it transmits this pressure to the walls of the cylinder, and may even burst it. An interesting question suggests itself here. Does the water in this case transmit more pressure on the head of the cylinder, which is in the line of the piston, than on the sides? If we take a hollow ball, dotted with holes all over its surface, and connect it to a hydrant or force pump, we find that the jets pour in all directions to an equal distance. Again, suppose that we have a tube which is fitted with a piston at each end; now, if it is full of water, then when one piston is pushed in, the pressure which it transmits to the liquid will force the piston at the other end of this tube to move out an equal distance, and evidently, it will make no difference whatever whether the tube is exactly straight, or whether it is bent, so as to let one piston make any angle desired with the other. Therefore, this proves a law—*liquids transmit a pressure in all directions equally*—and it shows clearly that the pressure exerted on the sides of the cylinder would be as great as that on the head. However, the *surface* upon which the pressure acts materially affects the amount of force transmitted from one piston to the other. Suppose the tube were narrowed at the remote end so that its piston presented only half as much surface as that on which is applied the pressure, then its force would be only *half* as great, though it would have a motion *twice* as great. If we were to apply the pressure at the small end instead, then the result would still be governed by this law of "surface proportions," and would be exactly reversed—that is to say, a pressure at the small end would produce a force twice as great at the large end, but the large piston would move through only half the distance traveled by the small one. For

instance, to make the large piston move one inch, the small one must move two inches, but it requires only half as much force for an inch that the large one does. Let us bear well in mind, however, that there is no *gain* in the amount of work done. We have stated it as the most important law of force, that it *cannot be created*; that the total amount of energy in the world is always the same; let us see how we can reconcile this to the results obtained with these pistons.

To lift a weight of one pound to the height of one foot requires a certain amount of energy—in other words, in so doing we perform a certain amount of work. Let us call this force a *unit of work* or a *foot-pound*. Now, to lift a weight of two pounds, we must furnish from our muscles an energy twice as great—that is to say, *two* foot-pounds, or we do two units of work. Again, if it requires one unit of work to lift a pound one foot, then it will take two units to lift one pound *two* feet. The total amount of work is evidently the same in both cases. It would make no difference whether the lifting was done quickly or slowly, the work done would still be so many pounds through so many feet. But if both forces are working together, then, in order to have them both end their task together in the same time—let us say one minute, the small weight would have to move twice as fast, since it has twice the space to travel through, and in order to move twice as fast from the same power, it must be twice as light. If they both moved at the same rate, then the small weight would require twice as much *time*. It is assumed that a horse of average strength can lift 33,000 pounds to the height of one foot in one minute, by means of suitable pulleys, etc. This is the standard horse power used by scientists in their calculations. A horse power, then, is equivalent to 33,000 units or foot-pounds of work per minute. If the height were ten times greater, then, of course, the weight equal to a horse power would be ten times less, or 3,300 pounds per minute. To do the work in half the time would require two horse powers, or 6,600 foot-pounds, evidently. But, suppose we have to do this work only in *two* minutes, then the amount of energy expended will be only 16,500 foot-pounds per each minute, or half a horse power. Suppose we can take *ten* minutes, then a force of 3,300 foot-pounds per minute would suffice. Now, suppose a man can lift fifty pounds ten feet in one minute (500 units); evidently it would take him as many more

minutes to do the work of a horse for one minute as 3,300 exceeds 500 in number of times, viz., sixty-six minutes. Thus, as the little trickling stream will *with time* avail to fill a large pond or lake, so can a small power accumulate its effects at the expense of time, and suffice to perform tasks requiring great force. The old philosophers used to express this law of force in a maxim: "Power and time compensate each other; what is gained in one is lost in the other." This means that where the *time* is limited, the force must be increased; and where the *force* is limited, the time required becomes longer. If a man had to carry a weight of 1,000 pounds, and if he were strong enough to carry it all at once, he would gain time; but, otherwise, he must either make more trips, carrying each time as much as his strength will allow, or else use a system of pulleys, whereby the *same* amount of time will be consumed as in many trips, since the rope of the pulley will have to be pulled several times farther than the distance the weight will travel.

After this digression, to explain a principle which is of such practical utility, let us return to the further consideration of liquids and show how it applies in a machine of great interest—the hydraulic press. To the majority of persons it seems a wonderful mystery that by applying to the hydraulic press a force inferior to the strength of a man, a pressure so great can be produced that it will equal a weight of several tons; but we will see what a simple matter its theory is, when the above principles are understood. Take, for instance, a press such as is used to fit the axles into the drive wheels of locomotives, which many of us have seen in locomotive works or repair shops. In principle it is the same as a cotton press, only it acts horizontally instead of vertically. The moving portion of this mechanism is nothing more than a round cylindrical block of iron which can slide in and out of a chamber hollowed out of the iron framework of the press, forming a kind of piston, as it were, one end of which is to receive the pressure produced in the chamber or cavity, and the other to press on the wheel. Into this chamber, which is made strong enough to enable it to withstand a great pressure, another small opening is made which leads to the piston of a force pump. Thus we have, in reality, what corresponds to our experimental tube, namely, two pistons, one large and the other small in surface of head, which can react upon

each other through a liquid contained in the cavity between them. This small piston is worked up and down by suitable power and forces water into the press chamber, where it exerts a pressure *in all directions*, according to the law elucidated above; but there is only one point which can yield, and that is the large piston, and consequently it is pushed out. The surface of this piston is many times larger than that of the small piston. Let us assume, for convenience, that it is one hundred times greater, which is probably much less than the actual case; then for every pound of pressure exerted by the small piston, the large piston will exert one hundred, but yet, the small piston will have to make downward strokes enough to equal a total of one hundred inches motion before the large one will have advanced one single inch. For instance, if it have a stroke of four inches, the small piston would have to make twenty-five strokes for each inch of motion imparted to the press. Hence, while the pressure is very great, the motion is very slow. However, as the distance to be moved through is not long (usually less than a foot), it is more expedient to gain this immense pressure at the expense of time, than to attempt doing it at one single stroke, which would necessitate the use of heavy and expensive machinery and a very powerful engine. In several hydraulic presses, the area of the large piston is made even many thousand times greater than that of the small, and thus while the amount of motion in a given time is very much less, the pressure is greatly increased. There was one constructed for the United States Government, some years ago, which could produce a pressure of 1,200 tons, or 2,400,000 pounds to the square inch, and was worked with less than a horse power. It is well to notice here that the law of "the pressure being in direct ratio to the surface of a piston," finds its application in the steam engine, for it applies with equal precision to gases and vapors; and as we shall have occasion to consider it again in that relation, it should be well examined here.

Liquids not only transmit a pressure, but they can even exert it naturally in all directions. We can all admit, easily enough, that water in a vessel presses downward and on the sides; but it is more difficult to understand the pressure *upward*. Yet, when we shove a stick down into the water, the very fact that it comes up again, shows that it has been *pushed up*, for if it were pushed down in

the air it would not rise again. But the following experiment proves the fact beyond a doubt: Let us take a lamp chimney, and cover the lower opening with a piece of glass or tin, then holding it carefully, let us immerse this improvised "jar" in water. Of course, this artificial bottom being unfastened in any manner, its weight should cause it to sink at once, but on the contrary, if the experiment is conducted with care, it is found that the whole "jar" floats, as if it were a single piece, and this simply because the "upward" pressure of the water holds the flat glass against the margin of the glass chimney, preventing water from entering. With a little nicety, water can even be poured into it from the top to a considerable extent, before it weighs enough to detach the bottom and make the "jar" sink. The pressure on the bottom evidently depends on its area, as in the case of transmitted pressure; and as the weight also comes into play here, it must consequently increase in direct proportion to the *depth*. In calculating the pressure exerted by a body of water on the bottom of the vessel holding it, we have to consider only these two factors—the depth and area of the bottom. The shape of the vessel, here, has nothing to do with the result; and this fact leads to some very queer consequences. For instance, the fact that a barrel bulges out at its middle, does not make the pressure of the liquid greater on the bottom than if it were straight sided; and if it were even constricted or drawn in at the middle, like an hour glass, instead, then if the bottom were of the same size and the height remained the same, still, the pressure would remain equal to that in the first case. The learned Pascal, a French philosopher of the last century, established this fact by an experiment which has become as celebrated as it appears strange. He advanced the assertion that a stout cask could be burst with the pressure produced by a pitcher full of water. The cask was filled with water and a very long (30 feet or more) tube, extremely slender but very strong, was inserted tightly at the top of this cask, so as to be vertical. By means of a funnel, Pascal, standing on a ladder, poured water into the upper end of this tube, and as the water at the bottom end of the tube was acted upon by a pressure equal to this height it transmitted it to the contents of the barrel, where it was increased *in all directions* in ratio to the surface acted upon, which was so much greater than the area of the opening of the small tube. Hence, the barrel

could not withstand the immense pressure which resulted, and necessarily gave way. When we consider that the internal surface of the cask was probably hundreds of times greater than that of the tube orifice, it is no longer a wonder that the pressure was increased so much, though, of course, the gain was only at

the expense of time, and of distance, for while an expansion of less than half an inch was sufficient to burst the cask, the water had to move thirty feet, and before the result was accomplished, much time must have elapsed.

NEW YORK, May 13, 1882.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

EDITORIAL.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

Commencing with this issue of the Magazine, we have established a new department, entitled "Notes and Queries," which will be reserved for the discussion of questions of a mechanical or scientific nature. We invite "queries" upon all subjects that come within the range of this department, and hope that those who have the ability will do us the favor to answer them. In this way much reliable information can be acquired, while it will add to the general interest of the Magazine.

WELCOME BACK.

We announce with pleasure that Wm. F. Hynes has again assumed the duties of Associate Editor of the Magazine. Owing to a complication of business cares he was compelled, for a time, to give up the position; not, however, without a keen feeling of regret. Having, by close application, mastered the situation, he is again prepared to give his time and attention to the Magazine. His return will not only be a matter of pleasure to himself, but of general interest and satisfaction to our readers, who delight in perusing his writings. The welcome extended him is universal, as it is cordial and will evoke his hearty appreciation.

THE COMING CONVENTION.

A general invitation is extended to the members of the Order to attend the opening proceedings of the Ninth Annual Convention, at Terre Haute, Indiana, on the 11th of September. Arrangements are being made to give the delegates and visiting members a cordial reception. Every Lodge in the Order should be represented, for it will be by far the most important Convention ever held.

At this writing there are one hundred and ten Lodges in working order, with the number steadily increasing.

The Brotherhood is in an exceedingly healthy condition, and will make a creditable showing at the meeting of delegates.

The members of Vigo Lodge No. 16 are leaving nothing undone to give their collaborators a welcome of which they may feel proud for all time, and it is earnestly hoped that every locality will be well represented.

BRIGHT PROSPECTS.

The present condition of the Brotherhood, as regards prosperity and well being, is largely due to the harmony and good will prevailing among the officers of our Grand Lodge. There has never been, in the history of our organization, so much unity of action among them as now. There has never been so much kind feel-

ing among workmen as is to-day to be found among those who work upon the railways. Especially is this to be observed among the engineers and firemen. Everyday we see that discord, bickering and strife are becoming things of the past. The day for personal discontent and fault-finding seems to be virtually at an end, and if the millennium is not *just here*, it is coming and will soon be along.

Human nature is pretty much the same the world over, and there is a large amount of the article to be found among railway men, especially firemen. But those who stand at the helm know most assuredly that great, *very great* improvement upon former times has been made. Not only the Grand Lodge, but the Subordinate Lodges, their officers and entire membership seem to have shaken off all slothfulness, and "girt them like men," to do valiant work for the cause of our worthy organization.

The fact that railway officials are becoming aware of the benefit the organization is to them, and enter, many of them earnestly and efficiently into the cause, by assisting us whenever they can do so, is encouraging. In many ways, scarcely capable of being explained, we feel strengthened and determined to double our efforts for the building up and ensuring the perpetuity of our beneficent Order.

THE REASON WHY.

In order that those who are interested may understand the situation, we will explain why there has been no Lodge organized at Meadville, Pa. It will be remembered by our older members that previous to the Chicago Convention of 1880, there was a Lodge at Meadville, known as "Great Western No. 4."

The said Lodge made the fatal mistake to send to that Convention, as a representative, an ambitious "crank," who, being disappointed in the matter of securing the honors he sought, made a report on his return, to suit himself—in consequence of which the Lodge voted, with

but a single dissenting member, to withdraw from the Order. That dissenter was Samuel Quackenbush, who had been at the Convention, and knew that the proceedings had been misrepresented, and that the organization was worthy of his support. To his credit be it said that he was true to the Order, and that he is still one of its honored members.

Accordingly, Great Western Lodge No. 4 withdrew in one of the darkest hours of the history of the Order; when it took all the tact and power of the loyal members to keep it afloat. With a debt of nearly seven thousand dollars hovering above them like a mighty spectre, they were discouraged and disheartened, for they saw nothing before them but a barren waste from which there seemed to be no retreat. It was at this critical moment, when the life of the Order was suspended by a bare thread, that the Meadville men withdrew from the contest, leaving the Order, of which they were among its founders, to its fate, and, for aught they knew or cared, to its final destruction—with the parting salutation that "they did not propose to be allied with an institution that was run in the interest of a ring."

These are our reasons for not reorganizing them. We felt it would be doing those noble souls, who stood by the Brotherhood in its adversity, an injustice to admit a body of men who had deserted them while they were engaged in a struggle for existence.

TWO MEN.

The most pitiable object in the world is the amiable idiot. He is a vacillating, can't-make-up-his-mind sort of a fellow, whose only good quality is his constant good nature. He is the butt of every one's ridicule, and an insult only increases his good humor. He is a fat man and very lazy. Has a splendid digestion and dresses very slovenly. He walks like a dray horse, breathes loud, and sleeps sixteen hours out of the twenty-four. He has no enemies, and like a lost dog, every

one who don't kick him is his friend. He is always behind time, and never keeps an appointment. A constant grin adorns his freckled face, and he apologizes for everything he does. Politics do not interest him; religion he has none; science he can not comprehend; life is to him a great maze of tangled facts over which he stumbles and rolls like a good natured, stupid hog. Ambition is a foreign word to him, and nothing short of actual personal wants can drive him to action. While living he is referred to as "poor idiot," when dead as "poor devil." What a contrast there is between such a man and a man of energy and brains. The man of work some may hate but all respect. He drives things before him and masters every situation. He runs his course like a race horse and rejoices in his strength. Men look up to him, women depend upon him. He clasps a friend's hand firmly and is ready in all emergencies to lend able help to the distressed. He makes his mark in the world and leaves it better for having lived in it. When he dies friends mourn, enemies uncover to his corpse, for he was a manly opponent. We have all met the originals of these two portraits. Whence come these sharp contrasts? Why do we find side by side the man of no account and the man of all account? All we know about it is, such men live, and always will.

HEROES UPON THE RAIL.

The countless hosts of men who took upon themselves the sacred duty of the defense of their Government, their homes and all that was dear to them, during the war of the rebellion, brought forth from the press, the pulpit and the orators, silver-tongued words of praise and comment. While we would not detract one particle from all that has been done and said in their favor, we hope we will be pardoned for expressing our views in regard to a body of men who have shown a bravery as true and grand as any soldier

who ever stood upon bloody field, offering his life, if need be, for the success of the grand and noble cause and the maintenance of the principles for which he fought.

We speak of engine-men; engineer or fireman. No body of men have a more noble forgetfulness of self than they. Day by day they take their stations in the cab, and go forth at the appointed signal to take—it may be—their last ride upon the the wondrous machine that is so beautiful and life-like as it speeds along its way. Dangers seen and unseen lie in wait for the powerful engine, and also for its masters, the engineer and fireman. In a moment—in the twinkling of an eye—some terrible object looms up, or some hidden defect is developed, and the thing of beauty is a wreck; a mass of splinters, twisted and broken, hissing and screaming as though possessed of a score of howling demons. The man who an instant before was bright of eye, broad browed, brawny armed and erect in form, now lies beneath the ponderous machine, stunned, burned, crushed into a mass without form or comeliness. If not killed outright, maimed and deformed, useless for all the weary days to come. But what of the hundreds of living passengers who were saved to bless the sight and gladden the hearts of loved ones at home? Do they realize that to the brave hearts in the cab they owe their lives? Do they ever do anything to relieve the wants of the wife and children thus left desolate, and may be in want? They utter a prayer of thankfulness, and perhaps make a passing remark that they died nobly at their posts in the discharge of their duties, and return to their various business cares, and the engineer and fireman who gave their lives that they might live, are soon forgotten.

It is pleasant to turn from the thought of this picture, and contemplate what is being done by the great Brotherhood, of which we are but humble representatives, in the matter of lightening the cares

and sorrows of those whose protectors have been thus swept away. See how grandly the work of relief is going on, growing from year to year in their capabilities for doing good. Read with moistened eyes such deeds as are related by Bro. T. P. Sargent, in Tucson, in far off Arizona, and in your heart of hearts you will bless and praise the Brotherhood for their grand acts of kindness and benevolence. Thank God such men live, and are daily increasing in number, and the will and ability to do good.

AN OPEN LETTER.

TIM FAGAN.

For Firemen's Magazine.

"Ah! indeed, dear Sam, this is a treat,
See here," and Tim shook out a letter,
"Take that chair, here have a seat;
Sit closer—there, that's better.
Now, if you please, just light that lamp,
Before the twilight burns out,
For this letter is a long one, from "The Tramp."

It makes one's heart tingle with a joy,
To hear him speak so and listen to his laughter;

I fancy I can hear him say, now my dear boy,

Write me often and hereafter,
Tell me more of J. M. D.

Who still sits in his orange groves,
Drinking their fragrance, watching to see
In eager expectation the offspring of his loves.

I thought the coming of your last an age,
And, indeed, I think without exertion,
You might, at least have filled another page,
And do for pity's sake give *your own* version

Of things that *you* see fit to fill *your* letter
It brings you nearer and I like it better.

"How graphic is his picture of the sea,
It's heaving tide, it's pebbly beach,
Really, Sam, it seems to me,
That I can see him reach
To snatch that tiny shell,
Before the breaking of the coming swell."

And now, dear Tim, between you and me,
This letter to another you must not breathe it,

With one exception—of course, E. V. —
May look and partly read it;
But that one word, which precedes the date,
Keep that much to yourself at any rate.

In answer to the questions where I rest,
Just say that Cupid never caught
A brighter eye, or bird a sweeter nest,
Than those that light my home in Terre Haute.

Bay the way—that is, if I don't call,
Address to Western Island, Fyall.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

ANSWER TO G. F.'S QUERY.

The word "hydraulic" is derived from the Greek and means "water." It was first used by thearhy philosophers to designate the "science of liquids." Used in an adjective sense the word has reference to the use of liquids (generally water,) as an agent for the transfer of "force." Thus we have the hydraulic ram, the hydraulic engine, the hydraulic press, which are only machines for doing work through the action of "hydraulic" force, which we recognize as "pressure," this pressure being developed in accordance with the fact that liquids transmit pressures in all directions equally. Since the law applies to all liquids, it is obvious that there is no difference between them, provided that their "friction" is the same, for it is well known to the hydraulic engineer that the motion of a liquid against pipes is retarded by friction. As a rule, the lighter and more "mobile" the liquid the less its friction, and for this reason water is the best ordinary hydraulic medium. Oil, which lessens friction on bearing would itself move very slowly on account of friction against the walls of the cavity.

For more complete details on "hydraulics" and hydraulic pressure see Article III on Force in present number, where it is fully treated. C. O. M.

THE executive committee in the matter of making arrangements for the reception and entertainment of the delegates and visitors to the Ninth Annual Convention, at Terre Haute, Ind., consists of Bros. A. J. Mullen, James Smith, Chas. Bennett, Robert Ebbage and O. E. Raidy, of Vigo Lodge No. 16. They are going to give "the folks" a reception that will not soon be forgotten.

CORRESPONDENCE.

BENEVOLENCE, SOBRIETY AND
INDUSTRY.

HETTIE C. RULON.

JERSEY CITY, N. J., May 30, 1882.

Editor Firemen's Magazine:

These three traits of character are possessed only by mankind.

We cannot say to the horse: "Be thou benevolent;" or to the birds: "Be ye industrious." God has not bestowed upon them the rich blessing that we enjoy. He has not given to them an immortal soul.

Oh, what is man! that Thou, O God,
Art mindful of his lot?
Although he wanders far from Thee
Thou dost forget him not.

Thy tender mercies follow him
Wherever he doth stray,
And, by Thine own hand is he led
Back to the narrow way.

I do not mean that none of these virtues can be found among the inferior animal kingdom, for we have many impressive examples of industry among them from which we can learn much; but it is impossible for them to possess either sobriety or benevolence. Therefore, we can easily perceive that man is superior to beast.

Some of our old writers believed that the human race originated from a species of monkey; but this is an absurd idea. The mind and conscience with which man is endowed are direct gifts from God. We, then, come to the conclusion that man should possess all three of these virtues.

Let us take for our first subject

SOBRIETY.

We find that the word sobriety means temperance; calmness, seriousness. What a vast amount of meaning in one word; what a pure and noble virtue. Our great historical characters were men of calm and steady nerve—they were temperate men.

Take, for example, George Washington or Abraham Lincoln, or our late president, James A. Garfield. They were men who possessed all of these virtues; but had they possessed both industry and

benevolence and not sobriety, they would not have been as renowned as they are to-day; their names would not now be repeated by poets and patriots.

Imagine Washington riding to the field of battle under the influence of liquor. If such had been the case would he have gained the day? Would America have been now a free and independent country? No, indeed! We would still have been under the rule of king or queen.

George Washington—his memory
Is stamped on every heart,
For in our fight for liberty
He took a noble part.

INDUSTRY.

"The true wealth of a nation
Is in her working-men."

We know what it means to be industrious, and I trust that all of us possess that virtue at least, for an indolent person is not worthy of respect. He is to be pitied above all others, for all labor, both of body and mind, has become to him irksome and hateful; he has no desire to accomplish anything, or to improve the talents which God has given him. He decides that life is not worth living. What a miserable person he is. On the other hand, look at the industrious man. He works because it is noble and right; because he loves his family, his country, and his God. What is more noble and enlivening than good honest labor? Nothing. There are many kinds of industry, but it would take too much space to treat upon all the different branches.

We know that every branch is honorable; the ploughman in his field, and the mechanic at his trade are just as worthy of respect and applause as the great writer or orator.

By reading history, we will find that our greatest men were what we term "self-made men." They had no large fortune to pay for educating themselves, but began as poor boys and worked with all their might, not only improving their muscle, but their minds also. Look at the men of genius; would anything worthy of mention ever have been invented if they had not used their minds? What wonderful progress our nation has made during the last century. See the great Iron Horse speeding his way across the land, and the vessel ploughing through

the waters. There are many other inventions fully as wonderful as these, such as the electric light, the telephone and telegraph; but we must now leave this subject, hoping that our nation will be as industrious in the future as it has been in the past.

Nature is always working,
She beautifies the land;
Let us take lessons from her,
And never idle stand.

BENEVOLENCE.

Sobriety and industry are essential in the forming of good character, but when true benevolence forms another link in the chain, we have a real example of Christian character.

It is our duty to be kind and charitable to our fellow-men, but how many there are who do not possess this virtue in the slightest degree. A benevolent man is always respected, but a mean man has but few friends.

"He's less than man whose heart is stern and cold,
Though thrones are his, and palaces, and gold."

"BENEVOLENCE, SOBRIETY AND INDUSTRY."

This is the motto of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen. How appropriate and full of meaning it is. By practicing these virtues their society will exert a wonderful influence for good, and God's blessing will rest upon it.

A mighty chain these virtues form
Which can be broken never,
And duty is the name it bears,
Be true to this forever.

THE STOKER ON TRIAL.

DENVER, COLO., May 21, 1882.

Editor Firemen's Magazine:

Talk about fireman you dont kno enny thing a bout em, now, i do an it is mi purpus to expose mi fireman to derishion uv hiz feller men. Wy it maks mi bluid bile tu think uv him, he is the laziest, ongratfulist disresptkfulliest, raspcallion yu ever heerd on, i kall him "Dook" caus he puts on so menny airs over hiz superiors, now thet feller haz got a gude run, 190 miles pur day, uv coarse that taks us a gude ways frum hum, an, most jenerally when the sun is shinin, at one end uv the rode, it iz rainin at the other, but, Mr Ed. if it didnt rain the grass woodnt grow, en, what wood the kows Eat? thet stoker o mine haznt mutch tu du, it only taks tu tanks o cole tu run

one trip; (im a runner i am i run a 16 inch silander with a quarter inch nostril I do) we got shoots, on our rode an it aint mutch fur him tu jump up, and tak cole iz it? Yet thet infernal Kioyotte iz eternally a growlin an a grumberlin an a wantun the brakman tu du it. (thet brakman iz an awful nise feller bys lickker twice and segars ounce a da, while that stoker iz thet stingy an thet meen he woodnt by his granny a meel) Sez he haz nuff tu du tu pitch in the fire box an a do'in hiz cleenin; his injine iz eezy tu cleen all he hez got iz 2 steem chests 2 silanders, hed lite an brakett an flag staffs, 5 aands, 2 drums, 1 bras sand box en two pipes, 1 bell with bras fram, mouldin on runin bored, 2 pumps, 2 branch pipes, 2 feed pipes, 1 injectur 1 jackot (but they all got jackots) 1 stok with tu bras bands round it, 1 smoke arch, 1 fire box, which i expect Clened and painted, 1 whistle & One pop, that all outside except bras on wheel covers & hand railing & a fue moldins on the cab, in side ther is an air brak lubricator a sodo fountain a water glass thet braks sum times, a water glass, an air gage, a bras air pump throttle & pipe, inside ilers, a 3 way air bake, kok an bras pipes in fac she is what Oskar Wylde yood call a tu-bar-ros-sa, top uv the cab yod bird ie mapul sides lite green; ime a purtickular injininer, i dont allow enney body to dictate tu me, i only fired 6 months, but thet was in 62 and 63 durin the war, en men waz men in them daiz; uv course extry dun the cleening then & the fireman only hed tu cleen abuv the runnin bord. but ez i wuz sain im pertickular i like tu cum down in mi best cloes, i like tu hev mi boyler hed sand papered an polished, i want mi winders cleened, i want the paint work washed twiste a week, i want mi injine scoured in side en out every other trip; uv course no body uver hurd uv a hostler droppin the curtain when he takes cole; he never thinks uv it hez got too mutch eles tu think uv theres his gurl, his cole checks, his—enny way a fireman is pade fur cleenin & if nobody ever durtied his injin he never ud earn his money, en them firemen is thet wastefull an thet extravagant, du yu know Mr. Editor, that "Dook" is lowed a quarter uv a pound fur every round trip, yes, sur, fur every 280 miles thet extravagant "dook" actually uses a quarter uv a pound uv waste; Sez i tu "dook" one da sez i "dook," sez he "well Ek" sez he "what is it," "yu disrespectfull beggar" siz i "say sur," he didnt say a wurd fur he haz a family dependin on him an he expects me to say sum thing

fur him sum da; but moralizin is tedious enny way en to make a long storie short i sez "dook i want sum waste tu wipe mi hands on" "aint enny" sez he, "what on airth du yu with a hull quarter pound" "sez i," "use it tu cleen with" "sez he," tu cleen with," sez i, or rather gasped, fur the fellers impudence like tu tuk awa mi breth, "yes," sez he, notisin mi gasp, "yes," sez he an if yu don't want me tu use thet waste yu better put a gaskut in outside tallow pipe konnections on both sides," sez he, "an" sez he, "the packin is blowed out of the blower kok, & yu better git sum gaskuts an pake the throtle stuffin box," sez he. "Dook," sez i, en i loked sturn en stamped mi fut down on the deck so hard thet such a cloud of dust rose i coodnt tell what impression i was makin on him, "Dook," sez i, an i repeated es they say in telegrafy, "i want yu" tu cleen them winders sez i & git a braum & sweep off this dec, & dont yu ever be so disrespectfull to your superiors," sez i, "i kant," sez he "the last tu bruums i got," sez he, "yu tuk up tu yure house an i kant git enny mor else i pay fur em," sez he, "en ez fur them windurs, if yu wood put in a water glass & not use them gage koks so much," sez he, "an shut off yure pump so she woodnt hev tu be cleened every trip & yu cood hev sum waste tu wipe yure hans on," sez he. "Dook," sez i, "is this the thanks i git fur lettin yu fire fur me fur the last 5 years" sez i, "yure an ongratefull kuss," sez i, with feelin," en yu kant fire fur me enny more," i don't kare a d—n," sez he, "they been hirin 40 men a month fur last three years an never a word wood yu say fur me, en i allus keep her hot, & shell average 90 miles to the quart of oil, en she wont do it if the stoker spill a pint filling a quart can," sez he, "an enny way, yure the hardest man on the rode tu fire fur. You don't never fit her out of 17 inch," sez he, "fur fear of hollowin her valves, en yu say they wont steem, unless theyer wistlmin, an yu never think uv shutin of that air pump when you fill the lubrika-tor an — can clean an clean an clean, sez he, "en she allus looks like a hog pen, en yu ken git sum body else an be d—n tu yu," sez he, an pikin up hiz clo'es he left. Uv corse he had a quick temper en coodnt git along with enny body an i knu i wood hev tu see Mr. Conway, our M. M., "Mr. Con," sez i, we allus call him Mr. Con. "Mr. Con," sez i, "what du yu think" "a gude menny things," sez he, "yes," sez i, "but what perticular thing," "i dont kno," sez he, "Well, i knu you didnt," sez i, "wood you think

it that Grumbelly, ingusytous, disrespectfull stoker hes told me tu get sum body else & be d—n to me," sez i, "es mutch es i hev dun fur him coodnt done more fur mi own sun, sur, tried to make a model fireman out uv him, sur, en this is mi reward, them air stokers is ongratefull, ongratefull, sur." "Ill give him hiz time," says Mr. Con. "En hoo du yu want tu fire fur yu," sez he, "With yure permission Mr. Con" sez i, ill write tu the magazine" sez i, "them fellers purtend to practise Benevolence, Sobriety & Industry, sez i, "en there ought to be sum model fireman among em," sez i, "there surely is," sez he, "ef they practice it, an yule let him out fur disrespectfull conduct to superiors," sez i. "I will," sez he, "it will be a long time before he gets as gude a job," sez i, "or as gude a man tu fire fur," sez he.

Now, Mr. Editor, if you kno enny model firemen or if enney uv yure readers is gude fireman & wants a job (culderd preferred) Let him send his address to.

EKSENTRICK P. KROSSHED,

On the Pochunky Div.

uv the P. G. & E. R.R.

BENEFICIARY LAWS.

Editor Firemen's Magazine:

The time is drawing near for another annual meeting of the Grand Lodge of our Order; and for many good reasons, I believe it will be the grandest Convention ever held. I have been thinking of something lately, that we might consider with profit to ourselves—it is this: there are a great many insurance companies, insuring against accidents and sickness, paying from \$5 to \$7 per week, and from \$1,000 to \$1,500 in case of death. A policy of this kind costs the insured from \$25 to \$35 year. Now, we have a life policy, costing from \$10 to \$12 per year, and the benefits of our Order, which only cost \$4 each year. Well, say the insurance and benefits of our institution cost us \$16 per year—add to that \$9, and you have \$25. Take that \$9, place it to the account of a policy for accident and sickness. Paying \$5 per week—say we have 3,000 insured—that will make a fund of \$27,000, which would pay benefits for 5,400 weeks at the rate of \$5 per week. As to the assessments, they could be paid as we pay on the life policy—quarterly, and in advance. After trying this one year, we would find that we could pay more per week, at the same rate of assessment. Yours, etc.,

F. M. JAMES,
Centralia, Ills.

ROOD HOUSE SPECIALS.

ROODHOUSE, ILLS., May 23, 1882.

Editor Firemen's Magazine.

No. 79's members have been rather unfortunate lately, many of them having passed through serious spells of sickness. I am happy to say that Bro. A. B. Smith, after a severe attack of malarial fever, is again able to appear on our streets, though not yet strong enough to be on duty.

On Saturday, May 6th, Bro. Porter Jones was badly hurt, having had his jaw fractured while helping to put a car on the track. E. H. Becraft and myself went to his home in Louisiana, Mo., at once, by order of our Lodge, to render any assistance possible; we found Bro. Jones suffering intense pain, though his condition is not critical. At the time of writing he is getting along finely.

Yours in B., S. & I.,

"MAY BLOSSOM."

OUR BROTHERHOOD CHART.

LONGVIEW, TEX., June 20, 1882.

Editor Firemen's Magazine:

As my first contribution met such a welcome, and as I have the welfare of our noble Order at heart, I take the privilege of again addressing a few remarks to our little book, my object being to make all Brothers prompt in their dealings with their Lodge and the Grand Lodge; also to show them the great wrong they commit by neglecting to do so. I propose to take for my subject our official chart, which I will endeavor to describe. First, in the picture we see our brother bidding his little family good-bye before going out on the road; he has his little baby in his arms giving it a farewell kiss; all who have families know how much they love the baby. Next we see him in the dispatcher's office getting his orders; the necessary orders having been received, we see him out on the road, everything moving on nicely, and he in good spirits, without a thought of the awful doom that awaits him. What a blessing that God in His infinite wisdom has veiled the future from us, for could we see the misery in store for us, what miserable creatures we would be. In the next scene night has settled upon us and we see a furious storm raging; the lightning flashes and the rain falls in torrents; onward our brother speeds, on, on at his post of duty until he comes to a bridge, and God help him, the bridge has been washed away

and the train goes down into the seething waters below, and our hero meets his God.

Next comes the most painful and heart-rendering picture; it is where the sad intelligence is borne to the happy little family of a few hours ago. They realize that their protector has been snatched from them; then we see the last sad rites performed; all that is left of the noble husband and indulgent father is lowered into the tomb, surrounded by his family, friends and brothers. One more picture and I am done, and I hope it will go to the heart of every Brother as an angel of mercy. See our Financiers, with the policy of insurance and the amount it calls for, at the home of the deceased Brother. See what a help to the unprotected; it will buy a home, it will educate the children, it will buy bread and will bring the blessings of the widow and orphan upon you. What a joy to receive a blessing from such a source, and in order to receive such blessings you must do your duty. You all understand what duty in this instance means.

Hoping that these few lines will have the desired effect, and that the Brotherhood may prosper and flourish in the future as in the past, I subscribe myself,

Very humbly yours,

JUSTICE.

A WOMAN'S OPINIONS.

Editor Firemen's Magazine:

As I am the wife of a member of the B. of L. F., I take pleasure in sending in a little contribution for your book. I noticed in the May issue an item relating to the great change that has taken place with regard to the habits of railroad men; an item that pleased me very much, in fact, it has been the cause of my attempt at writing on so important a subject. I learn that the habits of railroad men have changed greatly for the better, particularly as regards "intemperance." My idea is to show in a few words how much better it is to be called a sober man than to be known as a sot. Look at the sober man, the sober engineer and fireman; go to his home, witness the happiness there; mark the signs of prosperity pervading his cosy household; the light of happiness beaming from the eyes of his wife and children. His employers have every confidence in him, for they know him to be sober, and any man in whose employ he is will feel regret when his time for leaving comes. He is the man who never considers it too much trouble to do his

work right and as it should be done. On the other hand, look at the victim of intemperance, slovenly, dirty and an outcast. His home a hovel, his food liquor and the wife whom he promised to love and cherish is driven by necessity to do work unfitting a woman for a mere pittance. Her careworn and pale face makes a striking and sad contrast to the rosy, bright eyed little woman to whom we referred above. He has no ambition to accomplish anything, and his duties are a burden to him instead of a pleasure. Let him signify his intention of leaving the company by which he is employed and his time is cheerfully given him; his employer all too glad to get rid of him. I trust that every man who reads this will place these two conditions side by side and select for the future the side that is adapted to him, loved and loving, a credit to himself and an honor to the community in which he moves and lives.

While I am in the humor of writing, and as "Young Wife" gave a receipt for apple tarts, I will give an excellent one for *Cooking Husbands*. The first thing to be done is to catch him. Many a good husband is spoiled in the cooking; some women keep them constantly in hot water, while others freeze them with conjugal coldness, and others still keep them in a pickle all their lives; these women serve them with tongue sauce. Now it is not to be supposed that a husband will be tender and good if served in this way, but are on the contrary very delicious when managed as follows: Get a large jar called the jar of carefulness, place your husband in it and place him near the fire of conjugal love; let the fire be pretty warm, especially let it be clear and above all let it be constant; cover him over with affection, garnish him over with the spice of pleasantries, and if you add kisses and other confections let them be accompanied with a sufficient portion of prudence and moderation; this way your husband will keep forever without spoiling.

The above is warranted, having never been known to fail; I, too, have tried it and the result was marvellous.

MRS. INCOGNITO.

NORTHWESTERN NOTES.

FERGUS FALLS, MINN., May 31, 1882.

Editor Firemen's Magazine:

The thought occurred to me that a short letter from our growing city might be of interest to the readers of the Magazine.

Although a member of the Brotherhood it is my first attempt to act as correspondent, yet I will endeavor to be interesting.

New Era Lodge No. 76, B. of L. F., is located at this place, and has a membership of thirty-one good members. With Bro. J. B. Gaston as Master we are sure to prosper. Meetings are being held every week, and several new and worthy men have been added to our list of members. The outlook is very promising and our future prospects are decidedly encouraging.

The members of No. 76 are prospering also in affairs outside of the Brotherhood; there have been several promotions to the right hand side. Among the promoted are Bros. McIntosh, Sullivan and Catlin; these are promotions that are richly merited. Bro. Markley, who was seriously injured in an accident on the Northern Division of the St. P., M. & M. R.R., is rapidly recovering.

With best wishes for the future of our Order, and trusting that I may never be found wanting in my part of the work, I am,

Fraternally yours,

BENJ. PARKS.

THE BLACK LIST.

GALVESTON, TEX., May 14, 1882.

Editor Firemen's Magazine.

I notice in the last two numbers of the Magazine that there are a great many expulsions for non-payment of dues; not alone firemen, but a good many of them engineers. I think it very disgraceful for a man to be cast out of an order and have his name in print on account of a few dollars. Have they already forgotten the vows they made when they became members of this Order? Have they neglected to read the Constitution and By-Laws, or do they think it a disgrace to belong to the Firemen's Brotherhood after they get promoted to the right hand side? Do they think because they are engineers that they can drop off from the B. of L. F. and join the B. of L. E.? To such men I would say, you are laboring under a misapprehension. The engineers will not accept you into their Order as long as you are in arrears with the B. of L. F. You need not think they will not know you; soon as you are expelled your name will be sent to the Grand Lodge, and from there forwarded to the Grand Lodge of Engineers. When you apply to them for membership, they will remind you of your broken pledge. When a member fails to pay his dues and assessments he

is stealing from his Lodge. A man may go into another part of the country, run an engine awhile, and apply for membership in the Brotherhood; they will say to him: you are an expelled member of the B. of L. F., and we cannot accept you until you square up with them.

Brothers, bear this in mind, and you will always pay your dues, and you will also pay the widow's and orphan's fund.

Yours in the cause,

MAC.

DEATH UPON THE RAIL.

TUCSON, ARIZONA, April 21, 1882.

Editor Firemen's Magazine:

It is with a sad heart I write to inform you of the sudden and terrible death of one of our most esteemed and beloved Brothers, Nathaniel Haskell, who was killed on the evening of April 16th, at Rincon, New Mexico, on the A., T. & S. F. R.R. A train was ditched by a misplaced switch. Bro. Haskell had started to Chicago to visit his mother, brothers and sisters. On leaving Denning he took a seat on the engine, and when fifty-two miles out met his death. I cannot describe the scene on my arrival at the wreck and saw the lifeless form of our brother, whom I bid good-bye a few hours before at Denning. I will relate as fully as I can the particulars of the accident. The express left Denning at eight o'clock (your time), and when one mile from the station at Rincon, at a gravel spur, a switch was seen to be misplaced just enough to let the flanges of the drivers strike the middle of the main rail. The engine made a leap into the air, coming down about a car length on the siding, and turned over on the right side. When the engineer saw the end of the rail he was only a rail-length from it, and before time to think, all was over. It seems almost a miracle the engineer and fireman were not killed, but they were not scratched. Our poor brother was seated on the fireman's seat, and when the engine turned over, the injector burst on his side of the cab, and he was scalded. Not a spot on his whole body but was blistered. His eyes were burned, his hands were burned so the flesh came off, and his feet peeled completely when we removed his boots. He was breathing when taken from the wreck, but died a moment afterwards. All that mortals could do was done, though he was not with brothers of our Order. Everything that could be done by the noble hearted engineer and

fireman was willingly done. They were assisting him on his way to his home. When the news came, my engine was on the train at Denning, ready to start for Tucson. I left it in charge of a fireman who was kind enough to go through for me, and I went in the company of Bro. Green, who also left his engine, for the remains. I telegraphed to Bro. Sparks, who went to the home of our brother to break the sad news to the widow and orphaned children. Of that scene I need not speak. The wail of the stricken ones must ever be sacred. On our arrival at Rincon, we found the body in the freight house. We had a box made—the best we could—and the next morning returned to Tucson, had the body embalmed and placed in a casket, and on the 20th of April accompanied the remains and the sorrowing family to Denning, enroute for Chicago. From the time of my arrival at the wreck until last night, we devoted our whole time to our duty to the departed, and when we bade good-bye to our sister and the little ones, we felt we had been well employed.

The widow had given all her means to the husband to go on his journey, leaving herself destitute. All expenses thus far were paid by us, and I presented her, on behalf of the Lodge, with one hundred dollars, procured passes for the family and remains, and also for Bro. Geiger, who goes with them.

Last night, when we said farewell to them, I said to our brothers, our work is done and well done. The comment everywhere is: "the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen is one of the most noble in Tucson." All the money expended is out of the funds of our Brotherhood, and not one cent will be taken from our sister's insurance, but will be paid as it is received from your hands.

I forward you the policy and receipt for dues, which were given Bro. Haskell when he was leaving Tucson, also certificate of death.

We feel greatly our loss, as he was one of our most earnest workers for the Order, and always prompt in the payment of dues.

His family is left penniless, but all we can do shall be done at all times. I was last of the Brotherhood to see him in life, and the first one to look upon his lifeless body. God grant I may never be called to witness again such sorrow as I saw the evening I arrived at Tucson with the remains and called upon the family.

Bro. Debs, I never realized until now what a noble Order ours is. I do now

and shall be hereafter more earnest in the work. I feel we should make every effort to increase our numbers, and make its virtues better known. I tell you the officials of this road feel its power more to-day than ever before.

If I have neglected anything in applying for the insurance, advise me. This is our first request, and I hope it may never occur again.

Your sincere Brother,
T. P. SARGENT.

TIM FAGAN'S PILGRIMAGE.

Editor Firemen's Magazine:

"Tis pleasant through the loop-holes of retreat,

To peep at such a world."

—Cowper.

In these dwarfed papers on the Hall of Apollo and its contents, I have but merely referred to a few of its most prominent beauties; and the articles of which I have spoken are only those whose history is comparatively well known, or that I thought may be of interest to the reader; yet the smallest article has a history of its own that but few people would not find time to listen to. There are hundreds of things that I have not even mentioned; that a single one would be difficult if not impossible to purchase, so prized are they not alone for their intrinsic, but also their historic value. However, before leaving the Hall of Apollo, I shall take the liberty to refresh the memories of some of our readers by endeavoring to produce from a few of the many authors that have written on the subject, a brief sketch of that well-known and much spoken of myth, Apollo, whom this hall honors with its name. It may be at least instructive, if not interesting.

The history of myths is told with such an almost entire disregard to truth that it appears absurd; indeed, much of it reads like a well told, interesting, modern fairy story; in fact, they bear a close resemblance to each other, altered that the young mind of to-day may better understand. Mythology is to the manufacturer of our fairy stories what Homer is to Virgil: the inspiring genius. Yet there is that in their relation which closely attracts and fascinates our attention, and leaves in the thoughtful mind a train of study generally productive of some benefit, because it brings about a deeper thought than is usual; and he that thinks deeply acts honestly if not wisely.

Within and existing in those pleasing

legends of mythology, are contained important truths made deeply impressive by the manner in which they are related and the number of incidents so beautifully wove about them. Mythology has inspired poets, painters and sculptors, from the remotest ages to the present day. It gives to the poet's fancy an unlimited space for the wildest flights of his imagination; and the painter's and sculptor's genius is loose and untrammled; it is free.

Our own painter, Bridgeman, whose brush has done so much for the elevation of, and given such an impetus to American art, gives us a beautiful idea of the carrying off of Cyrenne by Apollo. Mounted on his glistening and magnificent chariot, which is drawn by four "wild and untamable steeds," harnessed abreast of his car, Apollo stands erect, clasping Cyrenne with his right arm and with the left he shakes a loose rein to his graceful but noble looking favorites who, like the wind takes flight, and dashes into space. Cyrenne is half shrinking, half clinging to Apollo; she looks frightened at the headlong speed, and yet her face betrays a happier and deeper feeling. This is Bridgeman's conception as he gives it to us on canvas.

TIM FAGAN.

ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATION.

BARABOO, WIS., May 11th, 1882.

Editor Firemen's Magazine:

No. 26 has just launched her "boat of success" out on the second year of her existence with a boom that will long be remembered by all present at our ball last evening, as being one of the grandest affairs ever produced in our city.

Just one year ago yesterday, Bro. Stevens came among us and organized our little body, and we started out with a determination to make a success of our new undertaking, and as proof of our success, the grand ball is all that is necessary to convince all that the Brotherhood is flying its banner high in Wisconsin.

Business being quite brisk, many of our boys could not attend, but those who could laid down the tiresome old scoop and gathered to the place of festivity.

The ball opened with a grand march, and I assure you the expressions on the faces present were very different from those upon the faces of the boys who were compelled to take their buckets and march down to the round house to report ready for duty. The members all wish to ten-

der thanks to Mr. C. A. Swineford, our Superintendent, Mr. J. H. Hull, train dispatcher, and Mr. T. J. McDormit, our Master Mechanic, for the goodness shown our Order, and in aiding us to make our ball second to none ever given in this city.

No. 26 now boasts of forty members in good standing, with eight applications. We all mean business, and are proud of what we achieved in the past year. No pains will be spared this year to continue what we have begun, and to do all in our power for the good of the cause.

Hoping that success may attend all, I am
Fraternally yours, F. H.

ORIENTAL NOTES.

HORNELLVILLE, N. Y., May 14, 1882.

Editor Firemen's Magazine:

On Wednesday evening, May 3d, a delightful wedding party was pleasantly entertained at the residence of Mr. John Pierce, on Mill street, it being the occasion of the marriage of Bro. August A. Bork, of Lodge No. 12, to Miss Jessie D. Pierce, a very estimable young lady of this city. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Mr. Whitaker, pastor of the Baptist church, in the presence of a large party of friends. Mr. James Young was "best man," and Miss Ella Pierce, sister of the bride, was bridesmaid. A most delicious repast added to the pleasure of the occasion. Bro. and Mrs. Bork left on train No. 1 at 8:55 P.M., for a visit to Buffalo, Niagara Falls, Jamestown, Meadville, Dayton and other places; upon their return they will reside here.

Bro. Bork is a true brother in every sense of the word, and is highly esteemed by all his Brothers in No. 12, having been a member about three years; he is a first-class fireman. Lou Cooper, his engineer, thinks there is none better. Bro. Bork is firing engine No. 72 on trains 9 and 4, with his layover here, and should any of the Brothers from afar chance to meet him, they will find a warm friend and a true Brother. We congratulate the fair bride upon the wise selection she has made and hope as they sail down the matrimonial river they will meet no storms or troubles greater than "little ones."

The happiest man in the Lodge on May 5th, was Bro. Dan Gannah. As we were on our way up Spencer street, we saw Bro. G. on the opposite side; he gave us a signal to stop, and crossing over we asked him what it was, and he replied that it was a boy and weighed twelve pounds.

(Of course we took a cigar; we never refuse one on an occasion like that.) At last accounts father, mother and son were doing well, and Dan says as soon as he has fired six months he will hand in his application. YANKEE.

LOW TIDE AT THE RAPIDS.

CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA, June 6, 1882.

Editor Firemen's Magazine:

Knowing that articles from Subordinate Lodges are acceptable, I will make an effort to inform you of No. 27's doing, &c. In looking over our Magazine I find many articles from pens of able writers and am surprised not to see more, for ability certainly can be no excuse for not contributing to so worthy a book as ours, and one that falls in the hands of so many that eagerly look for a communication from their vicinity, from which, in many instances a large subscription list has been obtained outside of the Brotherhood; therefore, when this article comes under the eye of our correspondents who only write occasionally they will leave no stone unturned to make this department of our book a grand success. In the May number I find an article headed "The Engineer's Dream," by an ex-fireman, and think it has hit the nail on the head, as there are many who only clean their engines in their own imagination; but I hope there are many who have model firemen in reality and not in their mind. The C. M. & S. P., on which quite a number of 27's members are employed is rapidly extending its Morion extension and soon we will be in Council Bluffs.

Bro. McGuire has the honor of having the highest numbered engine this side of the river, the 516.

Bros. Owens and Kimball are still on 277; Bro. Latham on 81, Bro. Borner on extras, Bro. Smith in the gravel pit, and Bro. Gillfeather on 292.

Since Key City Lodge has been organized, firemen on other divisions are getting anxious and before long we will have the R. & S. W. Div. of the C. M. & St. P. asking our Instructor to come this way.

Bro. Walbrand, of the Iowa route, has lately been promoted to the right side. Henry is a good boy and worthy of it.

Bro. Blatt has gone and taken unto him one of Burlington's fairest ladies. All right, John, do not change with Jack, but keep on the run you are on. We have now waiting for admission four, and four applications to work on at our next meeting; so you see that we are slowly coming to the front.

Any members of the B. of L. F. coming this way must not forget and call on Bro. Ford, proprietor of the Washington street cigar store, where the magazine can always be found.

Hoping, Mr. Editor, that this will find a place in your columns, I remain fraternally yours!
Ex.

WHY NO. 23 WENT DOWN.

LOUISVILLE, KY., June 2, 1882.

Editor Firemen's Magazine:

I am prompted by three motives to write this letter: First, to assist in clearing away the disgrace that has been cast upon the Brotherhood in this city, by a mind whose narrowness and bigotry was only equalled by its corrupt malignity. Second, to defend a good man's name whose character and honesty of purpose have been unjustly assailed; and, lastly, to give an explanation of the downfall of No. 23.

Perhaps there are some who think it rather late in the day to introduce this matter, but when they consider that the interest of the Brotherhood suffers and has suffered from this silence they will, I am sure, agree with me in placing a few facts before the readers of the Magazine, keeping in mind that it is never too late to right a wrong, or to remedy an existing evil. A wise General, even after a victory, will place sentinels about his camp.

When a number of the Order dies in bad standing—though no fault of his own—the non-payment of that claim, without an explanation is the cause of considerable comment among those who do not understand the reasons. The reasons are simply these: the money that that member had paid to his Financier was not returned to the Grand Treasurer, hence his name did not appear on the register in good standing; therefore, at his death he was not entitled to benefits. These were the facts that assisted in a great measure in the downfall of No. 23, and such things should open the eyes of all members to see that the duties of such officers are faithfully fulfilled. However, I shall say right here, in justice to Mr. John E. Shallcross, a respectable citizen of the city of Louisville, though he may have approved of some of J. A. Smith's doings, he did not in any way aid or assist him in defrauding his Lodge, nor did he know of Smith's guilt till it was too late to save the Lodge. The character of Mr. Shallcross was assailed by one whose guilt was similar to Smith's and to divert attention

from himself, he adopted that disgraceful course; a course that is in perfect harmony with the calibre of the man. It was this same spirit that betrayed itself at the Buffalo Convention, and at subsequent conventions. It is odious to our broad and liberal principles. It aroused but disgust, and met with what it deserved, a prompt and decisive condemnation. The shot-gun policy conflicts with the ideas and institutions of our organization, and is not nor should not be tolerated; its place is outside our ranks and should be kept there.

Such a dishonorable course was worthy of the depraved mind from which it emanated. It is to no man's credit to boast that he "comes from a country where they shoot;" this said in connection with certain circumstances, was intended for a threat. However, knowing the individual as I do, I was not disappointed; one of such little brain cannot bring forth anything of worth.

Religious contentions was a pet subject of his in the Lodge room, in direct violation of the constitution. Every man should be free to worship God as his conscience dictates, and no Lodge, with any regard for its welfare, should permit, for a moment, the introduction of discussions on religious or political subjects. Yet this man, with his narrow, contracted ideas would insist on imposing his opinions on others to such an extent that where any one would differ with him he would take the unfair advantage of his position to malign their character and injure them in other respects in the sight of their employers. It is a standing conundrum how or by what means this individual ever obtained the position of a Grand officer in the organization, which at one time he occupied.

These, as I have said, are but a few of the facts connected with the odium that has been so unjustly cast upon the Brotherhood, and in justice to our good name I have stated them. The best proof that I can offer for the good feeling that at present exists in Louisville with Brotherhood men and the citizens generally is the flourishing condition of the two Lodges that stand on the ruins of Ex 23.

FROM THE GOLDEN GATE.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., June 12, 1882.

Editor Firemen's Magazine:

It is with much pleasure that I take advantage of a leisure moment to give you a few items from this section. No.

91 never was in as good condition as at present and her prospects are growing brighter and brighter every day.

Bro. F. Ould, formerly Master, is now running an engine on the Southern Pacific, about 110 miles from San Francisco, and as a consequence, is denied the pleasure of attending Lodge meetings.

Bro. George Resing was married a short time ago to Miss Mamie Moran, and the boys unite in wishing them health, wealth and happiness.

At this writing Bro. Thomas Thompson and wife are on a visit here from Arizona. Bro. Thompson has been running an engine in the "Cactus" State for about a year and speaks very favorably of that country.

I regret the necessity of notifying you of the misfortune that recently occurred to Bro. Albert Deitrich, of our Lodge. He was seriously injured while firing engine 48, on an express train running between San Francisco and Monterey, on the S. P. R.R. The accident was caused by the breaking of a side-rod while running at the high rate of fifty miles per hour. Bro. Deitrich was thrown violently to the ground, breaking his shoulder bone, spraining his ankle and bruising his side. He is doing as well as can be expected, and the boys hope to see him on the left side of the 48 quite soon again.

This being all the news at present, I will close by subscribing myself always a well-wisher of the cause. T. W. M.

PERSEVERANCE PERSONALS.

TERRACE, UTAH, June 12, 1882.

Editor Firemen's Magazine.

In looking over the pages of the Magazine we fail to notice anything from Perseverance Lodge No. 98. Although we are located way out in the desert and have none of the advantages of our favored brethren, still we feel that we are not an unimportant part of the Brotherhood, which is growing to be a power in the land. We all take pride in doing what lies in our power to preserve the standing of the institution. We regard it as an honor to belong to it and we shall at all times be found ready to protect its interests.

Our Magazine Agent, Bro. George Jacobs, now holds the throttle with a master hand. Bros. Young, Warner, and Fisher are likewise blessed and are doing good work in that capacity.

Our Vice Master, Bro. Lindsay, is night dispatcher in Terrace and Bro. Ed Hast-

ings is occupying a similar position at Wells, Nevada. Ed. transacts our financial affairs and does it to the supreme satisfaction of all.

We are all gratified with the success of the Magazine. Its appearance has improved wonderfully during the past year so that now we have every reason to feel proud of it.

It is our aim to make No. 98 one of the star Lodges in the Order and if we fail it will be no fault of "Scoop."

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

MOUTH OF THE LENA, June 1, 1882.

Editor Firemen's Magazine.

Now, that I am settled down for a time at least, I will try and write to my little friend, the Magazine, a letter once in a while and show up, from my stand point of view, some of the various evils which exist in our Order, and suggest a remedy for them, and if I err in the view of the evils, which all true minded men must admit do exist, I will be content with the thought that it were better to make the attempt to explain my views than to dream of castles in the air.

Much has been said and written in regard to the duties of membership, and there is still much more that can be said that will not be amiss. Now, there are members in the Order to-day, who do not take the interest in the working of their lodges that they should, and while we greatly deplore this state of things, I would say to you all that in neglecting this matter you injure yourselves and the Order as well. You may not think so; I care not whether you do. Of the workers, there are two classes, the worker in the lodge room and the worker out of it. To be sure, many embrace both of these qualities, while a few do not. Then, on the other hand, come the drones, and like the drones in a hive of bees, they toil not, neither do they spin, yet just as ready to sting the hand that made their home what it is as the wasp that retaliates when its nest is disturbed. The open hearted indifferent drone, who is always willing to do anything if he is only driven to it by some of the workers, is the worst of all, for then a double duty is imposed on some, where it would only be a single duty, in case he knew when he asked some one else to do any thing he would receive a negative reply.

And, further, I would like to point out to you all, the fact that the little pin, emblematic of the Order, has great attraction

for some who are to-day enrolled on our Grand Register, and consequently they joined the Order for the sole purpose of being a Brotherhood man, caring not for the principle or objects of the Order, so long as there is some one authorized to accept the money and sign the receipts which keep them in good standing, as they are in the Order because of the name and prestige it has. So they dread the result of having their names in the black list.

Now, if these men, they are called, (I fail to see the manhood) are of any real benefit to the Order, or of any personal worth, I would like for some of our more able members to point it out. I have carefully studied every point in the case and can only arrive at this conclusion: they simply swell our ranks, and nothing more.

Brothers, ours is a cause which requires more than ordinary work on your part and mine, too, and not as some suppose, a simple banding together for the purpose of bulldozing others to accede to our demands for increase of pay for our services. But, as we all know, and I will say to those who do not know, we are formed solely for the purpose of alleviating sickness and distress, and seeing that the maimed are cared for, and that the dead shall be decently buried. We also aim to educate those who are left in our care, trusting to find our reward, if any, either in old age or beyond the grave.

I would suggest, as a remedy for this inaction on your part, a thorough perusal of the Constitution and By-Laws, and that those who have in the past been efficient workers impose upon you some duty to perform, which will bring you into the lodge room, where you may see and help the interests and social standing of the Brotherhood, brought to that point of excellence, that you may command the respect of your employers and society in general and place our Order the foremost of the kind in the world, as it is the foremost of the kind in the land, and in the words of the noble Goundie, "work with a will, the cause is just, and success is certain," and you will have the co-operation of all true men.

Fraternally yours,

"DOCTOR KANE."

AFTER a long and painful illness, Bro. J. L. Clark, of No. 10, has taken his accustomed place among the boys, and they are all happy to see his pleasant face in their midst again.

IN MEMORY OF CHARLES W. TUFTS.

Editor Firemen's Magazine:

"He is at rest"—(how sweet the words;
What comfort they contain.)
We miss him, but we would not ask
To call him back again.

He has a brighter home than earth
Where dwell the angels fair;
And he will watch beside the gate
Until we enter there.

The late Charles W. Tufts, who died at South Norwalk, Conn., May 17, 1882, was one whose loss is deeply felt, not only by his family but by all who knew him.

For many years he held the position of Engine Dispatcher of the N. Y., Lake Erie and Western R.R., but during the last four years he has been General Foreman. Being placed in these prominent and responsible positions, he had the opportunity of becoming known by many; but among all who were intimately acquainted with him there is not one who cannot say: "he was a friend to me."

Whether a man was rich or poor, whether in high position or in low, it mattered not to him. He had a word of cheer and comfort for all, and if they were in need he was among the first to assist them. He was not an example of perfection, for no man is without sin, but surely, it may be said of him: "His life was not spent in vain."

All employed on the road of which he was foreman, can testify that he was a friend in the time of need, and they deeply sympathize with the wife, who has lost such a husband, and the children who have lost such a father.

How sad and lonely is their home
Without a father's smile;
But they will all in Heaven meet,
'Tis but a "little while."

A "little while" and joyfully
They will be welcomed home;
And there, united, will they dwell
Before the Father's throne.

How calm and peaceful is the death of a Christian; about it there lingers a holy influence. As one has beautifully written: "'Tis but going to sleep to awaken in a brighter home." We sometimes feel that God takes our dear ones just when they are most needed, but who knows better than He does what is good for us? He spared our friend for more than fifty years, and we know that each one of us will be called from earth ere many years have fled.

Within the lonely cottage
And in the stately hall
Death comes and seizes victims;
God's hand is in it all.

Among those who deeply feel the loss of our friend and as deeply sympathize with his bereaved family, are the Firemen.

At a special meeting, held by the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, on the 28th of May, the following resolutions were passed:

Resolved, That we, the members of the B. of L. F., extend our heartfelt sympathy to the bereaved wife and children of our departed friend, Charles W. Tufts, and trust that they will seek and find comfort

from the Almighty One, whom he loved and served through life.

Resolved, That in his death we have lost a very near and dear friend, whose Christian influence in the world has done much good, and that his memory shall be held sacred by us all.

THOMAS MAYPOTTER,
A. MOREHOUSE,
S. BOND,
J. E. OPP,
FRED L. HOPPER,
PETER RUFFER,
E. W. DAVIS,
Committee.

PERSONAL.

M. S. LAUGHLIN, of No. 10, is requested to correspond with his Lodge.

THE promotion of J. F. George, of Truckee Lodge, No. 19, is noted with much pleasure.

ALEXANDER GIBSON, of No. 14, will please correspond with the Financier of his Lodge.

THOMAS J. YOUNG of Lodge No. 64, is respectfully requested to correspond with his Lodge.

CHARLES McDONALD of Border Lodge No. 32, will please correspond with the Financier of his Lodge.

AMONG our enterprising Masters, we find D. P. Higgins, who presides over the destinies of the Royal Gorge boys.

AFTER a long illness, Bro. B. F. Mullen, of Vigo Lodge No. 16, is on deck again, filling his usual position.

AS USUAL Gate City Lodge was the first to make returns upon death assessments five and six, which reached us on June 3rd, or thirty-seven days before it was due.

BROS. Wiley and Kunz, of No. 94, have crossed the deck. The former is stationed at Tucson as night hostler and the latter at Bowie.

ON account of a new candidate who came to the household of Bro. Simpson, of No. 94, the proud father passed the cigars.

BEING altogether averse to Chinese labor, Bro. Fetterly is about to assume the office of "husband" and retire to private life in Tucson.

Two junior members were recently added to the family of Bro. M. O. Burnham of No. 10, both of whom will, in time, be eligible to membership.

A. J. MULLEN, of Vigo No. 16, is on the sick list, but will probably soon be on deck again. He is one of 16's active workers and cannot well be spared.

THREE of our good boys, belonging to No. 25, are now firing new passenger engines. They are Bros. R. S. Pike, W. H. Fuller and Ed. Fisk.

THE boys of No. 61 were honored recently by a visit from Bro. Weicklein, of No. 40, Bro. Donahen, of No. 21, and Bro. Roop, of No. 38.

BRO. Edward Denis is firing on the Northern Pacific R.R. Seventy-six sends him her best, as he was one of their old timers.

CHARLES McCURTIE, more generally known as "Mac," among the boys, is running a passenger engine on the D. & R. G. Line with great success.

THE very efficient Magazine Agent of No. 54, Bro. Arthur Brown, also Bro. Albert Wilchert, have deservedly been promoted. They will develop into first-class engineers.

THE Financier of No. 53, Bro. R. E. Case, has just returned from a pleasant visit in the East.

BRO. J. B. McNeil, of No. 53, has got married, leaving the balance of his companions in the lurch.

THOMAS CRAWFORD, Master of West End No. 18, has good reason to feel proud of his Lodge, for she is one of the best in the Order.

By his many acts of kindness, Bro. Wm. McMurray, of No. 50, has won the admiration and confidence of a large circle of friends.

THE members of No. 10 wish to return thanks to all District Corresponding Secretaries for kind and cheering letters sent them.

ONE of our members who recently met Bro. Peter Gibney, of No. 18, speaks of him as a "noble, whole-souled fellow." We know him and endorse the compliment.

CHARLES SCHAELELL, of No. 93, is at Terrance, Utah, firing a passenger engine on the C. P. R.R. We are informed that he is a good boy. Its a pity that he is so far away from home.

BRO. W. R. Barnfather, of No. 67, is employed on the Rio Grande Division of the Texas Pacific R.R., in the capacity of yard engineer. His Canadian friends rejoice in his progress.

JAMES McCARTY, of No. 82, has been promoted to the right hand side, and is giving good satisfaction. His many friends will be glad to learn of his prosperity.

BRO. James Mather, of Lodge No. 63, Danville, Ills., is requested to correspond with the Master of his Lodge immediately. Address C. J. McGee, Box 772, Danville, Ills.

WITH pleasure we note the promotion of Bro. George McLaughlin, of Tippecanoe Lodge No. 36. He may now be found running an engine on the Ohio Central.

It is rumored that Chas. Flaherty, of Vigo Lodge, No. 16, has "caught on" and will soon approach the matrimonial altar. Further developments may be expected in the near future.

ARCHIE CLARK, of our Rocky Mountain Lodge, is having a "picnic" on the Denver and South Park R.R. He sends his loving regards to "Mishtur" Mulvihill, of No. 74.

HE is not searching among the hills of Colorado for hidden treasures, but doing good service in the capacity of engineer on the D. & R. G. R.R. We mean Robert Dunn, of Kansas City Lodge No. 74.

It is rumored that Joe Milton, one of 79's handsomest members, will be in Terre Haute, in September, to look after the interests of his Lodge. Joe will receive a warm welcome.

If you take a trip to Denver it will stand you in hand to carry yourself with care. Bro. Geo. Monahan, of No. 77, wears the "brass and the blue" there and may run you in.

THAT "Prince of Rovers," George McGarrahan, is now stationed at St. Paul, Minn., where he will soon be pressed into the service of the Brotherhood. His influence will be felt in that locality.

STEADILY the boys of No. 64 are moving over to the right side. Bro. Butterfield, Financier, is hostler on the C., St. P. M. & O. R.R., and Bro. S. M. McClure holds a similar position on the C., M. & St. P. R. R.

THE Master of Peace Lodge No. 109 desires to return thanks to Bros. Hayes, Halpin and Timblon, of Lodge No. 44, for valuable services rendered them at the time of their organization.

BROS. Brownlee and Buckley, of No. 66, are running road engines, with headquarters at Battle Creek. They are getting along finely and wish to be kindly remembered to the "boys they left behind them."

GOOD men are always known by their work. Bro. A. W. Rollins, formerly of Boston Lodge No. 57, again comes to the front as the master-spirit at Galesburg, Ills., where he is busily engaged in paving the way of Progress Lodge No. 105, to prosperity and success.

WE have "tapped" the Territories twice this year, i. e., at Mandan, Dakota and Chama, New Mexico, which is evidence that even in those remote localities the Brotherhood is neither ignored or neglected.

THE home of a certain young lady in Hannibal, Mo., must be an unusually attractive place, as it was recently visited by a streak of lightning and Bro. John Conlin, simultaneously. The lightning, however, was baffled and only succeeded in causing a temporary separation between John and his girl. This, we concluded, after Dame Rumor informed us that they are soon to be married.

THE Lodge at Ellis, Kansas, has improved wonderfully under its present efficient management. Late reports confirm the statement that the boys at that point are among the best in the Order.

BARABOO has developed into a city, and Mr. C. A. Swineford, Division Superintendent C. & N. W. R.R., and a great friend to our Order, is the first Mayor. May the infant city prosper under his supervision,

Two of our oldest and most prominent members, Bros. George Matthews and Cal. Ritchey, of Central Lodge No. 22, have charge of the engines that take the trains over the Dump mountains from La Veta to Placer, Col.

THE Master of Pioneer Lodge No. 108, Chama, New Mexico, M. E. Duxstad, is the right man for the position he holds. Under his management the new Lodge is sure to prosper. Being a member in good standing of the B. of L. F., he has every qualification for the place, and will fill it to the satisfaction of all.

HE got tired of playing solitaire, so he took a lady partner to assist him in dispelling the loneliness. Since the ceremony was performed they are Mr. and Mrs. John Lewis, of No. 15. May their days pass on so pleasantly that neither shall have cause for regret.

HEREBY Bro. Buse, of No. 10, wishes to return sincere thanks to the officers and members of Rocky Mountain Lodge, No. 77, and especially to Bros. George Monahan, Charles Tanney and W. F. Hynes, for kindness shown him while in Denver. Much credit is due them for his safe and speedy return home.

Mr. George L. La Rue, Master Mechanic of the D. & R. G. R.R., at Chama, New Mexico, speaks of the Brotherhood men in his employ in the most flattering terms. When such reports reach us we feel as though we are not laboring entirely in vain.

MAJOR DAILEY, the popular Master Mechanic of the Union Pacific R.R., at Ellis, Kansas, has a thorough knowledge of the aims and purposes of the Brotherhood and gives them his unreserved endorsement.

O. W. RICHARDSON, formerly of St. Joseph Lodge No. 43, has lately allied himself with Rocky Mountain Lodge No. 77. "Rich" is known far and near as a "good one," and his many friends will be glad to know that he is again in the Brotherhood.

INSTRUCTOR STEVENS wishes to return his sincere thanks to Bro. Wm. F. Hynes, of Rocky Mountain Lodge No. 77, for the many courtesies shown him on his recent trip to the West. From him Bro. Stevens learned a great deal regarding the status of the organization in that locality.

Not satisfied with running an engine, Bro. F. W. Jacobs, of No. 26, assumed, quite recently, the responsibility of engineering a household. His companion was formerly Miss Louise Werich, a lovely young lady of Baraboo. Good wishes.

MR. Wm. Turton, foreman of the engine house of the Kansas Division of the U. P. R.R., at Brookville, Kansas, is noted among the boys for the hearty interest he takes in the affairs of the Brotherhood. We are glad to learn that our feeble efforts are recognized by such men.

J. E. MILES, a former member of Union Lodge No. 5, has lately joined Royal Gorge Lodge No. 59, at South Pueblo, Col. Since entering the service of the D. & R. G. R.R., Bro. Miles has, by careful attention to his duties, advanced step by step until now he is in charge of a passenger engine.

COL. J. B. DANFORTH, Editor of the "Rock Islander," Rock Island, Ill., never loses an opportunity to say a good word for the Brotherhood and the men who compose it. His paper is the champion of the common people and we hope he may be spared many years to continue in the good work in which he is so zealously engaged.

AFTER a long and tedious journey, Bro. J. A. Summers, of No. 10, has returned to his home in Cleveland. He was stationed for some time at Apache, New Mexico, and expresses himself as being well pleased with the people with whom he came in contact. The boys of No. 10 gave him a warm welcome.

WE are informed of the resignation of Bro. McHugh as Master of No. 103, caused by his being so stationed that he cannot attend meetings. We regret very much to lose Bro. McHugh as an officer but congratulate his Lodge upon having elected so worthy a successor as Bro. Pidgeon.

AFTER a long and serious struggle with the measles, Bro. R. E. Smith, of No. 53, is again able to resume work. Those of the Brothers who visited him in his sickness, say that he acted very much like the rest of the children under similar circumstances.

It is the general verdict of the boys on the Vandalia Line that Pat Daily, of Vigo Lodge No. 16, takes the cake for grace and beauty in the ball room. You ought to see him execute some of the fancy steps that have gained for him so wide a reputation as a master of the art.

MARRIED, at West Oakland, California, May 28th, 1882, LeRoy Enos, of Wadsworth, Nev., to Miss Theresa Rerat. The happy pair will immediately go to house-keeping, and the members of our fraternity who go that way are assured a warm reception at their little home.

THE members of Silver State Lodge No. 89 will give a grand ball and reception at Carlin, Nev., on the evening of July 4th, and we are requested to extend a general invitation to all members of the Order to be present and join in the festivities. A splendid time is anticipated.

A GREAT deal of credit is due Wm. Reddie, of Dominion Lodge No. 67, for the hard work he is doing in the matter of extending the Brotherhood. He did more than any other man to bring about the organization of Charity Lodge No. 5, and thus we add another glorious chapter to his record.

MR. JOSEPH BEEHLER and Miss Ravinia Bartlett, were married in Brockville, Ont., during the "month of roses." The bride is a very interesting and fascinating young lady, and one of the good things that can be said of the groom is that he is a highly respected member of Challenge Lodge, No. 69. The noble little band of our Brotherhood, to which Bro. Beehler belongs, wish the young couple lots of prosperity.

IN last month's Magazine, Bros. John Dunn and Thomas Lynch, both of No. 86, were published in the black list for non-payment of dues. This is a mistake and a gross injustice to the above named, as they are new members and in good standing with their Lodge. Their names were confounded with those of other parties, who were reported expelled and in this manner the mistake occurred.

THE following is a quotation from a letter of one of the boys of No. 15: "We are all well and happy, having received an advance in salary. Please mention in the Magazine the goodness of Mr. Herbert Wallis, Superintendent of our road, to whom we are indebted for said advance. He has treated us with the utmost kindness, and we are all proud of him. We will endeavor to merit his respect.

TO-DAY, for the first time in many months, Forest City Lodge, No. 10, is in first-class condition. On account of a number of reverses she became involved in debt, which debt has been lifted and she stands proudly erect with our best Lodges. Bro. Sheppard took the lead in this good work and found a number of assistants who helped him bravely until the struggle was ended. To these few men No. 10 owes her existence.

THE officers and members of No. 49 wish to extend heartfelt thanks to Bros. Wm. Hugo and George Burgess, of No. 14, for having kindly paid them a visit and giving them valuable instructions. They will be pleased to have members call on them at all times.

SPECIAL credit is due Bros. F. W. Dyer and Chas. Montgomery, of No. 61, for being the first members to carry into effect the resolution adopted at the Boston convention in regard to securing annual passes for our Instructor. As a result of their enterprise Bro. Stevens now has an annual pass over the St. Paul, Minneapolis and Manitoba R.R. If all our members would petition their respective superintendents we feel confident that our organizer would soon have annual passes over all the lines in the country.

THE marriage of Brother John J. Delaney, Master of Garden City Lodge No. 50, to Miss Elizabeth D. Hill, the accomplished daughter of John Hill, one of the oldest engineers on the C., R. I. & P. Ry., is the principal subject of comment in that locality. John has a combination of noble qualities that make him popular with all classes of people, and enlist for him their lasting friendship. In the happy event just recorded he is not only warmly congratulated by the members of the Order, but by all who know him. We mingle with the number in wishing himself and lady health and happiness to the end of life.

GRAND LODGE ORDER.

The attention of Lodges is called to Section 4 of Article III of the Constitution, in relation to the election of delegates to the coming Convention. The names of delegates must be forwarded to the G. S. & T. as soon as they are elected. In no case will transportation be secured for a delegate whose name is not reported so it will reach the G. S. & T. on or before August 5th.

F. W. ARNOLD, G. M.
E. V. DEBS, G. S. & T.

JOHN POWERS.

This man was rejected by New Era Lodge No. 76 on general principles. He will find it to his interest to remain quiet on the subject of our Order and its members. The last heard from him he was in Winnepsey, still insisting on gaining admission to the Brotherhood. We have no use for such men and they had better give up the idea of conquering us by intimidation.

FRANK REYNOLDS.

The man whose name heads this article is the most notorious fraud on record. He was admitted to Pride of the West Lodge No. 6 under false pretenses, and shortly after began his career of deviltry and disgrace. His name is well known in the neighborhood of De Soto, Mo., where he borrowed money right and left

and never returned a cent of it. He beat his wash bills, his board bills, and, in fact, everything that he could get on credit. He is a forger, also, and the strong arm of the law is outstretched at his former home, where he had better not stray if he wants to keep out of the penitentiary. To consummate his meanness, he married an innocent girl, and shortly after abandoned her without a word of warning.

He has been expelled from the Order, but still has in his possession a traveling card. He is now in the Northwest in search of new fields to conquer. We assume the responsibility of branding him as a liar, a thief, a forger, a wife-deserter and a cowardly cur.

If this comes under his observation (and we hope it will) we wish him to let us know if we succeeded in doing him justice. We shall make it an invariable rule hereafter to show up these villains without fear or mercy.

RESOLUTIONS.

1.

PORT JERVIS, N. Y., June 9, 1882.

At a regular meeting of Deer Park Lodge, No. 1, B. of L. F., held June 8, 1882, the following resolutions of sympathy were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, It has pleased Almighty God, in his infinite wisdom, to remove from our midst, by death, little Blanche, daughter of our worthy Bro. George Carmer, therefore be it

Resolved, That we tender to Bro. Carmer and his estimable wife, our heartfelt sympathy, in their deep affliction, and earnestly hope that what has been their loss is little Blanche's gain.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to our bereaved Bro. and his wife, and spread on the minutes of this Lodge.

A. J. SHINER,
ED. HARDING,
C. E. BARKMAN,
Committee.

24

PARSONS, KAN., June, 1882.

Editor Firemen's Magazine:

At a regular meeting of Great Western

Lodge No. 24, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That the thanks of this Lodge be tendered to Bro. James Fanning for his past services as Financial Secretary and Treasurer.

Resolved, That we wish him much success in his new home in Mexico and that he may always find friends who esteem him as highly as we do.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the Firemen's Magazine for publication.

JOHN EMERY,
CHARLES ANDERSON,
WILLIAM NEWICK,
Committee.

24.

PARSONS, KAN., June 6, 1882.

At a meeting of Great Western Lodge No. 24, the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, Death has entered the household of Bro. Fred. T. Wiggins and wife and taken from them their infant son, therefore be it

Resolved, That we extend to Bro. Wiggins and his estimable wife, our heartfelt sympathy in their sad bereavement.

Resolved, That these resolutions be published in the Locomotive Firemen's Magazine and a copy of the same be given to Mr. and Mrs. Wiggins.

JOHN EMERY,
CHARLES LANG,
JOHN TIERNEY,
Committee.

27

CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA, June 20, 1882.

At a regular meeting of Hawkeye Lodge No. 27, B. of L. F., the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, It has pleased Him who doth all things well, to remove from us and the cares of this world, our late Bro. S. C. Strong, thus reminding us of the uncertainty of life and the necessity of preparing for the life to come, therefore be it

Resolved, That it is but a just tribute to the memory of the departed Brother to say, that regretting his removal from our midst, we mourn for one who was in every way worthy of our respect and regard.

Resolved, That in his death the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen has lost a valuable member, and that we extend to the relatives our heartfelt sympathy in their great affliction and that our charter be draped in mourning for the space of sixty days.

Resolved, That these resolution be placed upon the records of this Lodge and that a copy be sent to Firemen's Magazine for publication.

E. L. DAY,
W. S. DAVIS,
W. M. GIBSON,
Committee.

28

NORTH PLATTE, NEB., June 21, 1882.

At a regular meeting of Elkhorn Lodge No. 28, B. of L. F., held May 31, 1882, the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, It has pleased our Heavenly Father in His infinite wisdom, to remove from Bro. Purtill, his wife and child, thus reminding us of the uncertainty of life; and

WHEREAS, In the death of the loved wife, Bro. Purtill has lost his best earthly friend and adviser; therefore, be it

Resolved, That we extend to Bro. Purtill our sincere and heartfelt sympathy in this, his hour of affliction, and commend him to Him who alone consoleth

and healeth the wounded spirit, for strength to bear his sad bereavement; and be it

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to Bro. Purtill and spread on the minutes of the Lodge and be published in the B. of L. F. Magazine.

H. J. CLARK,
R. P. DAVIDSON,
W. T. CHADWICK,
Committee.

34

CLINTON, IOWA, June 4, 1882.

At a regular meeting of Clinton Lodge No. 34, B. of L. F., held June 4, 1882, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, The angel of death has been among us and taken from earth little Carrie, daughter of Bro. Milton Wheeler and wife, therefore be it

Resolved, That we, as a lodge, extend to our worthy Bro. and wife our sincere and heartfelt sympathy, in this, the deepest affliction of their lives, and earnestly hope that what has been their loss is little Carrie's gain and that she is better off in Heaven than in this world of sickness and pain.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to Bro. Wheeler, also published in the Firemen's Magazine and Clinton Herald.

A. McMAHON,
J. PIERCE,
F. KINCH,
Committee.

38

STRATFORD, ONTARIO, June 5, 1882.

At a regular meeting of Avon Lodge No. 38, B. of L. F., held June 4th, the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, It has pleased Almighty God, in his infinite wisdom, to remove from his home on earth to that on high, the brother of our worthy Bro. Joseph Rogers, therefore be it

Resolved, That we, the members of Avon Lodge No. 38, B. of L. F., tender our afflicted Bro. and wife and the wife and family of the deceased our sincere sympathy in this, their hour of sorrow, and for consolation we commend them to Him who is the giver of all good, and we trust that they may meet the departed one in that home where sorrow is unknown and where friends are never parted.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be given to our afflicted Bro.; also

entered upon the minutes of this Lodge and published in the Firemen's Magazine.

GEORGE NURSEY,
JOSEPH LESTER,
BEN. YAPP,
Committee.

38.

STRATFORD, ONT., June 7, 1882.

At a regular meeting of Avon Lodge No. 38, B. of L. F., the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, It hath pleased Almighty God in His infinite wisdom to remove from her home on earth to that on high, the mother of our worthy Bro., Wm. O. Grady, therefore, be it

Resolved, That we, the members of Avon Lodge No. 38, B. of L. F., do sincerely sympathize with our worthy Brother, his father and family, in this their sad bereavement.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be forwarded to Bro. O'Grady, and that they be entered upon the minutes of this Lodge and published in the Firemen's Magazine.

WILLIAM BAIN,
JAS. F. DRUMMOND,
WILLIAM IVEY,
Committee.

38.

STRATFORD, ONT., June 4, 1882.

At a regular meeting of Avon Lodge No. 38, B. of L. F., the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, Our Lodge received from the hands of Bro. Lamb a beautifully framed photograph of five of the Brethren who acted as a grievance committee to interview H. Wallis, Esq., Mechanical Superintendent G. T. R.R., therefore be it

Resolved, That in return we tender our sincere thanks for the elegant gift received at his hands, and that his kindly interest in our welfare is highly and most respectfully reciprocated.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to Bro. Lamb, and one to be published in the Locomotive Firemen's Magazine.

T. R. IRWIN,
JOHN SHELDON,
FRED. MINGAY,
Committee.

43.

ST. JOSEPH, MO., June 10, 1882.

At a regular meeting of St. Joseph Lodge No. 43, B. of L. F., the following

resolutions were unanimously adopted, viz.:

To the Officers and Members of St. Joseph Lodge No. 43, B. of L. F.:

BROTHERS: The Angel of Death has been among us, and taken from earth little Harry, son of Bro. R. Morris, our Financier, be it therefore

Resolved, That we extend to Bro. Morris and his estimable wife our heartfelt sympathy in this, the deepest affliction of their lives, and earnestly hope that what has been their loss is little Harry's gain, and that he is better off in heaven than in this world of sorrow and pain, and be it further

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be presented to our Brother and his wife, and to the Firemen's Magazine for publication.

L. MOONEY,
CHAS. MURRAY,
WM. FARWELL,
Committee.

71.

At a regular meeting of Susquehanna Lodge, No. 71, B. of L. F., held at their Lodge room in Oneonta, Sunday evening, May 14, 1882, the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, The members of this Lodge are called upon the second time to drape the Lodge room in mourning, it having been the will of Divine providence to call from our midst our beloved Bro. Eugene Beeton, and

WHEREAS, We feel it a duty devolving upon us to manifest the sorrow we feel for the loss of a brother, whose memory will be ever dear to the hearts of the B. of L. F., and

WHEREAS, By the death of Bro. Beeton the Brotherhood has lost a true and valuable member, his associates a firm friend and genial companion, and the parents a kind and affectionate son, therefore be it.

Resolved, That we condole with relatives and friends of deceased, and especially to the disconsolate father and mother we extend our heartfelt sympathy on this sorrowful occasion, assuring them that he was honored and loved as a man and a Brother of his fellow-firemen.

Resolved, That the thanks of Susquehanna Lodge, No. 71, are due and are hereby tendered to Mr. C. A. Jones, M. M., and Mr. Charles Beach, engine dispatcher, for their kindness in assisting us to pay the last tribute of respect to our departed Brother.

Resolved, That we tender our thanks to

the Rev. Mr. Ford, of New Scotland, for the able and appropriate sermon delivered on the occasion.

Resolved, That we extend to Mr. C. D. Hammond, Superintendent of the A. & S. R.R., our thanks for the beautiful emblem of flowers in the form of a cross, presented to the friends of the deceased; also to Mrs. Hendrick, of Slingerland, for a beautiful wreath of flowers.

Resolved, That to any and all who in any way assisted in doing honor to the memory of our departed Brother, Susquehanna Lodge owed a debt of gratitude that words cannot express.

Resolved, That we drape our charter in mourning for thirty days, and that these resolutions be placed on our minutes, and that they be printed in the village papers and in the B. of L. F. Magazine, and that a copy be sent to the bereaved family.

G. W. SMITH,
W. S. CLARK,
J. C. IRVING,
Committee.

75

PHILADELPHIA, May 21, 1882.

At a regular stated meeting of Enterprise Lodge, No. 75, B. of L. F., held this day, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, It has pleased Almighty God, in His mysterious Providence, to remove from our midst, after a lingering illness, our highly esteemed and respected Bro. Edwin S. Neavill, thus reminding us, in the midst of all we love and hold dear to prepare for death, and

WHEREAS, In the death of Bro. Neaville, Enterprise Lodge has lost one of its most beloved and respected members, and his family a devoted husband and father, therefore be it

Resolved, That we truly regret the loss of our friend and Brother and will ever cherish and respect his memory.

Resolved, That we condole with the relatives and friends of the deceased, and especially to the desolate widow and children would we extend our sincere and heartfelt sympathy, assuring them that he was honored as a man and Brother by his fellow workmen and associates.

Resolved, That the thanks of this lodge be tendered to those who aided in paying the last tribute of respect to our deceased Brother.

Resolved, That our charter be draped in mourning for the space of thirty days.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be transmitted to our deceased Brother's wife, also spread on the record of this lodge and published in the Firemen's Magazine.

H. WALTON,
JAS. BOYLE,
F. DUPELL,
Committee.

94.

TUCSON, ARIZONA, June 26th, 1882.

At a regular meeting of Cactus Lodge No. 94, held at their hall, the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, The Brothers of Lodges Nos. 74, of Kansas City, and 47, 50 and 95, of Chicago, showed us many favors; the former assisting us in transporting the remains of our deceased Bro. Haskell, and the latter in receiving and attending the remains of same; therefore, be it

Resolved, That we hereby return to said Brothers our sincere and heartfelt thanks; words can but poorly express our gratitude to these Brothers, who assisted to lighten the burden of sorrow; by them was our beautiful burial service performed over the body of our dear Brother. The widow and orphaned children were made to feel that we would be loyal to them to the last, and although they were surrounded by strangers, they would find them to be friends. As long as life lasts shall we remember the noble acts of these Brothers. May the Father above who seeth all things bless them, and when we are summoned to attend the Grand Lodge above may they receive a rich reward.

F. P. SARGENT,
F. M. WILEY,
F. SIMPSON,
Committee.

NOTICE TO MAGAZINE AGENTS.

Volume VI is exhausted to and including the June number. We will have 1,500 extra copies printed, commencing with the July issue, so as to enable us to fill all orders for the remainder of the year. It is requested, for many reasons, that the subscription you now solicit commence with the July number, making a six months' subscription for fifty cents. We are convinced that it is for the best interests of the Magazine to have all subscriptions expire at the close of the year.

BENEFICIARY STATEMENT.
OFFICE OF THE GRAND SECRETARY AND
TREASURER, B. OF L. F.

Terre Haute, Ind., June 1st, 1882.

To all Subordinate Lodges:

SIRS AND BROTHERS: The following is a statement of the Beneficiary Fund for the month ending May 31st, 1882:

RECEIPTS.

No.	Ass't 1 & 2.	Ass't 3 & 4.	Total.	No.	Ass't 1 & 2.	Ass't 3 & 4.	Total.
1				56			
2	\$1 00	\$1 00	\$2 00	57			
3				58			
4				59			
5				60			
6	8 00	15 00	23 00	61	\$5 00	\$16 00	\$21 00
7		3 00	3 00	62	2 00	23 50	25 50
8	2 00	26 00	28 00	63			
9		2 00	2 00	64	1 00	16 00	17 00
10		4 00	4 00	65		19 00	19 00
11				66		32 00	32 00
12	10 00	86 00	96 00	67	1 00	3 00	4 00
13				68			
14				69			
15				70			
16	1 00	7 00	8 00	71			
17	3 00	40 00	43 00	72			
18				73			
19	2 00	28 00	30 00	74			
20	1 00	4 00	5 00	75	3 00	16 00	19 00
21	2 00	4 00	6 00	76		14 00	14 00
22	2 00	5 00	7 00	77	4 00	56 00	60 00
23				78			
24				79		27 00	27 00
25		8 00	8 00	80			
26				81			
27		5 00	5 00	82	3 00	7 00	10 00
28				83		14 50	14 50
29				84		2 50	2 50
30	1 00	2 00	3 00	85	3 00	8 50	11 50
31	3 00	8 00	11 00	86			
32	1 00	33 00	34 00	87	5 00	21 00	26 00
33		2 00	2 00	88			
34		22 00	22 00	89			
35				90			
36	2 00	7 00	9 00	91	3 00	27 00	30 00
37				92	1 00	15 00	16 00
38	1 00	49 00	50 00	93			
39		33 00	33 00	94			
40				95		91 00	91 00
41				96			
42				97			
43				98		1 00	1 00
44	6 00	11 00	17 00	99		4 50	4 50
45		9 00	9 00	100			
46		1 00	1 00	101			
47		4 00	4 00	102			
48				103			
49	5 00	16 00	21 00	104			
50				105			
51				106			
52		39 00	39 00	107			
53				108			
54	23 00	43 00	66 00	109			
55				110			
\$74 00 \$17 00			\$591 00	105 00	931 50	\$1,036 50	

Balance on hand May 1st \$ 664 50
Received during month 1,036 50

Total 1,701 00

DISBURSEMENTS.

By Mrs. E. F. Haskell (D. C. No. 6) . . . \$1,000 00

Cash on hand June 1st 701 00

DEATHS AND DISABILITIES.

WM. F. GEIWTZ.

Bro. Geiwtz, of St. Joseph Lodge No. 43, was killed on the St. Joe and Western R.R., May 29th. He had only been a member of the Order two months, and was in good standing at the time of his death.

ADMISSIONS BY CARD.

No. 3—Thomas Quinn from No. 22.
No. 68—C. G. King and T. Thompson from No. 26.
No. 79—Edward Reilly from No. 6.
No. 83—J. C. Bunn from No. 70.
No. 84—D. B. Annan from No. 38.
No. 89—Solomon Brown from No. 19.
No. 106—Geo. Welch and Thos. Welch from No. 34.

WITHDRAWALS.

No. 6—Edward Reilly, to join No. 79.
No. 10—T. Coughlin to join No. 78.
No. 30—L. B. Cutting to join No. 64; W. L. Champlin to join No. 27.
No. 33—R. J. McCool to join elsewhere.
No. 34—Frank Carpenter, final.
No. 35—C. H. Perry to join No. 26.
No. 37—Charles Lyceth, final.
No. 54—James Cronican, final.
No. 67—James Kennedy, to join No. 68.
No. 98—Frank R. Britten, final; J. W. Rise-dorph, to join No. 88.

REINSTATEMENTS.

No. 10—John Sweeney.
No. 22—C. E. Mott.
No. 30—D. A. Finley and M. J. Cronin.
No. 61—T. E. Cannon and J. Harrity.
No. 64—Chas. L. Martin.
No. 77—Marion Olmstead.

EXPULSIONS.

No. 10—Thomas Harrison, non-payment of dues.
No. 18—Chas. Berger, non-payment of dues.
No. 19—Michael Coyle, non-payment of dues and defrauding his Lodge.
No. 30—W. R. Saunders, non-payment of dues.
No. 54—J. J. Corbett, non-payment of dues, drunkenness and unbecoming conduct; A. G. Skagerstrom, non-payment of dues.
No. 60—Samuel Allen and Geo. F. Huth, non-payment of dues.
No. 61—Geo. Blake, Geo. Craig, M. Cooper, T. E. Cannon, F. D. Henion, J. Harrity, M. Keating, T. McNamara, T. Quinlan and G. A. Hawley, non-payment of dues.
No. 77—Lew Smith and M. J. Sullivan, non-payment of dues.
No. 89—Jerry Winklepect, non-payment of dues.
No. 100—M. C. Osburn, non-payment of dues.
No. 102—A. F. Braya, non-payment of dues.

Grand and Subordinate Lodges.

GRAND LODGE.

F. W. Arnold, Room 2, Pioneer Block, Columbus, O., Grand Master
W. E. Burns, 1250 Indiana Ave., Chicago, Ill., Vice Grand Master
E. V. Debs, Terre Haute, Ind., Grand Secretary and Treasurer
S. M. Stevens, Terre Haute, Ind., Grand Organizer and Instructor

GRAND EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

J. A. Leach, Chairman	Atchison, Kan
J. H. Walsh, Secretary	Chicago, Ill
E. Upton	Montreal, Can
E. A. Mace	Philadelphia, Pa
J. H. Brewer	Lafayette, Ind

GRAND TRUSTEES.

W. Maroney, Chairman	Chicago, Ill
W. F. Hynes	Denver, Col
D. Ross	Stratford, Ont

DISTRICT SECRETARIES.

A. H. Tucker, Box 167	Mason City, Iowa
H. G. Cormick, Box 151	Centralla, Ill
L. C. Hill, Box 113	Parsons, Kan
J. M. Dodge, Box 317	San Diego, Cal
W. H. Davies, Box 374	Atchison, Kan
M. W. Jamison, Box 626	Logansport, Ind
C. J. McGee, Box 772	Danville, Ill
J. D. Weaver, 2210 16th Ave. S.	Minneapolis, Minn
D. E. Barry, 510 Seneca St.	Buffalo, N. Y
W. J. Wheeler, 909 North 42d St.	West Philadelphia, Pa
G. A. Hewitt, B. & A. Eng. House,	Boston, Mass
E. Upton, 9 Burgess St., Pt. St. Charles.	Montreal, Can

SUBORDINATE LODGES.

1. DEER PARK; Port Jervis N. Y.	Master
C. E. Barkman, Box 21	Secretary
F. L. Smith, Box 361	Financier
A. J. Shiner,	Mag. Agent
C. E. Barkman, Box 21	
2. HAND IN HAND; Providence R. I.	
A. H. Stevens, 60 Jewett St.	Master
H. S. Lawton, 58 Francis St.	Secretary
T. B. Wardwell, 28 Common St.	Financier
W. Lowry, 60 Jewett St.	Mag. Agent
3. ADOPTED DAUGHTER; Jersey City, N. J.	
E. W. Davis, 172 Pavonia Ave.	Master
E. Ely, 205 Pavonia Ave.	Secretary
B. D. Maxwell, 314, E. 23rd St.	Financier
E. W. Davis, 172 Pavonia Ave.	Mag. Agent
4. GREAT EASTERN; Portland, Maine.	
A. E. Dennison, 17 Fort St.	Master
G. E. Sheridan	Secretary
F. O. Mitchell, 23 Merrill St.	Financier
A. E. Dennison, 17 Fort St.	Mag. Agent
5. CHARITY; St. Thomas, Ontario.	
D. Cottrell	Master
T. R. Baldwin, Drawer 854	Secretary
M. J. Andrew	Financier
G. Johnson	Mag. Agent
6. PRIDE OF THE WEST; Desoto, Mo.	
G. E. Woodruff Box 181	Master
C. J. Burke	Secretary
G. E. Woodruff, Box 181	Financier
P. H. Coyne.	Mag. Agent
7. POTOMAC; Washington, D. C.	
A. N. Spamer, 44 Eager St.	Master
M. Hurley, 1008 6th St., S. W.	Secretary
J. C. Graham, 319 D St., S. W.	Financier
R. M. Smith, 130 Carnall St., S. E.	Mag. Agent
8. RED RIVER; Denison, Tex.	
E. J. Bouchard	Master
E. Flint	Secretary
T. Dollarhide, Box 136	Financier
J. K. Arthur	Mag. Agent

9. FRANKLIN; Columbus, Ohio.	
D. Rosch, Piqua Shops	Master
W. K. Redmond, City Water Works.	Secretary
T. C. Biddle, Piqua Shops	Financier
W. K. Redmond, City Water Works.	Mag. Agent
10. FOREST CITY; Cleveland, Ohio.	
H. Holler, 17 Waring St.	Master
S. C. Myers, 783 St. Clair St.	Secretary
T. H. Sheppard, 154 Pelton, Ave.	Financier
W. P. Sheets, 30 Lake St., Alleghany, Pa	Mag. Agent
11. EXCELSIOR; Phillipsburg, N. J.	
O. Kidney	Master
W. W. Hosford	Secretary
J. W. Sinclair	Financier
H. Lott	Mag. Agent
12. BUFFALO; Buffalo, N. Y.	
R. B. Williams, 320 N. Division St.	Master
J. F. Hayes, 314 Seneca St.	Secretary
C. W. Piper, 244 N. Division St.	Financier
C. W. Piper, 244 N. Division St	Mag. Agent
13. WASHINGTON; Jersey City, N. J.	
T. E. Kelton, 204 Pacific Ave.	Master
P. D. Mead, 217 Communipaw Ave.	Secretary
C. A. Wilson, 135 Pacific Ave.	Financier
G. W. Lewis, 250 Communipaw Ave.	Mag. Agent
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J. A. Northway, 306 E. North St.	Master
W. Hugo, 78 N. Noble St.	Secretary
J. A. Tweedie, 253 E. Washington St.	Financier
L. Willaume, Brightw'd, Ind.	Mag. Agent
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J. McTeer, 194 Congregation St.	Master
H. Taylor, 181 Magdelane St.	Secretary
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P. Champagne, 183 Burgeois St.	Mag. Agent
16 VIGO; Terre Haute, Ind.	
O. E. Fox, 1326 Sycamore St.	Master
E. V. Debs	Secretary
J. Smith, 205 N. Eleventh St.	Financier
A. J. Mullen	Mag. Agent
17. OLD POST; Vincennes, Ind.	
C. A. Bruce	Master
B. Robinson	Secretary
C. A. Cripps	Financier
H. M. Hogan	Mag. Agent
18. WEST END; Slater, Mo.	
T. Crawford	Master
A. D. Williams, Box 24	Secretary
J. W. Smart,	Financier
P. Gibney,	Mag. Agent
19. TRUCKEE; Wadsworth, Nevada.	
G. Abbay, Box 8	Master
F. Murray, Box 8	Secretary
B. F. Dolan, Box 8	Financier
E. Shepley, Box 8	Mag. Agent
20. STUART; Stuart, Iowa.	
J. W. Shields, Box 470	Master
J. K. Myers, Box 470	Secretary
C. K. Rost, Box 470	Financier
C. Traver, Box 470	Mag. Agent
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W. J. Eddy	Master
F. C. Obenhaus	Secretary
K. C. Donehew, Massasoit House,	Financier
F. Fuller	Mag. Agent
22. CENTRAL; Urbana, Ill.	
A. E. Bennett, Box 68	Master
W. Rundel, Box 345	Secretary
J. M. Garrett, Box 76	Financier
C. B. Foote	Mag. Agent

- 23. PHOENIX; Brookfield, Mo.**
W. F. Ritter, Master
E. W. O'Neil, Box 334, Hannibal, Mo. Secretary
John Conlin, Brookfield, Mo. Fireman
E. W. O'Neil, Box 334, Hannibal, Mo. Mag. Agent
- 24. GREAT WESTERN; Parsons, Kan.**
L. C. Hill, Box 63 Master
F. F. Wiggins, Box 113 Secretary
J. F. Fanning, Box 101 Fireman
J. Emery Mag. Agent
- 25. CONNECTING LINK; Boone, Ia.**
R. S. Pike Master
M. Crane, L. Box 775 Secretary
M. Crane, L. Box 775 Fireman
C. A. Wheeler, L. Box 584 Mag. Agent
- 26. ALPHA; Baraboo, Wis.**
F. Thompson Master
J. D. Coughlin Secretary
J. K. Hawes, Box 841 Fireman
G. M. Dopp Mag. Agent
- 27. HAWKEYE; Cedar Rapids, Ia.**
M. W. Cary, L. Box 504 Master
L. C. Chase, L. Box 358 Secretary
C. W. Phelps, Box 1010 Fireman
E. Meacham Mag. Agent
- 28. ELKHORN; North Platte, Neb.**
M. B. Tarkington Master
H. J. Clark, Box 177 Secretary
P. H. Sullivan, Box 921 Fireman
J. N. Bonner Mag. Agent
- 29. CERRO GORDO; Mason City, Iowa.**
A. H. Tucker Master
F. M. Kay Secretary
G. D. Taylor, Box 167 Fireman
J. J. Nihill, Box 167 Mag. Agent
- 30. CEDAR VALLEY; Waterloo, Ia.**
C. O. Grassley Master
A. H. Girard, Box 795 Secretary
A. E. Girard, Box 795 Fireman
J. Graves Mag. Agent
- 31. R. E. CENTRE; Atchison, Kan.**
J. Walters, Box 157 Master
W. H. Davies, Box 374 Secretary
A. B. Schaap, Box 157 Fireman
H. H. True, Box 401 Mag. Agent
- 32. BORDER; Ellis, Kan.**
F. J. Schuyler, Box 138 Master
E. G. Pearson, Box 234 Secretary
A. H. Chapman, Box 302 Fireman
J. McKenna, Box 77 Mag. Agent
- 33. SUCCESS; Trenton, Mo.**
G. Atherton Master
W. Marsden Secretary
S. Hart, Box 87 Fireman
J. E. Dippel, Box 316 Mag. Agent
- 34. CLINTON; Clinton, Ia.**
H. W. Stephens, Box 189 Master
J. W. Adams, Box 945 Secretary
J. W. Adams, Box 945 Fireman
G. B. Sipp Mag. Agent
- 35. AMBOY; Amboy, Ills.**
W. H. Dean, Box 120 Master
G. W. Bainter Secretary
C. R. Rosier, Box 420 Fireman
H. Williams, Box 416 Mag. Agent
- 36. TIPPECANOE; Lafayette, Ind.**
J. H. Brewer, 161 Union St. Master
S. J. Rogers, Wabash Shops, Secretary
W. S. Beemer, 9 N. 3rd St. Fireman
W. A. McMillan, 199 Union St., Mag. Agent
- 37. NEW HOPE; Centralia, Ills.**
H. G. Cormick, Box 151 Master
F. P. Morse, Box 291 Secretary
D. J. Fields, Box 291 Fireman
H. G. Cormick, Box 151 Mag. Agent
- 38. AVON; Stratford, Ontario.**
J. Drummond, Box 318 Master
G. Nursey, Box 318 Secretary
F. Mingay, Box 103 Fireman
D. Turner, Box 318 Mag. Agent
- 39. TWIN CITY; Rock Island, Ills.**
H. F. Carroll, L. Box 257 Master
W. F. Jones Secretary
J. W. Cavanaugh Fireman
S. Nichols Mag. Agent
- 40. BLOOMING; Bloomington, Ills.**
E. Browning, 720 W. Chestnut St. Master
C. Monahan, Jefferson House Secretary
G. Sheehan, 603 N. Allen St. Fireman
Wm. Regan Mag. Agent
- 41. ONWARD; Mandan, Dakota.**
N. A. Ames, Box 275 Master
A. W. Sprague, Box 84 Secretary
J. F. Reilly Fireman
E. W. Haskins, Box 195 Mag. Agent
- 42. ELMO; Madison, Wis.**
P. H. Kiley, Box 1198 Master
W. D. Sampson, Box 1725 Secretary
M. O'Loughlin, Box 1198 Fireman
J. V. Wilson Mag. Agent
- 43. ST. JOSEPH; St. Joseph, Mo.**
L. Mooney, 234 S. 12th St. Master
W. E. Sullivan, 2210 S. 6th St. Secretary
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NO. 8.

NAPOLEON'S LAST FIGHT.

THE STORY OF THE WATERLOO CAMPAIGN
VIVIDLY TOLD—AN AMERICAN VOLUME
THAT MAKES THE BELGIAN CAM-
PAIGN ONE OF THE MOST THRIL-
LING ROMANCES OF WAR—
DORSEY GARDNER'S
WORK.

Junot in Philadelphia Press.

There are certain chapters in its history the human race never tires reading. The revolt of Luther, the Thirty Years' War, the reign of Elizabeth, the wars of the Huguenots, the rise of the Dutch Republic, the Commonwealth in England, may be named as instances. These events, however, are so veiled in the obscurity of years, so disputable even in their most essential circumstances, that romance and legend invest them with most of their fascination. It is the career of persons that rivets our attention in them all. Luther is the figure upon which the attention is fixed in the momentous drama of the Reformation; Gustavus Adolphus, Wallenstein and the Emperor rivet our minds in the Thirty Years' War, while the Dutch people seem embodied in the dauntless form of William, the Silent, the great Stadtholder. Of the Commonwealth, Oliver and his stupendous prowess fix the attention and make the incidents of the Revolution mere episodes in his own career.

A different sort of interest invests the fate of the wonderful Corsican. Volumes have been written to tell the mere outlines of the incredible conquests, moral, mental and physical, that he crowded into the brief space of twenty years. But still the interest never tires, curiosity is never fatigued where investigation has taken the pains to give a new impress to the work he began and left unfinished. Perhaps, of all the epochs of the great soldier's career, the one that makes an unfailling appeal to the mind is the last

fitful flash of his war-like genius in the short campaign of Waterloo—where fate had that most exquisite revenge, the worsting of greatness by meanness and mediocrity. The story of the three days' campaign is retold, and brilliantly retold, by Mr. Dorsey Gardner—whose purpose, from the first page to the last, seems to be like that of Lanfrey, to prove that in 1815 Napoleon had lost the faculties that had brought all the armies of Europe to his feet, or but imperfectly possessed them. He constructs an ingenious theory to prove that the Emperor, afflicted by a disease not unlike that which marked the last years of Napoleon III., was unequal to the mental and physical exertion which had hitherto given him victory in the field. It is not improbable that Napoleon at thirty-five may have been physically incapable of enduring the incredible fatigue of his former campaigns; but it will be difficult to prove any diminution of his rare mental powers, if the combinations that brought his army from the Belgian frontier be impartially studied. What is evident, however, in that majestic conception is the Emperor's assumption that his subordinates were of the same fiber and constancy as the famous lieutenants who had hitherto divined his purposes, rather than confined themselves to the perfunctory carrying out of his orders. Ney he knew and trusted, and to him he gave the amplest latitude in the pursuit of the English and the irrational and consecutive charges upon the slopes of Mont St. Jean and the walled inclosures of Hougoumont. Had Grouchy but shown a little of Ney's initiative at Ligny, or even when he heard the thunder of the guns at noon on the heights of La Haye Sainte, it would have been the flatulent prig, Wellington, who would have met the destruction he barely escaped at Waterloo.

The surprising part of Mr. Gardner's narrative, marvelously well told, and defective as only such a work must be when written by a non-military student, is the implicit confidence with which he accepts the British tissue of brag and bun-

combe purporting to give the history of the day. Nor is the writer's ingenious thrust confined alone to the so-called historians—for the notes are copiously adorned with recitations from Thackeray, Scott and a host of contemporary braggarts whose information was wholly drawn from the inaccurate and slovenly reports of Wellington, Blucher and the Belgian romancers. Against poor Thiers the author keeps up an incessant fusillade of rancorous gibes, denying the poor man even the small merit of writing ignorance, condemning his statements as malicious inventions either from national vain-glory or personal defamation. The British authors seriously cited, Chesney and Giborne, he accepts as the final and competent authorities. These are certainly men not to be dispised. But it is against them that they wrote as Britons—one at a time when that nation believed itself at the head of the world, the other as an amateur, when such sources of information as had been accessible were no greater than Thiers and Lanfrey had open to them. Not only was Wellington over-reached in the opening movements, he was three times defeated in his own chosen stronghold, from which he would have been driven in ignominy had any two of Napoleon's combinations been carried out in accordance with their spirit, to say nothing of their letter. There is, however, this to be said of Mr. Gardner's succinct and brilliant narrative of the three days' campaign that, though he makes it an English version, sympathizing with Wellington's clumsy and faulty movements, and exhausting the gamut of adjectives in praise of the most ordinary duty of the British soldiery, he strives to do the incomparable valor of the French rank and file justice. Napoleon he barely considers tolerable. The charges of the French he recounts in the coldest terms until they meet the intrenched squares of the English, then he expands into adjectives which are restrained only when variation is at an end. All this in describing at second-hand and on the grotesque authority of the boastful Briton! For example, the French charged in heavy columns across valleys whose ascent gave the British dreadfully destructive fire, which men who have been in battle know to be more appalling than any other vicissitude of action. For the magnificent steadiness of the green levies confronting death in front and on both flanks there is not a word of warm appreciation; but for the stolid Britons deserting their guns and forming hollow

squares, there is unstinted rapture. Even the poor comfort of the French historian in embalming the loss inflicted on the English is denied, though he naively confesses at the end a total which shows the work wrought by the intrepid heroes was led by improvident valor in a piteously unequal conflict.

It will be sixty-seven years ago on the 18th of next June that the last campaign of Napoleon, the Great, ended at the battle-field called Waterloo. It is safe to say that there has not passed a year of the sixty-seven in which the passions, the rancors, the sympathies and disappointments engendered by that memorable contest have not reappeared in the form of prose or verse. It is doubtful whether another battle can be found in history which has given rise to so much malevolent untruth and silly bray. One school of writers, the British, have treated the operations as something entirely new and exceptional in the experience of war; another, the French, as a sort of supernatural interposition of the evil Genii to punish the presumption of one man. The Prussian comments on the battle are on the whole the only contributions worth serious study. There is not to be found in a single British writer an intelligibly succinct narrative of the seven hours' operation, in which the allied armies were three times on the hinge of flight. This is the more remarkable that Wellington's army was just about in such a position as Meade's on Cemetery Ridge—that is, almost impreguably placed, and so far above every available point of approach that every movement of friend and foe could be followed unimpeded. Indeed, for purposes of exact study, Wellington's staff and reserves were much better placed, since his front did not occupy nearly so much space as Meade's corps. If the reader will imagine two colossal hands, with the fingers distended southward, with a slight inclination to the westward, these hands in close compact at the wrists, and Wellington's allied forces occupying the swelling ascent represented by the palms, he can realize the advantage of the British position. If he will figure to himself a single hand with three fingers running northward between these first, with the wrist at La Bell Alliance—Napoleon's headquarters—he can get as clear an idea of the conformation of the battle-ground as it is possible without an actual visit to the field. On the morning of June 18, 1815, Wellington, who had been utterly outgeneraled the

day before by Napoleon—separated from his Prussian allies under Blucher—took his stand on the wrist of these diverging fingers in positions mapped out weeks before by himself and the Prussian Commander-in-Chief Blucher. Every inch of the ground had been carefully studied and the possibilities it offered as a defense minutely noted. The army at his disposition consisted of 68,000 men in line, with an auxiliary corps of from 20,000 to 30,000 more within striking distance of the left flank of the French, and 9,000 within reach before the day was done on the right. Napoleon brought up from the sanguinary contest of the day before 72,000 men in round numbers, counting on the co-operation of 33,000 under Marshal Grouchy. In the position taken up by Wellington his 68,000 men were equal to at least a third more. But this was not the only disparity. His retreat before the French during the previous night, though fatiguing, was not so heavy a drain upon the soldiery as it was to the French. Wellington was near his base. His men and horses were amply provided with food, and before the engagement had abundant opportunity for sleep. The twenty-four hours preceding the battle had been marked by a tempest phenomenal in severity. The roads were impassable wastes of thick, sticky mud, the fields lagoons of water and mire. Over these roads the allies passed with infinite toil; but what must they have been for the pursuers?

Wellington had weeks to prepare himself for the onset preparing by the French. He was virtually at home in Belgium. He had disposable forces at least three to one. He was kept apprised of every plan matured by the Emperor. He knew twenty-four hours before the concentration of the enemy on the French frontier their numbers, their disposition and their available alternations of action. But when, on June 15th, Napoleon set his battalions in motion to penetrate the center of the allies' extended line, the British commander still frittered away his time in something like imbecile uncertainty. Napoleon's admirable dispositions had placed his army like an entering wedge between the British and Prussians before the former had sent a battalion from Brussels. The first encounter on the Emperor's northward march came at the little village of Charleroi—where the first symptom of the lack of cohesion of Napoleon's army manifested itself. In other campaigns an order from Napoleon never miscarried. By a

fatality which those only can understand who are familiar with the vital function of a perfectly organized staff, the most imperative orders of the Emperor were either ignored or imperfectly carried out. The army that the Emperor had succeeded in throwing together after his return from Elba bore but little resemblance to the perfectly adjusted legions with which he had crushed every mobilized force on the Continent. The general officers were for the most part new to the corps and divisions. Of all the great names identified with the victories of the past years of action, only Ney's and Soult's figure in the three days' campaign. Soult was the Chief-of-Staff, and proved amazingly inefficient, while Ney, arriving with the army after the battle had begun, didn't know even the names of his commanders, let alone the troops under his orders. The plan of Napoleon took into account not only hours but minutes, and for such intricate work he needed the legions of Jena, of Austerlitz and Montmirail. The very first days' operation must have convinced him that he could no longer count on impregnating the unreceptive material at his control and vitalizing their commanders with his own extraordinary activity and sagacious insight. On the Sambre stands the small town of Charleroi. Here the Prussians had concentrated an ample force to detain the French march. The work at any other stage of Napoleon's career would have been ended in two hours.

Thanks to a misconstruction of orders by a corps commander, Girard, the whole day was lost and Wellington had gained the time that brought Blucher's army to him on the French flank at La Belle Alliance. The next two days' valor at Quatre Bras and Ligny, where Wellington and Blucher, almost within reach of each other, were hopelessly cut in twain, could not compensate the twelve hours lost at Charleroi—unless there had been a Ney, a Murat or a Massena where fate had placed the Emperor's evil genius, Grouchy. Napoleon, intrusting the rout of the British to Ney on the left at Quatre Bras, directed himself the dispersion of the Prussians on the right at Ligny. When he had broken and driven them from the field, intrusting their pursuit and dispersion to Grouchy, he returned to his quarters to find that Ney, too, had failed him, and that a fine corps, d'Erlon's, had been kept counter-marching in the rear of the two battle fields when its presence on either would have turned what was a

check to the British into a rout, and the rout of the Prussians into a dispersion. But even against this aggravation of untoward chances all would still have been well had Grouchy taken upon himself the part incumbent upon every general officer of his rank. At seven o'clock in the evening, with the Prussians in flight in all directions, a Marshal of France, the right arm of the movement, sits down, supinely orders no pursuit, and does not even take the precaution to find out whether Blucher has fled to the eastward or northward! Volumes have been written in defense and justification of this extraordinary conduct. The Marshal shielding himself behind the plea of no orders! An amazing refuge for a virtually independent commander of an army where the greatest names have been achieved by commanders supplementing the general orders by the inspiration of the battle's vicissitudes. The history of battles is eloquent of this. The most striking illustrations happened twice within forty-eight hours of Grouchy's culpable neglect. Indeed, the battle of Waterloo was won by General Colborne, who, without orders, pushed his brigade after the broken Imperial Guard and threw the French reserves into confusion.

Twelve more hours' time was lost—time so precious that to-day, sixty-seven years from the event, the blood tinges in one's veins to think what might have been, and would have been, were it not for its loss. When the Emperor set about his next step Grouchy could give him no idea of where the Prussians were. A victorious General, that is, couldn't keep his battalions near enough the routed enemy to tell his direction, but Grouchy's inertness gave Blucher another chance to join Wellington; but the reports brought to Napoleon were positive that the Prussians were too panic stricken to think of anything but flight, and that they had broken eastward, leaving the British to their fate. Grouchy received orders to follow them, and to see that they did not get a chance to veer toward Wellington as he retreated toward Brussels. But Grouchy, instead of taking the obvious intent of the Imperial orders, took them literally, and actually followed Blucher's right flank instead of the left, that he might, in any event, be nearer the main army. This, and this alone, lost the combat the next day, which is called the battle of Waterloo.

Napoleon, with his center of action on the ridge of the wrist of the southern

hand, confronted the allies exactly where the broad main road passes northward to Brussels, and fourteen miles from that Capital. His army spreading across the road, and divided almost equally by it, advanced on the English position at 11:30 in the morning—the hideous roads and the unspeakable hardships of the night obstructing that sunrise attack which always gave him victory. The ground on the lofty spurs, which have been likened to fingers, as well as the intermediate spaces in the valleys, was a morass, a quagmire, through which the cavalry moved with the greatest difficulty. In one of these depressions was a farm, with the endless outbuildings and solid stone walls habitual in the Continental landscapes. The main obstruction of this nature was the farm house of Hougomont. Here the English had left what we should call an outpost, and this outpost, incredible to say, defeated the French army—for it held the half of the left wing from noon until the battle was ended, though it was passed a dozen times and left in rear of the charging squadrons, which, far in its rear, butchered the English at their guns and idly played with the "squares" which modern warfare has found no obstacle whatever. Napoleon, as before said, trusted this left wing to Ney. Now this magnificent soldier knew how to charge, but he knew nothing else, and for six hours he pushed infantry and cavalry against the solid stone walls of the shattered infantry of the enemy, but incomprehensibly he never combined the two. Cavalry without infantry is the sword without the hilt; infantry without cavalry is the sword without its point. It was not until nearly six o'clock that these two onslaughts broke and nearly dispersed the British, and put the French in possession of the key of the British position, La Haye Sainte. Then, having done the work he should have accomplished five hours earlier, Ney sent to Napoleon for the reserve always kept for such an emergency. He stated the exact situation to the Emperor. The British army was cut in two parts; a few battalions of the reserve would double them up and send them flying en masse, as they were already breaking in groups.

But while Ney was wasting precious time trifling with the inconsequent outposts of Hougomont, the Emperor's right wing early in the afternoon had intercepted a Prussian bearer of dispatches with a note from Blucher to Wellington, saying that he would be on the field

shortly. The intelligence was the first intimation Napoleon had that Grouchy had gone on a wild goose chase. He was at once compelled to protect his exposed right flank. His precious reserves were all he had. He sent part of these, and while disposing them, the head of the advance of Blücher's columns appeared. This was between three and four o'clock in the afternoon. When Ney's messenger reached him, therefore, he was justified in some impatience and incredulity—"Where would you have me get them, the troops—do you want me to make them?" Every man at his disposal was vital to ward off the fatal reinforcement that had come to the English left and threatened the French right and rear—the utmost peril that can confront an army. But in no wise daunted, and confident that he was still master of the allied position, he hurried back to the center at La Belle Alliance. He formed the Old Guard, the Imperial Guard, the Legions that he never launched save to complete a victory. They had fought since '93. They had reached the limit of service, but they were proud of the part assigned them. They were given to Ney to do what two hours before they could have done almost without an effort. But now it was too late. Wellington, who had been groaning for night or Blücher, had, during the hours of interval, collected his broken troops and massed them behind the hill fronting La Haye Sainte. The guard advanced in two columns. They reached the brow of the hill. There the concentrated fire of massed batteries poured into them a hell of grape and canister; cavalry charged them on each flank, and infantry concealed behind hedges bathed them in a deluge of leaden hail. The first column was scorched into a crisp, as a sheet of paper held in a flame. The singed remnant sank out of sight. The second column came. It, too, was scorched into cinders under the Plutonic flame of cannon, muskets and carbines.

For the first time in its existence the Guard was stayed, conquered. Then Wellington, who had been informed a half hour before by a deserting officer what was coming, and also that it was the last man of the reserves that had withered before him, exclaimed to Col. Adam, "By G—d, I believe we shall beat them yet," ventured to bring his legions from behind their shelter and ordered a careful advance. But Colonel Colborne, more enterprising than his chief, charged with the entire line. The line was roughly

handled by the repulsed veterans, but the Prussians, whose thirty thousand had finally broken the ten thousand opposed to them, reached the plateau before La Belle Alliance and the French army, seized with a panic, did in one moment what the combined forces could not probably have done—dispersed the remnants of the Imperial army.

But even when the disgraceful cry, *Sauve qui peut*, came up in coward shouts from the demoralized, the wonderful soldiers who had given Europe the first breath of real liberty were constant to their birthright. Four squadrons of the Guard surrounded their Emperor and held their ground against the ferocious assaults of the Prussians and the eleventh hour enterprise of the allies. Of the 78,000 troops brought by Napoleon into action, not less than 25,000 were left dead or wounded on the field; the estimate varies from 24,000 to 40,000. Of the 68,000 allies and 90,000 Prussians, 35,000, in round numbers, were reported lost by Wellington and Blücher. It must be remembered that, besides the inequality in numbers, the British were on ground chosen long in advance, and sheltered from the favorite methods of French attack—the charge en masse. These are, of course, but the meagerest outlines of the story that Mr. Gardner has told with nervous force and fascinating clarity—perhaps, too, all the more vividly that he has attempted no technical minuteness.

The errors of his story are the commonplace errors into which dependence upon British authorities has led him. He does, it is true, express mild astonishment at the endurance of the fabric of falsehood English vanity insists upon supporting; but he punctures the bubble of Wellington's falsely won fame, and displays him as he was, niggard of the fame of his lieutenants, innocent and vulgar to the French officers who fell into his power, and to the end pervaded by the appreciation of his own surpassing heroism and genius. Coward he was not, for he encountered bullets calmly, if not recklessly. But from the day that Soult bottled him up and sealed him within the lines of Torres Vedras for nine months, until the day he refused to receive the heroic Chambronne after the prodigies of soldierly valor under his own eyes—saying brutally, like the prig and snob he was: "I associate only with gentlemen," he demonstrated no maneuvering or instinct in the art of war, raising him above the poorest of Napoleon's Marshals. With

sympathy for the British, and every evidence of impartial treatment of their armies, Mr. Gardner can not obscure the supineness of Wellington preceding the French opening of the campaign, nor the amazing chances he let slip every hour of the three days' operations. His admiration of the garrulous old dunderhead Blucher is, however, constant and obtrusive. The ridiculous old Prussian—a freebooter on the battlefield, always talking about the loot gained—would never have appeared as a factor in the field had not Napoleon's contempt for him misled him into detailing a Grouchy to hold his ninety thousand hirelings in check. Mr. Gardner has done one wholesome job. He has disposed of the tinsel finery in which British adulation has enshrined that ineffable snob, Wellington. One by one he has taken up the anecdotic episodes associated with him and punctured them into as thin air as the reputation he won through battles that were in the main won by others. Odious as the Napoleonic system, bad as the man was himself, Europe was thrown backward a century by the calamitous result of Waterloo. The crowned brigands of the continent, banding themselves together in that moral and political inquisition, proceeded to parcel Europe out in the bondage which the French Revolution had burst asunder, and which Napoleon, in spite of his selfishness, ambition and recklessness, was alone able to permanently dissolve. Even at this distance of time, no generous mind can contemplate that disaster to the forces of Liberalism without a thrill and thirst for the vengeance which, sooner or later, overtakes triumphant wrong. The vengeance has been coming for half a century. The Russian and Austrian despoilers have been forced to disgorge. The shackles have been loosened on England and in some of the smaller States of the Continent, but there are probably those living who will see the arrogant forces of the despotism that triumphed near swept from the face of the earth they burden and waste.

GENERAL GARIBALDI.

THE ITALIAN HERO'S CAREER.

New York Tribune.

Giuseppe Garibaldi was born at Nice, July 4, 1806. His father was a sailor, and a son of one. He had been the master of vessels of his own in early life, but a change of fortune compelled him to sail

afterward in those others. Limited means obliged him to educate his children in a modest way. The son who afterward gained a world-wide fame was more fond of play than of study, and late in life he freely owned that he made poor return for the exertions of his parents. At Nice nearly all the people spoke French, and the school children knew little of the Italian language. An elder brother then living in America prevailed upon Garibaldi to learn Italian and to read Roman and Italian history. After an unsuccessful attempt to run away to sea with some school companions, Garibaldi was at last permitted to join a ship's crew on a Mediterranean vessel. His maratime life continued for several years. During one of his voyages he was left at Constantinople sick. Before he recovered war broke out between Russia and Turkey, and he was unable to leave the city. For some time he supported himself by teaching children, but as soon as an opportunity offered he returned to his life upon the sea. About this time he became acquainted with the various secret movements in Italy, and he sought everywhere for persons and books that could enlighten him upon Italian history and politics. In 1830 he had command of the brig *Notre Dame de Grace*, and his intercourse at that time with an Italian patriot increased the intensity of his patriotic sentiments. He became acquainted with Mazzini and other Italian Liberals in 1833, and the following year he compromised himself by taking part in a futile revolutionary outbreak at Genoa. He fled from the city disguised as a peasant, his zeal gathering fresh impulse when he found that he had been sentenced to death. Going to France, he made a voyage to the Black Sea and another from Marseilles to Tunis. From Tunis he sailed for Rio Janeiro.

At Rio Janeiro Garibaldi met Rosetti, "the most generous among the warm lovers" of Italy. The two exiles engaged for some time in commerce, but when they heard that the province of Rio Grande had declared its independence of Brazil, they sailed from the city with twenty companions to aid the struggling province. Off Grand Island the little vessel, the *Mazzini*, attacked and captured a large coaster loaded with coffee. A few days later the Italians landed on the coast of Uruguay, and were received with enthusiasm by the inhabitants. As orders had been issued for their arrest, they soon departed, sailing up the River Plata. They were soon attacked by two Brazilian steam launches, and before the latter

were defeated, Garibaldi was wounded in the neck. As he was the only man on board with any knowledge of navigation, the entire crew, with Garibaldi, left their ship for the shore. They were well received, but were not allowed by Rosas, the Dictator of Buenos Ayres, to travel. Garibaldi succeeded in getting away at night, but he was soon captured, brutally treated and thrown into prison. Some time later he escaped and made his way to Montevideo, where he found Rosetti and other friends. With them he set out for Rio Grande, where he took an active part in the war. During the war Garibaldi married a young woman who had attracted his attention, and in September, 1840, their first child was born. After the war he engaged in cattle dealing, without success, and then turned his attention toward teaching at Montevideo. When the war between Uruguay and Buenos Ayres broke out, Garibaldi gathered together the Italians in Montevideo and offered his services to Uruguay. He soon gave such proof of his talent for military leadership that he was raised to the supreme command of the military and naval operations. Before the war closed Garibaldi heard of the Revolution of 1848 in Europe, and he at once set sail for Genoa with his Italian Legion, his ship flying the Italian tricolor.

Garibaldi and his friends landed at Genoa after Charles Albert of Sardinia had taken the field in Lombardy as the Liberator of Italy. They at once offered their swords to the Sardinian King, who received them coldly. A few days later the King was defeated by the Austrians, and was forced to sign an armistice. Garibaldi and his followers did not choose to lay down their arms. After several unsuccessful skirmishes, they made their way across the Po and entered the Papal States. Pius IX. had then turned a cold face toward the liberal cause, and two Swiss regiments were at once ordered to march against Garibaldi. Before the order was executed the Pope had fled from Rome. The popular Government, which was then established in Rome, gave Garibaldi a commission, and sent him to protect the eastern boundaries of the States against the King of Naples. Not long afterward he was elected a member of the Constituent Assembly, and when the French landed at Civita Vecchia he went with his army to the defense of Rome. On the morning of April 30, 1849, the citizens expected the French Army to arrive at any moment. The city gates were barricaded, the right bank of the

Tiber was fortified, and Garibaldi's young army was placed ready for battle. As soon as the enemy appeared Garibaldi gave battle, but was soon repulsed. Being immediately reinforced, he charged with bayonets and 8,000 Frenchmen were put to flight. Three hundred prisoners were captured by Garibaldi, and a large number of dead lay upon the field. The French returned to the attack, but soon met with a disastrous defeat. The entire engagement lasted ten hours, and the French lost 1,500 men, while the Italians lost only fifty men and had 200 wounded. Two days later a proclamation was published in the city, which contained these words: "Rome, like Scevola, has still her arm on the burning torch and has sworn an oath. The three hundred of Scevola routed Porsenna. The history of Rome is not yet finished." On the following day it was announced that the King of Naples was approaching the city with a large army. Five days later a Spanish force of 5,000 men landed on the coast. Both of these armies had come in response to the call of the Pope, who now held his court at Gaeta, near Naples. An armistice had been agreed upon with the French, and Garibaldi went out to meet the Neapolitans, who were in greatly superior numbers. Two battles were fought, in both of which the enemy was severely repulsed and forced to flight.

In the meantime the French were preparing to make a second attack on Rome. They moved upon the city with heavy artillery and all the preparations for a siege. Garibaldi met them in the field and charged with bayonets and grape-shot until they were beaten at all points. The siege continued three weeks without decisive issue, when a last great attempt was made by the French on June 25 and the revolutionists were defeated with great loss. The French afterward captured several fortresses within the walls, and the Triumvirate, composed of Mazzini, Saffi and Armellini, convinced that resistance could no longer be maintained without destroying the city, abdicated. Garibaldi humiliated by this, resolved to continue the struggle in the open country and left Rome with 4,000 men, 800 of whom were mounted. He proceeded toward Venice. On this memorable march his wife rode at his side on horseback. On July 30 he reached San Marino, after many dangers, which the most adroit movements were alone able to avert. There he found an Austrian army before him, while the combined forces of France and Austria were pursuing him in the

rear. Proposals of amnesty were made, and many of Garibaldi's men accepted them. He, however, refused them all, and, in company with 290 men embarked on August 2 for Cosenatico. Near night-fall they were discovered, and some of the number captured. The remainder escaped in small boats and sailed for Venice. Still the enemy pursued them. Some of the boats were sunk, others captured, while the boat in which was Garibaldi, his wife, his two sons and his most intimate friends was driven to the shore. There the party disbanded and took their several ways. Two days later the wife of Garibaldi, who had heroically remained at his side in all his wanderings, worn out with fatigue, expired in his arms. Garibaldi made his way from the shores of the Adriatic to the western part of Italy alone, and at Chaviari he was arrested and carried to Genoa. Afterward he was banished from Sardinia, and in 1850 he came to New York.

Garibaldi was received in New York with every mark of enthusiasm by his countrymen, and the people of the city united in a general feeling of welcome to a man whose career had awakened admiration throughout the world. He was asked to accept a public dinner and reception, but positively declined to receive such honors, his excuse being the state of his health. Garibaldi took up his residence on Staten Island, where he engaged in the manufacture of candles. He had not been there long when an opportunity for engaging in marine pursuits offered itself and he made a voyage to San Francisco. He afterward visited South America and acquired command of a traveling vessel in which he touched at several English ports, where he was received with many testimonials of admiration and respect. He then returned to New York, where he learned that his mother was dead, and immediately sailed for Italy. To his mother's care he had committed his two children on the death of his wife. He had a deep affection for her.

During the interval between his arrival at Genoa and the outbreak of war in 1859 Garibaldi publicly accepted the substitution of monarchy, as it existed in Piedmont under Charles Albert of Sardinia, for a republican form of government, and was elected a member of the National Assembly, known as the Parliament, where he gave strong support to the Republican party. On the outbreak of war with Austria in 1859 he was invited by the Government to form a corps to aid in

the campaign and was created a major-general at the same time with many of the Italian nobility. His forces became known as "The Hunters of the Alps," and though their numbers never reached more than 10,000 men, they descended into Lombardy and repulsed the Austrians repeatedly. They were received by the people with universal joy, and had scarcely disappeared among the mountain passes of the Alps before the whole country was in arms to aid them. The enemy was provided with artillery, but Garibaldi, having no cannon, gave them a hand-to-hand fight. His men fought with swords and bayonets, and the peasants used their pitchforks and cleavers. In this fight, known as the Calatrava, an Austrian army of 40,000 men was dispersed. The story of these exploits soon went throughout Europe, and everywhere excited admiration. After the peace of Villafranca, which brought the war to an abrupt and unsatisfactory close, and session of Nice and Savoy to France, Garibaldi retired to the Island of Caprera.

Marvellous as his career had been thus far, it was not until 1860 that the most brilliant and momentous enterprise of his extraordinary life was accomplished. In that year he gathered in Northern Italy a legion of 1,500 men, and set sail for Sicily in May to take part in the insurrection. In five days the little army reached Marsala, where they landed under fire of the Neapolitan fleet. Four days later he routed an army of 3,600 men at Calatafimi, thus striking the first blow of a war which was to end in an Italian Parliament, the first known in history, which should proclaim Victor Emmanuel the constitutional king of Italy. The victory opened the way to Palermo, distant fifty miles across the island, and inspired the soldiers with unlimited confidence in their leader. Three days later Garibaldi occupied the heights commanding the city, and after a desperate conflict with the royalists made his way through its gates, and became the acknowledged possessor of the town and its strong holds. A universal armament of the citizens took place and on July 20, at the head of 2,500 men, Garibaldi gave battle to 7,000 Neapolitans at Melazzo, and compelled them to retire and evacuate that fortress. On the 25th he drove them into Messina, where on the 27th he made his triumphal entry into the city, the garrison, already at his approach, having compelled their general to submit. Garibaldi was now master of the Sicily. While he was contemplating an invasion into Calabria a

letter arrived from Victor Emmanuel directing him not to leave the island. Garibaldi replied declining to follow the instructions of his sovereign. About the middle of August he made a descent into Calabria and was immediately joined by volunteers from all parts of the country. His forces numbered between 15,000 and 18,000 men. His son Menotti, the one who, as a babe, he had carried in a handkerchief in the wilds of Brazil, added 800 new men to the army, and other enlistments made the entire force amount to between 20,000 and 25,000 men. The forts fronting the sea and protecting the harbors in that country were soon captured. As the army passed on from place to place, Victor Emanuel was proclaimed King of Italy, with loud shouts of "Viva Garibaldi." The arms of the Bourbons were torn down amid rejoicings and the women spread flowers and confetti in the road. The scene is described as having been one of marvellous enthusiasm, and it is said that not a single quarrel or theft took place, in a country unhappily famous for petty quarrels and petty thefts. As these successes became known in Naples, the excitement which had prevailed there for some days greatly increased. Francis II.—a well-meaning King, suffering from the sins and misgovernment of his father—was powerless to control his people, and at last fled from the city. On his arrival in Naples, Garibaldi found no resistance, and, in order that he might show the world that he came as a liberator, and not as a conqueror to destroy, he entered the city's gates accompanied by only one or two friends.

The people of Naples received him with unbounded enthusiasm. Before the close of the month, Garibaldi had enacted several judicious reforms. On October 1, 1860, Garibaldi met the army of Francis II. on the river Volturno. It was the largest battle in point of numbers that Garibaldi ever engaged in. Francis II. precipitated the battle, which resulted in a complete defeat for the Neapolitan monarch. The latter had 30,000 men, while his conquerors scarcely numbered 15,000. This battle probably more than any other has insured for Garibaldi the distinguished merits as a general which have by common consent been since awarded him.

This was Garibaldi's last triumph. Victor Emmanuel then assumed command of the army, and when he met Garibaldi at Naples, after a triumphal march across the Papal frontier, the Italian hero relinquished his command and (on November 9) set sail for Caprera.

In February following the first Italian Parliament proclaimed Victor Emmanuel King of Italy. Garibaldi was elected to Parliament, but after a few years service he retired. In April, 1862, he was made General-in-Chief of the National Guard, and in that position he made an attack on Rome, where he was wounded and taken prisoner. When released he returned to Caprera. In 1864 he visited England and in 1866 he fought against the Austrians. In 1867 he invaded the Papal States without the King's authority and was defeated at Mentana. In 1870 he served France as commander of an irregular force in the Vosges. In 1871 he was elected to the French Assembly, but soon resigned. In 1875 he took his seat in the Italian Parliament at Rome.

In personal appearance Garibaldi was of middle stature, with broad square shoulders, herculean limbs, long brown hair with slightly gray beard. He wore a coat and vest that buttoned up to the throat, a broad-brimmed hat and large trousers. His complexion was florid, his brow lofty and his eyes of a chestnut hue, which, when at ease, took on a dreamy expression. He conversed frankly, condemned with decision and praised warmly. A thorough hater of mercenary acts under whatever covering, he loved Italy above all other earthly objects.

Many years ago Garibaldi married the Marchese Raimondo, but they never met after the ceremony, and when she demanded a divorce a few years ago he gave his consent. For many years he lived at Caprera with a peasant woman and his son and daughter. His last appearance on a public occasion was at the centennial celebration at Palermo last March of the Sicilian Vespers.

In his retirement Garibaldi wrote a novel, "The Rule of the Monk," and a poem, "Le Mille de Marsala." He also wrote an autobiography covering his life up to the time of his departure for South America. In 1875 the Italian Parliament voted him \$20,000 a year, but Garibaldi did not accept the donation until a year later.

"How is it, Mr. Brown," said a miller to a farmer, "that when I came to measure these ten barrels of apples I bought from you I found them nearly two barrels short?" "Singular, very singular; for I sent them to you in ten of your own flour barrels." "Ahem! Did, eh?" said the miller, "well, perhaps I made a mistake. Let's imbibe.—*San Francisco Post.*

For Firemen's Magazine.

DEDICATORY STANZAS.

TO MY FRIEND C. W—

THOS. P. O'ROURKE.

Dear friend, these simple rhymes, I bring,
By fancy wrought from Lethe's spring;
Where slumbering, in the minstrel's brain,
Till you awoke—they long have lain.
Though mantled not in thoughts so grand
Or woven with as deft a hand
As those of Byron, Moore or Scott—
(These names shall live when I'm forgot)
None of these gifted bards e'er wove
Song chaplets with sincerer love,
Than I this garland weave for thee
Of freedom-breathing poesy.

When weary hours pass lingering,
And fancy naught to cheer can bring;
These rhymes, if sought, may lend a spell,
The tedious moments to dispel—
And waken thoughts of high emprise
Of falsehood's wane and truth's uprise;
Of abstract justice hidden long
And freedom's legions crushing wrong;
Of intellect's bright ray of gladness
Dispelling gloom and fear and sadness,
That has possessed the mind of man,
Perverting the Creator's plan;
And flooding earth with human tears,
The insane strife for power and gold
Since Cain first laid his brother cold,
The misery wrought a thousand fold—
Through countless scores of years.

The blood-like tears that men have shed,
The wars of desolation spread,
The red earth peopled with the dead
By fellow-mortals slain.
The monstrous crime of kingly knaves
And abject ignorance of their slaves,
Permitting them to reign.
Of all extermination, fraud and shame,
Oft practiced in the Savior's name,
How base fanatics, with fire and sword,
Dispensed his soul-redeeming word;
When preaching peace they practiced war,
While flaming temples near and far,
Blazed hideous through the moaning night
And frenzied wretches in their light
Raised high their blood-stained hands to
heaven
With thanks to God that to them was given
The execution of his will.
Rapine and plunder, far and wide,
Rivers with blood ran a crimson tide;
Thousands in torture suffered and died,
Salvation to fulfill.

Oh friend! 'Tis more than passing strange,
That minds of men thus varying range,

Concerning that Mysterious Being
Whom Christians worship without seeing;
And every sect of every name
His undivided favors claim
While each one thinks to him is given
The only road that leads to Heaven.
Their zeal is fed by intense hate,
And each the others soundly rate
"So peevish, cross and opposite
As if they worshipped God for spite."
See how the sun, enthroned on high,
Attracts exhalations to the sky;
From ocean's surface, calm and fair
And form bright clouds in upper air.
Then wafted inland by the breeze,
They blend with clouds from other seas,
And concentrating in one mass;
O'er deserts, hills and forests pass
Till meeting with some mountain tall
Dissolve in rain and downward fall—
Then homeward through a channelled bed,
To mother ocean swift are sped,
Where mingling with the rushing tide,
Become engulfed and there abide.
Thus, the Supreme Spirit from above
Attracts our souls by force of love;
Our minds exalts from worldly strife
To better and nobler aims in life;
Makes man more perfect year by year
And to his fellow-men more dear.
Anneals his heart with love's pure flame
And purges it from shades of shame.
Hate, bigotry and intolerance
So long have checked its high advance,
Till all converging to one thought
Shall worship God as Christians ought,
And each to each a helping hand
Shall lend, as to the unknown land
They journey on a pageant grand—
All hurrying to one common end
As rivers in the ocean blend
And think of him whose path of life
Forever leads amid the strife
And scenes of worldly woe.
Whose heart o'erburdened longs for peace
Yet longing never finds surcease
Till death in friendship brings release
From sorrows here below.
Whose doom is still the cross to bear
To weep for wrongs he does not share,
And mourns the cause of man's despair,
Man's inhumanity
Whose ardent nature burns to see
The millennial dawn of liberty
Infused with true fraternity
When man shall shape by God's decree
A heaven beneath the sky.

"WHAT a blessing it is," said a hard-working Irishman, "that night niver comes till late in the day, when a man is tired and can't work any more at all."

OUR EXCHANGES.

A COOL SCOUNDREL.

THE PECULIAR MANNER IN WHICH A BURG-
LAR CRACKED A BANK.

My profession isn't a popular one. There is considerable prejudice against it. I don't myself think it's much worse than a good many others. However, that's nothing to do with my story. Some years ago me and the gentleman who was at that time connected with me in business—he's met with reverses since then, and at present isn't able to go out—was looking around for a job, being at that time rather hard up, as you might say. We struck a small country town. I ain't agoin' to give it away by telling where it was or what the name of it was. There was one bank there. The President was a rich old duffer; owned the mills, owned the bank, owned most of the town. There wasn't no other officer but the cashier, and they had a boy, who used to sweep out and run errands.

The bank was on the main street, pretty well up one end of it—nice, snug place, on the corner of a cross-street, with nothing very near it. We took our observations, and found there wasn't no trouble at all about it. There was an old watchman that walked up and down the street nights, when he didn't fall asleep and forget it. The vault had two doors; the outside one was chilled iron and had a three-wheel combination lock; the inner door wasn't no door at all; you could kick it open. It didn't pretend to be nothing but fire proof, and it wasn't even that. The first thing we done, of course, was to fit a key to the outside door. As the lock on the outside door was an old-fashioned Bacon lock, any gentleman of my profession who chances to read this article will know just how easy that job was and how we done it. I may say here that the gentlemen in my line of business, having at times a great deal of leisure on their hands, do considerable reading, and are particularly fond of a neat bit of writing. In fact, in the way of literature, I have found among 'em—however, this being digression, I drop it, and go on with the main job again.

This was our plan: After the key was

fitted I was to go into the bank, and Jim—that wasn't his name, of course, but let it pass—was to keep watch on the outside. When any one passed he was to tip me a whistle, and then I douse the glim and lay low; after they got by, I goes on again. Simple and easy, you see. Well, the night as we selected, the President happened to be out of town; gone down to the city, as he often did. I got inside all right with a slide lantern, a breast-drill, a steel jimmy, a bunch of skeleton keys and a green-baize bag, to stow the swag. I fixed my light and rigged my breast-drill, and got to work on the door right over the lock.

Probably a great many of your readers is not so well posted as me about bank-locks, and I may say for them that a three-wheel combination lock has three wheels in it, and a slot in each wheel. In order to unlock the door, you have to get the three slots opposite to each other at the top of the lock. Of course, if you know the number the lock is set on you can do this; but if you don't, you have to depend on your ingenuity. There is in each of these wheels a small hole, through which you put a wire through the back of the lock when you change the combination. Now, if you can bore a hole through the door, and pick up those wheels by running a wire through those holes, why, you can open the door. I hope I may make myself clear. I was boring that hole. The door was chilled iron; about the neatest stuff I ever worked on. I went on steady enough; only stopped when Jim—which, as I said, wasn't his real name—whistled outside, and the watchman toddled by. By and by, when I'd got pretty near through, I heard Jim, so to speak, whistle again. I stopped, and pretty soon heard footsteps outside, and I'm blowed if they didn't come right up the bank steps, and I heard a key in the lock. I was so dumfounded when I heard that, that you could have slipped the bracelets right on me. I picked up my lantern, and I'll be hanged if I didn't let the slide slip down and throw the light right on to the door, and there was the President. Instead of calling for help, as I thought he would, he took a step inside the door, and shaded his eyes with his hand and looked at me. I knowed I

ought to knock him down and cut out, but I'm blest if I could, I was that surprised.

"Who are you?" says he.

"Who are you?" says I, thinking that was an innocent remark as he commenced it, and a-trying all the time to collect myself.

"I'm the President of the bank," says he, kinder short; "something's the matter with the lock."

By George! the idea came to me then.

"Yes, sir," says I, touching my cap; "Mr. Jennings, he telegraphed this morning as the lock was out of order and he couldn't get in, and I'm come on to open it for him."

"I told Jennings a week ago," says he, "that he ought to get that lock fixed. Where is he?"

"He's been a writing letters, and he's gone up to his house to get another letter he wanted for to answer."

"Well, why don't you go right on?" says he.

"I've got almost through," says I; "and I didn't want finish up and open the vault till there was somebody here."

"That's very creditable to you," says he; "a very proper sentiment my man. You can't," he goes on, coming round by the door, "be too particular about avoiding the very suspicion of evil."

"No, sir," says I, kinder modest like.

"What do you suppose is the matter with the lock?" says he.

"I don't rightly know yet," says I; "but I rather think it's a little wore on account of not being oiled enough. These 'ere locks ought to be oiled about once a year."

"Well," says he, "you might as well go right on, now I'm here; I will stay till Jennings comes. Can't I help you? hold your lantern, or something of that sort?"

The thought came to me like a flash, and I turned around and says:

"How do I know you're the President? I ain't ever seen you afore, and you may be a trying to crack this bank, for all I know."

"That's a very proper inquiry, my man," says he, "and shows a most remarkable degree of discretion. I confess that I should not have thought of the position in which I was placing you. However, I can easily convince you its all right. Do you know what the President's name is?"

"No, I don't," says I, sorter surly.

"Well, you'll find it on that bill," said he, taking a bill out of his pocket; "and you see the same name on these letters," and he took some letters from his coat.

I suppose I ought to have gone right on then, but I was beginning to feel interested in making him prove who he was, so I says:

"You might have got them letters to put up a job on me."

"You're a very honest man," says he; "one among a thousand. Don't think I'm at all offended at your persistence. No, my good fellow, I like it, I like it," and he laid his hand on my shoulder. "Now here," says he, taking a bundle out of his pocket, "is a package of \$10,000 in bonds. A burglar wouldn't be apt to carry those around with him, would he? I bought them in the city yesterday, and I stopped here to-night on my way home to place them in the vault, and, I may add, that your simple and manly honesty has so touched me that I would willingly leave them in your hands for safe keeping. You needn't blush at my praise."

I suppose I did turn sorter red when I see them bonds.

"Are you satisfied now?" says he.

I told him I was, thoroughly, and so I was. So I picked up my drill again, and gave him my lantern to hold, so that I could see the door. I heard Jim, as I call him, outside once or twice, and I like to have burst out laughing, thinking how he must be wondering what was going on inside. I worked away and kept explaining to him what I was a-trying to do. He was very much interested in mechanics, he said, and he knowed as I was a man as was up in my business by the way I went to work. He asked me about what wages I got, and how I liked my business, and said he took quite a fancy to me. I turned round once in a while and looked at him a-setting there as solemn as a biled owl, with my dark-lantern in his blessed hand, and I'm blamed if I didn't think I should have to holler right out.

I got through the lock pretty soon, and put in my wire and opened it. Then he took hold of the door and opened the vault.

"I'll put my bonds in," said he, "and go home. You can lock up, and wait till Mr. Jennings comes. I don't suppose you will try to fix the lock to-night."

I told him I shouldn't do any thing more with it now, as we could get in before morning.

"Well, I'll bid you good-night, my man," says he, as I swung the door too again.

Just then I heard Jim, by name, whistle, and I guessed the watchman was a-coming up the street.

"Ah," says I, "you might speak to the

watchman, if you see him, and tell him to keep an extra lookout to-night."

"I will," says he, and we both went to the front door.

"There comes the watchman up the street," says he. "Watchman, this man has been fixing the bank-lock and I want you to keep a sharp lookout to-night. He will stay here until Mr. Jennings returns."

"Good-night, again," says he, and we shook hands, and he went up the street.

I saw Jim, so-called, in the shadow on the other side of the street, as I stood on the step with the watchman.

"Well," says I to the watchman, "I'll go and pick up my tools and get ready to go."

I went back into the bank, and it didn't take long to throw the door open and stuff them bonds into the bag. There was some boxes lying around, and a safe as I should rather have liked to have tackled, but it seemed like tempting Providence after the luck we'd had. I looked at my watch and see it was just a quarter past twelve. There was an express went through at half-past twelve. I tucked my tools in the bag on the top of the bonds, and walked out to the front door. The watchman was on the steps.

"I don't believe I'll wait for Mr. Jennings," says I. "I suppose it will be all right if I give you his key."

"That's all right said the watchman.

"I wouldn't go away very far from the bank," says I.

"No, I won't," says he; "I'll stay right about here all night."

"Good night," says I, and I shook hands with him, and me and Jim—which wasn't his right name, you understand—took the half-past twelve express, and the best part of that job was, we never heard nothing of it.

It never got into the papers.

DRIVING A COACH IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

"Did you ever meet with an upset on these mountain roads?"

"No; but I had a terribly close call near Grand canon a year ago on the tenth of August."

Here Frank grasped the butt of his whip and curved the tip of the lash over the leaders' heads. The handle of the whip was highly ornamented. On the broad band at the butt there was an inscription of several lines.

"I seldom handle this whip without

thinking of that ride," said Frank. Seeing that I was interested, he continued:

"We had a load of nineteen passengers inside and outside the coach, and ten heavy trunks in the boot. We were going from silver Cliff to Cannon City. I had the best six-horse outfit on the line, and felt a pride in driving them although I knew the load was too heavy for the coach in some places. At my side sat a pretty little lady, and on the end of the seat was the wife of one of our directors. The director sat behind his wife. All went well until we came to the top of Greenhorn Range. The drive down the range for two miles and a half is one of the most perilous in the Rockies. In places there is scarcely six inches to spare to keep you from going over the precipice, and on the side is a wall of rock. About half-way down is a point called Cape Horn. The road has been built out around this rocky point, and the turn is so sharp that when the leaders of a six-horse team have rounded the rock they are out of the driver's sight. This place is the dread of all the drivers and teamsters on the road. The descent is about 250 feet to the mile, and when once you start there is no stopping until you reach the bottom.

"Of course, I felt a little anxious when the leaders went over the brow of the range; but my wheelers were powerful and game, and trained to obey every word of command and touch of the whip, while the others were steady and fast enough to keep out of harm's way. As the coach began the descent I placed my foot on the brake with a firm hold. The heavy load required extra pressure, and I gave it steadily. We hadn't got more than twenty yards when the brake broke. In an instant the coach was on the wheelers, and they were on their haunches, snorting and using their fore-legs like plows. It was no use. The leaders were in the air like wild horses, and to save themselves from being crushed the wheelers sprang to their feet and joined in the race. One yell came from the men on the coach, pierced by a simultaneous shriek from the women. After that they remained still as death. The little woman grasped me around the waist at the first jump of the horses, holding my arms as if in a vice. "For God's sake, woman!" I exclaimed, "let go of me and take hold of the rods by your side. Our only hope of safety lies in my being able to guide the horses." She unwound her arms and I handled the reins as best I could.

"Down we plunged, the coach swinging and rocking like a toy. There wasn't

a place wide enough to zigzag or break the velocity of the descent. I turned my head for an instant toward the director. His wife had fainted, and he had all he could attend to in holding her in her seat. There were places where the outer edge of the roadway had been ground off, and in hugging the bank the wheelers nearly caused a collision several times, fairly bouncing and balancing the stage on two wheels. At last the horses dashed around Cape Horn, and there I gave up the stage as lost. These stages are so built that when they overturn a pin drops out that connects the pole and the horses to the coach, and the driver has a chance to save himself by being drawn off by the horses. When the leaders were out of sight around the rock it flashed through me that I might save the little woman. So I took a firmer grasp on the line with my right hand, and was ready to swing my left around her body. The stage swirled and actually made the turn on the two outside wheels. Then, thank God, she settled down again and went on bouncing down the range. It seemed an age before we reached the level, where the horses ran two or three hundred yards before I could stop them. When I did finally get at their heads to caress and encourage them for bringing us down safely, the perspiration was pouring out of every pore of my body, although it was a cold day in the mountains.

"When the director got in and related the incidents of the ride to the other members of the company they asked: 'What shall we do for Frank?' 'Give him a check for \$100,' replied the director. They gave me the check, and the passengers clubbed together and presented me with \$135 in cash and this whip, which I shall carry as long as I live."

ANECDOTE OF JUDGE STORY.

The following anecdote about the famous jurist Story is in private circulation, but is good enough for the public eye. It was prepared for Story's biography by his son, but Charles Sumner, who edited the work, struck it out. The narrative runs like this: In his younger days Story lived in the aristocratic old town of Salem, in Massachusetts. His great ability was not then tempered by as much wisdom as he afterward displayed, and he was looked upon with disfavor by some of the old families. One day Mrs. A. called upon Mrs. B., and in the course of their conversation

—there being a seamstress present—Mrs. A. asked Mrs. B. if her daughter was going to the party that evening. "No," was the short reply; "I don't propose to let my daughter go to any place which is frequented by that insignificant young puppy Story." Years afterward, when Story was a judge on the Supreme Bench, he visited Salem, and was warmly welcomed by those who had known him formerly. Among his best friends, apparently, was Mrs. B., and he accepted her pressing invitation to dinner. Now, in the years which had elapsed, the seamstress had become possessed of a home of her own, to which was attached a garden, with a pear-tree, which was just then loaded with fine fruit. After the invitation to dinner had been accepted, the seamstress received a call from Mrs. B.'s servant, asking her to send up a basket of her excellent pears for dinner, as "Mr. Justice Story, of the Supreme Court of the United States was to be present." The goodnatured seamstress sent the pears at once, and with them this message: "Tell your mistress that I am glad that the insignificant young puppy Story has grown to be so fine a dog."

HER ANSWER.

MRS. A. F. DAVIS.

Through a garden decked with myrtle
Wandered I one summer day,
Heard above the robin singing
To his mate a tender lay—
Heard the reaper's merry whistle
As he gleaned the golden wheat,
Watching oft a dark-eyed maiden
Binding sheaves about his feet.

"Man and bird alike are happy,"
Said I, "darling, this is love,"
To sweet Nellie walking near me—
This, which life nor death can move.
"Can you doubt it?" then I asked her,
As she gazed in silence still
At the busy Ruth before us,
And the reaper on the hill.

"Doubt it?" and her blue eyes soft'nd,
As she raised them to my face,
With a timid, witching shyness,
And her native maiden grace.
"Doubt it?" and I bent to listen,
As she whispered under breath,
With head against my bosom—
"Love is stronger, dear, than death."

VIOLETS.

CLARENCE T. ARMY.

All flowers are sweet; but those my heart
doth love

The best
Bloom where the eyes are closed and hands
are crossed
At rest.

All flowers are sweet; but these fair blossoms
spread

With dew
Call back the mother-eyes, so sad, so sweet,
So blue!

To-day I feel a breath; the curtains swing
Apart,
And memories like silver mist float round
My heart.

I hear the echo of a song sung
Long ago
As 'mid the nestling leaves it wanders
To and fro.

The while the perfumed dew falls on my heart
Like rain,
And scent of violets—she loved them so!
Gives pain.

HOW A NOTE OF HENRY CLAY
WAS PAID.

Mr. John Wentworth in a recent lecture on Henry Clay told the following story: Mr. Clay had a large and expensive family, and he keenly felt his poverty, while he lost no opportunity of expressing his gratitude to friends, known and unknown, for all kinds of favors. The day upon which Mr. Webster made his celebrated speech, in March, 1850, he was highly eulogizing it at dinner when some one asked him if he did not think Mr. Webster's influence had been greatly impaired by his allowing certain wealthy men in Massachusetts to settle an annuity upon him for abandoning his practice in the courts so as to devote more time to public affairs. Mr. Clay responded: "In view of the manner in which my note was paid at a bank in Kentucky, I do not think I ought to speak upon that subject. With difficulty I had raised the money to pay the interest when I went to the bank to ask a renewal. The cashier told me I had no note there. I asked him what had become of it, and he said he was instructed to answer no questions. And never have I been able to find out who paid it;" but, turning to Judge Conrad,

of New Orleans he said, "Judge, I always supposed you had something to do with that matter." To which he responded: "Whether I or any one else had anything to do with the matter you will never know." Mr. Clay then said: "In view of my many opponents, I am as thankful for the secrecy as the money; but, when I am free from public life, I am going to insist upon knowing who were such benefactors." When some one said: "Mr. Clay, your friends will never let you be free from public life." "In that view, gentleman," said he, "bear witness to my inexpressible gratitude to my friends, not only for their favor, but for their manner of bestowing it," adding that there was but one unpleasant thing about it—that it was the only present that he had ever received that he could not divide with his friends. Here Judge Conrad observed, "That need not trouble you, as you had liberally divided the proceeds before you gave the note." "You are right," says Clay; "the note was given principally to take up the paper of friends which I had endorsed."

THOMAS CARLYLE.

TRAITS AND PECULIARITIES OF THE GREAT
INCONOCLAST.

Americans were always going to see Carlyle, and were commonly rewarded for their curiosity and admiration by being told in his bluff, gruff way that their country was bent devilward, and that it merited its doom.

Up to a very short time before his death he used to take early morning walks; his tall, bent, heavy-set figure, neatly but plainly clad; his clothes fitting loosely, and crowned by a tumbled black felt hat (he had the moral courage to reject invariably a silk cylinder even in London), drawing the eyes of persons wherever he passed, but moving on as if a desert lay around him. He walked, when in good condition, two or three miles through the tortuous, grimy streets, sometimes wrapped in deep thought, unconscious of his surroundings; sometimes observing everything, gazing into the shop windows or glancing everywhere. For the most part alone, he was fond of the company of one of his intimates, and in such company he usually kept up a steady flow of peculiar, pictorial talk, the counterpart of his printed sentences, showing that his style, often

called affected, had grown to be his natural form of expression. He had a fondness for riding on top of the London omnibuses for long distances, and not infrequently went below Temple Bar, alternately communing with himself and taking in the crowded and diversified panorama of the city.

Carlyle's hours of composition were generally three or four—from 10 or 11 a. m. to 2 p. m.—unless he were specially engaged or hurried, when he added an hour or two to the ordinary number. He wrote unevenly—at times slowly, then rapidly, but always with care, never allowing his manuscript to go from him until it suited him exactly. He frequently destroyed whole pages upon which he had labored hard and long, being extremely fastidious as to punctuation as well as to words and arrangement. But the writing of his books was much less than his preparation for writing, which was most thorough and conscientious. No man had a keener appetite for work, yet he worked far faster than most authors. His reading was stupendous, and he did it with surprising quickness, dispatching a volume of ordinary size while many persons would be occupied with a few chapters. For forty or fifty years of his life he read on an average from six to eight hours a day, sitting up for that purpose generally until 1 or 2 o'clock in the morning.

It is said that, having gone to spend an afternoon and dine with a new acquaintance, and arriving several hours before his host, he entered the library, upon which the gentleman prided himself, as it contained a number of rare and curious volumes. The host came and dinner was eaten. After leaving the table, he told the author that he should be happy to show him his books. "I've read 'em," was the laconic answer; and it proved that Carlyle had actually absorbed in the time before dinner all that was valuable to him in the well-chosen library.

When Charles Dickens had decided to write "A Tale of Two Cities," knowing that Carlyle had made special studies for his "French Revolution," he asked the latter to send him a few books that would be worth consulting. Judge of the novelist's surprise when a large van drove up to his door and discharged its load of volumes, in five or six languages, to his amazement and dismay. That was Carlyle's notion of a few books—really enough for a moderate library.

A characteristic anecdote is told of the Scotch image-breaker. A ship-owner, a fellow-countryman, went from Glasgow

to call on him, and, entering his presence, said, with fervor and feeling: "I have come to see you, Mr. Carlyle, to tell you that I admire and honor you; that I have built a ship and named it after you on account of the good you have done in the world." Then quoth the author with his marked accent: "I don't believe you, maun! I never did ony gude in the world! Naeboddy ever did any gude in the world! There is nae gude in the world!"

William Black, the novelist, once called on Carlyle, and, after a little conversation the philosopher remarked: "You know Scotland vary well, I see. I've read your noovels with pleasure. They're vary amusing, vary. But when are ye goin' to do some wark—when are ye goin' to write some real books, maun?"

Carlyle, though generally polite to persons who brought letters of introduction, could not be depended upon as to manners. He had moods, and vary variable ones, having been troubled for years with dyspepsia. When suffering with it he was often very rude, especially to Americans, against whom, after our civil war had broken out, he appeared to have a violent prejudice, not infrequently berating them in his Germanized English, as though they had done him some great wrong. The truth is that he enjoyed scolding with his tongue nearly as much as with his pen.

CUSTER'S GRAND CHARGE.

THE TEMPESTUOUS CHARGE OF GEN. CUSTER
AT YELLOW TAVERN, VA., WHERE GEN.
JEB. STUART FELL.

Philadelphia Times.

The situation by 3:30 A. M. on the 11th of May was one of anxiety to all, and all believed that the crisis was near at hand. Within an area of ten miles eighteen thousand cavalry were now forming their lines for deadly battle. The prize was an important one. Not only was the reputation of the leaders at issue but Richmond was in actual danger, for at the hour of noon on the 11th only the line of Stuart lay between Sheridan and the Confederate Capital. This was believed at the time by the Union officers in command, and has since been verified by the interesting article written by Colonel Cooke and published in the Times of March 18, 1882. Nor was this all; if Stuart could halt us in front, if Hampton

could force in our rear and thus hold us until the morrow, troops could be hastened forward from Petersburg and the Union cavalry could be crushed on the 12th. This was the day dream of Mr. Davis and measures were taken to effect this end. From prisoners and other sources of information the staff were fully apprised of the many distinguished officers in command of the Confederate line in front of us, many of whom were personally known to those in command of the Union troops. Stuart, Fitz, Lee and Lomax were well known to Gregg, Merritt, Gibbs and Custer. Stuart was in the zenith of his great reputation as a dashing officer, preferring to fight mounted rather than dismounted, while Sheridan, conscious of the superior armament and equal valor of his horsemen, had the reputation of a man whose habit was to win.

It was at this critical hour, as nearly as can be remembered, 3:30 p. m., while in company with General Merritt, near the convergence of roads directly in front of Breathed's (rebel) Battery, and in rear of our dismounted troops, that an event took place in the life of General Custer that immortalizes him in the history of the day. Fully realizing that the moment for striking a decisive blow had come, he rode up to Merritt and said:

"Merritt, I am going to charge that battery."

His manner was gallant and determined, and the response of Merritt, "Go in, general, I will give you all the support in my power," sent him away in the gayest mood. Just at this moment General Sheridan and two or three of his staff reached our headquarters, having arrived from Gregg and Wilson, and reported the line on flank and rear secure beyond all doubt. General Merritt immediately told Sheridan that Custer was about to charge the battery that had given us so much trouble. Sheridan's reply was:

"Bully for Custer. I'll wait and see it."

By this time Custer was seen forming his brigade, in column of regiments, placing his mounted band in front. His headquarter's flag, of the gayest colors, was seen flying in advance of the moving mass of blue and glittering blades. The shrill blast of a hundred bugles, with the familiar air of "Yankee Doodle" by the band, rang out upon the battle-field, while fully eighteen hundred brave men of the Michigan Brigade rode boot to boot into what seemed the very jaws of death.

There was a depression in the plain

that lay between the point where Custer formed and the eminence on which the battery was in position. The task of reaching the guns was further complicated by a deep "Virginia ditch" running parallel to the enemy's line over which were three corduroy field bridges. This ditch was impassable at all points in Custer's front and the entire brigade had to break from regimental front to column of fours, cross the bridge and reform in the face of a terrific fire from the battery, now turned upon it. Fortunately, the enemy's guns could not be depressed sufficiently to be effective upon the troops while crossing the ditch and reforming. This obstacle overcome (and it was done in a very short time) the charge was made up the rising ground within sight of the Union line. The wild huzzas of thousands of men from right to left went up to cheer the gallant horse men as they dashed upon and passed the guns and plucky gunners, completely stampeding the troops in support of the artillery. In less than twenty minutes from the time the bugle sounded the charge the enemy was completely routed, with the loss of many killed and captured, with all his artillery, save one piece, and that was flying from the field in an easterly direction, while everywhere in front of us could be seen the broken fragments of Stuart's troops. The fury of this splendid charge was soon exhausted and became a fruitless pursuit, as the enemy once broken retired so rapidly that capture was impossible and the recall was sounded within a mile from the point where the battery was captured.

General Sheridan remained, with General Merritt, an eye-witness to the splendid charge, manifesting great interest when apprised that the obstacle of the ditch had to be passed; but as he saw the promptness with which it was overcome and the rapid formations after its passage, his eye took in the situation at a glance, and he expressed the belief that Stuart's support to the battery would be unable to check the force and impetuosity of the charge. As Custer's men emerged from the depression at a trot, and when on the higher ground the advance struck the gallop, under the firing of the battery, which now had perfect range of horse and man, the scene was of the most exciting character. When the guns were reached and passed, and the brigade was lost to sight in the smoke and dust that enveloped it, the whole line from right to left was advanced, the victory was assured to the Union troops. At this moment

General Sheridan turned to Merritt, his face radiant with joy, and said:

"General Merritt, send a staff officer to General Custer, and give him my compliments. The conduct of himself and brigade deserve the most honorable mention."

The writer had the pleasure of conveying the gratifying message to Custer, who was found some half mile or more beyond the point where he had captured the battery. The charge was over and the recall was being sounded for the mounted men to reform. He received the compliment paid him with evident pleasure, modestly expressing his thanks, and deeming the "honorable mention" of his brigade, while under his personal command, one of the most pleasing and fortunate episodes of his life.

DARWIN IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

New York Sun.

To-day the author of a book which twenty years ago was denounced from every English pulpit will receive the honor of interment where Sir Isaac Newton rests, in the consecrated earth reserved for England's great ones. The earth moves, said Galileo, and perhaps the most impressive proof of the fact ever exhibited will be offered for men's eyes when the body of Charles Darwin is buried in Westminster abbey.

There were many names on the continent, and not a few in England, which carried with them more weight and authority than Darwin's, when in 1859 the author of the "Origin of Species" propounded a theory which had been repudiated by Buffon, by Cuvier, and the accepted leaders of biological speculation; which ran directly counter to the prepossessions of most contemporary naturalists; and which gave a grievous shock to the traditional opinions not only of professed theologians, but of all readers of the bible. The scientist who assumed with Cuvier that each species in the animal and vegetable world was the outcome of a distinct and separate act of creation, and the humble Christian who believed that man was brought forth at one stroke with all his noble attributes, a little lower than the angels, were equally revolted by a doctrine which announced that the innumerable species, genera and families of organic beings with which the world is peopled, have all descended from common parents, and are, indeed, the

lineal offspring of animals and plants which lived long before the Silurian epoch.

Darwin's hypothesis was mindshaking and revolutionary, not because it was wholly new, 'but because it had never been so forcibly presented, and above all, because the hour was ripe for the promulgation of the truth. There is no doubt that both Lamarck and Treviranus, more than half a century before Darwin and Wallace, had suggested the main thesis of the doctrine of evolution; and it is certain that the theory of natural selection, or survival of the fittest, had been put forth by Wells in 1813, and elaborated by Matthew in 1831. Indeed, there is reason to believe that more than two hundred years before the formulation of the Darwinian hypothesis, Descartes held that the physical world and all things in it originated by a process of evolution, due to the continuous operation of purely physical causes, out of a primitive relatively formless matter. But these foregleams of the truth were transient, isolated, sterile; and it is indisputable that Darwin was the first to proclaim it with conviction and authority, and to challenge for it the reluctant recognition of the world.

As it was, more than ten years passed before the bitter and unscrupulous opposition encountered by the "Origin of Species," of the hands of scientists no less than of theologians, had given place to a calm and respectful consideration. Nor was it until the last ten or twelve years before his death that the solidity and splendor of the author's triumph were unmistakable. Ere he died, however, Darwin knew that his influence was traceable in every field of biological inquiry, that the foremost men of science in every country were avowed champions of his doctrines, or had gradually refrained from disputing them, and that the theory of evolution, to one side of which alone he gave expression, had obtained a firm base of operations from which to essay the conquest of the whole realm of nature. Darwin, for his own part, confined himself to the discussion of the causes which have brought about the condition of living matter, assuming it to have once come into existence. But he lived to see the principles he had accredited applied by Spencer and Hæckell, and a host of younger investigators, to the problem of evolution in its most complex and recondite aspects, philosophical, sociological and cosmical. In short, there is not to-day a writer on any subject able

to command the ear of an intelligent audience—there is not a reader competent to balance evidence and decide for himself — whose fundamental notions touching man's place in nature, his origin and his destiny, have not been materially affected by the revolutionary movement of which Darwin must be acknowledged to have been a chief promoter.

After all allowances are made on the score of the circumstances under which Darwin announced his discovery — for although the theologian knew them not, and even the scientist had not yet recognized their import, many kinds of scientific data had been accumulated, which it was impossible to reconcile with the old hypotheses of catastrophic geology and specific creation—the lustre and far reaching consequences of his achievement cannot easily be exaggerated. If man's greatness should be measured not by the force expended, but by the result attained—not by the innate quality of the impelling intellect, but by the range and durability of the impulse imparted—if above the artistic skill which deals with the forms of things soars the scientific insight which reveals the fundamental verities—if it be a work of transcendent difficulty to uplift an epoch-making doctrine from the scorn attaching to a heresy into an almost superstitious veneration—if it be a consummate proof of power to shake religions, found philosophies and revolutionize man's attitude toward his fellow man and the rest of the animal creation—then neither Bacon, nor Newton, nor Boyle, nor Harvey, nor any other scientist on England's roll of honor can be placed on the same high plane with the author of the "Origin of Species." Among all the great ones buried in Westminster abbey there is not one so great as he within his special field—we had almost said in any field of labor.

GRABBED AT THE BRINK.

Chicago Tribune.

"Can you not answer me, Gwendolen?" Up from the meadows the soft breezes of a perfect June evening were wafting the faint perfume of the cow-slip and a dead horse, and as George W. Simpson and Gwendolen Mahaffy stood near the gate, whose decrepit appearance told with more eloquence than could mere words of the deathless passion that enslaved their souls, both felt that a crisis in their lives had arrived—a moment had come which would in the misty future that stretched away before them, like one

of Wm. M. Evart's letters, be either a bright beacon of hope and joy to look upon with gladness, or a desolate landmark, like the lightning-riven trees that one never beholds without a feeling of sadness. Secure in the consciousness of his own merit—that sterling merit which always lies in a strong arm, clear brain, and large feet—and yet with a modest diffidence concerning his own worth, the young man stood there in the gleaming with a half reluctant cat-on-the-back-fence expression that lent an added beauty to his pure young face, and made more pleadingly tender the earnest, father-is-coming-up-the-front-steps look with which he regarded the beautiful girl who stood by his side. He had asked her to be his wife—to leave parents, sisters, brothers, and all the endearing influences of a happy Christian home where two girls are kept, and go out with him into the wide world as a helpmeet and companion. He had told in fervent sentences of the great love he bore her—a love that would ever be the guiding star of his life, he said, cheering him when the black clouds of adversity and despair hung heavily in the horizon of his hopes, and without which his whole existence would be one arid, trackless waste on which lay the whited skeletons of Ambition and Hope—ghastly remnants of a life whose final wreck was all the more sad because of the happiness which it might have held had Love not flown away with mocking laugh when pleaded with so passionately.

[When it came to ornamental lying, with two rows of fluting up the back, George took first money.]

Gwendolen had stood in graceful poise as he spoke, one ear thrown slightly forward, and her right foot covering the door-mat, and, now that he had finished, was looking down in maiden shyness, while the rosy blushes that chased each other under her dazzling complexion would have told, if anybody could have seen them, of the emotions that were agitating her young soul. But no words came from her lips—those rosy-ripe portals that opened with such languid grace when there was pie in the house—and George began to fear that perhaps he had talked her to sleep. Presently, however, she drew quite close to him, put her hand in his, and, resting her cheek upon his shoulder, she said: "Yes, George I will marry you."

"But when?" asked the young man, a horrible fear that his bluff was to be called chilling his very blood.

"I will marry you," repeated Gwendolen, "when a bicycle rider is elected President."

Turning away to hide his emotion, George muttered in low, piratical tones: "Thank heaven, I am safe."

OUR RAILROADS.

Dramatic Times.

He stood in the station; she at his side,
(She is a fair, young, blushing bride)
On their honeymoon they're starting now;
It always follows the marriage vow.
He looks at the flaring railroad maps,
At the train of cars and his baggage traps,
And whispers, "Pettie, how shall we go—
By the Kankakee or the Kokomo?"

"These railroad maps confuse the eye;
There's the C. B. Q. and the R. N. Y.,
And this one says your life is at stake
On any road but the Sky Blue Lake,
The N. E. R. L. P. Q. J,
Have sleepers on the entire way;
But I've heard these trains are much more
slow

Than the Kankakee or the Kokomo."

She murmured, "Sweetie, I've heard pa say
What a fine old road is the P. G. K.;
But mamma seemed to disagree,
And prefers the X. S. H. O. P.
This chart says, baby, the views are fine
On the Texas-Cowboy Mustang line;
But still, perhaps, we'd better go
On the Kankakee or the Kokomo."

A conductor chanced to pass them by,
And the bridegroom caught his gentle eye;
He said, "Oh, man, with the cap of blue,
Inform me quick, inform me true,
Which road is best for a blushing, pure,
Young, timid bride on her wedding tour?
And tell us quickly what you know
Of the Kankakee and the Kokomo."

The conductor's eyes gave a savage gleam,
These words rolled out in a limped stream:
"There's the A. B. J. D. R. Z.,
Connects with the Flip-Flap-Biff-Bang-B.
You can change on the Leg-off-Sueville-Grand,
And go through on the Pan-Cake-Ace-Full-Hand.

That road you named is blocked by snow,
(The Kankakee and the Kokomo.)

"The Pennsylvania, Pittsburg Through
Connects with the Oskosh Kalamazoo,
With a smoking car all the afternoon,
Just the thing for a honeymoon;
And the Central Scalp Tooth Bungville switch
Goes through a vine-clad country rich.
Of the road you named, I nothing know,
The Kankakee or the Kokomo.

The bride said: "Baby, 'tis best by far
Like the dollar, we return to pa.
(That's a pun I heard while on a train
On the U. R. N. G. Jersey main,)"
The conductor smiled; his eye-teeth showed;
He had spoiled the trade of a rival road.
He knew in his heart there was no snow
On the Kankakee or the Kokomo.

And the bride and groom returned to pa,
Who heard it all and then said "Pshaw!
If you found that you couldn't go that way,
Why didn't you go on the Cross-eyed Bay?"
The bridegroom gave a howl of pain;
The railroad names had turned his brain.
He raves, insane, for ever more,
In a mad-house, chained unto the floor,
He gibbers, "Tootsie, shall we go
By the Kankakee or the Kokomo?"

WHERE HE SAW HER.

Detroit Free Press.

Just before a Western bound train left the Union depot yesterday morning, a masher with his little grip-sack slid around to a woman standing near the ticket office and remarked:

"Excuse me, but can I be of any assistance in purchasing your ticket?"

"No, sir!" was the short reply.

"Beg pardon, but I shall be glad to see that your trunk is properly checked," he continued.

"It has been checked, sir."

"Yes—ahem—you go West, I presume?"

"I do."

"Going as far as Chicago?"

"Yes, sir."

"Ah—yes—to Chicago. I also take the train for Chicago. Beg your pardon, but didn't I meet you in Buffalo last fall?"

"No, sir!"

"Ah! Then it was in Syracuse?"

"No, sir!"

"No? I wonder where I have seen you before?"

"You saw me enter the depot about five minutes ago with my husband, I presume!"

"Your husband?"

"Yes, sir, and if you'll only stay around here three minutes longer you'll make the fifth fellow of your kind that he has turned over to the coroner this month!"

Some mashers would have made a run for it, but this one didn't. He went off on the gallop, and as he wanted to go light he left his grip-sack and a ton of brass behind him.

FROM THE OHIO TO THE SEA.

THE BATTLE OF MISSIONARY RIDGE—A FEDERAL VICTORY WON AGAINST ORDERS—
IT WAS OLD "PAP" THOMAS WHO
CARRIED THE CENTER.

M. Quad in Detroit Free Press.

When General Bragg looked from his headquarters under the dead pine tree on the farm of John Devine, at Missionary Ridge, on the 25th of November, 1863, the plain below him was a field barren of fence and garden, and behind him was a wilderness. He who stands under that pine to-day will look down upon vineyard and field and cottage, and a city of 30,000 people. The wilderness of 1863 is the cornfield and the meadow and the vineyard of 1882. The vine of peace trails itself over the breastwork of war.

Rosencrans had been driven into Chattanooga from the fierce struggle at Chickamauga. Thomas had superseded him as commander, and Grant had come forward to push things, having the aid of Sherman. Bragg's army was stretched out along the crest of Missionary Ridge, waiting to be attacked, and no officer in his army believed that the position could be carried by assault.

The half-dozen Federal historians who have written about the line upon line of breastworks and the fifty pieces of artillery behind earthworks, and the four lines of rifle-pits, have never visited the field. One can ride on horse-back from the Rossville road to the railroad tunnel, seeing every foot of the battle-ground. Scarcely a tree has been cut since the day of the fight. The rifle-pits were simply the ravines and hollows made by nature. There was a slight breastwork at the base of the ridge in front of some divisions, and every foot of it is there to-day. There are not ten earthworks on Bragg's whole front and not one of these covered more than a single gun. Most of his artillery was handled without cover. Bragg had few believers in his generalship, and it is rare that a Confederate can be found who will give him any credit at all. He was a cross, churlish, unpopular commander, but it is due him, even at the hands of an enemy, to say that he relied almost altogether upon the naturally strong position of the Ridge. I have talked with half a dozen Confederate artillery officers present at the fight, and all abused Bragg for constructing any earthworks at all. All but two were placed so far back from the

crest that they had no fire on the Federals except when the blue lines first moved out on the plain. When any of the field batteries nearer the crest depressed the guns for a plunging fire on the Federals near the base, shot and shell would roll out of the guns.

From any point in Chattanooga, Missionary Ridge seems to be a continuous mountain with a perfectly level crest. Grant so believed, and was lamentably deceived. It is what Northern men call a "hog's-back," and from Rossville to the tunnel there are not over three places where this ridge widens out sufficiently to permit a single regiment to form in line of battle. The Chattanooga side has swells and foot-hills before reaching the real base, and the far side of the mountain sweeps sharply down into a plain stretching away as far as the eye can see. Instead of being level, the crest is full of dips and ravines, and had Grant brought a thousand pieces of artillery to bear on Bragg for a week it is doubtful if he would have killed fifty men.

Had Grant known the exact lay of the ground he would not have ordered a direct assault. Instead of sending Hooker up the Rossville road to be played with by Bragg's cavalry, he would have sent two full corps. At the blacksmith shop in the forks of the road every field-piece could have easily been hauled to the crest of the mountain. Then a good farmer's road would have taken the Federals square down on Bragg's flank and rear, reversing all his works, and he must have been pushed off at Tunnel Hill. The blacksmith shop is the strategic point of the situation. A road runs along either side of the mountain and another on the crest. Half a mile beyond the shop another road branches off and strikes the mountain near its center, where it meets three other highways. One night's march by the Federals would have surrounded Bragg's position on three sides. Bragg took no precautions against such a surprise except to throw out his cavalry on his left flank, and for this negligence he has been severely criticised.

So, too, it was not the wisest policy to throw Sherman's troops against Tunnel Hill. That is the strongest position on the ridge. An assault on the center of the line would have met with fewer natural obstructions, and Bragg's line once broken there the hill must have stood or fallen by itself with the Federals fighting on even terms.

Just what Sherman tried to do at one end of the ridge and failed, could have

easily been accomplished at the other. Splitting his command into three bodies, the center took the crest of the ridge and the flanks advanced on either base, the ridge dividing them. Moving as they had to move, over such rough ground, there could be no concert of action. Where center or flanks struck the enemy there they fought and advanced or fought and were pushed back. Bragg could reinforce from his center over an almost level highway, and Sherman finally saw that he was fighting the whole Confederate army.

Corse had advanced less than a quarter of a mile before he found his path blocked by Hardee. Here is a line of rocks to show where a breastwork ran, and here three or four pieces of artillery were protected by light earthworks. Corse gathered up his brigade and flung them at Hardee, but they could not reach the breastworks. The men behind it had a dead rest for their muskets, and they fired coolly and with great execution. Corse fell back, fighting gallantly, and when he halted he was not yet out of pistol-shot. His men took cover behind trees and rock, and in tree-hollows, and for half an hour the crash of musketry was steady and terrific. Here happened a singular incident. A soldier in Cleburne's Division who was behind a large rock was wounded in the right jaw. His place was taken by another, who was killed by a ball striking him above the ear. A corporal drew the body back and took the position, but before he had discharged his gun his right eye was destroyed. A fourth man was wounded behind the rock, and it was then discovered that the Federal bullets, striking a large rock to the right and ahead, had glanced at an angle and found their victims. On that rock, which perhaps weighs two tons, I counted the "spots" left by 202 bullets.

After three-quarters of an hour of sharp firing the hot-headed Cleburne could stand it no longer, and gathering up his division he swept across the open space, leading in person. The Federal lines bent back under the rush, but when they straightened, Cleburne was swept back to his works with a rush, leaving 300 dead men on the ground behind him.

After the Federal lines had fallen back, and during a temporary lull in the firing, a Confederate named William Grady, belonging to Cleburne's command and dying in Knoxville several years after the war, leaped over the breastwork and advanced upon the Federals at a walk, looking to the right and left as he walked.

When he was within thirty feet of the nearest blue coat he picked up a canteen which he had lost during the rush and turned about and coolly walked back to his command under fire of at least 300 muskets. The canteen, which he carried at the end of a strap, was actually shot to pieces, and he had seven bullet-holes in his clothing, but he disappeared over the breastwork without injury to himself.

Corse had his flanks defended—so had Hardee. Neither was strong enough, nor could he mass enough men on that crest, to drive the other. Thus Corse could make no headway, and Sherman's flanks had not passed him far when they were confronted by the same situation. The Federals suffered most, having no breastworks and being exposed to a galling fire from several pieces of artillery. Bragg knew that Hooker was on his left flank, fighting his cavalry, and he knew that he had Sherman halted. Up to about 3 o'clock he felt secure. He had not lost a foot of ground anywhere on his main line. It was then he offered reinforcements to Hardee to push Sherman, and it was then he said to those around him:

"The Yankees don't fight any better under Grant than they did under Rosen-crans."

But he hadn't heard from Grant yet. Grant's plan of battle was that Sherman should push so heavily on Bragg's right and Hooker so heavily on his left that he would weaken his center to support his flanks. Hooker had made no great headway, and Sherman had been checked, yet Bragg had sent troops from his center to both wings. The courier offering Hardee reinforcements had not been gone five minutes when Bragg saw something to surprise him. The four divisions under Thomas moved out on the plain in grand array, every man stripped down to musket and cartridge-box. Brigade after brigade swung out with steady tramp until the alignment was complete. Every Federal faced Bragg's center, and Bragg knew that a grand assault was impending. He was writing dispatches to hurry up reinforcements from right and left, when a Federal cannon on Orchard Knob boomed out:

"One—two—three—four—five—six!"

Like a huge machine set in motion by that signal the four divisions moved as one. They had more than a mile to go across a level plain before reaching the base of the ridge, and before they had advanced twenty rods, every piece of artillery in Bragg's center was playing upon the moving columns. Shot and

shell hissed and screamed and tore around the marching columns; but not a line was broken, Bragg had relied upon his guns sweeping the plain. The Federals did not lose fifty men out of the four divisions in the entire advance. It was only when they came within range of the Confederate musketry that death began its harvest.

A double line of skirmishers was thrown out in front of the Federal advance, and a double line of skirmishers was thrown out in front of the Confederate line at the base of the ridge. Headly, Cist and others speak of the strong works at the foot of the ridge. Here and there was a breast-work of stones and logs, such as the infantry could throw up in an hour. Up to half-past two o'clock, or an hour previous to the Federal advance, there were not three regiments of Confederates at the base along Bragg's center. He had calculated that all the fighting would be on his wings. Nothing has been disturbed there in these long years. One finds here and there a slight cover for half a regiment, a few holes which might have been rifle-pits, but no such works as the enthusiastic historian erects on paper. This does not, however, dim the glory of the advance. Never before nor after did war see the spectacle of four grand divisions of blue sweeping over an open plain under fire with such a steady step. Confederate officers who looked down upon it say that it was a sight never to be forgotten. As to realizing that the sooner they reached the base the sooner they would be covered from the artillery fire, the step grew faster and faster, and just as the lines began to feel the musketry fire they broke into a double-quick and dashed forward, cheering until Sherman's men heard them above the roar of battle. In that rush the Federal skirmish line was overtaken and borne along, and the Confederate skirmish line was actually run over and swallowed up before it could fall back.

That advance of Thomas will ever stand as one of the most singular moves of the war. It was not hoped to carry anything more than the base line at that time. Indeed, the orders were to halt there. The dash was made so quickly that but few of the Confederates escaped to the crest. In scores of cases Federal soldiers sprang after them up the mountain side, grabbed them by the feet or legs, and captor and captured came rolling down together. But the Confederate troops on the crest had a plunging musketry-fire on the blue-coats, and they made it so hot that the

Federals became restive. They were at the base—why not go to the crest? First onesprang up—then another—then whole companies and regiments, and directly a line having a front of a mile was pushing up the mountain, cheering, yelling and returning the hot fire with a few stray shots. There were no orders from officers. Had any been given they would have been disregarded. With no one to lead—with officers following after, the lines rushed at the crest determined to accomplish the whole task at once.

Bragg had often expressed his conviction that his position was impregnable. The fighting on his flanks had thus far borne out his assertions. He did not believe that the Federals would cross an open plain under the fire of his guns, but they had done so. One regiment at the base of the ridge ought to have checked a brigade on the plain, but the base had been carried. The fire from the crest ought to drive back men who had to pull themselves up by limbs and bushes, but Thomas' whole army was coming up. The swiftly succeeding disasters unnerved Bragg. He wrote two or three orders and tore them up, gave two or three verbal orders and countermanded them, and at length mounted his horse, dashed up and down the center, and disappeared not ten minutes before the Federals had possession of his headquarters.

But the flight of Bragg did not produce a panic, Confederate soldiers never fought more gallantly than right there. They knew that to lose the center was to lose the fight, and they meant to hold it. Missionary Ridge is thickly covered with stones and boulders. Whole companies of the Confederates dropped their muskets and had to resort to the rocks as weapons. Great rocks weighing a ton were sent rolling down the steep side, crashing through the bushes and sweeping through the Federal advance, and at some points the shower of stones was so terrific that all further advance was checked. Men who dared brave shell and canister and bullet sought cover to escape the stones and rocks. There was no panic—no giving back, but it would have taken thrice their number to have checked the tide of blue rolling up the mountain. Foot by foot it advanced, and when the last rush came the blue lines went through the gray in lines. Batteries were flanked, leaving them standing between Federal lines. Whole regiments having a front towards the plain suddenly discovered Federals in their rear. For a quarter of an hour it was a fight by a

mob. Guns were taken and retaken—crowds swayed back and forth, and even when encircled the Confederates fought on. It was only when the greater portion of the center had been killed, wounded or made prisoner that the fighting ceased.

Whatever Hood urged against Hardee in later years, his fighting that day saved the army, just as Thomas' fighting at Chickamauga saved the Federal. When the center was attacked he reinforced it with a division without orders, and he kept up the fight until he could draw off under cover of the darkness.

Bragg was not the general to fight a winning battle. He lacked just what Hooker, Pope and Burnside lacked. His victory at Chickamauga was not due to his generalship, but more to Rosencrans' mistakes. He lost more at Missionary Ridge than he gained at Chickamauga, and his defeat prepared the groundwork for Sherman's memorable march into the Confederacy.

The Federal loss in killed and wounded was nearly six thousand—that of the Confederates about the same. The Federals captured forty-three pieces of artillery, 6,000 stands of the best small arms, and 5,590 prisoners, and Bragg's army was left in a thoroughly demoralized condition.

Gen. Cist asserts in his Scribner volume that Sherman was to do all the fighting and have all the glory. He did not design a direct assault, but calculated on flanking Bragg's left. He got hold of the wrong end of the ridge. Hardee held him two days, and could have held him a month. Had he tried the Rossville road he would not have been an hour reaching the crest. The assault by Thomas was to relieve Sherman, but if the soldiers had not broken loose and taken the fight into their own hands—whole regiments moving under protests from the officers, who can say that the victory would have rested with the Federals?

The battle of Missionary Ridge had a strong influence on the military world. Under the old school of military teaching that ridge was impregnable. No general had any business to attack a steep-sided mountain crowned with artillery and lined with infantry. Under the new school of fighting it was carried in an hour. It was then discovered that such positions should be held from the base, as Lee held Mary's Hill—as Mead held Cemetery Ridge—as Polk held Kenesaw Mountain. Twenty pieces of artillery and 10,000 infantry intrenched at the base

of Bragg's center would have held Thomas' whole army on the plain and repelled every assault on the front, and they would at the same time have been under the full play of every piece of artillery on the crest.

But peace is there to-day, and will be for evermore. The vines are covering the earthworks—the leaves have filled up the rifly-pits—the war-scarred trees have put forth new branches to shelter the laborer who leaves his cornfield and his vineyard to rest from the noon-day sun. Peace reigns on the great mountain with only the soft notes of the wild bird to break the silence—peace hovers over the valley and smiles upon a thousand fields which will tremble no more under war's bloody footsteps.

KRUPP'S NEW GUN.

THE MOST POWERFUL WEAPON YET INVENTED.

London Engineering.

The Germans seem to be determined to be ahead of this or any other country in their practical efforts toward the adoption of every new idea in scientific warfare that will give them power in Europe. Once more Herr Krupp has come to the front. This enterprising inventor of warlike material has recently conducted a series of experiments with a new kind of gun or shell. The gun is on the muzzle pivoting system, and the shell has been specially designed for torpedo effect, to burst on penetration of armored ships with a result similar to the explosion of a torpedo. Herr Krupp's recent experiments at Meppen were considered to be highly satisfactory, and quite sufficient to justify the great German manufacturer of weapons in taking immediate measures for the production of larger guns and shells than those tried.

The gun experimented with was of 21-centimeter caliber, with a long shell having a tremendous bursting charge, so arranged that the shell should explode only after penetrating some distance into the armor plating. The gun's muzzle pivot is carried down into a socket fixed in the hold of the vessel in such a way as to prevent the slightest recoil even with the heaviest charge. Herr Krupp's gun was worked with great ease and certainty of aim, and obtained for the shot very high velocity. This description of weapon has been designed for gunboats built to carry guns up to forty centimeters. These gun-

boats are to be of light draught, high rate of speed, and exceedingly handy. In fact, two or even three of such armed boats would be very ugly customers for a first-class armored ship to cope with, owing to their rapid power of maneuvering and their small size rendering them difficult to hit. Their cost would be but an eighth or a tenth part of a first-class iron-clad. The Germans are certainly a very practical race. A good idea once conceived and well considered in all its bearings, they then do not take very long to work it out. We shall hear more ere long of Herr Krupp's muzzle-pivoting guns and torpedo shells.

For Firemen's Magazine:

HE DOETH ALL THINGS WELL.

[Dedicated to the memory of Joseph Nelson Gillies, infant son of Jas. A. Gillies, of Adopted Daughter Lodge No. 3, who died May 3d, 1882.]

I remember how I loved him,
When a little gulleless child,
As I saw him in his cradle
And he looked at me and smiled;
My cup of happiness was full,
My joy no words can tell,
And I blessed the glorious Giver
Who doeth all things well.
Months passed—the bud of promise
Was unfolding every hour,
I thought that earth had never smiled
Upon a fairer flower;
So beautiful, it well might grace
The bower where angels dwell,
And waft its fragrance to His throne
Who doeth all things well.
He was the lovely day-star,
That round my pathway shone,
Within this gloomy vale of tears,
Through which I journeyed on;
Its radiance had obscured the light,
Which round His throne doth dwell,
And wandered far away from Him
Who doeth all things well.
That star went down in darkness;
Yet it shineth sweetly now
In the bright and dazzling coronet
That decks the Savior's brow.
He bowed to the Destroyer,
Whose shafts none may repel,
But we know, for God has told us so,
He doeth all things well.
I remember well my sorrow
As I stood beside his bed,
And the deep, heartfelt anguish
When they told me he was dead;
And oh! That cup of bitterness
Let not thy heart repel—
God gave—He took—He can restore—
He doeth all things well.

A SHORT LINE TO THE OCEAN.

The projected New York, Pittsburg and Chicago Railroad, when completed, will form a through line from New York to Chicago fifty-seven miles shorter than the Pennsylvania route, and 123 miles shorter than the New York Central. The route of the road is from Jersey City, on the New Jersey Central to Tamanend, 130 miles west of New York; thence to Pennsylvania to Wampum, on the Beaver River, to which point the road is already built, upon which cars will be running by April 1. A branch runs from Wampum to Pittsburg. From Wampum west the road runs to New Lisbon, thence to Waynesburg and Sparta, Stark County, and on through Tuscarawas. Holmes, Knox, Richland, and Marion Counties to Marion, O., where it will join the Chicago and Atlantic Road. The latter road is being built from Marion to Chicago.

JOHN CHINAMAN went into a Leadville faro bank and placed a paper of gold dust on the ace. The ace lost, and the dealer, weighing the dust, found that it was worth about \$50. He was about to throw the paper away when John asked for it, saying there were some "washee-washee" accounts upon it which he required. The next night he returned and bet a similar paper. This time he won, and as the dust weighed \$40, the dealer proposed to pay him upon that basis. The heathen shook his head. "You payee all I bet?" "Certainly," answered the dealer. Then John, carefully unwrapping the paper showed hidden between its folds a hundred dollar bill. "He must have it," sighed the look-out man; "he's got us dead." The bank-note was there the night before, but the dealer had handed it back. That was his fault, however, not the Chinaman's.

THE Little Rock papers mitigate the crime of a man who committed suicide there last week by saying it was his first offense. Very likely he had not been long in the State or he would have made the attempt sooner.

THERE never was a better example of the witty and concise form of expression common to the real Western American than the grim man of the Sierras who, when asked about the character of a neighbor, sententiously replied: "Mister, I don't know very much about him; but my impression is that he'd make a first-class stranger."

THE PRAISE OF MEN.

A poor little girl in a tattered gown,
Wand'ring along through the crowded town,
All weary and worn on the curb sat down
By the side of the way to rest;
Bedimmed with tears were her eyes of brown,
Her hands on her bosom pressed.

The night was approaching and winter's chill
blast,

That fell on the child as it hurried past.
Congealed the tears that were falling fast

From the poor little maiden's eyes;
The blinding snow on her pale cheek cast,
Unheeding his plaintive cries.

Now, hurriedly passing along the street,
She catches the round of approaching feet,
And wearily rises as if to entreat
Some aid from the passer-by;
But slowly and sadly resumes her seat,
Repelled by the glance of his eye.

He saw the wild tempest resistlessly hurl
The gathering snowflakes, with many a
whirl,
Upon her bare head, where each soft shining
curl

Was swept by the breath of the storm;
But what did he care for the little girl?
His raiment was ample and warm.

He went to a charity meeting that night,
And spoke to the listeners' great delight,
Of how much 'twas the duty of all to unite
The suffering poor to relieve;
And held up his check for a thousand at sight,
So all the crowd could perceive.

He handed the check to the treasurer, when
The audience applauded again and again.
But the angel who holds the recording pen
This sentence, methinks did record:
"He doeth his alms to be seen of men,
Their praise is his only reward."

The papers next morning had much to say
Of how the "good gentleman" did display
His generous spirit in giving away
So much to the poor man's cause.
He smiled as he read his own praise that day
And thought of the night's applause.

Near by the same paper went to repeat
A story they'd heard, of how out in the street,
A watchman, at dawning of morn, on his beat,
A poor little child had found,
With only the snow as winding sheet,
Frozen to death on the ground.

Ah! who can declare that when God shall
unfold
Eternity's record, He will not hold
Him guilty of murder, who seeks with his
gold

In charity's name to buy
The praise of men, while out in the cold
He leaves a poor child to die?

SOMETHING ABOUT THE VATICAN.

Boston Herald.

An item in the cablegrams apropos the taking of the Italian census is so worded as to mislead the reader unfamiliar with the Papal Court, says the Philadelphia Times. Of "5,000 persons inhabiting the Vatican," says the item, "one-third are women." The Vatican, it should be remembered, is not only the Papal palace—it is, since the entrance of the Italian force, the Papal city, as well as the Papal Court. In its 8,000 apartments are lodged the lay, as well as the clerical adjuncts of the Pope's Government. On the ground is a barrack for 500 or more pontifical guards. These, in some cases, have their wives. The Vatican is built for a third of a mile on the side of the old hill of Janiculum; as a consequence, its lower or basement portion is far above ground on the front looking toward the Tiber. In the upper apartments, reached by at least fifty steps, are the vast statuary museums; above these, again, the paintings. To reach the vast stretch of apartments inhabited by the Pope, long flights of broad marble stairs, at least 100 in number, must be ascended. The Sixtine Chapel itself, with its wondrous "Day of Judgment" of Michael Angelo, and the frescoes of Raphael, is fully 100 feet above the street level at the entrance of the palace. Scores of women are kept constantly employed in the endless suites of art galleries, libraries, kitchens, and what-not necessary for the maintenance of such an army of people, so that the proportion of one-third women to 5,000 retainers by no means corresponds with what the bald and disingenuous cable item seems to imply.

A CONSIDERABLE steel making industry exists at the present day in China on the Upper Yangtse, whence the steel is sent to Tientsin for shipment and distribution. It fetches much higher prices than the Swedish steel imported into the country. The Chinese metallurgists recognize three kinds of steel, namely: That which is produced by adding unwrought to wrought iron while the mass is subject to the action of fire, many times subjected to fire, and native steel which is produced in the southwest. The different names for steel are twan kang or ball steel, from its rounded form, kwan kang, or sprinkled steel; wie tee or false steel. The Chinese have apparently known how to manufacture steel from the very earliest ages.

OWNED TO HIS RECORD.

Salt Lake Tribune.

The editor was sitting in his revolving cane-bottomed chair when Tornado Tom, the traveling terror of Texas, came in and demanded retraction of the statement that he had swindled an orphan out of \$4.

"It's a lie clear through," said the Terror, striking the table with his fist. "I'm as good a man as smells the atmosphere in this section."

"Perhaps you are better," said the editor, meekly.

"My record 'll compare favorably with yours," said the Terror with a sneer. "Perhaps there are a few little back racks in your life, sir, that wouldn't bear a microscopic investigation."

"Oh, sir," said the editor, visibly agitated, "don't recall the past; don't bring up the memories of the tomb, I know I have led a hard life—I don't deny it. I killed Shorty Barnes, the Bowery boy of New York—hacked him all to pieces with a knife. I have atoned for it a thousand times. I blew a man's head off at a log-roll in Kentucky, and bitterly have I repented of my folly. I slew a lot of inoffensive citizens of Omaha over a paltry four dollar pot, simply because I got excited. Oh, could I but cheat the tomb of the men I have placed in its maw I would be happy. But it was allowing to my high temper and lack of early training. I know that I have been wayward, wicked, and you have a right to come here and recall those unhappy memories; but its mean for all that. Nobody with a heart would treat a man like you have me. Don't leave, stranger; I'll tell you all. I sawed a man's head off with an old army saber just for—" The Texas Terror was down stairs and half way around the corner, while the editor, taking a fresh chew of rattlesnake twist, continued his peaceful avocations quietly as a law-abiding citizen.

"Can pa make a circus, ma?" "I don't know, Johnny; I suppose he could if he had a great deal of money to buy horses and wild animals. But why do you ask, Johnny?" "O, nothing much. Only I saw that Gaston fellow that you told Sis to have nothing to do with standing with his arm around her at the back gate last night, and he said to Sis, 'I s'pose if yer old man came along now he would make a circus,' as Sis laughed and said, 'You bet!'"

IN MEMORIAM.

WM. PEBERDY.

[Lines on the death of John Herbert Harding, who died at Montreal, Canada, May 11th, 1882, aged eight years.]

Sleep on, sweet child, I would not ask thee
stay,
Since death hath claimed thee, life must pass
away
From whence it came, to Heaven and peace-
ful rest
Returns thy soul to where alone 'tis blest

Sleep on, fair child, in silence must I mourn,
Thyself departed, I shall feel alone
Thy vacant chair, with all thy tender years
Commands my heart to sigh, unanswered
finds relief in tears.

Sleep on my child, I cannot think thee dead,
And shrouded cold within that narrow life-
less bed;
Thy comprehensive powers, though small
their span,
Were far advanced to e'en the age of man.

Sleep on sweet child, since death hath kissed
thy brow,
Thy little tongue no prayer may utter now;
Ere long the garment of thy grave shall bloom
A mantling veil of love around thy humble
tomb.

Sleep on sweet child, thy face proclaims 'tis
well,
The while my bosom heaves, alike the billows
swells,
And just as constant all my thoughts shall be,
For everything recalls sweet memories of
thee.

Sleep on fair child, all's calm and undisturbed,
Upon that hill of peace some thrilling notes
are heard;
Protected thou behind yon mountain side do
lie,
Such strains should waft thee to the lofty sky.

Sleep on sweet child, a fondest wish for you,
My last embrace, and all shall be a long
adieu,
Condemn me not, as I no more control,
So falls thy body, frees thy loving soul.

Sleep on fair child, may angels guard thee
now,
Such laurels won encircle every brow;
Enshrined from sorrow, freed from care and
pain,
Perchance may not be long ere we may meet
again.

EDITORIAL.

J. W. LUTTERALL, MASTER MACHINIST.

There is a saying that is being much used nowadays: "Some men are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them." The subject of this sketch, whose name is at the head of the article, is of the middle class. He was born in Abingdon, Virginia, in 1851. He served his time in the shops of the Atlantic, Mississippi and Ohio Railroads at Lynchburg, Va., thus preparing himself for taking service as a fireman and engineer on the Louisville, Paducah and Southwestern Railway. Thence he went into the service of the Louisville and Nashville Railway and was, in September, 1881, made Master Mechanic of the Cincinnati Short Line, (under the control of L. & N. R.R.)

There are now, under his superintendence, 40 engines, 265 men in the machine department, and 225 miles of road. He is an honorary member of Division 78 of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers. In 1879, in the International Convention of Locomotive Engineers, held at Kansas City, he was a leader and an active worker, and then and since has proven a worthy and industrious laborer for the best interests of those who toil upon the rail.

Here we see what has been achieved in thirty years of active life, and we hold his example as one most highly honorable. What a vast growth of character in the right direction is exhibited in this one man's life. It may be safely assumed that his life has been no idle one. Days and months and years, as they passed over his head, found him steadily and earnestly engaged in labor, unremitting in his endeavors to advance in the knowl-

edge of his chosen profession. The reward for merit in his case seems to have been speedy and grand. When we review his career, we find much to emulate. Remember "What man has done, man may do" is an old adage. Although all men may not become M. M. or Supt's, each one may achieve great ends. To all we say, "work for the *highest* point, and you will surely better your condition, if you do not reach it."

Let no day go by without doing something that will fit you to accept a position better than the present one, whatever that may be. Strive for excellence in all things. If all known duties are honestly and conscientiously done, the reward will come. Look at the bright and brilliant career of J. W. Lutterall, and take courage.

"Act well your part—

There all the honor lies."

LAWS OF THE ORDER.

We would most earnestly call the attention of our members to the revised Constitution and By Laws. To read it over indifferently, looking, perhaps, for something new or an old clause in a new dress is not sufficient to gain such a knowledge of its contents that it may be understood and discussed intelligently. Every member should provide himself with a copy, and carry it in his pocket, so he can refer to it when occasion requires. It is a document that will not only bear close inspection but invites a minute and detailed examination; the more the world knows of it the better will it be for the Order in general and to the members individually; especially is this so in reference to our system of insurance. Many members put not only themselves but also this office to considerable trouble

and expense by asking questions which are easily and definitely answered in the Constitution and By-Laws. We do not wish it understood that we object to answering questions relating to the Brotherhood; on the contrary we invite such and will do our utmost to promote a better understanding, but we do object to parties asking questions of which they possess the answer. The very fact that these inquiries are made betrays ignorance of the Constitution that is not pleasant to contemplate and members should see to it that they are better informed in matters of such importance.

A wrong idea prevails, as regards the duty of the Brotherhood towards its members. The Order guarantees \$1,000 to any member who loses an arm or leg, and if he loses his life that amount is paid to his heirs, providing the member is in good standing at the time such injuries are received. These things are more clearly defined in the Constitution, to which we respectfully call the attention of those who insist upon misunderstanding the aims and objects of our Order. The best proofs that we have done what we have guaranteed, and have done it promptly, too, are the comfortable homes we have given to the widows and orphans throughout the country. Ah! indeed, many, very many are the tender little feet that we have clad and sheltered from the cold of winter. The throbs of joy that enter the widowed mother's heart at seeing her children cared for, are our most eloquent pleaders.

Now, as to what we do *not* guarantee, is the paying of expenses of members out of employment, giving them money and such other assistance as may tend to induce them to idle away their time; or in any way encourage dissipation in our ranks. We make mention of these facts that members may not deceive themselves and expect from their Lodge things which it would be impossible to give them on so small a monthly payment as twenty-five cents.

LABOR'S REWARD.

Skilled labor of all kinds is the great demand of the age. In these later days it is a practical, universal principle that every man must depend upon his own efforts for subsistence. The skilled labor of railroad employes is rendered, by this fact, more necessary and important than in any other case. The greatest interests of humanity are continually centered in their hands. There is no man who so often as the railroad employee has complete charge and control of the lives and fortunes of so large a part of humanity. Every impulse of nature and reason unite in loudly demanding that the railroad employee be pre-eminently a man of the very best good principle and good habits. This is as plain as the noon-day sun, and the man who does not know and recognize it, must be asleep or dead.

Labor, thanks to progress and common sense, is the good, broad, high way of this latter day and generation, that leads to honor and greatness. This, at least, must ever remain the fact in this country. Industrious, skilled labor, with confirmed good habits of sobriety, order, and industry, is the grand free road that will lead all railroad employes to all that is desirable, or to be desired in this life, for any man in any station and at any time. The road for a railroad employee is as good to rise by as any other. It is certain and safe, and those who travel it are sure to reach the summit of their ambition. It becomes every man of good sense to travel it.

The road to wealth and fortune, said our own great philosopher Franklin, is as plain as the nose on a man's face, if you desire to travel it.

Besides the other great advantages offered by this route, it is more pleasant than any other. The truth of it is, that waste of time, drunkenness, and all those things that are usually called bad habits, do not *pay*, in a business sense. There is not enough fun in them to commend them to our consideration. The best enjoy-

ment of life, is to be of some account and no man can get the best out of life, and have the best it has in store for him, unless he is of some account, and does the best he knows. We all have sense enough to know what is best for us, and no man is bound to take second class passage, and no man should do it.

It is, by far, more pleasant to be honest, honorable, sober, and industrious than it is to be otherwise. We believe in getting the good out of life. That is what we are here for. All these great facts being so plain, it becomes important that every railroad employee should ally himself with those associations and relations that will more effectually recommend him to the great and common interests of all the people. No man lives, or can live to himself in this world. Our interests are all common, and we all have an interest in each other. The base of all our great interests rests on industry, and what helps one laborer will help another. If one laborer, of whatever kind, is prosperous, we are all benefited by it. The managers of all our great corporations know this as well as any body. The mission of the railroad employee is one of peace. He goes to his employers with an olive branch in his hand. Their interests are his inter-

est, and his interests are theirs. There is every reason why they should work together in unison and harmony. By that means each can the most effectually advance his own interest.

The field of free and open business competition is *wide*. There is many an empire of wealth and honor to be conquered in it, and no matter *what* a man can accomplish with law and honor on his side, he has a *right to do*; nay! he *should* do—it is his *duty*. There is no end, no limit to what the employes of railroads accomplish for their own good, if they will only combine, and organize, and *stick together*. All other interests are organized to advance their welfare, and why should not *they*? There is no better organization for furthering the interests of railroad employes, and putting them on the way to success in its best sense, than the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen. It embraces every interest that is theirs, and inculcates by its principles and laws, all that will lead them to success and prosperity. This same Brotherhood is certain to be the leading power in advancing and securing the interests of all laborers, more especially of its own members.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE MARRIAGE BELLS.

CHICAGO, ILLS., June 30, 1882.

Editor Firemen's Magazine:

I am confined to the house, but being able to write, I thought I would drop you a few lines about 95 and some of her boys, as I see nothing in this month's Magazine about her, except the note of a few expulsions; and by the way, although we have been compelled to expell a good many lately, we are still increasing in number, having now 103 members in good standing, and about twenty applications to act upon.

Bros. Sheffield and Stockwell have been set up recently; they are hostling now, and doing a little extra running, and have a good prospect of getting a regular engine as soon as business picks up a little.

Bro. C. N. Wheeler started on a long, and we all hope a prosperous and happy trip, the latter part of last month, double header with Miss Nellie Newberry. I have not had the pleasure of making the lady's acquaintance, but I did a box of excellent cigars that Bro. Wheeler sent up to the Lodge room at our last Sunday meeting.

Bro. Geo. Moxam got it, too, but U. S.

ladies were not good enough for him; he had to go to Canada for his. Well, it's all right this time, George, but don't you do it again, or we will put our Canada brother on to you.

Bro. C. F. Bellmyer, he's went and gone and done it, too; he went through the mill a week ago last Tuesday, and that night being our regular meeting night, he invited the boys up to welcome sister Bellmyer—nee Miss Celia Matiskal—and they went, the whole gang of them, and had a big time and spent an enjoyable evening, and one that they will remember with pleasure for a long time.

And now, Mr. Editor, if you will allow me, through the columns of the Magazine, to offer in behalf of 95 our heartfelt good wishes to Bros. Wheeler, Moxam and Bellmyer, and a hearty welcome to their fair ladies, I won't ask any more favors until—the next time.

Yours as ever,

NINETY-FIVE.

SELECTION OF DELEGATES.

CHICAGO, ILLS., June 30, 1882.

Editor Firemen's Magazine:

As the time for holding our annual Convention is approaching, I feel that a few words on the subject of selecting delegates would be in order. It is a lamentable fact that men are sometimes delegated to represent their Lodge, who are wholly unqualified; various causes could be assigned for the action of some of our Lodges in this respect, but principally among them is that nearly all of the Lodges are blessed by having some members who have friends residing in the vicinity where the Convention is to be held, and on these grounds have the audacity to seek an election as delegate, and through the generosity of the members, are frequently successful; while others are chosen because they are one of the boys, a pretty good kind of a fellow, &c. A good selection means continued prosperity, in fact, the destiny of our institution depends upon it; the contrary would probably prove very disastrous. In Convention we require wise counsel; for one rash act, one step in the wrong direction, would undoubtedly impede our progress for years to come. Therefore, it behooves every member of our Order to act regardless of friendship or favor, and vote for a well-thinking man for their delegate. Yours in B., S. & I.,

UNCLE DANIEL,
Of Triumphant No. 47.

FROM THE GOLDEN GATE.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., June 20, 1882.

Editor Firemen's Magazine:

One of the most pleasing subjects to write upon is the B. of L. F., and its Magazine. Through its columns we learn to know each other; we know what the Brothers in remote parts are doing, and also of the love and respect shown to our dead. In looking over the June issue I noted with satisfaction the noble deeds performed by the Brothers of No. 94, at the time of Bro. Haskell's death. I am a member of Cactus Lodge, and I felt proud, when I learned how devotedly the boys clung to the last moment to the family of the departed. Bro. Haskell's death was quickly succeeded by another, that of Bro. Edward Greenlief, and again our boys advanced with sympathetic hearts and willing hands to lighten the burden and dispel the gloom that enshrouded the home of the bereaved family. Let none be blind to the benefits of our Order, for while we are in health we must see to it that when we are called away our wives and little ones will be cared for. Let us join the B. of L. F. while its portals are open to us. Let every fireman protect himself and those dependent upon him by coming into the Order that never forgets the family of a good member.

I will write again at some future time and in the meantime, believe me to be

Yours in B., S. & I.,

KENO.

SAD BEREAVEMENT.

CLEVELAND, OHIO, June 25, 1882.

Little did we think, when we received word from Bro. Burnham, on the 29th day of March last, that his home in Washington, D. C., was blest with a pair of bright boys, that we should have to chronicle the death of both children in so short a time. Cleveland having been the former home of Bro. Burnham and wife, they returned to the latter place to lay at rest their beloved treasures.

Not only do the young parents mourn the loss, but also the relatives and friends, who sympathize with them in this, their hour of bereavement.

The little ones are safe from the ills of life and have escaped all sorrows and trials. Why, then, should we mourn? Let us rather rejoice that they have gone where no harm can reach or sorrow befall them.

No. 10.

AN ADMIRER OF "YOUNG WIFE."

KANSAS CITY, Mo., July 1, 1882.

Editor Firemen's Magazine:

Kansas City Lodge, after a long and tedious struggle, is once more on the high road to prosperity. Her members no longer permit inactive, dishonest men to seek refuge and protection in her ranks. The officers rid the lodge of every drone by expelling those who did not pay their dues promptly and without grumbling. Our membership increases at almost every meeting—there being a large number of good men who have joined us lately and a goodly number yet to come in. We are very cautious in selecting members, as we have grown wise by experience—we have learned that it does not pay to hastily initiate men, scarcely knowing anything of their characters. "Little Waddie" is not at all slow in reminding the boys when the death assessments are payable, and the result is that we are always in good standing with the Grand Lodge.

In the May number of the Magazine I notice a letter signed "Young Wife." I quite agree with her on the subject of a dingy old lunch pail—there can be nothing more disgusting. I wish we had some of her kind in our Kansas City boarding houses. I don't know but what it would tempt me to go into the boarding house business myself, on a small scale.

Wishing the "Young Wife" long life and happiness, I remain,

Fraternally, TANK BRAKE.

A GOOD SUPERINTENDENT.

CAMDEN, N. J., July 10th, 1882.

Editor Firemen's Magazine:

In vain I have looked through the Magazine for an item relating to Welcome Lodge No. 72, of which I have the honor to be an humble member, and at last I have concluded to say a few words myself, although I feel that there are others who should assign themselves that duty. To begin with, our Lodge meets on the first and third Sundays in each month, and a cordial welcome is extended to all worthy members of the Order. We number about seventy-five members, and better ones are hard to find. They represent the principles we profess in all their walks through life. I am glad to say that we are in excellent condition, and that we have the good will of our worthy Superintendent, Col. J. S. Buckelew, and our

road foreman, Mr. C. S. Worts, an excellent gentleman.

Too much praise cannot be bestowed on them for the interest they manifest in our behalf.

A short time ago we wished to visit our Brothers in Amboy, but could not do so, as there was no return train on Saturday after 6 o'clock P. M., but our noble Superintendent came gallantly to the rescue and furnished us with an engine and car for that purpose. Bro. Cowls ran the engine, Bro. Laird handled the scoop, and Bro. Elbertson acted as conductor. The train was manned completely by B. of L. F. men. You may rest assured that we had a glorious time. It is the sincere wish of every member of our Lodge that Col. Buckelew may live long and prosper.

Fraternally yours,

PETER.

DUTIES OF FINANCIERS.

JUNE 17, 1882.

Editor Firemen's Magazine:

Some of our Financiers, I am afraid, do not attend strictly to business; they seem to think that when they attend to those who can come up and pay their dues and assessments that their work is done. I do not. I think that they should notify all members of their lodge who are far away and who have no other way of finding out these things, the amount due on death claims for each month. I have asked the Financier of my Lodge to let me know how much was due each month and I would pay it. It is now the 17th of the month and I have not heard a word about death claims yet, and I suppose when the Financier's report is sent to the G. S. & T., I will be marked not paid. Now, that is not right or fair, for I am willing and anxious to pay all death claims, so that I shall always be in good standing. I expect to die some day and I expect to be a member of the B. of L. F. until my time comes. I don't want it to be said that I owed the Brotherhood a single dollar at the time of my death.

I am seven hundred miles away from any Lodge and fourteen hundred miles away from my own. It would be useless for me to withdraw and join elsewhere, and my only show to keep even with my Lodge is to have the Financier notify me when death assessments are due. He has failed to do so, and I presume if I was to die to-day, my policy would not be worth a dollar—a very consoling thought, that. The Financier would, of

course, be to blame, but that would not bring my insurance. I have no doubt, but that other brothers are in the same condition.

I hope, with all my heart, that Financiers will consider these things and attend to their duties more promptly.

Trusting that this will have the desired effect on a certain Lodge in Illinois, I am

Yours fraternally, O. D. S.

"DON'T GIVE UP THE SHIP."

BEHRINGS STRAITS, Aug. 1, 1882.

Editor Firemen's Magazine:

The flag which floated from the mast head of Com. Perry's flag ship on that memorable morning when he sailed out of what is now the harbor of Erie, Pa., to give battle to the English squadron and maintain the rights of the American flag, bore this device: "Don't give up the ship." These words were uttered by one of the Union's greatest naval heroes, Com. Lawrence, when, after a severe struggle and being mortally wounded, he was carried below, to those who were left on deck, and I think it a very applicable text for this little sermon which I write, as I have no opportunity to preach it, and reader, to bring the matter in a more explicit light, I address myself to those who have run long enough to become members of the B. of L. E. I say to you, Brothers: "Don't give up the ship." You who contemplate leaving the Firemen's for the Engineers' Brotherhood, are in no way belittling yourselves by retaining your membership with the Order that has been in many cases the means of placing you where you are to-day. I want to ask one question, which, if you can answer in the negative, will be a surprise to every honest minded man. If your wages as fireman enabled you to pay your expenses and dues in the one Order, are not the same as an engineer amply sufficient to also pay your expenses and dues in both orders? I think they are, and for that reason I say stand nobly by the principles of the Order that is doubtless the cause of your being what you are to-day. Do you cherish in your heart a feeling against the Firemen's Brotherhood because it is mainly composed of firemen, that you are not man enough to own, or are you bigoted enough to consider yourself above those who now stand where you once stood? Have you forgotten that you once fired yourself? Have you forgotten that you were once a mere apprentice, or is the memory of

that apprenticeship loathsome to you. If it is, the work itself must have been doubly so, and therefore I say you displayed poor judgment in selecting the employment you did. I earnestly hope that for myself it will ever be a pleasure in coming years, should I live to look back on the days I spent at the scoop and the many pleasant associations connected therewith, with pleasure and good will, and that I may live to lend a helping hand to those who come after whenever they deserve it. In withdrawing from the Order you unconsciously, perhaps, express the idea that you joined it when you were firing, for the mere purpose of having a share in its good name and the privilege of a traveling card in case you would have been thrown out of a job, and compelled to seek employment elsewhere. The fact of your being entitled to membership in the B. of L. E. does not alter the case. You can, if you are a man, still retain your membership in the Firemen's Brotherhood, but if you are not at heart a man in every sense of the word, why withdraw, and the Order will be better off without you, and the same will be applicable to the Engineers' Brotherhood. To you, Brothers, thus inclined, if there is in your mind any petty prejudice against the Order, its principles, laws or individual members, I say strive to overcome it, live it down, do not allow it to live you down to a level with the uneducated savage or prejudiced egotist. Go into the matter with your whole soul, regardless of consequence; do not fear the enemy; stand up so they can see you as the noble Perry did, with the colors of your cause flaunting defiance in their faces, and when the time of dissolution or old age draws near, you will be rewarded with a mind at ease and a clear conscience, and go peacefully down the hill of life, mentally rejoicing that you did *not give up the ship*.

Fraternally yours,
DOCTOR KANE.

A SOCIAL SUCCESS.

CRESTON, IA., July 10, 1882.

Editor Firemen's Magazine:

We have been organized here nearly six months, and as I have never seen anything in the Magazine referring to our Lodge, I thought I would set the ball rolling by making an effort in that direction. The men comprising Advance Lodge No. 101 are among the best in the country, and I am sure, are a credit to the Order.

On the evening of the 4th of July we gave a fine ball for the benefit of our Lodge, and it was a grand success socially and financially.

The following was taken from one of our city papers, the day following the event:

"Fourth of July in Creston was most appropriately closed in the evening by a grand ball given by the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, and it is hardly enough to say that their first ball was one of the most pleasant, enjoyable, successful and nicely conducted affairs that has been held for some time in the city. The hall was very prettily decorated and beautified by flags, bunting, evergreens, pictures, etc., all charmingly and artistically arranged by and under the direction of Misses Nettie Harrison, Mary and Hilda Leens, Essie Allen, Flo. Bennett, Miss Gibson and others. One noticeable feature of the decoration was a monster chunk of coal, with shovel and pick, the fireman's best friends, that ornamented the front of the stage. The gentlemen of the several committees exerted themselves to make their guests enjoy themselves, and we personally know they admirably succeeded. The Doty Opera Band furnished the music, and the order of dances was most satisfactorily made up. Altogether the B. of L. F. covered themselves with glory last night in their first annual ball."

You can see by this "send off" that the affair was properly managed and highly satisfactory. When the boys here undertake a thing they make it a success. We are hard at work in the interest of the Order, and hope to give you substantial proof to that effect in the near future.

Yours fraternally,
CRESTON.

OCCASIONAL THOUGHTS.

ATCHISON, KAN., July 12, 1882.
Editor Firemen's Magazine:

Being a member of the Brotherhood, I thought it a duty to contribute a few items to our valuable Magazine, hoping thereby to stimulate more able writers to follow the example. The first matter of importance is that a member should attend the meetings of his Lodge. If he fails in that requisite he cannot be of much worth to the Order. It is usually the case that those who have no time to attend meetings, have a great deal of time to indulge in bad habits such as lounging around saloons and keeping bad company.

That class of men supply our black lists. Without them there would be no necessity of contaminating the pages of the Magazine with a record of broken pledges and depraved manhood.

Those same men have no money with which to pay their dues and assessments.

What do they do with their earnings? Pay bar bills, of course, for their credit must be kept up there, in order that their daily rations are not cut off.

Another matter of importance is our Magazine. It should be supported by every member of the Order. He should not be satisfied with taking it himself but he should use every means to widen its circulation.

It is a credit to the craft and wherever its pages are scanned the Brotherhood will rise in public estimation. Then let every member do what is in his power to increase its circulation.

It is often the case that Agents fail to deliver the books after they have been paid for. This should not be, for when a subscriber pays his money he should receive his books. If he does not, we not only lose his subscription for the ensuing year, but he loses confidence in the Order.

There are many other matters of which I would like to write but I fear that I am using more than my share of your valuable space. Hoping that these casual thoughts will provoke a further discussion of the matters to which they relate, I remain
GEO. D. MADDEN.

NARROW ESCAPE.

PEORIA, ILLS., July 12, 1882.

Editor Firemen's Magazine:

Perhaps a few items of interest from this locality may not be uninteresting to your readers.

A serious accident occurred out on the road on the 4th of May, in which two of our brothers were somewhat interested. Train No. 4 ran into a wash-out, wrecking the engine badly.

Brother Jim Smith was on the right side and Brother Mat Smith at the scoop. They were both hustled out of the window in a rather unceremonious manner, but, strange to say, neither of them was injured.

Mat was badly scared and the boys say that when he struck the ground he cried out—"Save me, save me, I am drowning!" However that may be, we are all glad that the boys escaped without injuries. Jim Smith is the master spirit in our Lodge and we could not get along without him.

We have received our new regalias and soon will be ready to compare with the handsomest in the Order.

Yours Fraternally
JAY HAWKER.

THE COMING CONVENTION.

TORONTO, CANADA, July 12, 1882.

Editor Firemen's Magazine:

The gathering of delegates who are destined to see the representation of far the greatest number yet attained in our Brotherhood, are about to meet in Terre Haute. I sincerely hope that the members composing this Convention will display the same intelligence and ability in seeing the wants of the organization and supplying them, that have characterized preceding Conventions. There has, and I suppose there always will be, a few spirits who it seems the evil genius of our Order throws amongst us for the purpose of manufacturing difficulties and obstacles to mar our path of progress and justice. Our present prosperous condition, financially and numerically, is the best and most positive proof of their defeat. They become conspicuous as does a bad odor, and for similar reasons. In some Conventions I have seen those individuals advocating their personal interest, and it would appear, as it proved to be, their only business at the Convention.

Our last assembly at Boston was honored by a few lights of this calibre, who made themselves prominent only by their opposition to our present insurance system. Their objections were based upon such flimsy, illogical arguments, that the assembled members pitied the shallowness of their intellect rather than condemned them for its want, and hoped then, as I do now, that their prominence this year would be made more emphatic by their absence from our meeting in Terre Haute. The narrow view that such individuals take of our organization, its mission, and the relation its members bear to each other, is far too contracted for our broad progressive movement. They lack the life and energy, the necessary requisites of successful delegates, to move out from those old worn grooves of our Puritan fathers—very good in their time—but they must now give way to wider and more advanced ideas, not alone in the sciences, but also in the social order. They do not understand us or our duty to each other and society and to the general good and welfare of the republic; and until they do understand such things they should be kept at home. We cannot afford to make a school of instruction of our Conventions. We want mature minds that are alive to the situation.

OLD MEMBER.

AN ACKNOWLEDGEMENT.

HEMPSTEAD, N. Y., July 6, 1882.

To the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen:

GENTLEMEN: In the great affliction I have been called upon to pass through, by the loss of my husband, while in the discharge of his duty, I can never be unmindful of the many acts of kindness his associates in the Brotherhood have shown me; sad and painful as it is to me to call to mind the scene of suffering through which he passed, and his apparently untimely death, I cannot forego the pleasant duty of returning my grateful and heartfelt thanks to you all, and especially to his many friends and associates connected with the Long Island Railroad, for the many acts of kindness and attentions shown him and myself during his short period of suffering. Since his death the same parties have brought me consolation by their kind words and brotherly acts, and I shall regard it a pleasure to ever hold them in grateful remembrance.

Very respectfully yours,

MRS. MARY MONAHAN.

NEW ERA CORRESPONDENCE.

GRAND FORKS, D. T., June 8, 1882.

Editor Firemen's Magazine:

The members of New Era No. 76 believe in the universal brotherhood of man and particularly in the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen. We have had no correspondence with the Magazine, principally because we have a young Lodge and had no history or items of interest to communicate. We number about thirty-five, and embrace a number of engineers and competent machinists. We trust that we are making a record of which we need not be ashamed. The greatest drawback with which we have to contend, is the fact that our members are somewhat scattered. Being young in organization and inexperienced, it is quite difficult to keep all in good standing. This, we think, is wearing away, and we look forward to a future of prosperity and satisfaction. About nine months have passed since our organization, and we have had only one death from among our number. We expect to send a delegate to the Convention of 1882, and enter the lists at that time as a thorough-going Lodge that means business. It is very difficult to make some of the boys understand that they must support the Lodge; that it cannot stand

alone. We trust that members of other Lodges will bear in mind that those of our number who are abroad have had very limited opportunities for posting themselves in the secret work of the Order, and will exercise all of the leniency possible toward them.

UNITY.

A BANNER LODGE.

ONEONTA, N. Y., June 15, 1882.

Editor Firemen's Magazine:

It has been some time since Susquehanna Lodge, No. 71, has been heard from through the columns of the Magazine, its regular correspondent, W. S. C., having neglected what I deem his duties, but notwithstanding, the Lodge is flourishing as ever. Owing to the good management of Master Bunker in securing Odd Fellows Hall, our meetings are well attended; four newly admitted members were initiated into the noble Order Sunday evening last, which makes a membership

of fifty-two for Susquehanna Lodge, and still there's more to follow.

C. C. Bunker, our gentle little Master, has abandoned the scoop and now presides at the throttle; he is stationed with a gravel train at Bobleskille. We hope to see more of the boys there ere long.

Bro. Billy Ostrander is stationed at Nineveh, and firing for Bro. Wm. Bingham, of Vanbergen Lodge, No. 62, his next visit to Oneonta will be about the 28th of this month, when Mr. Jacob Mayers' daughter Anna will accompany him home. We wish them much happiness and success through life.

The death of Bro. Eugene Beeton has cast a gloom over the Brothers of this Lodge that will not wear away soon; also the death of the wife of our esteemed Bro. Chas. Houghton, is another sad affliction.

The photographs of our deceased Bros., Lathan Mackley and Eugene Beeton, with elegant frames, were presented to the Lodge by our popular artist, W. H. Merenes, for which we return our thanks.

Yours fraternally,

G.

PERSONAL.

BRO. Wensley, of No. 66, is the happy father of a nice, new boy.

BRO. Geo. Austin, of No. 20, is running a road engine. He is newly promoted.

It's not his promotion that makes Bro. Klinger all smiles. Its a—boy.

A CHILD of Bro. and Mrs. Blackman, of No. 18, died recently at Slater.

BE careful, Bro. Zinzcraft, and hold your own on the right side. Don't forget those of us who are less fortunate than yourself.

NO. FORTY-ONE is proud of her new engineer, Bro. E. W. Haskins, who was promoted to the right side a short time ago.

J. J. GAVIN is now running a switch engine at St. Paul. Success to him, is the wish of the Pine City boys.

A HAPPY father is Vic Berna, of Triumphant Lodge No. 47. Weight of the new arrival, 10½ lbs.

THE officers and members of Self Help Lodge, No. 80, beg to return thanks to Bro. Rollins, of Progress Lodge, No. 105, for assistance rendered them in the organization of their Lodge.

BRO. and Mrs. Tarkington, of No. 28, have met with a sad affliction in the loss of their little daughter, a bright and intelligent child of four years. They have our heartfelt sympathy.

ROCHESTER LODGE, No. 99, recently passed a vote of thanks to H. G. Cormick and G. A. Hewitt, District Corresponding Secretaries, for kind and encouraging letters received from them.

UNDER the management of Thos. Halpin, Master, Walter McGarrahan, Secretary, and Thomas Hayes, Financier, F. W. Arnold Lodge No. 44 is coming to the front and making a creditable showing. They deserve much credit for the radical change of affairs in that locality.

THROUGH the Magazine, Bro. R. McGarahan, of No. 44, wishes to return thanks to the members of No. 77 for many favors received at their hands.

THE promotion of E. W. Haskins is reported by N. A. Ames, of Onward Lodge No. 41. May many of the Mandan members share the same fate.

C. F. EARL, the efficient Secretary of Self Help Lodge, No. 80, is taking a vacation of ninety days for his health. We hope it will have the desired effect.

THE promotion of Bros. Spahr and Wiley, of No. 94, will be gratifying news to their many friends. The former is day hostler and the latter night hostler, and both are giving excellent satisfaction.

AFTER a long and faithful term as Financier of Lodge No. 19, Bro. B. F. Dolan has resigned, and his Lodge very wisely selected a successor who is in every respect fitted to assume the responsibility of said position.

OF all our Masters, there is none more strict in the discharge of his duties than Bro. H. Holler, of No. 10. He abounds in good qualities, and we are glad to give them notice.

AS a chart and charter "framer" Bro. Amos, of No. 109, seeks his peer. We are informed that he did an excellent job. It's good business, Bro. Amos, and when it comes to framing chromos, its delightful.

FOR beginners, we have scarcely the equal of Bros. Pourcellie and Isbell, of No. 109. They take hold of their work, and judging by the results they achieve, one would suppose them to be old hands at the business.

WHOEVER meets with Bros. Johnson and Willard, of No. 80, on their Western trip, need not fear to extend to them the courtesies of the Order. They are representative men in all respects.

THOMAS BARDLEY, of New Era Lodge No. 76, was recently married to Miss Tibbie Nichols. They have the best wishes of a large circle of friends.

THE many friends of Bro. M. Willis, of No. 21, will be pleased to learn that he is firing on the main line, second division, of the D. & R. G. He is watching a Grant steam gauge.

NO. 59 HAS just purchased a set of regalia from M. C. Davis & Co., and the boys propose to start the ship Royal Gorge out on her third annual cruise with colors flying, and every sail shook out. A full account of the trip will appear shortly.

SAM BRICKER, of Good Will Lodge No. 52, has all the elements of true manhood and is thus peculiarly fitted for the position he holds, as Master of his Lodge.

INSTRUCTOR STEVENS returns his sincere thanks to Bro. Barrett, of No. 44, and Bro. Northaway, of No. 14, for the valuable assistance they rendered in organizing the Lodge at Mattoon.

THE Lodges along the Wabash lines, east of the Mississippi river, were visited by our Grand Instructor during the latter part of June, and thoroughly instructed in the work of the Order.

THE coming man at Decatur, Ills., is Alex. Sutton. J. M. Raymond Lodge No. 49 is reaching for him, for the members well know that under his management they will rank with the best Lodges in the Order.

BROS. David Cotterell, M. J. McAndrews, D. McBain and Geo. Johnson, of Charity Lodge, No. 5, were agreeably surprised by a visit from Bro. Dan Ross, of Stratford, who came among them very unexpectedly.

AMONG those who get cranky and sour, we notice Bros. L. E. Wade and John Carr, of No. 59. Wade wants some one to introduce him into society now, while Carr is "tore wide open" on York State.

MODESTY must be characteristic of E. E. Denis, of Brainerd, Minn. He remarks with becoming humility that his Lodge contains only one bad man—and that is himself.

THE home of Bro. Ivey, of No. 38, has been graced with a fine young daughter. Bro. Ivey did not tell us, but we hear that mother and daughter are doing well, and that, we think, is the reason that "Bill" is looking so good humored lately.

RATHER late now, but better late than never. Bro. Higgins, of No. 59, says its a boy, and weighs ten pounds, while Mrs. Higgins says its a girl. Boys, if you want to see Dan hopping, just ask him "how that girl is."

THE members of Capital City Lodge No. 46 are reported in good condition by our Instructor, who recently paid them a visit. He returns many thanks to Bros. Muldoon, Hensley and Summerhill for making his stay so pleasant.

THE members of Adopted daughter Lodge, No. 3, express their sincere thanks to Mr. George Stevens, undertaker of Jersey City, N. J., for courtesies shown them at the funeral of the late Bro. Monahan of their Lodge.

BRO. Joe Rogers, of No. 38, thinks that engine 262 is the right one to put on all excursion trains; with Engineer West at the throttle, as worthy a pair as ever stood on a foot-board, is what we all think, Joe.

WHILE the "P. of R." McGarrahan, of No. 77, was wandering, the *big eared burro* Bro. Clark, seized time by the forelock and took Mc's spike tail coat to "make a *mash*" in. If Mc. wants to wear those clothes again, he better send for them.

THE pleasing intelligence of the promotion of Bro. P. H. Sullivan, of Elkhorn Lodge, has just reached us. Pat is the "bravest and hardiest b'y iv them all," and deserves success. We hope to meet him in Terre Haute this fall, for without him at a Convention there would be an "aching void" in every heart.

THROUGH the columns of the Magazine, Bro. Robt. J. Turnbull, of No. 69, desires to return his heartfelt thanks to the members of No. 38, for their kindness to him while among them. By their congeniality they have captured Bro. Turnbull, and be it said that they could not have conferred favors upon a more worthy subject.

THIS is the time that finds Bro. G. D. Taylor, Financier of No. 29, on the top wave. The cash for death assessments 7 and 8 reached us on July 10th, exactly thirty-one days before it was due. We long for many more like him. Next in order comes Bro. J. K. Hawes, Financier of No. 26, whose assessment comes in thirty days before the required time.

BRO. McAndrews, of No. 5, has gone out on a prospecting tour on the celebrated "Fontaine" No. 2, with his favorite driver, Isaac Deyell. A prospecting trip it is, to be sure, but they failed to tell us what he is prospecting after. We wish for his sake that his prospects will pan out beautifully; he is too determined to encounter failures.

CONSIDERING that Bro. Harry Barnes, of No. 16, is a new (?) member, he knows pretty well how to make use of a traveling card. This fact was fairly illustrated a few days ago, when Harry tried to secure transportation on the engine of Bro. Collins, of Brainerd. Bros. Barnes and Collins had better kiss and make up.

AFTER a six months' siege, Bro. Thomas Mulhearn, of Triumphant Lodge No. 47, is out again. His confinement was the result of the injuries he received while in the discharge of his duties on the M. C. R.R. The boys were glad, indeed, to welcome Bro. Mulhearn to their last meeting.

FROM the flattering compliments paid J. D. Maroney, of J. M. Raymond Lodge No. 49, by Instructor Stevens, we judge him to be one of the most ambitious and energetic workers in the Order. He will disappoint us if he doesn't make a brilliant record as a Magazine Agent.

AT a recent picnic from one of our churches, a valuable present was voted to the most prominent young lady teacher of the Sunday school. We were very much pleased to see it was taken by a large majority by the fair lady of 38's noble Financier. Success, Fred., hope you won't forget us when you tie the knot.

UNDER the supervision of Bros. Myers and Rost No. 20 is working like a charm. She meets all demands promptly and her officers discharge their duties with the strictest precision. Her Magazine Agent, too, Bro. C. Traver, also deserves mention for the excellent work he has done.

THE Lodge recently organized at Mt. Vernon, Ills., is the result of the untiring work of A. J. Randall, late of the Centralia Lodge. Twenty-seven solid members were thus enrolled, of which fourteen are old and respected engineers. Bro. Randall is a real representative of our institution.

E. J. VINECKE is the name of a rascal who, by his wiles, stole his way into Lodge No. 99, at Rochester, N. Y., at the time of her organization. He remained with her just long enough to win the confidence of the Brothers, in order to rob them of their earnings. He also left wash and board bills unpaid. Let every man beware of him.

THERE is scarcely a more active or punctual officer in the Order than Bro. P. H. Sullivan, Financier of No. 28. He never finds his duties a burden, but in his congenial letters one can see that his work is done with pleasure and with a will. His employers showed their appreciation of him by placing him upon the popular side of his engine.

UPON his withdrawal from Challenge Lodge No. 66, to join Calhoun Lodge No. 84, where he is now located, Bro. James Brownlee said to the members: "Boys, I am the father of No. 66, and whatever you do, don't allow her to flinch in the good work of the Order. I want to be as proud of her in the future as in the past." Bro. Brownlee has the best wishes of every solitary member of Challenge Lodge and they will see that his desire is fulfilled.

WM. WADHAM, of Pine City Lodge, was married on the 15th of June to Miss Means, a very amiable lady of Brainerd, Minn. The happy couple were made the recipients of a number of beautiful presents by their many friends, who manifested a hearty interest in the joyous event.

ON our recent visit to Chicago we were told that quite a difference of opinion had existed among the members in that locality as to whose wife could bake the best biscuits. It was finally decided, after a careful investigation of the matter, (in which a Bro. of Water Works fame took a prominent part,) that the wife of latest married Master "took the cake." At our next visit there we shall look for an opportunity to endorse the compliment.

ON account of a new candidate who recently came to the home of Bro. Yutty, of No. 38, the noble father feels quite proud, and says as soon as he has served six months at the scoop, his pro. will be in for B. of L. F. honors.

THE frequent complaints of subscribers not receiving their Magazines, has led us to fear that some of our Agents are careless in seeing that all names upon their lists are supplied with a book. It is not alone an injustice, but does us great injury; it is our earnest desire that our patrons shall receive that for which they have paid.

THE Ninth Annual Convention is close at hand. The success of this meeting shall depend entirely upon the good judgment of Subordinate Lodges in selecting their representatives. They should bear in mind that the coming assembly in this city will be the most portentous ever held by the organization, and only the best men should be entrusted with the important and responsible mission of delegate.

WE are in receipt of many letters asking if a member who has failed to pay his death assessments is entitled to the benefits of the Order. To all seeking such information, we refer them to Article V, Section 4, of the Constitution, relating to death and disability claims. It would seem that the law upon this subject is made clear enough for even the dullest member to understand, if he would give it the consideration required to become an active member in the organization, with all the benefits and privileges of membership.

THE weather is never as warm or the time of the year so late but that Bro. Dopp, Magazine Agent of No. 26, contrives to look up the interests of his business. We have just received another order from him, which, with what he has, makes a subscription of 107. When one considers the size of the town in which he is canvassing, one can form an idea of the work it takes to make such a record.

GRAND LODGE ORDER.

In giving orders to a sister Lodge for the secret work, as per Section 1 of Article XIII of the Constitution, Masters of Lodges must designate the Master from whom such work is to be received. A general order must not be recognized. Such order is to hold good for sixty days only, and the member receiving it must be square on the books to the expiration of that time.

FRANK W. ARNOLD, G. M.
EUGENE V. DEBS, G. S. & T.

HYMENIAL.

Tucson, (Arizona,) Exchange.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Fetterly registered as man and wife for the first time in their lives at the Russ House last evening. They were, by Rev. J. F. Berry, who had gone there for that purpose, married in Lordsburg, yesterday morning. After the tying of the nuptial knot the happy couple, accompanied by several of their immediate friends, came to Tucson and took quarters at the Russ House, where an elegant wedding dinner had been prepared. Many speeches were made and toasts drank to the health of all, more especially to that of the young couple in whose honor the dinner had been given, and whose fortunes are to be as one henceforward through life. It was midnight when the guests, wishing Mr. and Mrs. Fetterly good night, departed for their homes. Mr. Fetterly is an engineer on the Southern Pacific railroad and the young lady, his wife, was, before her marriage with him, Miss Maggie Ownsby, of the town above named.

THE B. OF L. F. SOCIABLE.

Peoria (Ills.) Exchange.

Notwithstanding the storm last evening, the sociable given at the Red Ribbon hall, by the Locomotive Firemen, was

well attended. An appropriate programme had been arranged, and was successfully carried out. A duet by Mrs. James Waterhouse and Miss Armilla Heath was rendered in fine style. Miss Heath, who is a new comer in Peoria, is a songstress of merit. She afterwards sang a solo, the "Kerry Dancers," which surprised every one present. Miss Heath's voice is remarkably fine and clear. She was loudly encored, and was presented with a handsome bouquet. Miss Heath is a member of the First Presbyterian church choir. Mrs. Waterhouse also sang a solo in fine style. Prof. Plowe presided at the organ. The refreshments were numerous, and were generally partaken of. Had it not been a stormy evening, the hall would not have held the crowd.

THE LOCOMOTIVE FIREMEN.

Rock-Islander (Rock-Island, Ills.)

We are glad to know that Subordinate Lodge No. 39, Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, is prospering. It is composed of firemen from both sides of the river, and the office (like that of the B. of L. E.) is in this city. Mr. H. F. Carroll, (Lock box 237, Rock Island, Ills.) has recently been elected to the Master's chair, vice S. A. Maxwell, resigned. W. F. Jones is Secretary, J. W. Cavanaugh, Financier, and S. Nichols, Magazine Agent. J. M. Colburn and J. Hoover have recently been promoted to the right side.

The Locomotive Firemen's Magazine is published at Terre Haute, Ind., Eugene Debs, editor. It is an excellent family

magazine, published by order of the Brotherhood, at \$1 per year. Hon. S. M. Stevens, formerly of Rock Island Arsenal, is Grand Organizer and Instructor. His address is Terre Haute, Ind.

We copy from the May number of the Magazine the following:

"The Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen is making a good record in the field of labor. Day after day it is quietly gaining new victories. Railroad companies generally respect it, for its history is not one of rupture and strife, and they recognize in it an organization capable of doing a vast amount of good, while those helpless ones who have been left dependent upon its aid, are its friends indeed. There are a hundred reasons why it should exist, and we challenge the world to give a single one why it should not.

"It is charged that railroad men are addicted to the too common use of intoxicating liquor. We are forced to acknowledge that in a great measure this is true. But not to the same extent that a similar charge would have been ten years ago, for railroad employes do not indulge as much in the habit as they did then, especially enginemen.

And we wish it understood that the cause is attributable to the Brotherhood, in proof of which we submit the following from the laws governing it:

SEC. 1. "Any member dealing in, or in any way connected with the sale of intoxicating liquors, shall be expelled.

SEC. 2. Any member found guilty of drunkenness shall be suspended for the first offense. A repetition shall be punished with expulsion, and under no circumstances shall a member so expelled be reinstated before the lapse of one year."

RESOLUTIONS.

3.

JERSEY CITY, N. J., June 14, 1882.

At a regular meeting of Adopted Daughter Lodge, No. 3, held Sunday, June 11, the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, It has pleased our Heavenly Master to remove from our midst our worthy Bro. John H. Monahan by injuries received by having his foot and ankle crushed while in the discharge of his duty, coupling cars, which resulted in his death on June 7, 1882, therefore be it

Resolved, That while we bow in humble submission to His divine will and guided by the

power of love we sincerely sympathize with the bereaved wife and fatherless children and relatives, and we hereby tender to them our heartfelt sympathy in their sorrow.

Resolved, That in the death of Bro. John H. Monahan the B. of L. F. has lost a true and worthy member, and the wife a kind husband, the children an affectionate father.

Resolved, That the thanks of this Lodge be tendered to George Stevens, the undertaker, for the many favors received at his hands.

Resolved, That our charter be draped in mourning for the space of thirty days.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions

be presented to the wife of our deceased Bro. and that they be published in the Firemen's Magazine.

S. BOND,
P. RUFFER,
B. B. SMITH,
W. R. CUTTER,
Committee.

4.
PORTLAND, ME., June 18, 1882.

At a regular meeting of Great Eastern Lodge No. 4, B. of L. F., the following resolutions were adopted:

Resolved, That this Lodge tenders a vote of thanks to A. J. Ragan, G. E. Sheridan, A. E. Shorey, L. G. Shaw and John Webber, Jr., for their successful management of our first annual ball; also, to G. C. Cobb, R. G. Hilborn and J. F. Webber, for the able manner in which they assisted us as aids; and we extend our thanks to the citizens of Portland for their liberal patronage.

Resolved, That we feel under many obligations to the members of Division 40, B. of L. E., for assisting us in many different ways.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be spread upon the record, and published in the Firemen's Magazine.

MAURICE LYNCH,
F. O. MITCHELL,
J. H. YOUNG,
Committee.

10.
CLEVELAND, O., June 25, 1882.

At a regular meeting of Forest City Lodge No. 10, the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, Bro. Burnham and wife suffered an irreparable loss in the death of their twin sons, therefore, be it

Resolved, That we, the officers and members of this Lodge, do most sincerely sympathize with Bro. Burnham and wife in their sad affliction, and hope that when they are called away, they will be reunited with their loved ones.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to Bro. and Mrs. Burnham, and also to the Firemen's Magazine for publication.

T. H. SHEPPARD,
A. H. BUSE,
J. A. SUMMERS,
Committee.

13.
JERSEY CITY, N. J., July 10, 1882.

At a regular meeting of Washington Lodge, No. 13, B. of L. F., the following resolution was adopted:

WHEREAS, It has pleased Almighty God to remove from our midst the venerable father of Bro. Kelton, therefore be it

Resolved, That in the death of Mr. Kelton the community in which he lived lost an honorable and upright citizen and that we tender to Bro. Kelton and the entire family our sincere sympathy in their bereavement.

CHAS. WILSON,
L. W. STODDARD,
E. COLBATH,
Committee.

13.
JERSEY CITY, N. J., July 10, 1882.

At a regular meeting of Washington Lodge No. 13, B. of L. F., the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, It has pleased Almighty God to remove from our midst, by drowning, the little son of Bro. Frank Miller, therefore, be it

Resolved, That we extend to Bro. Miller and his family our sincere sympathy in their sad affliction.

He came into this world of ours
Like a frail and tender flower
That cannot bear the sun's strong rays
And withers in an hour.

God laid upon the little child
The heavy hand of pain;
He answered to his Maker's call,
He's safe with him again.

His tiny hands are laid to rest,
His feet will never stray;
He listens to the angels' songs,
Enraptured all the day.

God cares for him more tenderly
Than any human love;
He's sheltered safely with the blest,
In that great Home above.

CHAS. WILSON.

31.

ATCHISON, KAN., July 5, 1882.

At a regular meeting of the R. R. Centre Lodge, No. 31, B. of L. F., held at their hall, June 18, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, It has pleased the Almighty in His infinite wisdom to remove from our midst the son of our Worthy Master, Bro. Walters, therefore be it

Resolved, That we extend to Bro. Walters and his wife our heartfelt sympathy in the loss they have sustained and we commend them to Him who alone consoleth and healeth the wounded spirit for strength to bear their sad bereavement.

Resolved, Further, that a copy of these resolutions be sent to Bro. Walters and his wife, and that the same be published in the Firemen's Magazine.

H. H. DAVIES,
A. B. SCHAAF,
CHAS. SALSBURY,
Committee.

31.

ATCHISON, KAN., June 18, 1882.

At a regular meeting of R. R. Centre Lodge, No. 31, following resolutions were adopted:

Resolved, That we tender our sincere thanks to Mrs. A. Bradley, Mrs. Wm. Davies, Mrs. Josh Leach, Mrs. Johnson and Mrs. Salisbury for the assistance they gave in sewing our new carpet and arranging our new Lodge room.

Resolved, That we also return our sincere thanks to Miss Sophia Madden for the beautiful tidy and arm rests which she worked and was so kind as to present to our worthy Master for his chair.

Resolved, That we also return thanks to Mr. V. Farries and Mr. Chas. Wincheck, Master Mechanic and Foreman of the U. P. shops, for the use of a headlight and bell for our last annual ball.

Resolved, That we also tender our sincere thanks to the engineers' and firemen's wives and sisters for the assistance they rendered in decorating the hall for our last ball.

Resolved, That R. R. Centre Lodge No. 31 shall ever hold them one and all in the most grateful remembrance.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the Magazine for publication.

A. B. SCHAAF,
C. H. SALSBURY,
SAM WALTERS,
A. S. BRADLEY,
GEO. METSKER,
Committee.

31.

ATCHISON, KAN., July 5, 1882.

At a regular meeting of R.R. Center Lodge, No. 31, B. of L. F., held at their hall, June 18, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, The sister of our worthy Bro. Charles Schweder presented our Lodge with two handsome mottoes, with elegant frames, inscribed "Order is Heaven's first Law," and "Benevolence, Sobriety and Industry," therefore be it

Resolved, That we accept this gift with feelings of profound gratitude, and, as a mark of our appreciation we tender to the generous donor our most sincere thanks and our assurance that we shall endeavor to prove worthy of the honor conferred upon us.

Resolved, That Miss E. Schweder be presented with a copy of these resolutions and that they be published in the Firemen's Magazine.

WM. H. DAVIES,
A. B. SCHAAP,
CHAS. SALISBURY,
Committee.

53.

EMPORIA, KAN., June 25, 1882.

At a regular meeting of Emporia Lodge No. 53, B. of L. F., held Sunday, June 25th, 1882, the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, It has pleased our Heavenly Father, to visit the family of our esteemed Brother, Zachariah Meredith, with sickness and death, taking home unto Himself their beloved daughter, Maud, therefore be it

Resolved, That we, the officers and members of the above named Lodge, do sincerely condole with them in their deep sorrow and bereavement.

Resolved, That these resolutions be entered on the minutes of this meeting, and a copy of the same be given to Bro. and Mrs. Meredith.

R. E. CASE,
GEO. CHENEY,
J. B. MCNEIL,
Committee.

68.

EAU CLAIRE, WIS., June 21, 1882.

At a regular meeting of Eau Claire Lodge No. 68, of the B. of L. F., held in their hall on Sunday, June 18th, 1882, after the regular order of business was disposed of, the members were agreeably surprised by being made the recipients of two very beautiful and neatly worked mottoes; the smaller one a "Welcome," and the larger one inscribed "Benevolence, Sobriety and Industry."

They are beautiful in design and finish, framed, and worked in silk and velvet by the dextrous and nimble fingers of Mrs. Lee Douty, well known to the members of No. 68, for which we tender the following resolutions of thanks:

Resolved, That the sincere thanks of this Lodge be returned to Mrs. Lee Douty, considering that the words are very appropriate, and we hope that we may all keep them in our minds and follow the same

Resolved, That we shall ever remember Mrs. Douty for her kindness to us, and that such tokens of regard encourage us to make friends and to cherish those who are friends to us.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be presented to Mrs. Douty, and also be forwarded to the Firemen's Magazine for publication.

C. MILLER,
J. KENNEDY,
A. MCKAY,
Committee.

71.

ONEONTA, N. Y., July 7, 1882.

At a regular meeting of Susquehanna Lodge No. 71, B. of L. F., held May 28, 1882, the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, It has pleased Almighty God to call away the long-suffering wife of our esteemed Bro. C. Houghton, therefore be it

Resolved, That we deeply sympathize with our Bro. in his deep affliction and we commend him in his sorrow to Him who is the resurrection and the life, assuring our Bro. that He who thought it wise to deprive him of a loving wife, will also send His Holy Spirit to minister consolation.

Resolved, That as a token of respect, these resolutions be placed upon the record of this Lodge, a copy be presented to Bro. Houghton and the same be published in the Firemen's Magazine.

A. DELONG,
E. R. BARNES,
W. HAND,
Committee.

73.

WORCESTER, MASS., June 25, 1882.

At a regular meeting of Bay State Lodge, No. 73, the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, It has been the will of God to take from Bro. M. E. Cobb and wife their infant son, therefore be it

Resolved, That we manifest our true feelings by extending to them our heartfelt sympathy in their great bereavement.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be presented to Bro. Cobb and wife, and have the same published in the Firemen's Magazine.

THOMAS LOYND,
C. S. DODGE,
JOHN C. UPDIKE,
Committee.

79.

ROODHOUSE, ILLS., May 30, 1882.

At a regular meeting of J. M. Dodge Lodge No. 79, B. of L. F., held in our hall, the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, The Angel of Death has visited the family of Bro. A. J. Blackburn and wife, and taken Bessie, their infant daughter, therefore, be it

Resolved, That we extend our sincere and heartfelt sympathy to Mr. and Mrs. Blackburn in their deep affliction.

Resolved, That these resolutions be published in the Firemen's Magazine, and a copy of the same given to the bereaved family.

J. B. MILTON,
WM. DOLAN,
E. H. BECRAFT,
Committee.

94

TUCSON, ARIZONA, June 20, 1882.

At a special meeting of "Cactus" Lodge, No. 94, B. of L. F., held June 19, the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, It has pleased God to remove from our midst our friend and Bro., Edward J. Greenleaf, who died at Yuma, A. T., from injuries received by the overturning of his engine, on May 31, 1882; therefore be it

Resolved, That in the death of Bro. Greenleaf our Lodge has lost a true and worthy member and his wife a loved husband.

Resolved, That the members of our Lodge extend to the bereaved family our sincerest sympathy in their affliction and we com-

mend them to look to Him who alone consoleteth and healeth the wounded spirit.

Resolved, That as a mark of respect to our deceased brother our charter be draped in mourning for the space of thirty days.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be presented to our deceased brother's wife and that they be published in the Firemen's Magazine.

WM. GORDON,
FRANK DEITZ,
F. D. SIMPSON,
Committee.

94

TUCSON, ARIZONA, June 20, 1882.

At a special meeting of Cactus Lodge, No. 94, held on June 16th, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, We have been made the recipients of a very handsome bible from our friend, Mrs. A. A. Porter, therefore be it

Resolved, That high as we value it for its beauty and worth, compared to the high appreciation in which we shall hold it in memory of the generous friend to whom we owe it.

Resolved, That we tender Mrs. A. A. Porter our heartfelt thanks for the elegant gift received at her hands.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the Magazine and a copy be placed upon the minutes of the Lodge.

F. P. SARGENT,
J. C. SPAHR,
F. D. SIMPSON,
Committee.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Bro. Wm. Richardson, of No. 68, will please correspond with W. L. Botsford, Financier of his Lodge.

John Regan, of Fort Ridgely Lodge, No. 65, is requested to correspond with his Lodge, and save trouble.

Harry Stone, a member in good standing of No. 59, will please correspond with E. B. Mayo, of that Lodge.

J. Cronin, Ed. Garlick and Ed. Huntington, of Pine City Lodge, No. 81, are requested to correspond with their Lodge.

Bros. Ed. Shanahan, John W. Stevens and Geo. Mannis will please correspond with the Financier of No. 52, M. W. Jamison, Logansport, Ind., lock box 626.

Bros. C. E. Nicholas and Fred. Coath, of No. 77, are hereby requested to correspond with the Financier of their Lodge.

Thomas Lawton, of Lodge No. 2, is hereby requested to correspond with Financier of his Lodge.

James Sweeney, James Frizzell, H. Eighme, F. Mitch and J. Anderson, of Industrial Lodge, No. 21, are requested to correspond with their Lodge.

NOTICE TO MAGAZINE AGENTS.

Volume VI is exhausted to and including the June number. We will have 1,500 extra copies printed, commencing with the July issue, so as to enable us to fill all orders for the remainder of the year. It is requested for many reasons, that the subscription you now solicit commence with the July number, making a six months' subscription for fifty cents. We are convinced that it is for the best interests of the Magazine to have all subscriptions expire at the close of the year.

BENEFICIARY STATEMENT.

OFFICE OF THE GRAND SECRETARY AND
TREASURER, B. OF L. F.

Terre Haute, Ind., July 1st, 1882.

To Subordinate Lodges:

SIRS AND BROTHERS: The following is a statement of the Beneficiary Fund for the month ending June 30th, 1882:

RECEIPTS.

No.	Members.	Back Assess'ts	Ass't 5 & 6.	Total.	No.	Members.	Back Assess'ts	Ass't 5 & 6.	Total.
1	35	.	.	.	57	119	.	.	.
2	29	.	.	.	58	31	.	.	.
3	91	.	.	.	59	59	.	.	.
4	29	.	.	.	60	63	.	.	.
5	24	.	.	.	61	106	1 00	.	1 00
6	21	\$1 00	.	\$ 1 00	62	29	.	.	.
7	23	1 00	.	1 00	63	39	.	.	.
8	40	.	.	.	64	26	.	.	.
9	21	.	.	.	65	26	.	.	.
10	42	.	.	.	66	35	.	.	.
11	42	.	.	.	67	52	4 00	.	4 00
12	110	.	.	.	68	34	1 00	31 00	32 00
13	61	.	.	.	69	32	.	.	.
14	52	.	.	.	70	38	.	.	.
15	35	.	.	.	71	53	.	.	.
16	91	2 00	.	2 00	72	79	1 00	72 00	73 00
17	50	.	.	.	73	39	.	.	.
18	37	.	\$33 00	33 00	74	32	.	26 00	26 00
19	29	2 00	28 00	30 00	75	121	.	.	.
20	35	.	.	.	76	30	.	.	.
21	58	4 00	.	4 00	77	96	13 00	1 00	14 00
22	47	1 00	.	1 00	78	32	.	.	.
23	24	.	.	.	79	32	2 00	.	2 00
24	34	.	33 00	33 00	80	21	.	.	.
25	35	3 00	.	3 00	81	23	.	.	.
26	41	.	38 00	38 00	82	67	5 00	.	5 00
27	53	.	.	.	83	29	.	.	.
28	48	.	.	.	84	33	.	.	.
29	35	.	33 00	33 00	85	26	.	.	.
30	33	2 00	.	2 00	86	67	1 00	54 00	55 00
31	82	.	.	.	87	32	.	.	.
32	38	.	.	.	88	43	.	41 00	41 00
33	52	1 00	.	1 00	89	46	.	44 00	44 00
34	32	4 00	.	4 00	90	17	.	13 00	13 00
35	25	.	.	.	91	30	1 00	.	1 00
36	75	.	.	.	92	20	.	.	.
37	64	.	.	.	93	28	.	26 00	26 00
38	56	1 00	.	1 00	94	42	.	40 00	40 00
39	38	.	.	.	95	42	.	97 00	97 00
40	60	.	.	.	96	106	.	.	.
41	15	.	.	.	97	16	.	.	.
42	24	.	.	.	98	45	.	.	.
43	53	.	52 00	52 00	99	53	.	.	.
44	29	11 00	16 00	27 00	100	18	.	.	.
45	71	.	.	.	101	49	.	.	.
46	36	.	.	.	102	17	.	17 00	17 00
47	69	.	.	.	103	17	.	19 00	19 00
48	32	.	.	.	104	19	.	.	.
49	32	.	.	.	105	25	.	.	.
50	56	.	.	.	106	21	.	.	.
51	30	.	25 00	25 00	107	29	.	.	.
52	44	.	.	.	108	21	.	.	.
53	26	.	20 00	20 00	109	21	.	.	.
54	63	.	.	.	110	14	.	.	.
55	29	.	.	.	111	14	.	.	.
56	30	.	.	.	112	27	.	.	.

Paid on Back Assessments \$ 62 00

Paid on Assessments 5 and 6 759 00

Total \$821 00

Whole No. of Members, 4,713.

DISBURSEMENTS.

Balance on hand June 1st \$ 701 00

Received during month 821 00

Total on hand July 1st \$1,522 00

Respectfully Submitted,

EUGENE V. DEBS, G. S. & T.

AN ACKNOWLEDGEMENT.

To the officers and members of Industrial Lodge,
No. 21, B. of L. F.:

GENTLEMEN—I wish to express my sincere thanks to your Lodge for your kindness in presenting me with \$150.00 to alleviate my distress in consequence of my husband's death, who was an honored member of your Order.

Hoping that your organization may live long and continue in the blessed work of charity, I remain

Your well-wishing friend,
MRS. D. S. SHAUNESSY.

DEATHS AND DISABILITIES.

J. E. GREENLEAF.

Bro. Greenleaf, of Cactus Lodge, No. 94, was killed by the overturning of his engine, May 31st. His policy is payable to his wife, who lives at Tucson.

JOHN H. MONAHAN.

Bro. Monahan, of Adopted Daughter Lodge, No. 3, died of Septicaemia, June 7th. His policy is payable to his wife, Mrs. Mary A. Monahan, whose residence is New York City.

J. MC NAMARA.

Bro. McNamara, of No. 91, died June 21st, from injuries received by the overturning of his engine, on the S. P. R. R. His policy is payable to his niece, Miss Rosie O'Rourke.

ADMISSIONS BY CARD.

Lodge.	Name.	From No.
27	C. W. Green	8
27	W. L. Champlin	30
61	Byron Bradley	8
68	James Kennedy	67
77	L. Cammarn	32
84	James Brownlee	66

WITHDRAWALS.

Lodge.	Names.	Remarks.
13	Isaac Aten	Final.
19	Frank Warner	Final.
21	T. Quinn	To join elsewhere
24	W. W. Warner	Final.
25	L. Kennedy	Final.
32	Lafayette Cameron	To join No. 77.
32	W. M. Smith	Final.
35	Henry Gartner	Final.
37	A. J. Randall	Final.
46	Dennis O'Brien	Final.
47	John Wonzer	Final.
47	Fred. Budinger	Final.
48	Harry Rodgers	Final.
48	Richard Donovan	To join elsewhere
65	Edward Burke	To join No. 76.
68	James Brownlee	To join No. 84.
70	Geo. Peyton	To join elsewhere
73	Oscar A. Whitney	To join No. 57.
88	Munson Lightner	Final.
97	J. E. Guthrie	Final.
100	Samuel Osborne	Final.

REINSTATEMENTS.

No. 21—J. Quinn.
No. 21—T. Quinn.
No. 28—Joseph Tooley, G. Kirkpatrick and Thomas C. Brown.
No. 46—Mike Tully.
No. 61—T. McNamara and Geo. A. Hawley.
No. 65—Wm. Orline.
No. 89—Wm. Nelson.

EXPULSIONS.

Lodge.	Names.	Cause.
1	John Lang	Non-payment of dues.
10	J. Raymond	Non-payment of dues.
13	L. H. White	Non-payment of dues.
14	Alex. Gibson	Non-payment of dues.
21	Geo. W. Gordon	Non-payment of dues.
25	W. Boss	Non-payment of dues.
25	Henry Gass	Non-payment of dues.
30	Fales Wood	Non-payment of dues.
30	Frank H. Evans	Non-payment of dues.
31	Henry Ming	Non-payment of dues.
31	Denniss Geross	Non-payment of dues.
40	Thomas O'Neill	Non-payment of dues.
41	J. M. Hopkins	Contempt of Lodge.
43	C. Fitzpatrick	Non-payment of dues.
44	T. Rodgers	Defrauding Lodge.
49	Harry Hayes	Non-payment of dues.
49	Herman Frakes	Non-payment of dues.
49	J. W. Rathbone	Non-payment of dues.
53	John Crowe	Non-payment of dues.
61	J. Findlon	Non-payment of dues.
61	C. Cullen	Non-payment of dues.
61	T. Callinan	Non-payment of dues.
61	E. M. Mortimer	Non-payment of dues.
61	E. Giles	Non-payment of dues.
61	T. McKinney	Non-payment of dues.
70	Oliver Dennan	Non-payment of dues.
70	W. I. Graham	Non-payment of dues.
72	Thomas Smith	Non-payment of dues.
77	C. E. Harrison	Violating obligation.
77	J. H. Bahrenbrg'r	Non-payment of dues.
77	Chas. Colvin	Non-payment of dues.
79	Chas. McCabe	Non-payment of dues.
86	R. Christian	Non-payment of dues.
86	M. Demarie	Non-payment of dues.
86	Alex. Fenwick	Non-payment of dues.
95	Wm. Burton	Non-payment of dues.
97	C. C. Maag	Unbecoming conduct.
97	Geo. Trajanias	Defrauding members.
99	E. J. Vinecke	Non-payment of dues.

Grand and Subordinate Lodges.

GRAND LODGE.

F. W. Arnold, Room 2, Pioneer Block, Columbus, O. Grand Master
W. E. Burns, 1250 Indiana Ave, Chicago, Ills. Vice Grand Master
E. V. Debs, Terre Haute, Ind., Grand Secretary and Treasurer
S. M. Stevens, Terre Haute, Ind., Grand Organizer and Instructor

GRAND EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

J. A. Leach, Chairman Atchison, Kan
J. H. Walsh, Secretary Chicago, Ill
E. Upton Montreal, Can
E. A. Mace Philadelphia, Pa
J. H. Brewer Lafayette, Ind

GRAND TRUSTEES.

W. Maroney, Chairman Chicago, Ill
W. F. Hynes Denver, Col
D. Ross Stratford, Ont

DISTRICT SECRETARIES.

- A. H. Tucker, Box 167 . . . Mason City, Iowa
 H. G. Cormick, Box 151 . . . Centralia, Ill
 L. C. Hill, Box 118 . . . Parsons, Kan
 J. M. Dodge, Box 317 . . . San Diego, Cal
 W. H. Davies, Box 374 . . . Atchison, Kan
 M. W. Jamison, Box 626 . . . Logansport, Ind
 C. J. McGee, Box 772 . . . Danville, Ill
 J. D. Weaver, 2210 16th Ave. S.,
 Minneapolis, Minn
 D. E. Barry, 510 Seneca St. . . Buffalo, N. Y
 W. J. Wheeler, 909 North 42d St.,
 West Philadelphia, Pa
 G. A. Hewitt, B. & A. Eng. House,
 Boston, Mass
 E. Upton, 162 Congregation St. Pt. St.
 Charles. Montreal, Can

SUBORDINATE LODGES.

1. **DEER PARK**; Port Jervis N. Y.
 C. E. Barkman, Box 21 . . . Master
 F. L. Smith, Box 361 . . . Secretary
 A. J. Shiner, Financier
 C. E. Barkman, Box 21 . . . Mag. Agent
2. **HAND IN HAND**; Providence R. I.
 A. H. Stevens, 60 Jewett St. . . Master
 H. S. Lawton, 58 Francis St. . . Secretary
 T. B. Wardwell, 28 Common St. Financier
 W. Lowry, 60 Jewett St. . . Mag. Agent
3. **ADOPTED DAUGHTER**; Jersey City, N. J.
 E. W. Davis, 172 Pavia Ave. . . Master
 E. Ely, 205 Pavia Ave. . . Secretary
 B. D. Maxwell, 314, E. 23rd St.
 New York City, N. Y. . . Financier
 E. W. Davis, 172 Pavia Ave, Mag. Agent
4. **GREAT EASTERN**; Portland, Maine.
 A. E. Dennison, 17 Fore St. . . Master
 G. E. Sheridan, 45 Fore St. . . Secretary
 F. O. Mitchell, 23 Merrill St. . . Financier
 A. E. Dennison, 17 Fore St. . . Mag. Agent
5. **CHARITY**; St. Thomas, Ontario.
 D. Cottrell Master
 T. R. Baldwin, Drawer 854 . . . Secretary
 M. J. Andrew Financier
 G. Johnson Mag. Agent
6. **PRIDE OF THE WEST**; Desoto, Mo.
 G. E. Woodruff Box 181 . . . Master
 C. J. Burke Secretary
 G. E. Woodruff, Box 181 . . . Financier
 P. H. Coyne. Mag. Agent
7. **POTOMAC**; Washington, D. C.
 A. N. Spamer, 44 Eager St. . . Master
 M. Hurley, 1008 6th St., S. W. . . Secretary
 J. C. Graham, 319 D St., S. W. . . Financier
 R. M. Smith, 180 Carnall St,
 S. E. Mag. Agent
8. **RED RIVER**; Denison, Tex.
 E. J. Bouchard Master
 E. Flint Secretary
 T. Dollarhide, Box 136 . . . Financier
 J. K. Arthur Mag. Agent
9. **FRANKLIN**; Columbus, Ohio.
 D. Roach, Piqua Shops . . . Master
 W. K. Redmond, City Water
 Works. Secretary
 T. C. Biddle, Piqua Shops . . . Financier
 W. K. Redmond, City Water
 Works. Mag. Agent
10. **FOREST CITY**; Cleveland, Ohio.
 H. Holler, 17 Waring St. . . Master
 S. C. Myers, 783 St. Clair St. . . Secretary
 T. H. Sheppard, 154 Pelton, Ave. Financier
 W. P. Sheets, 30 Lake St., Alle-
 ghany, Pa Mag. Agent
11. **EXCELSIOR**; Phillipsburg, N. J.
 O. Kidney Master
 W. W. Hosford Secretary
 J. W. Sinclair Financier
 H. Lott Mag. Agent

12. **BUFFALO**; Buffalo, N. Y.
 R. B. Williams, 320 N. Division St. Master
 J. F. Hayes, 314 Seneca St. . . Secretary
 C. W. Piper, 244 N. Division St. Financier
 C. W. Piper, 244 N. Division St. Mag. Agent
13. **WASHINGTON**; Jersey City, N. J.
 T. E. Kelton, 204 Pacific Ave. . . Master
 P. D. Mead, 217 Communipaw
 Ave. Secretary
 C. A. Wilson, 135 Pacific Ave. . . Financier
 G. W. Lewis, 259 Communipaw
 Ave. Mag. Agent
14. **EUREKA**; Indianapolis, Ind.
 J. A. Northaway, 306 E. North St. Master
 W. Hugo, 79 N. Noble St. . . Secretary
 J. A. Tweedie, 253 E. Washing-
 ton St. Financier
 L. Willaume, Brightw'd, Ind. Mag. Agent
15. **ST. LAWRENCE**; Montreal, Can.
 J. McTeer, 194 Congregation St. . Master
 H. Taylor, 181 Magdelane St. . . Secretary
 J. Ryan, Box 54 Financier
 P. Champagne, 183 Burgeois St, Mag. Agent
16. **VIGO**; Terre Haute, Ind.
 O. E. Fox, 1328 Sycamore St. . . Master
 E. V. Debs Secretary
 J. Smith, 205 N. Eleventh St. . . Financier
 A. J. Mullen Mag. Agent
17. **OLD POST**; Vincennes, Ind.
 C. A. Bruce Master
 B. Robinson Secretary
 C. A. Cripps Financier
 H. M. Hogan Mag. Agent
18. **WEST END**; Slater, Mo.
 T. Crawford Master
 A. D. Williams, Box 24 . . . Secretary
 J. W. Smart, Financier
 P. Gibney, Mag. Agent
19. **TRUCKEE**; Wadsworth, Nevada.
 G. Abbey, Box 8 Master
 F. Murray, Box 8 Secretary
 J. F. George, Box 8 Financier
 E. Shepley, Box 8 Mag. Agent
20. **STUART**; Stuart, Iowa.
 J. W. Shields, Box 470 . . . Master
 J. K. Myers, Box 470 . . . Secretary
 C. K. Rost, Box 470 Financier
 C. Traver, Box 470 Mag. Agent
21. **INDUSTRIAL**; South St. Louis, Mo.
 W. J. Edy Master
 F. C. Obenhaus Secretary
 K. C. Donehew, 7306 Main St, Financier
 F. Fuller Mag. Agent
22. **CENTRAL**; Urbana, Ill.
 A. E. Bennett, Box 68 Master
 W. Rundel, Box 345 Secretary
 J. M. Garrett, Box 76 Financier
 C. B. Foote Mag. Agent
23. **PHENIX**; Brookfield, Mo.
 W. F. Ritter Master
 E. W. O'Neil Box 334, Hannibal,
 Mo Secretary
 John Conlin, Brookfield, Mo . . . Financier
 E. W. O'Neil, Box 334, Hannibal,
 Mo Mag. Agent
24. **GREAT WESTERN**; Parsons, Kan.
 L. C. Hill, Box 63 Master
 F. F. Wiggins, Box 113 . . . Secretary
 J. Tierney, Box 701 Financier
 J. Emery Mag. Agent
25. **CONNECTING LINK**; Boone, Ia.
 R. S. Pike Master
 M. Crane, L. Box 775 Secretary
 M. Crane, L. Box 775 Financier
 C. A. Wheeler, L. Box 584 . . . Mag. Agent

- 26. ALPHA; Baraboo, Wis.**
E. Thompson Master
J. D. Coughlin Secretary
J. K. Hawes, Box 841 Financier
G. M. Dopp Mag. Agent
- 27. HAWKEYE; Cedar Rapids, Ia.**
M. W. Cary, L. Box 504 Master
C. C. Chase, L. Box 358 Secretary
C. W. Phelps, Box 1010 Financier
E. Meacham Mag. Agent
- 28. ELKHORN; North Platte, Neb.**
M. B. Tarkington Master
H. J. Clark, Box 177 Secretary
P. H. Sullivan, Box 921 Financier
J. N. Bonner Mag. Agent
- 29. CERRO GORDO; Mason City, Iowa.**
A. H. Tucker, Box 167 Master
F. M. Kay Secretary
G. D. Taylor, Box 167 Financier
J. J. Nihill, Box 167 Mag. Agent
- 30. CEDAR VALLEY; Waterloo, Ia.**
C. O. Grassley Master
A. H. Girard, Box 795 Secretary
E. E. Girard, Box 795 Financier
J. Graves Mag. Agent
- 31. R. E. CENTRE; Atchison, Kan.**
S. Walters, Box 157 Master
W. H. Davies, Box 374 Secretary
A. B. Schaap, Box 157 Financier
H. H. True, Box 401 Mag. Agent
- 32. BORDER; Ellis, Kan.**
F. J. Schuyler, Box 138 Master
E. G. Pearson, Box 234 Secretary
A. H. Chapman, Box 302 Financier
J. McKenna, Box 77 Mag. Agent
- 33. SUCCESS; Trenton, Mo.**
G. Atherton Master
W. Marsden Secretary
S. Hart, Box 87 Financier
J. E. Dippel, Box 316 Mag. Agent
- 34. CLINTON; Clinton, Ia.**
H. W. Stephens, Box 189 Master
J. W. Adams, Box 945 Secretary
J. W. Adams, Box 945 Financier
G. B. Sipp Mag. Agent
- 35. AMBOY; Amboy, Ills.**
W. H. Dean, Box 120 Master
G. W. Balnter Secretary
C. R. Rosier, Box 420 Financier
H. Williams, Box 416 Mag. Agent
- 36. TIPPECANOE; Lafayette, Ind.**
J. H. Brewer, 161 Union St Master
S. J. Rogers, Wabash Shops Secretary
W. S. Beemer, 9 N. 3rd St Financier
W. A. McMillan, 199 Union St., Mag. Agent
- 37. NEW HOPE; Centralia, Ills.**
H. G. Cormick, Box 151 Master
F. P. Morse, Box 291 Secretary
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NO. 9.

FROM THE OHIO TO THE SEA.

THE BATTLE OF PERRYVILLE—THE FIRST
SHARP FIGHT IN KENTUCKY—WHERE
BRAGG COUNTED ON AN EASY VIC-
TORY, AND FOUND HIMSELF
DRIVEN THREE MILES.

M. Quad in Detroit Free Press.

Had the war begun with the battle of Perryville as it did with Bull Run, history would have given it pages instead of lines, and yet it was one of the best fought and most gallantly contested fights of the whole war, and its results were a hundred times greater than Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville or Cold Harbor. It was Bragg's first grapple with the Federal commanders who were to work his downfall in after months, and, it was a movement on his part destined to dispel the Confederate illusions that Kentucky had only to see the Southern flag to rally by thousands.

It was September, 1862. Kirby Smith had fought Gen. Morgan at Roger's Gap and defeated him, and had pressed on to Rogersville and met and scattered the forces of Nelson, and had then taken a position at Lexington. From this point he gathered supplies, recruited several regiments, and made such cavalry demonstrations as to seriously alarm Cincinnati. Bragg had pushed down and captured Munfordsville and its garrison, and had then turned from the road to Louisville and established himself at Bardstown. Buell's advance at an early day drove him from his position, and it was not until the 7th of October that Bragg concentrated at Perryville for battle. Believing that he had Buell's forces so widely separated that he would have to deal with only a single corps, his plan was to concentrate, attack, defeat, and then make a junction with Kirby Smith and walk over the forces in that general's front.

McCook had come up slowly, skirmishing heavily, and it was noon of the 8th

before he swung into position on the Federal left. One can yet trace his lines these long years after. The woods in which his first line of skirmishers was posted have disappeared and given place to fields of corn, and some of the houses and barns are no longer there, but the stone walls and the hills and the shade trees tell the story. It was a strong position, so strong that before Hardee moved forward to the attack he had a council with his division commanders and warned them that the attack must be made with a rush to be successful. Two hours after noon Hardee, with his three divisions, moved out in splendid style, and the first musket fired from the Federal skirmishers in the woods along Rouseau's front killed a captain in Buckner's division. With that shot all the Federal batteries in position opened fire, and the Confederates broke from "common-time" to "double-quick," and rushed to the attack.

Cheatham's division had come down the Maxville highway, and as they reached the bridge spanning the creek now called after him they found the Federals in their front, and the fight began in bitter earnest. The stone walls behind which the Federals were posted stand there to-day, showing the marks of hundreds of bullets, and so fierce was the fire from behind these defenses that line upon line of Confederates prostrated themselves until its fury should pass. From their positions along the banks and in the timber they soon opened a galling fire in return, and before the fight had lasted thirty minutes they were gaining ground. Many of the guns on the hill above the Federal position were silenced by the fire of the sharp shooters, and when it came to be shouted along the lines that Jackson had been killed, the raw troops in his division, many of whom had never fired a gun before, began to flutter. If they gave way they would open a fatal gap. A dozen officers rushed to rally them, and the Confederates were near enough to hear a captain crying out in stentorian tones:

"Stand firm, boys—for the love of the dear old Union don't give way!"

Jackson's troops rallied, even though some of the regiments were in full retreat, and they stood to the stone walls and poured in such volleys that the Confederate advance was paralyzed. A captain of Buckner's division, in describing this part of the fight, said:

"We saw Jackson's men giving way, and with loud cheers we pushed forward to drive them. My company was within fifty feet of the wavering blue line, when all of a sudden it rallied and gave us such a volley that nearly half my seventy men were killed or wounded, and our advance fell back in the greatest disorder."

Terrill's men had the strongest kind of a position, and two batteries behind them were so posted as to sweep the whole front. When the Confederates were forced back by Jackson's men they rallied and moved at an oblique against Terrill. In his division were several regiments never under fire before. They waited like old veterans for the advance, but when the Confederates broke into a run and began yelling, the raw men fell back without discharging their muskets, and the enemy's bullets no sooner struck among them than they fell back in a panic that carried their officers with them. Where the batteries were posted is now a field of oats. As the crowd surged back Terrill rode to and fro, commanding and pleading, and just beside a tree since dead and chopped down, he fell mortally wounded. This completed the panic and most of the division rushed pell-mell for the rear, hardly a man taking his gun with him. Then was seen a brave sight. Starkweather's brigade was in reserve. It moved up in gallant style, opened ranks to let the frightened recruits pass through, and then steadily advanced to the walls and rifle pits, drove the Confederates out, and planted themselves there to stay. McCook's left had been fairly turned, but this one brigade stood in the way. A whole division was hurled against it time after time, but it clung to the walls and maintained such a fierce and rapid fire of musketry that Buell supposed McCook's whole division was hotly engaged. For an hour and a half this gallant brigade repulsed every assault made, but then had to fall back to a shorter line to prevent a flank movement.

A Confederate colonel who wrote a newspaper account of that battle, said of Starkweather's brigade:

"We had McCook's left fairly beaten and one whole division on the run, when

a single brigade planted itself across our advance. Such nerve and gallantry will seldom be witnessed again. I myself was in four of the charges against their position, and twice I thought we should swarm right over them, but each time we were driven back by their cool and terrible fire, leaving the ground covered with our dead and wounded. Hardee raved and stormed, and charge after charge was made, but the blue-coats could not be driven. When they finally shortened the line they moved back under fire in a manner to reflect credit on the best troops Napoleon ever commanded."

Rousseau occupied a ridge partly crowned with trees and partly under cultivation, crossed by two highways and offering shelter for his infantry, and good positions for his batteries. In his front was Crazy Creek, half hidden with willows, and its banks forming splendid breastworks. Beyond were fences, walls and fields. Where Anderson formed his line of battle twenty years ago the corn grows rank and the wheat stands high. Where Rousseau pushed forward the brigades of Lytle and Harris to hold a skirt of woods the May breezes rustled the ripening oats as I looked down from the spot where Sloan's battery was stationed. There were many raw regiments in Anderson's division, a number of the companies being totally undrilled, and only three regiments having been in any previous engagement. Regiments were massed for the attack under artillery fire, and as the bugle sounded its notes the entire division moved forward.

The two Federal brigades were firmly rooted and not a musket cracked until the Confederate lines were within pistol shot. Then a rush was made, but it was met by such a fire that the men were appalled. Held to their work by the officers, many of them fired in the air, while other companies in some cases charged bayonets at each other in the smoke. Some of the veteran regiments, however, displayed the greatest gallantry, charging square up to the Federal position and fighting on either side of the walls and fences. It was a terrific fight for fifteen minutes, and when the Confederates retired the ground from hill to creek was thickly strewn with victims. In a few minutes the gray lines were reformed for another advance, this time resolved not to be halted. Without stopping to fire, they swung up the slope with yells and cheers. The weight was overpowering; the Federals fell back to the main line.

The Confederates were pushing on when another Federal brigade hurried down, and every piece of artillery which could be brought up was soon in position and using grape and canister. Anderson also brought forward his guns, and for half an hour there was a desperate struggle. Bragg said in after years that the fighting at this one point between two divisions was fiercer than any portion of the battle of Chickamauga, where an entire corps was engaged. When a fourth Federal brigade had been advanced, the Confederates in their turn had to give ground. They were followed up briskly until Rousseau's line rested where the fight opened.

When the Fifth Wisconsin battery came into action one of the guns threw a solid shot which struck a soldier full in the breast, crushing him to a pulp. His musket flew to the rear, whirling savagely through the air, and it crushed the skull of one soldier and badly injured another. The shot deflected to the left after striking the first man, and it then mashed a lieutenant's hip, broke the leg of a private behind him, and rolled along the ground and crushed the head of a wounded man. A shell fired by Sloan's battery struck a stone weighing about fifty pounds, and while the shell failed to explode the fragments of stone killed and wounded several men. A Confederate shell which fell among Jackson's men alighted in a little creek at which scores of men were filling their canteens. It came down in a group of ten or twelve men and plunged into the very spot where a canteen had just been filled. While the shell did not explode, its fall splashed water over fifty men. An ex-Confederate captain now living in Atlanta, who lost his arm in that battle, had a button cut from his breast by a grape-shot, his scabbard struck by a bullet and his cap knocked from his head by a piece of shell before receiving the bullet which crushed his elbow. A gun in one of Anderson's batteries had a right wheel shattered by a solid shot. It had scarcely been replaced by the spare wheel when another shot crushed the left wheel. The men were trying to drag the gun back when a shell struck it fair in the mouth and split it for a distance of three feet. None of the men around the gun were hurt by this shell, but three soldiers in line over 200 feet away were struck down. A Confederate shell sent into Stedman's brigade exploded over the heads of a company advancing, and while no one in that company was hurt, four men in the cen-

ter of the next company behind were mortally wounded.

Failing to drive Rousseau, Hardee massed everything against Sheridan's division, and for a few minutes drove it before him. Sheridan called upon Mitchell for reinforcements, rallied his line across the Springfield pike, and after a quarter of an hour of hot work he ordered an advance of his whole division, McCook's right swinging at the same time. At some points the Confederates stood until bayonets clashed, but the impetus of the mighty wave swept field and wood and highway clear of Confederates, and as they began to give way the Federals cheered along the whole front.

This was the first battle in which Federal and Confederate regiments raised in Kentucky were placed opposite to each other. Both realized the fact, and they fought with a bitterness which other regiments could not feel. In the last advance, about a dozen men belonging to an Ohio regiment pushed ahead so rapidly that they suddenly found themselves surrounded and taken prisoners. Before they could be sent to the rear a company of Federal Kentuckians advanced to rescue them, and at the same moment a company of Confederates raised in the same county rushed forward to hold the men. One of the Confederates, now living in Franklin, Tenn., says of the struggle which took place:

"We did not stop to fire, but rushed forward with the bayonet. In a moment we were all mixed up, jabbing and prodding with bayonet and striking each other with the butts of muskets. A Federal, who had formerly lived within two miles of my farm, made a push at me, and his bayonet passed between my right arm and side and went through my coat. Before he could withdraw it I hit him a blow with my fist, and when he fell I piled on to him and held him down, although he bit my thumb to the bone. We were having it hot and heavy when our folks fell back and left me to be captured. In those few minutes I saw the bayonet used at least twenty times, and I believe that fully thirty men were struck with muskets."

The Confederates were being pushed, but they were giving ground rather slowly, still fighting, when unexpectedly certain brigades began to march out of the fight. It is charged that Polk lost his head and ordered a retreat to a new line. Polk laid the blame upon Bragg, and an effort was made to hold Hardee responsible. No matter with which officer the fault

was, the Confederates began falling back, and once the retreat was begun it ended in a helter-skelter rush through the town, and in the rapid pursuit and capture of many prisoners and a considerable quantity of war material by the Federals. At night, against the protest of the division commanders, the Confederates were withdrawn and the entire field left to the Union forces.

Previous to this fight Bragg encouraged the idea that a Confederate army could easily clear Kentucky of any Federal force and keep it clear. He promulgated the doctrine among his troops that they had only to charge the Federal lines to scatter them, and his men were led to believe that they had only to fire a few volleys to win a battle. Indeed, his plan was to whip the Federal army in about an hour and then make a rapid march to join Kirby Smith, who was held at bay elsewhere. Polk had the same contempt for the blue-coats, and Hardee had often been sneered at for asserting that Northern men would stand up in line of battle. The results of Perrysville were a bitter dose in several respects. The Confederate soldier realized that he had been deceived and defeated where he expected an easy victory. Bragg and Polk had their plans disorganized, and the idea of holding Kentucky had to be abandoned.

As Bull Run taught both armies in the East the fact that war meant fight, and fight meant kill, so also did Perrysville furnish the Western armies with a lesson written in blood. Future battles were to be fought with something more solid than a braggart's assertions. Both sides realized that where numbers were reasonably equal the fight would be steady and furious, and so it proved through the long and bloody years that followed.

PENCILINGS HERE AND THERE.

BY GEORGE B. GRIFFITH.

In early days, the town of Medfield, Mass., was the scene of severe suffering from the Indians. In the morning of February 21, 1675, King Phillip, at the head of 200 or 300 painted warriors of the Narragansett tribe, suddenly entered the town while its unsuspecting citizens were still in sleep, and commenced a cruel massacre. Before the Indians could be driven from the place, they had murdered eighteen persons, and burned upwards of fifty dwellings. It is said that Philip

rode about upon a handsome charger that morning, directing the devastation. A house is still standing, which, it is believed, was spared through his personal intervention.

The house on Governor Matthew Cradock's plantation, in Medford, erected in 1638, is supposed to be the oldest building in Massachusetts. It stands on the left bank of the Mystic River, and is still in a good state of preservation. Governor Cradock himself never came to this country. William Wood, in his "New England Prospect," published in 1864, says of Medford:

"The next town is Mystic, which is three miles from Charlestown by land, and a league and a half by water. It is seated by the water-side very pleasantly. There are not many houses as yet. At the head of this river are great and spacious ponds, whither the alewives press to spawn. This being a noted place for that kind of fish, the English resort thither to take them.

"On the west side of this river, the governor hath a farm, where he keeps most of his cattle. On the east side is Mr. Cradock's plantation, where he hath impaled a park, where he keeps his cattle till he can store it with deer. Here, likewise, he is at charges of building ships. The last year one was upon the stocks of one hundred tons; that being finished, they are to build one twice her burden. Ships without either ballast or boarding may float down this river, otherwise the oysterbank would hinder them, which crosseth the channel."

Cut River, Brant Rock, and the island overlooking Marshfield Beach, in the beautiful seaboard town of Marshfield, Mass., so named for its extensive salt-marshes, are celebrated as the favorite resorts of sea-fowl and of sportsmen; and here Daniel Webster spent, especially on Cut River, some of his earnest days. The land sometimes rises into beautiful swells or broken hills, as the Gorham Hill and Cherry Hill, on which Mr. Webster made his last public address (July 24, 1852), and from which fine views of the ocean are obtained. Among the original settlers of this fine old town where Edward Winslow, whose place was called "Careswell," in memory of his home in England, John and James Adams, Anthony Snow, who gave the land now used as Cedar Grove Cemetery, and others.

The Winslow burial-place holds the remains of the first child of the Pilgrims—Peregrine White; the first mother—Susanna Winslow; the first bride; and

also of the first native governor—Josiah, son of Edward Winslow.

The Winslow House (built in 1696), and an ancient house, with the famous apple-tree, on the Peregrine White estate, near the confluence of North and South Rivers, are still standing.

Attracted by the abundance of trout in the cold streams, and the sea-fowl which visit Brant Rock, the eloquent Daniel Webster came to Marshfield for recreation as early as 1827, and some five years afterward became a resident of the town.

He purchased the homestead of the noted royalist, N. Ray Thomas, where a company of British soldiers were stationed during the Revolution, enlarged the grounds, and by "setting out trees, and enriching the soil, he changed the features of the place from a sterile waste of sandy hills to a charming landscape of fertility and beauty."

The fine old mansion, with its broad and beautiful lawn, surrounded by a belt of ornamental trees of various kinds, remained as Mr. Webster left it till destroyed by a conflagration a few months since. We hope it will be rebuilt, and there the robin still sing its morning and its evening song.

On the summit of the hill near by is the old Winslow burial-place, from which the outlines of the shore, Cut River, Brant Rock, and the ocean even as far as Provincetown, may be seen. In this sacred inclosure repose the remains of the immortal statesman. His tomb is simple and majestic, and decorated only by wild-flowers and the evergreen. The inscription is:

DANIEL WEBSTER.

Born Jan. 18, 1782; died Oct. 24, 1852.

"Lord, I believe: help thou mine unbelief."

"Philosophical argument, especially that drawn from the vastness of the universe in comparison with the apparent insignificance of this globe, has sometimes shaken my reason for the faith that is in me; but my heart has always assured and reassured me that the gospel of Jesus Christ must be a divine reality. The Sermon on the Mount cannot be a mere human production. This belief enters into the very depth of my conscience. The whole history of man proves it."

Among the eminent sons of this town may be mentioned Josiah Winslow, born here in 1629, elected governor of Plymouth Colony, which office he held till his death, December 18, 1680; John

Winslow, grandson of the above, born here May 27, 1702 (commemorated by Longfellow in respect to the expulsion of the Acadians from Nova Scotia, in 1755; major-general in the expedition against Canada, 1758-1759, and founder of Winslow, Me., in 1766; and several others.

In what are called the "Manchester Woods," Mass., is found the magnolia, or sweet-bay tree, growing some ten or twelve feet high, with a beautiful green leaf, and with large white and sweet-scented flowers. It comes into blossom about the first of June, and fills the air with fragrance.

Another curiosity is the sand upon the beach, which, when pressed by the foot or struck by the wave, sends forth a musical tone. The note is shrill and clear when struck by the foot, but soft and sweet when washed by the sea, and seems to be produced by the angularity of the grains of sand. Hugh Miller observed a similar phenomenon on a beach in Scotland.

A STORY OF THE WAR.

The world, somebody says, is very small; so small that if we meet a person once, we are sure to run against him again, at some time in the future. As an illustration of this, let me tell you a little incident in my own history.

My father's plantation was in the Shenandoah Valley of Virginia. We were all kinsfolk, Pages, Marshalls, Lees, etc., etc., and we kept up a constant round of visiting, year in and out.

My father having been in Congress, had also formed many friendships with Northern gentlemen, who frequently, with their wives, were our guests during the summers. Among these, his especial friend was a West Point officer, whom I will call here, Captain Armitt.

He was a tall, thin, austere-looking man, of whom I, as a noisy, spoiled child, was much in awe. I think now that he was fond of children, but his attempts to please them were awkward, and his jokes heavy.

For instance, after he had been in the house a week, I remember coming into the library one morning with my basket of eggs. My last hobby was poultry, and my father had bought me some "fancy breeds"—high-stepping Shanghais, soft-colored Japanese hens, dove-tinted pullets.

"What's the matter, Janey?" he said, pulling me up to his knee. "Your skirt is torn and your head is as full of straw as Ophelia's."

"They've all laid!" I burst out. "Here's the Shanghai eggs atop, and here's the Poland, and—"

"Which am I to have for my breakfast?" demanded Capt. Armitt, gruffly. "Give me the basket." He carried it to the desk, remained there a few moments with his back turned towards me, and seemed to be turning the eggs over.

"I couldn't spare any of these, sir. Aunt Judy has plenty of common eggs," I began timidly, for he looked to me very much like Capt. Murderer in the story, who thought nothing "of making a pie, and chopping up a little girl well-peppered, to go into it."

"Common eggs? I don't eat common eggs. I think your hens are too polite for that. That Poland hen, I suspect, would be delighted to furnish me with an egg every morning."

I took out the wee white ball which my little Topknot had just laid, and looked at it. Hospitality, I had been taught, was the first duty; but this was too much.

"Lay it on the rug here," said the captain, "while we see what Mrs. Poland meant to do in the matter."

There was a brisk wood-fire burning on the hearth. Never shall I forget my terror as black lines suddenly appeared on the white shell, and I read, "John C. Armitt," distinctly written there.

"Now you see!" said my father, who was in the room.

Capt. Armitt had his Poland egg every morning after that. But I kept aloof from him. I thought if he was not the Evil One himself, he had dealings with him.

Years passed. My father was dead. I was a grown woman. The war had broken out, bringing with it utter estrangement between us and our old friends in the North.

When the blockade was declared, my mother and I were visiting some friends in Georgetown, D. C. I had but one brother, Aleck, a gallant boy of about twenty, whom we had left on the plantation. We received a letter from him, smuggled across the lines, saying that he had gone into the Southern army, and begging us to remain where we were, as "this little difficulty would not last more than a month or two."

Everybody thought or hoped so then. But month crept into month and year into year, and still the war raged. We remained in Georgetown. Aleck was in a regiment in Louisiana. Our plantation had been trampled down again and again by both armies. Why should we go home?

But one night, late in the fall of '63,

there was a low knock at our door, and the next moment, Old Dan, the hostler whom we had left on the plantation, staggered into the room.

He was so faint from hunger and fatigue that he could scarcely speak. My mother brought him some hot coffee. He took her skirt between his fingers and fumbled it with oh! what dumb affection in the touch!

"I've done walked from the ole place," he said at last.

"What for?" demanded my mother, who was pale and trembling. "You had some purpose, Dan."

"Nuffin but to see you, Miss Maria, an' de chile byar. I cross de lines! Dey cyant keep ole Dan in wid dem lines!" avoiding her eye.

"Why did you come?"

"Tought you'd like to hear ob de ole place. Twicet dem Yanks had me. But I slipped frou der fingers like an eel in de mud!"

"Do you ask him, Janey?" said my mother, sinking in a chair.

Dan went straight up to her. "It's Mars' Aleck, Miss Maria. De boy's shot! I bin wif him dese two years. I cotched him when he fell, an' tore de coat an' shirt off an' dere wur de red hole in de white skin ob him! Dat little fellow dat I nussed only yesterday! I got him back to de ole place, an' de Yankee doctors am takin' good care ob him."

"Will he die?" I asked, for my mother sat like a stone and did not speak.

Dan did not answer me, but talked in a loud, high key to drown my voice.

"De Yankee doctor in Winchester am takin' de bes' ob care ob him. But he says, 'Dan, go for my mother.'"

"God bless you, Mars' Aleck," I says, "she cyant cross de lines."

"I want my mother," he says, "she'll come."

"How long ago was this?" I said.

"Tree weeks," with a deprecatory look. "Yo' see, I had to walk, an' twicet I was tuk an' kep in de camp."

Passing by me he said, in a quick whisper, "He'll be gone befoh now. I only come to break it to her."

"I hear you," she said, rising. "But he is not dead. He will wait to see his mother. Come, Janey, let us go! Oh, why did I ever leave Winchester!"

Then with a wild cry, she broke down and lay like one dead until daybreak.

But with the morning her strength came and she insisted on starting at once to him.

The attempt was absolutely hopeless.

No passes were issued at that time, even when applications were backed by influential Federal authority. We were friendless. I went to Washington, besieged the doors of secretaries and officers until noon, and came back despairing.

"How much time you have wasted," she said, "when every moment means life and death. Come, we will go by the next train."

What could I do? I knew we should be turned back at the station thirty miles inside of the Virginia border, where the lines of the blockade were drawn. But I could not oppose her.

We started in an hour, Dan going with us. It was morning before we reached the station, beyond which I knew we could not go. We left the train. The Federal camp was a large one. At this point tents were grouped on the hillside. Sentries paced to and fro.

A party of officers stood talking together not far from the station, one of whom I knew by his uniform to be of high rank.

"Go to them, Janey," said my mother, feebly; "I cannot."

I left her in Dan's care, and crossed the little village street. Desperation gave me strength. Aleck might yet be living—watching, hoping for us to come. God knows how I prayed to Him to touch the hearts of those men.

I went directly up to them, and then stopped, my mouth parched and still. It seemed as if I could not speak a word. They all looked at me; one or two raised their hats.

"Did you wish to speak to me?" said a stern voice. It was that of the commanding officer.

I found words at last. "Sir, that lady yonder is my mother. We wish to cross the lines."

"It is impossible."

"My brother is dying at Winchester. Let us see him before"—I wrung my hands and could not go on.

One of the inferior officers spoke. "You must have known you could not cross when you left Washington. Your brother is a Virginian?"

"Yes."

"Has been in the Confederate Army?"

"Yes. But he is dying."

"You cannot have a permit. You may be spies for all I know. Men are dying by the thousands away from their friends. Do not annoy the general."

I turned away, but as I turned I caught the profiled outline of the general's face. Surely I knew that Roman nose, stern mouth, and meeting brows! I went to him quickly.

"O, Gen. Armitt," I cried, "you did not used to be so stern with me! Have you forgotten the trick you played me and my poor little Topknot?"

He was utterly bewildered for a moment. Then his countenance cleared.

"A Poland hen? Are you little Janey? Where is your father?"

"He is dead. He died before the war."

"Dead? Charley dead! And that is your mother? Pardon, gentlemen; this lady's father was a dear friend of mine. She is no spy."

He offered me his arm and led me to my mother. He was most kind and gentle with us. In half an hour he had sent us with a flag of truce inside the Confederate lines, and we passed on without delay to Winchester.

There, thank God, we found Aleck still alive. It needed long and careful nursing to bring him back to health again.

Gen. Armitt was killed in one of the later battles of the war, but not before he had sent many kindly messages showing that he held his old friends in warm remembrance.

WOULD YOU CARE?

If the planets cease their motion

In the air;

If the tide that sweeps the ocean

Everywhere—

And forever ebbs and flows,

Should eternally repose

In its lap, do you suppose

You would care?

If, at sea, you'd lost your bearing,

And despair

Pointed to your comrades sharing

All your care,

If through the approaching night

Friendly hands would greet your sight

Ask to aid you if they might,

Would you care?

Pleasures come, and in their order

Walt and wear;

Still our childhood's sunny border

Glistens fair,

And we smile to think of when

We were boys and girls; and then

If our hearts would beat again,

Would you care?

In the sea the sunbeams dipping

Light and fair;

Every wave with amber tipping,

Dancing there,

Weds its image in the sea,

With its image yearns to be;

If the "two" were you and me,

Would you care?

OUR EXCHANGES.

THE DIFFERENCE IN GIRLS.

BY GEO. W. PECK.

When the world is so full of young people who are too smart, and who are continually asserting themselves, and showing that they want to have something to say, it is pleasant to occasionally meet a real modest young person, who had rather suffer inconvenience and torture, even, than to make any fuss. This was noticed more particularly during the last rainy day, when the heavens seemed to be weeping over the loss of the sun, which had not been seen at its accustomed haunts for over a month. An old man got into a street car with his umbrella as wet as it is possible for an umbrella to be. The seats were all full, and he closed his umbrella and put the point down on the floor as he supposed, but in fact he put it right into the low shoe of one of these sweet, modest girls, right on to her stocking, and the dirty water more than poured down into the shoe. At first she looked as though she would move her foot, and call his attention to what he was doing, but she seemed to relent, and with a resigned expression, as though she hoped he was not going to ride many blocks, or perhaps somebody would get out and give him a seat, she looked out of the window. Once she moved her head as though she would look down at her shoe to see how near full of water it was, but again she thought better of it, and looked across the car at a man with a wart on his nose. After a few minutes she began to shiver, which was conclusive evidence to some that the water was coming up around her instep, and gradually overflowing the banks. She looked as though she feared that if she spoke to the man about it, he would think her very forward, and that she was guilty of an impropriety in speaking to a stranger without an introduction. Finally she became nervous, and when a girl begins to get nervous something has got to be done. She blushed and touched him on the hand that held the umbrella handle with her little fluttering finger and said:

"May I ask you, sir, without seeming to be impolite, to do me a favor?"

"Why certainly, miss," said the old man, as he looked down at her. "What is it?"

"Will you please take your umbrella out of my shoe, for a moment, and let me take the shoe off and empty it."

"For heaven's sake miss, was my umbrella in your shoe? I beg pardon," and he took it out."

"It's of no consequence at all," said the little lady, as she turned her shoe on the side and let the black cambrick water out. "There, you can put it right back, or if you would prefer a dry shoe for your umbrella you can put it in this other one."

But the old man blushed and moved off to the other end of the car, and stepped on another girl's foot. The other girl was not that kind of a retiring child of nature, and she looked up at the old blunderbuss with fire in her eye and every red hair on her head meaning business, and said:

"Can't you keep off of people's feet? You better ride in a sprinkling cart when you go anywhere. Why don't you look where you are walking? I don't see what the city bought a stone-crusher for when you could walk on a stone quarry and furnish cobblestones for pavement."

The old man pulled the bell rope, and putting his umbrella under his arm he walked the whole length of the car, knocking off several hats with the umbrella, but he didn't mash any feet, for all the passengers put their feet under the seat. It beats all what a difference there is in girls.

FOR THE COMFORT OF BIG EARED FOLKS.

Large ears can hear things in general, and denote broad, comprehensive views and modes of thought, while small ears hear things in particular, showing a disposition to individualize, often accompanied by love of the minute. Large ears are usually satisfied with learning the facts of the case, with the general

principles involved—too strict attention to the enumeration of details, especially all repetition of the more unimportant, is wearisome to them. People with such ears like generally, and are usually well-fitted to conduct large enterprises; to receive and pay out large sums; in buying or selling would prefer to leave a margin rather than reduce the quantity of any sort to the exact dimensions of the measures specified, and in giving would prefer to give with a free hand and without too strict a calculation as to the exact amount. Small ears, on the contrary, desire to know the particulars of a story as well as the main facts; take delight often in examining, handling or constructing tiny specimens of workmanship; are disposed to be exact with respect to inches and ounces in buying or selling—to the extent, at least, of knowing the exact number over or under the stated measure given or received. People with such ears would, in most cases, prefer a retail to a wholesale business.

WOULDN'T BELIEVE IT.

A SATISFIED VAGRANT—MIT A CLUB.

Detroit Free Press.

"What on airth does this all mean?" demanded Quincy Smith as he sat before the desk.

He was a man of fifty, had a face covered with innocence, and it was easy to see that he was a tulip among thistles.

"Are you Mr. Smith?"

"I am."

"Live out in the country?"

"I do."

"Do you remember what happened yesterday afternoon?"

"Of course I do. I brought in a lot of 'taters to sell."

"Did you take a drink with any body?"

"Y-e-s, I believe I did. Come to think of it, I had a glass of beer, with a feller who wanted to trade horses."

"Was that all?"

"Well, I declare! Come to think it over, I had another glass with a man who wanted to buy some apples. I'd never thought of it again if you hadn't mentioned it."

"Was that all?"

"Y-e-s—no, it wasn't. Great snakes! but I had a glass with a man who offered to sell me a wolf-dog for three dollars. Say, Judge, did I get tight?"

"You did."

"Got drunk and went around with my hat on my ear, whooping and yelling and wanting to lick somebody?"

"Exactly."

"Well, if that don't beat me! Why, Judge, I haven't been tight before in twenty-two years. Dear me! but I can hardly believe it. And so I was arrested, eh?"

"You were."

"I declare! Why, I was never arrested before in my whole born days! When I awoke this morning and found myself locked up I couldn't make out what on airth had happened."

"Yes, you got drunk, had a fight, and here you are."

"Got drunk, and had a fight! Great Scots! Why, Judge, my old woman would no more believe it than you could make her believe that elephants can fly. For twenty-two years I haven't even touched cider, and all at once I get drunk on beer, and have a fight and almost kill a man! Judge, I can't realize it."

"You will have to. I shall fine you five dollars."

"Five dollars? Why I only got seven dollars for the 'taters."

"Can't help that. You must pay or go up."

"Lands alive! Is this me or somebody else? I believe I am dreaming, or have gone crazy."

He handed over the money, secured his hat, and as he reached the door he said to Bijah:

"Well, did you ever? When I go home and tell the family that I took the wrong road home, got lost, and was robbed by a highwayman and tied to a tree all night, they'll wilt down like pig-weeds pulled in July!"

HE PAID THE BILL.

William, a merchant of Rutledge, Ga., sued a desperado. The defendant entered the store in a furious passion, held out the summons in one hand, clutched a long knife in the other, and said:

"Williams, have you sued me?"

Williams knew that an immediate "yes" would make him sure of a stab.

"Let me get my spectacles so that I can read the paper," he said.

He went behind the counter and came back, not with his glasses, but with an axe across his shoulder.

"Yes," he said, "I have sued you."

"All right," replied the desperado, "I guess I'll pay the bill."

A COOL CONSCRIPT.

London Telegraph.

A correspondent forwards from Huddersfield the following letter, which has been addressed by a German phrenologist, who styles himself a professor of "mental science," resident in England, to Prince von Bismarck, in reply to a notice to present himself at a certain locality in Prussia for military service under the conscription:

"MY DEAR BISMARCK: I feel highly flattered by your kind invitation, addressed to me at my native town, to join the German army, but am afraid I shall not be able to accept it, for I am now in England engaged in the more useful work (as I consider it) of expounding mental science and teaching people how to make the best use of their faculties. For the same reason I scarcely feel myself at liberty to accept even the hospitality of six months' board and lodging at the expense of the State, which you considerably offer as an alternative. I much prefer basking in the sunshine of English liberty to being forced despotically into military servitude in my own country. I have altogether given up fighting since I left school. I do not know that I have any thing particular to fight about now, and hardly care to engage in fighting at any one else's bidding. If you have a quarrel with any body I would advise you to settle it amicably, if possible, or else fight it out yourself. If, after you have "fixed up" the army, you can make it convenient to run over here at any time to one of my phrenological lectures, I shall be happy to point out the superiority of life in England, and explain the nature and utility of the (as I say) more useful work which I am engaged in, and I will examine your head, either publicly or privately, free of charge. With kind regards to the Governor, I remain yours faithfully.

GUSTAVUS COHEN.

POOR MEN'S WIVES.

The trouble is, none of our young women are willing to become poor men's wives, professedly, even though they may be so in reality. The girl who marries upon \$1,000 a year looks forward to a life spent in second-rate boarding houses, from which she will squeeze out a certain cheap domesticity and some expensive pleasure. The children which heaven may send are not thought of nor provided for.

It is a question whether the young wife can make herself a dress or provide herself a wholesome meal of victuals. She marries for freedom, to have a good time, to spend money she neither earns nor helps to earn—for heaven knows what—but certainly not to make a comfortable, if humble home, for her husband.

In this respect we consider the British girl has an immense advantage over the American. From the highest to the lowest circles of society in Britain, girls are trained to make good and useful wives, inasmuch as ladies preside over the departments of their household, and see that everything is kept clean and the food is well cooked; so also in the lower classes mothers teach their daughters to do the same for themselves, without suffering any loss of dignity in the doing of it.

Many of our American girls will be surprised to learn that the Princess Louise frequently makes her pastry—and makes it well, too. On one occasion, some apricot tarts of her making being praised by a guest, the royal lady wrote out the recipe, with the words underlined, "If you desire to have an apricot tart well cooked, always make it with an upper crust!" The story has a point, and the point is that one can never know how to do a thing too well.

One of the great hindrances against getting a good wife arises from the false basis upon which society is constructed. The idea that equality is the peculiar birthright of all Americans is erroneous. Where every person thinks he or she is as good as the next, there is always the positive proof of incompetency. A person is neither better nor worse than another except in the degree of worth which is honestly sought to be attained. But the disposition of young women of the present day (and the same may be said largely of young men, though perhaps not to the same extent) is to think they are as good as any one else, without taking the trouble to be so. From this erroneous belief arises many of the evils from which society suffers.

HOW AFGHANS FIGHT.

An English correspondent in Asia, referring to the fighting qualities of the Afghan soldiery, says: "An Afghan never thinks of asking for quarter, but fights with the ferocity of a tiger, and clings to life until his eyes glaze and his hands refuse to pull a pistol trigger or use a

knife in a dying effort to maim or kill his enemy. The stern realities of war were more pronounced on the battlefields in Afghanistan than perhaps they have ever been in India, if we except the retributive days of the mutiny. To spare a wounded man for a minute was probably to cause the death of the next soldier who unsuspiciously walked past him. One thing our men certainly learned in Afghanistan, and that was to keep their wish about them when pursuing an enemy or passing over a hard-won field. There might be danger lurking in each seemingly inanimate form studding the ground, and unless care and caution were exercised the wounded Afghan would steep his soul in bliss by killing a Kaffir just when life was at its last ebb. This stubborn love of fighting *in extremis* is promoted doubtless by fanaticism, and we saw so much of it that our men at close quarters always drove their bayonets well home, so that there should be no mistake as to the deadliness of the wound. The physical courage which distinguished the untrained mobs who fought so resolutely against us was worthy of all admiration; the tenacity with which men, badly armed and lacking skilled leaders, clung to their positions was remarkable, to say nothing of the *sulle doggedness* they often showed when retiring. But, when the tide of the fight set in fully against them, and they saw further resistance would involve them more deeply, there was so sudden a change always apparent that one could scarcely believe the fugitives hurrying over the hills were the same men who had resisted so desperately but a few minutes before. They acted wisely; they knew their powers in scaling steep hills, or in making their escape by fleetness of foot, and the host generally dissolved with a rapidity which no one but an eye-witness can appreciate. If cavalry overtook them, they turned like wolves and fought with desperation, selling their lives as dearly as men ever sold them; but there was no rally in the true sense of the word, and but faint attempts at aiding each other. Their regular troops were but little amenable to discipline, by reason of deficient training, and they resorted to the tactics they had pursued as tribesmen when once they were forced to retire."

TWO THINGS about the circus have never been improved or changed—the ring and the joke. The first ring was round and the first joke was old.

THE OLD CHURCH BELL.

BY COL. W. H. SPARKS.

Ring on, ring on, sweet Sabbath bell!

Thy mellow tones I love to hear.

I was a boy when first they fell

In melody upon my ear:

In those dear days long past and gone,

When sporting here in boyish glee,

The magic of thy Sabbath tone,

Awoke emotions deep in me.

Long years have gone, and I have strayed

Out o'er the world far, far away,

But thy dear tones have round me played

On every lovely Sabbath day.

When strolling o'er the mighty plains

Spread widely in the unpeopled West,

Each Sabbath morn I've heard thy strains

Tolling the welcome day of rest.

Upon the rocky mountain's crest,

Where Christian feet have never trod,

In the deep bosom of the West

I've thought of thee and worshipped God

Ring on, sweet bell! I've come again

To hear thy cherished call to prayer.

There's less of pleasure now than pain

In those dear tones which fill my ear.

Ring on, ring on, dear bell! ring on!

Once more I've come with whitened head,

To hear the toll. The sounds are gone!

And ere this Sabbath day has sped

I shall be gone, and may no more

Give ear to thee, sweet Sabbath bell!

Dear church and bell, so love of yore,

And childhood's happy home, farewell!

TO 'FRISKO AND BACK.

BILL NYE IN LARAMIE BOOMERANG.

"I came in to give you the item of my arrival in town," said a hairy man, yesterday, who wandered into the Boomerang office, wearing an old fashioned Seymour coat split down the back and a pair of lownecked pants draped about him and daintily secured in front with a tenpenny nail.

"I passed through your town last May, and you noticed in your paper that I was a West-bound passenger on the overland train. I have called to tell you that I am on my way back."

"Had a pleasant trip?"

"Well, only partially so. I enjoyed the journey out to San Francisco very much. Went out in section No. 11 of Pullman to take a position as cashier of a 'Frisco bank, but when I got there I

found an old man holding the job, who had given good satisfaction for nine years. I hadn't the heart to take the place from him and the President seemed to feel the same about it."

"So you didn't get the job?"

"No, not very much. I couldn't get confirmed by the Senate. The President told me that perhaps I could get a position as Sergeant-at-Arms of a hen ranch up the gulch, but I embezzled four dozen of her eggs to take me into the circus, and when I was looking at the black-and-tan boa constrictor, a Sheriff, or something of that kind, came along and called me down. I am now returning to my native town on my own recognizance, or on leg ball as the vulgar herd would call it."

"Are you going by special car?"

"Not exactly. I got a chance to walk part of the way, and from here to Omaha I shall take the position of steer inspector extraordinary on a stock train. It is quite a change to go West in a Pullman, and then work your passage home by punching cattle at the station. However, I wanted you to say simply that I passed through on my way East to-day, and I will send the paper home. Make it as full of glittering pomp and oriental scollops as possible, and I will pay you for it. You see, I'll get pretty near home, and I'll take a bath and fix up a little, and come into town in a pretty good shape; and now all I want is the aid and encouragement of the press. Do you seem to grasp my meaning?"

"Yes, sir; we tumble."

"All right. Just say that Mr. Wellington Kersikes past East yesterday in his special car Boise City, having been on a visit to the Pacific Coast with a view of purchasing the State of California as a country seat. That is a decomposed lie, of course; but you just say how much the strain on your conscience will be, and I'll go down in my overalls and make it all right.

That is why we have charged this article at ten cents a line on the Company's books.

NELSON'S FATAL WOUND.

A ball from the mizzentop of the "Redoubtable," only fifteen yards distant from where Nelson was standing, struck the epaulette off his left shoulder, about a quarter after nine, during the greatest heat of the action. It passed through the spine, and lodged in the muscles of the back on the right side. Nelson fell on his

face, and on that part of the deck where there yet lay a pool of his secretary's blood; and Capt. Hardy, on turning round, saw three men—a marine sergeant and two sailors—raising him up.

"Hardy," said he, faintly, "they have done for me at last."

"I hope not," replied his old shipmate.

"Yes, my backbone is shot through."

As Sergeant Secker and others bore him down the ladder he saw that the tiller ropes had been shot away, and ordered new ones to be rove. He then covered his face and scars with his handkerchief that the crew, who loved him so well, might remain ignorant of his fate.

Through the horrors of the cockpit, which was crowded with the wounded and the dying, he was borne with difficulty to a pallet in the midshipmen's berth, where it was soon discovered that the wound was mortal; and though aware, by the gush of blood every moment in his breast, that no human skill could save him, he never lost his presence of mind for a moment.

Nothing could be done to lessen his agony, and all his attendants could do was to fan him with paper and give him lemonade to alleviate his intense thirst; and there lay "the mighty Nelson," weaker than a child, with the roar of his last and greatest victory in his dying ear.

TEN THOUSAND CLERKS.

SOMETHING INTERESTING ABOUT THE EVERY-DAY LIFE OF UNCLE SAM'S WASHINGTON EMPLOYEES.

Washington Star.

The Government and its employees bear a relation to our city somewhat similar to that of a college and its students to the little New England village where it is located. There are enough officeholders who are residents of Washington to make a good-sized city of themselves. In the various departments the work goes on the same from one year's end to another, and one would scarcely realize how great the number of employees in the various departments is. The number is about 10,000. This is exclusive of the Capitol, City Post Office and District Government offices. This body of Government employees forms not only a large but intelligent and agreeable element of the population of Washington. A large proportion of them are people of thought, education

and refinement, and their presence would be an acquisition to any community.

The remuneration of the employes in the departments varies somewhat, but generally the salaries range from \$900 to \$2,000 for clerical work, the latter being given to those who occupy responsible or particularly important positions, and the first generally to copyists, a great many of whom are ladies. The latter are hard worked, and they work well and receive the smallest remuneration, but the wolf is kept from the door of many a family by their earnest endeavors. A great many of them once belonged to families of wealth, but reverses came, and they are glad to be able to work for a living. In the Treasury Department there are over 500 lady clerks, and in the Bureau of Engraving and Printing as many more. In the Treasury and Interior Departments changes are most frequent, and it is in these mostly that women are employed, and every now and then there are rumors of impending changes which set their hearts fluttering with dread until the danger is over."

A position in the State Department is considered a permanent thing. It is run on a plan similar to our Army and Navy. When some one dies promotions take place, and there is a chance for an appointment. In the War and Navy Departments, also, changes do not often occur, and many a clerk whose hair is now white entered the service when a young man. Employes perform their labors in a remarkably satisfactory manner. In fact, it is apparent that the Government clerk, taken on the average, has greatly improved in many respects within the past dozen years.

SOME NEW ARITHMETIC.

Detroit Free Press.

In a school room are twelve benches and nine boys on a bench. Find who stole the teacher's gad.

A laundress takes in twelve shirts and has four stolen from her line. How many are left and what are the losers going to do about it?

A farmer sold eleven bushels of potatoes and the product purchased two gallons of whiskey at ninety cents per gallon. How much per bushel did he get for his tubers, and where did he keep the jug?

What velocity must a locomotive have to pick up a deaf man walking on the track and fling him so high that six cars pass before he comes down?

A boy earned twenty cents a day for eighteen days, and bought his mother a muskrat muff costing \$2.10. How much did he have left to go to the circus with?

A mother standing at the gate calls to her boy who is exactly sixty-eight feet distant. It takes two minutes and twenty-two seconds for the sound to reach him. Find from this the velocity with which a woman's voice travels.

A woman earned 42 cents per day by washing, and supported a husband who consumed four dollars worth of provisions per week. How much was she in debt at the end of each month up to the time he was sent to work house?

A father agreed to give his son four and one-half acres of land for every cord of wood he chopped. The son chopped three-sevenths of a cord and broke the ax and went off hunting rabbits. How much land was he entitled to?

A certain young man walks five-sevenths of a mile for seven nights in a week to see his girl, and after putting in 112 nights he gets the bounce. How many miles did he hoof it altogether, and how many weeks did it take him to understand that he wasn't wanted?

Two men agree to build a wall together. One does four-fifths of the bossing and the other three-tenths of the work, and they finally conclude to pay a man \$18 to finish the job. Find the length and height of the wall.

A woman arrives at the depot three minutes ahead of train time. She has to kiss seven persons, say "good-bye" to thirteen others, send her love to twenty-two relatives and see to four parcels. She accomplishes it all and has forty-one seconds to spare to tell a dear friend how to mix seven different ingredients into a mince pie. How long did it take the train to reach Chicago?

A BIRD IN A CANNON.

Youth's Companion.

A correspondent of the Boston Herald, writing from Winchester, Va., some time ago, gave the following anecdote of Buchanan Read, author of "Sheridan's Ride." It was just after the fiercer battles in the Shenandoah Valley, and the poet, coming from his hotel dinner table, entered the reading room, where two of the most eminent men of the day were conversing. He was much the worst for wine—a condition disgracefully frequent with some erratic men of genius—but in spite of his abuse of his gift a fine wish escaped his

lips, which together with the fact that fulfilled it furnished one of the sweetest symbols of peace.

The statesmen were talking of the settlement, and of the demands peace would make upon statesmanship, and the reward of the conflict, if properly controlled. The word "peace," spoken by one of the gentlemen in the course of the conversation seemed to electrify Read. He started from his stupor, and sitting up straight in his chair, with his poetic face red with wine, but beaming with intelligence, and his eye flashing fire, said:

"Oh that some beautiful bird of the south Might build its nest in the cannon's mouth, And stop the awful roar."

The last word had hardly died upon his lips before he settled back into his stupor as quietly as he came out of it.

Is it any wonder that this story is recalled to my mind while looking over these hills and vales of which he wrote so much? But there is another circumstance stronger and more poetic than the rest, which vividly recalls the dramatic scene when Read's fancy painted the sublime thought of peace above recited.

A grim and ugly cannon stands silently guarding a bivouac of the dead, which a nation's gratitude has erected upon the rolling hillock where the two armies met in one of the most terrible charges that ever took place in any war.

In the mouth of this silent guardian, which, during the war, rained death upon the enemies of the country, a beautiful blue bird had built its nest and raised its brood—a practical illustration of Read's inspired definition of peace.

ANOTHER KIND OF DOCTOR'S SHOP.

Texas Siftings.

Old Bill McGammon, who keeps a grocery store in the suburbs of Austin, is one of the closest men in the State of Texas, and he abbreviates his words in writing. He abbreviated the names on the drawers and boxes of contents in his grocery, instead of painting the names in full. For instance, he painted on the sugar barrel "Br. Sugar," for brown sugar and so on.

Last Tuesday a feeble looking stranger dropped into Bill McGammon's store, and after looking around, said:

"Is Dr. Prunes in?"

Old McGammon stared, and said he reckoned not.

"Is Dr. Codfish in, then?" asked the stranger.

"No, he is not," said old McGammon, emphatically.

"Then tell Dr. Cherries I would like to see him, if he is at leisure.

"You get out of here. I believe you have escaped from the lunatic asylum. This ain't no medicine college; this is a grocery," retorted old McGammon, getting red in the face."

"If this is a grocery store, then you had better carry back them doctors' signs to where you stole them from," responded the stranger, strolling out.

Old McGammon looked where the stranger had pointed, and for the first time noticed the result of his abbreviating the word "Dried" into "Dr.," for on the drawers he read, in large letters: Dr. Prunes, Dr. Peaches, Dr. Codfish, Dr. Cherries, Dr. Peas, Dr. Apples, Dr. Beef.

TAKING TIME BY THE FORELOCK.

Detroit Free Press.

At the battle of Groveton Stonewall Jackson tried an experiment which nearly frightened a Federal division out of their boots. Bars of railroad iron were cut up into foot-lengths and fired from some of his heaviest guns, and the noise these missiles made as they went sailing through the air was a sort of cross between the shriek of a woman and the bray of a mule. The Federals listened in wonder at the first few which banged through the tree-tops, and presently one of the pieces fell just in front of a Pennsylvania regiment. A captain stepped forward to inspect it, and after turning it over he rushed to his Colonel with the news:

"Colonel, them infernal rebs are firing railroad iron at us!"

"No!"

"They are, for a fact!"

"Captain, advance your company to that ridge and deploy, and the minute you find Jackson is getting ready to fire freight cars at us send me word. I don't propose to have my regiment mashed into the ground when it can just as well be decently exterminated in the regular way!"

"Yes, sir," he said, "that man is the most complete, unmitigated, utterly, entire durn fool in existence. Why, he's consummate ass enough to order shad at a railway restaurant when there's only ten minutes for refreshments.

For Firemen's Magazine.

THE OLD BRIDGE AT AIRE.

BY MRS. J. A. HAMMOND.

I stood on the bridge at sunset,
O'er the river dark and wide,
And I thought of the many beings
Whose graves were beneath the tide.
And I thought and still kept thinking,
What fate had brought them there:
From the eldest to the youngest,
From the homely to the fair.
Then, too, I wondered and wondered
What were the thoughts of those who drown
As they sank in the mighty river
That flowed through Coleen town;
For it seemed like a living creature,
In its mad race to the sea,
With the roar of angry wild beast
That roamed o'er Linden Lea.
It must be a terrible moment,
To think Life's race is run
Without our Father's calling us
Or the crown of Glory won;
But, alas! They will not heed this
When they seek the river's bed,
Till they stand at the bar of judgment
And hear their sentence read.

HORNELLESVILLE, N. Y., July 5th.

ILLUSTRATING THE OLD-TIME ADAGE THAT ALL IS FAIR IN LOVE AND WAR.

Chicago Tribune.

Two hours have passed. So have seven or eight horse cars, but the one for which Vivian is waiting finally comes along and soon lands him at the door of Pericles O'Rourke's house. Ethelberta is sitting in her boudoir (high-toned word for room), sewing some foamy lace into the neck of a velvet deess, as the young man entered:

"I have bad news for you, my darling," Vivian says in sad tones, while a don't-bluff-or-you-will-be-called look comes over his face.

Bertie nestled her little dimpled hands confidingly in his. "Tell it to me at once, sweet," she said, "only with you alive and well nothing could be so very dreadful."

Vivian looked at her with a wonderful grave tenderness in his blue eyes.

He was sizing her up.

"My father and I have quarreled, and he has disinherited me. I have"—and here his voice quivered slightly—"been given the g. b. on your account. I am a beggar, Bertie."

Her soft, dusky eyes grew wider and more serious.

"Yes," continued the sucker, "I am poor. But I wouldn't care if it wasn't for you, darling. It means that I must give you up, for I cannot ask you to share life with me on a thousand a year."

She looked at him with a rich crimson flush surging into her cheeks. If it had been a full Vivian would probably have gone under, but a flush could never scare him.

"Vivian," she said, passionately, "do you think I will let you give me up? I love you too well for that. A beggar or a prince, you are all the same to me—my king, my love."

And he folded her to his heart with a great, almost speechless tenderness and joy.

"My darling, my precious," he whispered.

Three months later, on a golden December afternoon, with a blue sky as in June, there was a grand wedding at the O'Rourke mansion. As Vivian and Ethelberta were entering the carriage that was to bear them to the depot she looked at him with a weirdly precious smile.

"And so you would not desert me darling," he said, "even when you thought that I was poor?"

"No, my precious one," was the reply. "I learned long ago that a sucker once off the hook will never bite again, and your father and I put up the job so as to land you a little quicker."

JUST THE SAME.

There was a crowd of carriages in front of Woodward-avenue church the other day when a man came along, discovered that something was going on, and leaning against a hitching-post he asked of a pedestrian:

"Was it very sudden?"

"I don't know."

"Presume it was. Well, we've all got to go that way. Do you know, sir, that—that—"

Here his voice broke down and he reached for his handkerchief.

"What's the matter?" inquired the other.

"Young woman's funeral in there."

"That's no funeral; that's a marriage!"

"Marriage! Ah—yes—marriage—I see. Well, it's all the same to me. Give me the young man's name and I'll weep over him!"

REMARKS ON THE MULE.

Sam Porte's Zoology.

The mule is a vertebrayte. He has four legs, the rear ones being steam-boiler explosions in disguise. He has also a pair of lungs larger than an emigrant's valise, and he can execute the most fatal love-taps of any animal creature in all creation and part of New Jersey. The idea of nitro-glycerine was taken from the kick of the mule. More profanity has been expressed upon him than would, if properly distributed, stock up all the theological seminaries in the land. The mule is extremely musical, and, like all grand musical instruments, is composed mostly of stops; and as a stoppist he is a success. In this respect he is like the day laborer. Neither can go as fast as an express train or a false rumor, but they can stop 137 degrees quicker by actual count. I remember once being in the country. It was in the season when the small boy was being tied up into a hard knot by the first peaches of the season, which consisted of a piece of buckskin wrapped around a piece of cobblestone. The flowers were in bloom and the country swain was coming home from picnics with a huckleberry pie war-map upon the seat of his pants. It was at this time all the comforts and soul-satisfying beauties of pastoral life, to see the mule upon his native heath. I found him quietly dozing as though at his own fireside, surrounded by his immediate friends and relatives. His mind was filled with peace and his hide with splinters—from numerous clubs that had been used to fondle him with. He was running over with a virtuous serenity. I wanted to hear him warble. So, after I had used up a spade on him, he suddenly sucked into his lungs all the air in the three adjoining counties, and then issued a specimen number of his bray that was enough to lift a mortgage from a two-thousand acre farm, or give a mummy the rinderpest. I have heard Nilsson sing for \$1,200 a night, heard the opera "Fra Diavolo" by a Choctaw brass band, and "Rory O'Moore" on a bass-drum by a toothless private, but this was the most astounding musical matinee I ever had a free pass to in all my life. Every note was fired forth in a solid chunk, and the sound was enough to make a man's spirit go down like the price of linen pants in January. I stayed until that mule had brayed down a rail-fence and retired a frame shed from active business, and then I left a sadder but a deader man.

PRESIDENT Garrett, of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, has established a course of free lectures for his employees. On Friday night the first lecture was delivered in Baltimore, Prof. H. N. Martin, who told "How Skulls and Backbones are Built," being introduced by Mr. Garrett.

It is very well known that the car nearest the engine is exposed to the least dust, and that the rear car of a train is generally safer than the front car. The safest is probably the last car but one in a train of more than two cars; that is, there are fewer chances of accident to this than any other.

If it is a way train at moderate speed, or any train standing still, a collision is possible from another train in the rear, in which the last car receives the first shock.

Again, the engine and the front cars of a train will often run over a broken rail, or a cow, or stone, without detriment, while the last car, having nothing to draw it into the line of the train, is free to leave the track. Next to the forward car, the rear car is probably the most unsafe in the train. The safest seat is probably near the center of the last car but one.

THE BARBER.

OUTLINE SKETCH OF A PROFESSIONAL CAREER.

Boston Transcript.

The barber, children, is of an extinct species. The hair-dresser and tonsorial artist of the present day are supposed, however; to be descendants of the barber in direct line.

The barber is a treacherous creature. He is never to be depended upon. He has been known to cut his best friends.

He is remarkably sharp in a business transaction, and he will shave you if you give him a chance. In fact, shaving may be said to be his business.

The barber is a strapping fellow, and is ever ready to razor row. I have frequently seen him take a man by the nose without the least provocation.

He always wants his hone way, and is always ready for a brush.

He has his shortcom(b)ings, to be sure, and is apt to stir up your dander; but he has a very smooth tongue, and knows how to lay on the lather.

He is generally honest in his judgments, and sincere in pooh-poohing shams

and delusions; but at the same time he is given to a great deal of shampooing.

I can't say that he was ever charged with murder, but thousands of people dye in his shop yearly.

Formerly the barber was a surgeon also, and used to be paid for bleeding his customers. Nowadays he draws blood without extra charge.

The barber sees a great many affecting scenes. There is a good deal of parting going on every day in his shop.

The barber seldom uses nails when shingling, though he may use them when he comes to the scratch.

The barber is a very secretive fellow. You will find locks everywhere about his place.

He has little recreation. Curling is his chief amusement.

He always stands well in his profession. You will generally find him at the head.

He never makes game of his work, unless hair-dressing may be considered a rare bit of pleasantry.

The barber has to stand a great deal from his customers. He does not care, however, how much cheek they display in his establishment, and the more chin they give him the better he likes it.

The barber's wife goes shopping, just like other women, though she ought to be able to get hirsuite at her husband's establishment. She probably prefers to whisker round elsewhere.

Though the barber may have no children to receive his inheritance, there are always many hairs apparent at his shop.

The barber's motto is: "Soap on, soap ever."

There are many more things I might tell you of the barber, but he is a great conversationalist and amply able to speak for himself.

LIFE.

Lowell Weekly Sun.

"All day, all night I can hear the jar
Of the loom of life, and near and far

It thrills with its deep and muffled sound,
As tireless the wheels go always round."

Noah Webster defines life as vitality, energy, vivacity, &c. We perceive this principle, or force, in all things, from the lowest form of vegetable life up to man. We see it in the tiniest blade of grass; we behold it in the towering oak. We are reminded of it by the sweet singing of birds, and feel it as we inhale the aroma

of the flower, or the invigorating air of country, mountain, or sea. With what enjoyment we gaze upon the beauties of nature—the trees, the meadows, the ripening crops—all permeated and sustained by this wonderful, vitalizing force called life.

We see a train of cars dash by, and the thought arises, what power is it that can so utilize this simple, inanimate substance, steam, as to make it a universal blessing? And so we might go on in endless enumeration. We might speak of our mills, with their intricacies of loom and shuttle; or marvel at the telescope, the telephone, &c. As to the power that utilizes and controls these inventions, there is but one answer—the human brain, which in turn is guided and sustained by this subtle something, this deep, underlying force which we call life.

In gazing at a photograph of some friend, we often speak of it as being a perfect likeness. And so it is. There is the familiar expression of the eye; the well-remembered shape of the face. But there is something lacking. What is it? If we converse with that friend we discover the absent element in the picture to be that of animation, or the principle of life. Speaking of countenances, how strange it is that this subtle life-principle can, in a moment, change the pleasant expression of the eye to one of wrath! What a remarkable variety of expression there is to the human eye! It is seldom that two persons are found who look precisely alike.

What is this mysterious, constantly active force (for even in sleep this unseen power still breathes, and when rendered unconscious by accident the heart is made to beat by this silent something,) which inspires the child to laughter or calls forth the tearful sob; which moves the hands and feet of the laborer; which finds utterance in the glowing words of the clergyman, the statesman, or the lecturer? It is the all-pervading principle of life. What would the world be without this element?

And what is the object of life? To some it means one thing, while to others its significance is entirely dissimilar. The ruling principle of some individuals is to acquire wealth, while with others the chief desires is that of gratified ambition. With a certain class, life means a continual round of frivolous enjoyment and—nothing more. With others the object of life is the cultivation of the intellect, in the varied departments of literature, of science, or of art. There is another class

who strive to make the world better for their having lived in it. To them

"Life is real, life is earnest."

Grappling with the vital questions of the day, they have neither the time nor inclination to indulge in the petty bickerings and jealousies which belittle men and women.

How cruelly unjust, unscrupulous and revengeful some persons are! how eager to drag others down that they themselves may be exalted! And how despicable is this spirit of revenge, which, out of malice for some injury, real or fancied, or from wounded pride or conceit, or mayhap from some trivial cause, endeavors, in a cowardly, underhand manner, to crush a fellow being. Language is inadequate to express the contempt which honorable people should have for this ruling passion of some men.

In pleasant contrast to the last-named class are those dear, good souls who, like the Savior, "go about doing good." They are not in the public walks of life, nor are their names written on history's illuminated page. Their work is quiet and unostentatious, and almost unknown except to those who benefit from it. But the gentle influences of their active love and sympathy sink deep into grateful hearts and become a power for good little dreamed of.

James Martineau thus defines life: "The mere lapse of years is not life. To eat and drink and sleep. . . . To pace round in the mill of habit—this is not life. . . . Knowledge, truth, love, beauty, goodness, faith, alone can give vitality to the mechanism of existence. The laugh of mirth that vibrates through the heart, the tears that freshen the dry wastes within, the music that brings childhood back, the prayer that calls the future near, the doubt which makes us meditate, the hardship which forces us to struggle, the anxiety which ends in trust—are the true nourishment of our natural being."

If we desire to become honorable and useful members of society we should first see that our motives are commendable, and then keep ever in mind the fact that life's victories are only won by enthusiasm and perseverance.

FORT MONROE is the largest single fortification in the world. The fortifications at Gibraltar cover more ground, but they constitute seven distinct forts, while Fort Monroe is one and complete. It has already cost over \$3,000,000.

THE EGYPTIAN AS A SOLDIER.

A COWARDLY AND DEGRADED REGULAR WHO FEARS FIRE.

Pall Mall Gazette.

We have received the following from a correspondent who has considerable experience in eastern wars:

"A not unimportant element in the consideration of the Egyptian question is the value of the Arab as fighting material. Of the courage of the wretches who beat out the brains of so many Europeans caught by surprise and unarmed in the late Alexandria riots, one may judge by an incident which took place in the course of them. On the great square of Alexandria some 200 of these patriotic protesters against the rule of the foreigner were engaged in hunting Europeans, when four attendants of the tribunal rushed out of their sanctuary with drawn swords, and the whole 200 took to precipitate flight, leaving the square empty of all but the dead and wounded and the four messengers of justice. Without some firm assurance of the support of mustafiz or nizam it is quite certain that none of the rabble would ever have dared to raise a hand against a foreigner. A kourbash is quite enough for the courage of the Egyptian on any ordinary occasion. As a soldier, the bloody regime of Mehemet Ali has given him a perstige which, like the 'scent of the roses,' lingers long after the organization is shattered. It is true that once Egyptian soldiers defeated Turkish, but the latter were in a lower state of discipline than now, while the former were ruled with a vigor of which the following incident, related by a veteran who remembered Mehemet Ali, will give an example: A milk woman came to the pasha one day complaining that one of his soldiers had robbed her of the milk she was bringing to camp. The soldier was identified and denied having taken the milk. "What did he do with it?" asked the pasha. "Drank it," was the reply. At a sign the man's head was off, his body and his stomach being opened, was found full of milk. "Go," said the pasha to the horrified milk-woman, paying her the value of her milk, "but if he had not taken it your head would have paid for it."

"Needless to say this Draconian rule has long passed away, and the Egyptian soldier of to-day is perhaps the most cowardly and degraded regular in existence. In the late Russo-Turkish war

they could not be brought to face fire, and were kept in reserve for depot duty. In the Cretan insurrection of 1866 the Viceroy's guard were sent to the island to aid in the subjugation of the Christians, but on the first encounter, 4,000 of them, attacked in an intrenched position by about 1,500 ill-armed Cretans, were driven into their intrenchments, their access to the water sources were cut off, and they surrendered unconditionally after the defeat of another division, which had marched to their relief—the total being 8,000 men, with artillery, and considered the best troops in the Egyptian army. In a subsequent affair, under Mehemet Kiritly Pasha, when the Egyptians were to cover the retreat of the main army they broke and fled precipitately at the first attack of the insurgents, and squads of them, lost in the complicated by-ways and broken ground of the pass of Kapri, threw down their arms and were butchered without resistance by the Cretans. At the assault of the Convent of Arkadi the only use the Egyptians could be put to was to be put in front, with the bayonets of the Turkish regulars behind them, and no alternative of safety. They were in this way driven into the breach, covering the Turks with their bodies. This was the testimony of one of the Italian officers in command of them, and nothing was more common than for the Cretans to send an Egyptian prisoner away contemptuously, saying that it was like butchering sheep to kill the Egyptians. They are capable only of the most simple evolutions, and their officers know little more of the science of war than their privates. The former are fond of fine uniforms and gewgawry, but they actually are never exercised in any movements of warfare; there is no conception of organization, and if a necessity arose for action it is not too much to say that the soldiers could not find their cartridges, the officers their commissariat, nor the commanders their officers. Nothing but the most inconceivable blunders could ever give them a military advantage, and the slightest menace toward a flanking movement would put the entire army to route without firing a shot. A division from India landing at Suez and marching on Cairo would see the defenders of Alexandria in instant retreat, and the distribution of a few pounds would set the whole of the Bedouin tribes to plundering the regulars. With the exception of the Copts and a small number of the better classes of the inhabitants of Lower Egypt, there is nothing to form a

selfgoverning nation; while anything like representative government or military efficiency must be the result of generations of development.

A TERRIBLE EXPLOSIVE.

Prol. Mezzroff, of Berlin, an expert on explosives, has arrived in New York. He was seen by a *Star* reporter, and his views were obtained on the subject of explosives in general. "There are," said the professor, "three kinds of nitro-glycerine, which have different degrees of strength. There are mono-nitro, bi-nitro, and tri-nitro-glycerine. If you take gunpowder as a standard, then mono-nitro is four times as powerful as powder. Bi-nitro is eleven times, and tri-nitro is sixty-three times as powerful. Gunpowder explodes at the rate of 1,000 miles a minute; mono-nitro, 4,000; bi-nitro, 11,000; and tri-nitro, 19,000 miles a minute. Nothing that man can make can resist the blow from a quantity of tri-nitro-glycerine. Thirty pounds of it exploded in the right way and place, would demolish and sink the most powerful iron-clad. Thirty pounds will generate five thousand feet of gas, and the blow from that amount of gas would strike the vessel at the rate of nineteen thousand miles a minute.

"You see, that while the iron-clad might cost so many millions that thirty pounds of the tri-nitro will only cost \$150. At the time iron-clads were invented tri-nitro was not discovered. To make a pound of tri-nitro," continued the professor, "the material to-day will cost \$2.88 at wholesale prices. Then come the vessel and skilled labor necessary to make it. I say skilled labor for you need not expect to get any one you pick off the street to make a chronometer. A chemical operation is nicer work than making a watch, and can not be done by an ignoramus."

"Professor, I will ask you one more question. How can the Irish get weapons of war?"

"The way to get the cheapest and most effective weapons is for them to send twenty young men to New York, and in thirty days' practical teaching they can make pure tri-nitro-glycerine at the rate of three hundred pounds a day. Let them return to Ireland, and five of them go to each province and begin to manufacture the stuff. It will make the British lion roar. If 5,000,000 of the Germans were so oppressed as the Irish

we would blow all the iron clads to the bottom of the sea in twelve months. The pistol-bullet makes a little man as good as a big one, and tri-nitro-glycerine makes a small nation as big as a great one."—*New York Star*.

THE British Railway Accidents Commission, of which the Earl of Aberdeen is Chairman, reports as follows on Sunday trains: "Undoubtedly many railway servants feel bitterly the curse of Sunday toil. 'Sir,' said one employe, 'Sunday is the saddest day of the week to me.' Another, with tears in his eyes, said: 'Those cursed Sunday trains!' Another: 'I assure you, sir, I never drank till I took up this Sunday work, but now I get so depressed with endless toil that I think I should kill myself if I did not drink.'"—*Evangelical Press Association*.

HABITS OF SIBERIANS.

Many of the habits and customs of these people are very singular. Along with much rudeness and simplicity, they have a high degree of ingenuity. At night, for instance, an Ostiak can tell the time very accurately by judging the position of the great Bear; and as this constellation is constantly varying with the season, the operation involves on the part of the Ostika a calculation of some magnitude. In common with all barbarous and semi-barbaric races, they manifest great dexterity in the use of weapons. In shooting small animals such as squirrels, hares, etc., for the sake of their furs, care is taken that the animal shall be struck on the head only; and in this the natives seldom fail, even though their rifles are very clumsy in construction. With the bow and arrow, which is the weapon most in use, they are equally dextrous. Their method of catching salmon, as described by a Cossack officer who witnessed it, is peculiar. In marching through the country at the head of a detachment, he encamped one evening on the banks of a river; and on the following morning he observed one of the natives walk to a pool near at hand, into which he waded, and then stood motionless as a statue, his spear poised aloft, and his keen eye fixed on the water before him. Not a movement indicated that life inhabited the figure, until, with lightning rapidity, the spear was launched forward and as quickly withdrawn, a fine salmon quivering on its barbed point. Three times in twenty

minutes was the operation performed, and each time a fish rewarded the native's skill. And yet their cleverness is but slightly applied to the arts of life. The Tungoses, for instance, use bear and reindeer skins to form their beds; but as they have never discovered the art of tanning, these articles when not in use are buried beneath the snow, by which means the hair is prevented from falling off. This same tribe, too, are remarkably improvident; they will consume nearly a week's provisions in one night, and go hungry the remaining six days. Over against this, however, must be placed their detestation of robbery, which is regarded by them as an unpardonable sin.—*Chamber's Journal*.

For Firemen's Magazine:

"THE FOREST GLADE."

BY W. FEBERDY.

Warble, dear bird, with thy notes to the sky,
This place is a home for thy kind;
Thy songs are so cheery. Oh, where were ye taught?
Is thy teacher still living? Can thy lessons be bought?
Or is it a song of thy mind?
I know not a place that is lovely as this,
On my memory impress it with love;
Oh, find me the builder, and say when his birth,
Are there any more places so like this on earth?
Or a scene that has fell from above.
What photo could picture, what colors can paint,
With impressions that make such a bliss;
Oh, could I but model thy looks with a pen,
What art would excede or price buy such a gem,
With a radlance so charming as this?
The sun is now setting so low in the west,
Each plant in itself doth proclaim;
To separate one from its friend I could ne'er
Yet each one to my heart I will cherish as dear,
I must then, for want of a name.
Does it not in itself quite proclaim what it is?
For the Nightingale's song I can hear,
Its soft silvery voice re-echoes the hill,
And then in a moment, again it is still,
My footsteps hath filled it with fear.
Such salubrious air with its soft balmy breeze,
While silently glides thro' the dell,
The stream with a swiftness that adds to the glade,
And the fine silver shadows streak thro' in the shade
Over courses it travels so well.

EDITORIAL.

TRAVELING cards presented after they have expired, should be taken up in all cases and forwarded to the Lodge that issued them. They are often presented by men who did not obtain them by lawful means, and in no case should they be recognized.

It must be distinctly understood that no Lodge has the right to grant a traveling card to a member from another Lodge. It has come to our notice that a certain pretended member came in possession of a card in that way and grossly misused it. This must not occur again, for it is against the rules and usages of the organization and may cause trouble.

THE Brotherhood has never been more prosperous than at present, and it behooves us, one and all, to see that it continues so, to the end that our wives and children may be provided for in the event that we are taken away. If we do this, we will have done our duty; if not, we shall merit the reproach of our kinsmen and the scorn of all mankind.

EXPERIENCE teaches us that the worst injury we can inflict upon our Lodges is to elect incompetent Masters to preside over them. A faithful and efficient Master invariably maintains the standing of his Lodge. Look to your Masters, and if they are not qualified to preside over affairs, remove them and replace them with better material.

THERE is only one way to be a good member of the Brotherhood, and that is to obey its teachings. These require us to be honest, sober, moral, industrious, manly men. Those who fail or refuse to comply with these requirements ought to have enough respect for the Order to

withdraw from it, and thus avoid polluting its reputation by their connection with it.

For the general good, we urgently request that all members, who are away from the Lodges to which they belong, join the Lodge nearest their location. By so doing they will save Financiers much trouble and themselves many inconveniences. A desire to be known as an active worker should prompt every member so situated to comply with this request.

EVERY member of the Order is vitally interested in its welfare and consequently should ever be on the alert to guard against any danger that might threaten its existence or lessen its power to do good. A very important matter is the selection of leaders to direct its affairs. Whether in the Grand or Subordinate Lodge, they should be men of integrity and character and a most rigid test should be applied to each candidate to prove his fitness for the position he is expected to fulfill.

ONE of the most prominent Master Mechanics in the country writes us as follows: "I congratulate you upon your success as a benevolent Order. You have accomplished wonders. I can readily see the influence of your work among the men in my employ. I notice that you make war upon intemperance and all other vicious habits. This alone should enlist for you the sympathy of the public everywhere. The Firemen's Magazine is very interesting, and, I have no doubt, will exert a healthy influence upon all matters relating to the Brotherhood." We appreciate such sentiments of approval, and shall do our utmost to merit their bestowal.

HOWEVER much some people may condemn labor organizations, they cannot fail to endorse our system and our motives if they will but step down from their positions of prejudice and give us the benefit of an investigation, and judge us in the light of our past work. We have reclaimed husbands and sons from the drunkard's path. We have been at the post of duty when substantial aid was necessary to rescue the widows and orphans from the pangs of hunger and distress. Who will make war upon an organization with such humane purposes in view?

OUR Order is directing its efforts to the elevation of its members to a higher standing on the social plane, and it is wonderful how great has been its success. It has widened the influence of its members among their fellow laborers. It has enlarged the range of their own intelligence. It has made home happier by providing more comfortable shelter and better food and clothes for loved ones. It has given parents more dutiful sons, to wives kinder husbands, and to sweet-hearts more refined lovers. What organization of its means can do more? Knowing how much good it has done, we offer this as our reason for advocating its principles.

THE funds paid to the Financier of a Lodge is a sacred trust and must be, and is, considered so by all men having within them a consciousness of what is right and honorable; not to mention the injustice that is done by using such funds for any other purpose than that for which they were intended. We mention this fact because a case has been brought to our notice of a Financier who so far forgot himself as to use, for his own purposes, money that was paid to him for Death Claims, to the amount of \$80.00; thereby depriving forty members, for two months, from the benefits of the Order. It is true, the money has since been restored, but that does not mitigate the

offense. A repetition of this act, no matter by whom, will put us to the disagreeable duty of making the offender known to our readers.

TO THE slurring charge, so often made by those who do not care how much they injure a fellow-being,—"that engineers and firemen are a worthless and unprincipled set of whiskey drinkers," we reply by saying that in the main it is false and malicious and does a worthy class of men a great wrong.

That there are those among them who use intoxicating liquors to excess we do not pretend to deny, but he who charges them with indulging more in that habit than an equal number of men in another pursuit, asserts that which he knows to be untrue. Take them as a whole they are a courteous, gentlemanly body of men, who are anxious to be known as good citizens—holding a high place in the estimation of the worlds people.

IN justice to our organization, we wish it understood that we shall not conceal the evil actions of the wrong doers, even though they be among our members. We shall henceforth expose every man who violates the principles we profess. We cannot harbor a man who gets drunk and disgraces himself, or who defrauds his creditors. It is not our purpose to shield those who have not self-respect enough to shield themselves. Our members must conform to our teachings or suffer the consequences. They must, as a general thing, be honest, sober and respectable. Otherwise they are a detriment to the calling and the cause, and we cannot afford to be identified with them. We call upon all honorable members to assist us in ridding the Order of all worthless material. It's well being demands it, for just in proportion as they are tolerated, to that extent will the Order suffer from public condemnation. We feel that no denunciation can be too scathing for those worthless scoundrels who violate

every law under which it is governed and every principle upon which it is founded.

"Success is labor's prize,
Work is the mother of fame,
And who on a "boom" shall rise
To the height of an honest name?"
[Harper's for August.]

The meeting of our Ninth Annual Convention brings with it a feeling of success that is encouraging beyond an ordinary degree. It is the success of a teaching that is noble and elevating. Our calling in life is an humble one, but we have brought it far above the degraded condition that it occupied a few years ago. At that time we struggled beneath a false education that received an impetus from a popularity that should have given its frown where it smiled. This degradation came from the baseness of the animal of our humanity, by drowning our finer instincts in liquor and dissipation. A drunkard is a murderer of the vilest order; he kills all the divine of his nature and leaves but the ungovernable baser passions to ruin his health, his intellect, and his soul. We have supplanted those vices and in their stead we have implanted aspirations for a higher and nobler ambition. We have persistently kept before the eyes of our members the dignity of self-respect—and we need not enlarge on the requirements to support this. We have removed from the minds of our members the false light, that has heretofore existed, in which they looked on the relation of employer and employee, and showed them clearly how closely one was identified with the other. We wish it understood, by these few, whose narrow minds seem to hold a contrary opinion, that we are men as other men, with the feelings and affections of other men, and holding a right to a consideration, when our interest and welfare are at stake, which we are determined never to relinquish while Christianity and civilization exist, or a free people to hear a grievance and announce a judgment. This has been, and shall continue to be, the teach-

ing of this Order, and the success that has crowned our efforts breathes upon us a refreshing smile.

But our duty, our undertaking, does not end here: We attend the sick, we bury the dead, and give to the widows and orphans a proof of our heart-felt sympathy in dollars and cents, the requirements of this world's demands upon us.

Railroad corporations and railroad managers, superintendents, and master mechanics all over the country have given us most flattering proofs of their appreciation of our good work, not only by their many acts of courtesy extended to our Organizer and Instructor, but also to our traveling delegates, and in many instances they have displayed a personal interest in the welfare of our Subordinate Lodges. We shall simply say here that such acts of kindness are not lost upon us.

Now, as to our standing to-day. Entering on our tenth year, we shall briefly state that we number 115 Lodges, with a membership of about 5,000. We have paid in the past year \$20,000 on insurance claims to the widow and orphan fund, and have a balance of \$10,000 in the treasury. Our organizer and instructor has traveled about 50,000 miles in the interest of the Order, pushing on far into the territories, organizing Lodges at Mandan, Dakota, Chama, New Mexico, Eagle Rock, Idaho, and Cheyenne, Wyoming, leaving a most substantial proof of his work behind him.

Our list of subscribers to the Magazine has increased to nearly 8,000, scattered over the United States and Canada, giving us a direct and unbroken chain of communication every month.

Prosperity looks upon us at every hand and invites us onward and upward in our noble mission.

The convention will be an occasion of pride and satisfaction, for the members will receive an ovation at Terre Haute that will never be forgotten. The people

will receive them with a warmth that will strongly indicate the standing that the Brotherhood has where it is best known.

Let us, then, join hands and hearts anew in this commendable work, and while congratulating ourselves upon the triumphs of the past let us nerve ourselves for the grand achievements yet in store for us.

BELOW will be found extracts from a letter written by the "Tramp" to a young member of the Order who applied to him for such advice as would enable him to become an active worker in the cause:—
"Be prompt in paying your dues and assessments."

"Be respectful to those whose duty it is to see that you earn your wages."

"Be brave in the face of all difficulties that overtake you—if you can't be brave, be as brave as you can."

"Be sure and keep up your acquaintance with your fellow-members in the Lodge room."

"Be as liberal as your means will afford, to a brother in distress, for you know not how soon poverty may hold you in its withering grasp."

"Be careful to keep your eye on the fact that non-payment of dues deprives you of all benefits. Sec. 3 of Art. 6 tells you all about it".

"Be suspicious of all chronic croakers whose only aim in life is to create discord and ill-content among their fellow-work men".

"Be guarded in the movement of your elbow, lest it may guide the poison cup once to often to your lips; for whiskey, used in large doses, means a reduction of wages and bars the door of promotion in your calling."

"Be earnest and faithful in the discharge of every duty and while you may not always stand at the head of your class, be too proud to stand at the foot".

"Be at all times a man and play a square game to the end, so that when the last card has been played, the fellow that writes you up, can tell the truth".

For Firemen's Magazine:

TO JACK THE DRAIMER.

BY TIM FAGAN.

'Pon my conscience, brave Jack, although
you are black,
Your draiming I greatly admire;
Be my sowl but your view, between me and
you,
Was as plain as his draim could desire.
I think, Jack, you wrought your musical
thought,
Not running, but watching the fire.

And your nice little sketch of that short little
stretch,

Thet lies 'long the jacket so aisy,
Was plaising to me, and I plainly could see
The raisin you called her a daisy.
Faix, now, I'm inclined to hunt till I find
The stoker so handy that draims in his mind.

And the dome shining bright as the head-
light at night,

When first round the curve it comes flashing,
And the glare of the jacket seems part of the
racket,

In the music-like noise of our dashing.

More loo'k to you Tweed, your whole stock
and breed,

And your muse, be it Christian or Pagan
And never forget, you always can bet,
And count on your bouchel, Tim Fagan.

For Firemen's Magazine.

REPLY TO BRO. TWEED.

BY E. P. K.

Black Jack Tweed with a fire'sy's greed,
Wants all the credit of his polished steed;
While some of us feel and all of us know,
That the driver with the ease of a dancing
beau

Could turn his steel steed polished so bright,
To the darkest hues of the murkiest night.

Who was it? when fire'sy was just as green
As the greenest green pumpkin that ever
was seen,

Learned him to throw in the coal, to do it
quite level;

And, if he did fall, ne'er gave him the devil;
But, when he got her so heavy as to almost
choke her,

Got off his seat, took shovel, grate bar and
poker,

In his good natured attempts to learn fire'sey
to stoke her.

Who was it? learned fire'sey, some one I
ween,

His steed of steel and brass to clean?

The first one he cleaned, I'll venture I'm
right,

Was in a most miserable, greasy, unsightly
plight;
And if no one had taught him, I'll assert it
at once,
He'd have been a poor, pitifully uncleanable,
dunce.

Now, be it far from me by word, thought or
jeer,
To belittle the mate or his brave engineer;
But, brothers, work hard, this idea advance,
Embrace all opportunities, let slip not a
chance;
If you knew, (I am sure, I am certain you
would,)

That when both stand within the shadow of
one Brotherhood,
That the trials and the troubles that now
infest the day,
Will wear out their packing, and all blow
away.

Brothers, do well your duty, do it well as you
ought,
Set naught against nothing, nor nothing
against naught,
And in the near future I think you will find
You have fired for "Jack's" driver, but not
in your mind.

CORRESPONDENCE.

AN APPEAL TO DELINQUENTS.

CHICAGO, July 10, 1882.

Editor Firemen's Magazine.

I wonder if there will be any Magazine issued during this year where any of its many readers, and especially the members of the Order, will fail to see the eyesore "black list?" Dear Brothers, I pray you will think of the vows you so solemnly promised to obey and live up to, and keep for yourselves a clean record; you certainly know when you are indebted to your Lodge, and why not pay your way like men? I see in each issue of the Magazine so many good letters of advice to the Brothers; why not heed them? They are for your own good. I have had some of our expelled members plead for reinstatement, and why? Simply because they saw their folly and were anxious to retrieve themselves. So will it be with those of you who allow your names to go into print before the eyes of every reader. You will take steps to come back into the Order; therefore, why not remain while you are with us in the first place? Now, do try and pay your way as you go, and avoid being expelled. Be assured it is painful to every member to have one of their number expelled, and doubly so to the officers of the Lodge who have toiled so faithfully to keep every member in good standing.

Brothers, when any one applies for admission into our ranks, look him over

carefully and see that he is made up of genuine material; by excluding waste matter altogether, as nearly as we can, we will save ourselves the necessity of expulsions.

If you are in any way doubtful of the character of an applicant, step boldly forward and say so; do not be afraid to bring in an unfavorable report.

Any Lodge is better off with ten paying members than she is with ten times that number of non-paying members. Let us closely adhere to the Constitution, then a clear record is assured us.

Fraternally yours,

PAY YOUR DUES.

GRACIE'S OPINIONS.

ROCK ISLAND, July 10, 1882.

Editor Firemen's Magazine:

Being a reader of your excellent Magazine, and thinking I might add a few encouraging lines, I thus take the liberty to do so. I am a little girl fourteen years of age. At the age of thirteen I lost my dear mamma; she has been dead a little over a year. I have no brothers or sisters, so you see there is only my papa and myself left of our family here on earth. My father, being a locomotive fireman, leaves me alone most of the time with strangers, as we have to board. During the great washout on the C. & R. I. & P. R.R., my papa was at the other end of the road, so I did not see him for almost a week. Little girls who have

their papas home of nights should appreciate them, and those that have their mammas should also appreciate them, because they do not know how soon they will be taken away from them.

My papa is a member of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen; there is a great deal said about railroad men being so rough, but I, for one, can say that I am proud that I am the daughter of a locomotive fireman. I think the Order of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen is doing a great deal of good, especially in Rock Island. For fear of tiring your patience, and hoping this will find its way into your Magazine, with my best wishes for the future of the Order of the B. of L. F., I subscribe myself,

Very humbly yours,

GRACIE.

(A fireman's little daughter.)

BUSYBODY AND TATTLE.

LONGVIEW, TEXAS, July 17, 1882.

Editor Firemen's Magazine:

As the wife of a Fireman, I take the liberty of writing a short contribution for the worthy little Magazine of your Brotherhood. I will speak for a while of Mrs. Busybody, who comes in, in such a hurry that she can't stop long enough to sit down. She promised to call on a friend and consequently can stop only long enough to ask if you have heard the news. Of course you have not, therefore she begins. You listen eagerly to her news, get vexed when you hear it and do or say something to give her news for others. She leaves with the same hurry that she came, calls on her friend and tells her all that you said and having had a good laugh at your expense is satisfied for one day. Very frequently Mrs. Busybody is the cause of misunderstandings between good friends, thereby causing estrangements; particularly is this the case when she is accompanied by Mrs. Tattle. These two ladies have a way of slyly hinting that your husband is cross, that their husbands never give them a harsh word, although they have been married these ten years. Let every woman be on her guard lest she mistake this underhanded way of mischief-making for sympathy. These two persons can make themselves so agreeable that they are everywhere welcomed, until the object of their frequent visits become known. They may succeed for a while in their bad work but it takes only a little while to find them out, then they lose the

respect of all honest people and finally sink into obscurity. Had they spent their time in doing good their names would have lived long after they had passed away.

Mrs. E. R.

GENERAL COMMENTS.

ROCK ISLAND, Ill., July 31, 1882.

Editor Firemen's Magazine:

Since writing a short time ago, I have looked anxiously forward to each month's issue, in hopes of finding there a contribution from one of the Order, more able than myself, who could keep our Lodge well represented in the columns of our Magazine, but have thus far failed to see anything for or against us. It is a source of great pleasure to me to read the communications from sister Lodges; forming, in my opinion, one of the most interesting features of the Magazine. By this means we are able to interchange monthly greetings—a sort of hand shaking, as if were—which cannot fail to be beneficial to this glorious Order. That institutions of this kind should be fostered throughout the length and breadth of the land, is apparent, from the vast amount of good already accomplished by our fraternity; not alone in extending a helping hand to the widow and orphan, when a husband and father has been touched by the cold hand of death, but also, by setting a high standard and requiring strict sobriety and honesty as the chief requisite of that standard. Many a man has fallen into the ways of the erring—not because his natural tendencies led in that direction, but because of bad associates. A member of the Brotherhood has no reasonable excuse for ever being in the company of evil advisers; for when there is a little spare time such person or persons can find Brother associates, whose interests and aims are identical with their own, instead of seeking recreation in some “doggery”—in idle talk and debauchery.

Railroad business has been greatly interfered with in this section, for the past two months, on account of rain; the track in many places being unfit for use several days at a time, necessitating in such cases, a circuitous route in order to reach the end of the division.

There was quite a bad wreck, on this road, chargeable, perhaps, to some extent, to a slight misunderstanding on the part of those in charge of the train.

Since my last letter our membership has increased from thirty-three to forty-

three. We are receiving numerous applications from men on the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul R.R. and we feel sure that our prediction of a hundred members by the time we attain the age of one year, will be verified. The interest in the Order at this point apparently increases at each meeting of the Lodge; each one being as prompt in attendance as circumstances will allow. While they are not only prompt in attendance, they are zealous workers out of the Lodge, talking up the advantages of membership, each one bent on excelling the other in the number of applications brought in.

There have been some promotions since my last. John Breeches presiding over the 138; and Charles Hinkley, assistant night dispatcher.

On the sick list are Bros. H. F. Carroll, our present Master, and S. A. Maxwell. Neither of the gentlemen are dangerously ill, and we hope ere long to see them in their accustomed places.

Our election of officers takes place next Sunday. There are some good candidates in the field, with about an equal support. The Grand Lodge Representative lays between Bros. Carroll and Cavanaugh.

Bro. Jack Canada has been promoted to the dignity of father, and not long since a number of the boys found Jack with his head and shoulders down the man-hole in the tank hallooing, "Pa-pa-Pa-pa" and drawing his head out, evidently well pleased with the sound.

Yours fraternally,
ROCK ISLANDER.

A WELCOME VISITOR.

Editor Firemen's Magazine:

It really seems an age since I contributed anything to our little Magazine, and I have well deserved the recent reminders that have come under my observation. But, perhaps, if I had the courage to map out the history of my doings since my last letter, I would fear that your readers would express a strong desire for the "silent contributor" to remain silent and forever hold his peace. So I will not now tire you with a recital of my experiences during the past three months, and will ask you only to accept the statement that during all these silent weeks, the welfare of the Brotherhood has been constantly before me.

Before proceeding to give, however, a brief description of what we are doing here in Southern California, let me say a

word about the Magazine. So much has been said in praise of our little book, that I feel as if what I would add would be of little consequence, but I must be true to my word and extend to you, in behalf of one of our subscribers in San Diego, his warmest thanks for *producing such a wonderful book, so profuse with reading matter that is so palatable to all*. This seems to be the opinion of all who read it, and we may safely count on a majority of our present subscribers renewing their subscription the coming year. To say that I am proud of our book would hardly express my opinion; it's improvement is so great, especially in that part which is devoted to correspondents. Many of the articles coming from the pens of some of our brothers have the effect to elevate the standard of our Order to a high degree, proving to a mistaken world that great talent lies often concealed under a workman's coat.

But my principal object in now writing is to let you know that No. 90 is in a vigorous condition, although she has had some severe struggles to undergo during her brief life. Owing to the non-arrival of materials necessary to complete the California Southern Railroad, business has been greatly on the decline, and consequently quite a number of employees have become discouraged and have left, in quest of employment elsewhere. Our Lodge has suffered from this cause, four of our members having left, greatly to their own regret, as well as to that of those who were left behind. A ship laden with precious rails has at last made its appearance, and "J. M. D., who still sits in his orange grove," in addition to "watching the offsprings of his loves," watches eagerly the report of the work on the road, knowing well that when the road is completed San Diego Lodge No. 90 will then be able to assume a prominent position in the great battle for good, in which our Order is engaged. And, though we may not hope to be in the van, we trust our rank will be far from the rear.

Our Lodge is composed of excellent material, and the members have that disposition so peculiar to California, of being generous almost to a fault. An instance of this kind lately occurred. It was at the second meeting of No. 90, when the subject of a place of meeting was being discussed, one of our members proposed the erection of a hall for that purpose, pledging himself to give to the full extent of his ability. This certainly is the right kind of enthusiasm, and a Lodge with a

dozen of such men cannot help being prosperous. Our members take a deep interest in the work, and you may rely upon it if the road is prospered our little band will have a brilliant future.

This will do for the present. My warmest salutations to all the brethren, and when they meet at Convention in Terre Haute, I will be with them in spirit. Hoping the Brothers will have an enjoyable time, I remain

Yours fraternally, J. M. D.

THE OTHER SIDE.

DENVER, COL., July 15, 1882.

Editor Firemen's Magazine:

We have taken the Magazine for some time, and it seems to me every issue is better than the preceding. The last is brim-full of good things; was pleased with "Black Jack Tweed's" dream; thought it an admirable "set off" to the engineer's dream. In reading "Why No. 23 went down," one finds some things that are food for earnest thought. It appears to me, looking at it from a woman's standpoint, that there could and should be some way devised in which a member's policy would be paid over to the insured without fail, provided that member had paid his dues and assessments, and held receipts for same. Could not this coming Convention arrange some plan by which this grand desideratum can be attained? You speak so truly of the heroes on the rail; did you ever think of the heroines they leave at home? Think you we mothers ever see our sons go out in all the pride and strength of their manhood to take their dangerous places on the fiery iron horse, who can wound so cruelly without the leave taking, being saddened by the thought that perhaps we are looking our last living look? One of the wise ones said, "They also serve who sit and wait," and I sometimes think that kind of serving is harder than the active. A woman's nature is so strongly sympathetic, and especially a mother's, that every joy or sorrow of her children is faithfully mirrored in her heart. Can we ever forget the hour when our sons first lay in our arms, a wee helpless morsel of humanity, or the years when we were all in all to them, when we could soothe their every grief and enter into their every joy? It makes no difference how old or gray a man gets, I think there is just as much room in his mother's heart for him, as when he was a helpless

babe, and so when this cruel fiery monster sends our loved ones home to us all burned or bruised unto death, I can only pray that God in His infinite mercy will bless and comfort all those who "sit and wait." Now, firemen, a word to you. You are a whole-souled set of boys, as I know. You have a hard, dangerous life, but take for your motto Onward and Upward, and remember, a man to be successful must "honor his calling" in whatever station in life he may be. You are now like the guests who were invited to the feast and given a lower seat, but if you are only true to the manhood God has given you, you will soon be invited to a seat higher up. May success and prosperity attend each and every one of you, is the earnest, sincere wish of

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

AN AMATEUR.

AURORA, ILL., July 27, 1882.

Editor Firemen's Magazine:

As I have looked in vain for a communication from Self Help Lodge, No. 80, I thought of trying my hand, although I am an amateur, as you will readily see.

We held our election on the 16th inst. and Bro. Earl was unanimously elected Master. He is a good one, and I think, with our worthy Bro. Goding as Financier and good-natured McGlenn as Chaplain, to look after the spiritual welfare of the boys, Self Help will prove herself worthy of a place among her sister Lodges.

The B. of L. E., have rendered us valuable assistance by letting us have their beautiful hall, for which we are very grateful.

Our worthy superintendent, H. B. Stone, has just issued an annual pass to Bro. S. M. Stevens, for which we will ever hold him in grateful remembrance. We would say to our brethren, "Go thou and do likewise."

We have just got our Chart framed and the engineers of our division think it is very beautiful.

We are very proud of the progress we have made and our members are very zealous for the welfare of the Order.

Should you deem this worthy of a space in our valuable Magazine, I dare say it will be eagerly read by that portion of the craft, at least, belonging to Self Help.

Hoping to do better in the future, I remain

Fraternally yours, AMATEUR.

THE SPARKLING CUP.

BOONE, IOWA, July 27, 1882.

Editor Firemen's Magazine :

Boone is a small town of about 5,000 inhabitants and supports eighteen or twenty saloons. This seems shamefully disproportioned and the idea suggested itself to me that if the men, young and old, avoided these places, how that other branches of industry would soon spring up and smother down these "weeds" among other lines of business. If young men would enter a store and come out with a new suit of clothes or something equally useful how much more gratifying to themselves and to their families would it be than if their money had been spent for liquor. Reflections upon these questions suggested the following to me :

"ONE GLASS MORE."

Stay, mortal, stay! nor heedless thus,
Thy sure destruction seal;
Within that cup there lurks a curse,
Which all who drink shall feel.
Disease and death forever nigh
Stand ready at the door,
And eager wait to hear the cry
Of give me "one glass more."

Go view the prison's gloomy cells,
Their pallid tenants scan,
Gaze, gaze upon these earthly hells
And ask when they began;
Had thee a tongue, O man, thy cheek
The answer'd crimson o'er;
Had these a tongue, they'd to thee speak
And cry of "one glass more."

Behold that wretched female form,
An outcast from her home,
Bleached in poverty's blighting storm
And doomed in want to roam;
Behold her—ask that prattler near,
Why mother is so poor,
He'll whisper in thy startled ear,
'Twas father's "one glass more."

Stay, mortal, stay! repent, return,
Reflect upon thy fate,
The poison draught indignantly spurn,
Spurn, spurn it ere too late.
Oh! fly from the rumshop's horrid din,
Nor linger at the door
Lest thou per chance shouldst sip again,
The treacherous "one glass more."

If only one reader is benefitted by the above, I shall feel that my feeble effort shall not have been in vain.

Very respectfully,

THE WIFE OF A B. OF L. F. MAN.

A TRIAL TRIP.

AURORA, ILLS., July 24, 1882.

Editor Firemen's Magazine :

Not having seen anything from No. 80 in your columns I thought it would be in order to say a few words respecting her. She is "bran new," so to speak, well built and runs very smoothly. At times, when crowded, she gets a little warm but by good care and proper handling she soon cools down again. One day there came over the road a special from No. 105. Here it was flagged down and on ascertaining that Bro. Rollins was aboard, No. 80 was at once coupled on and away they went to Chicago. Upon arrival there Nos. 80 and 105 were switched off into General Superintendent Stone's office to hand in their report. It was found to be correct and at once they received orders to—. Well, ask Bro. Stevens what he thinks about it. I will venture to say that no fault was found by him. On the return trip they were again flagged down and run into Self Help for examination. They were found all right and steam was gotten up immediately. On signal to go ahead, given by the Master, No. 80 commenced to blow off and shortly after No. 105 began to sizzle. In a little while, both were "howling," but we felt safe, for we knew that they were made of the best material and not likely to explode. Whenever the steam would raise we caught sight of Bro. Rollins congratulating himself.

Bro. Scovill said the trip was a grand success. They united in saying, "For an A No. 1 man commend us to H. B. Stone, General Superintendent of the C. B. and Q." Hoping that every succeeding experiment may meet with the same success, I am

Yours is B. S. and I. A STOKER.

PICKINGS FROM GARDEN CITY.

CHICAGO, ILL., July 31, 1882.

Editor Firemen's Magazine :

This being the first occasion I have had to address you, I hope you will kindly grant me space for a short communication. On July 5th I obtained a two weeks' leave of absence, intending to spend my vacation in Manitoba, but was disappointed, and my desired visit to the land of snow was abandoned. I went from here to Davenport, Iowa, where I met Bro. Cook, of No. 33, who insisted upon my spending a day with him at Eldon,

Iowa, where I also met a hearty welcome from quite a number of the boys of No. 33, who all treated me with the kindest consideration. Having heard a great deal about No. 39, I determined to pay them a visit, which I will never have cause to regret, although it shortened my trip; I had such a pleasant time that my vacation was up before I could tear myself away. I must truly acknowledge that I have never met a finer body of men than those that comprise No. 39. I attended one of their meetings, and was surprised with the business like manner in which the minutest detail is carried out; when we consider that No. 39 is in her infancy, I have no hesitancy in saying that at no distant day she will be the leading Lodge in the Order; there is good material in her make-up and plenty of it; all that it requires is time for development. In conclusion, Mr. Editor, I wish to extend my sincere thanks to such Brothers of Nos. 33 and 39 as I had the pleasure of meeting, and earnestly desire to reciprocate their courtesies. Fraternally yours,

WM. CONWAY.

THE HYMENIAL ALTAR.

STRATFORD, ONT., July 27, 1882.

Editor Firemen's Magazine:

At Sarina, on the 19th of July, at the residence of the bride's father, Bro. James Henderson, of Avon Lodge, No. 38, was married to Miss Jane Irwin. Bro. Henderson was assisted by Bro. James McLellan and the bride was assisted by her sister, Miss Lizzie Irwin. The ceremony was performed in the presence of a large number of friends from Stratford, Sarina and other places.

Among the guests we noticed the smiling face of Bro. Robert J. Irwin, better known to the boys as "Burr Bob." Bob is a cousin to the bride and was on hand to see that they were united in genuine Brotherhood style. He was a splendid master of ceremonies and everybody yielded him implicit obedience.

The bride was the recipient of a large number of costly presents.

As Bro. Henderson is a worthy member of Avon Lodge, No. 38, the members unite in extending to himself and lady their hearty congratulations, hoping that they may have a long and pleasant life before them. The happy couple left for Montreal, Portland and other eastern points, by the Grand Trunk Railroad, to spend their honeymoon.

Another of No. 38's members seems to

be traveling in that direction. He has gone away on a leave of absence and Dame Rumor has it that he is arranging the preliminaries. If Jake don't keep exceedingly quiet about it the boys may "catch on."

Yours ever,

ROBIN HOOD.

THE THREE STATES.

TEXARKANA, ARK., July, 1882.

Editor Firemen's Magazine:

Inter-State is getting along finely—both as a Lodge and as individuals, as will be shown by the following number of promotions:

Bros. Fox, Ryan, Vantine and Apperson can now be found on the right side of the cab. The boys all take great pleasure in congratulating them upon their deserved promotion.

After a tedious and lingering illness, Bro. Bartholomew is once more at his post. We are glad to see him up again. He speaks frequently of the kind treatment he received at the hands of W. Ladon and wife during his sickness, and also of the attention paid him by the Brotherhood boys. He will long remember those who befriended him. Yours fraternally,

INTER-STATE.

THE PACIFIC COAST.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

Editor Firemen's Magazine:

As I have some spare time, I thought that perhaps a little contribution from this section of the far West would be acceptable. Our Lodge here is in a flourishing condition, and we are adding new members constantly—among them your humble servant.

Such progress is but natural when you consider that we have such a man at our head as Bro. Charles Elton. He is as fine a man as ever occupied the Master's chair.

Orange Grove Lodge is proud of Bro. Elton, and her members think there is not another like him. His pleasant face has endeared him to all who have the good fortune of his acquaintance. Bro. Joseph Oman has left us—that is to say, he has exchanged single blessedness for matrimonial bliss. With the assistance of his new wife, who was formerly Miss Henderson, he will have proper orders and get out on time. That their life may be a happy one, is the wish of all the boys.

Quite a number of our boys have step-

ped over to the right side of late. Bro. Poindexter, our worthy Financier, is running a switch engine at Wilmington. Bros. Smith and Shepardson are running No. 103 at Yuma, and Bro. Stevens is running the 41 between here and Wilmington.

After reading Bro. Sargent's letter this morning, I reflected long and earnestly upon the good service rendered the wife of our deceased Brother, Nathaniel Haskell, by the members of No. 94. They truly comprehend the meaning of the word "Brotherhood." The difference between firemen of our Order and outside firemen, of which Bro. Sargent speaks in his letter, is very noticeable right here in Los Angeles. The boys who belong to the Brotherhood are sober, steady and industrious, while those who do not are generally of the roving, intemperate and dissatisfied element.

Our Master Mechanic, Mr. Velsir, a thorough mechanic and gentleman, is very evidently of the same opinion, and is well pleased with the good work our Order is accomplishing. Our Lodge has not yet elected a Delegate, but think they shall do so at the next meeting. I wish that some of the readers of this could be with us here for a while in this beautiful city of the South—the home of the orange and lemon, and, in fact, all fruits that can be found anywhere. A beautiful sight, is an orchard of about fifty acres of orange and lemon trees in full blossom—the air at such times is heavily laden with the most delicate perfume. Come and see for yourselves, and you will always find at your service, Yours in B., S. & I.,
"M."

THE MAGAZINE.

PHILADELPHIA, PA., Aug. 8, 1882.

Editor Firemen's Magazine:

Being a constant reader of our Magazine, I am prepared to state that it is undeniably one of the best teachers that any one, particularly a B. of L. F. man, can have access to. Any one desiring to carefully read its columns, will find them abounding in wholesome advice. If it's readers will heed this advice, our organization will have made a grand movement toward perfection. Its qualifications are such as are required to make happy homes; to create sympathy between employer and laborer, and to command for them the love and respect of an intelligent public.

I will now make a few remarks about

what I call the destroyer of all good Lodges. I refer to members who habitually stay away from meetings, and then declare that the Lodge is governed by a clique. Now I would say to any member who is under such an impression that he had better attend meetings where he is entitled to a vote and a voice, where he can be seen and heard, and if he sees any thing in the shape of a clique, let him act like a man by taking steps to arrest it. No. 60 was accused of being run by a clique, but upon investigation, her accusers proved to be those who had to be turned from her doors for failing to comply with her laws. Had the future of United been entrusted in such hands, she would have sunk long ago, but thanks to her efficient managers, she is in a condition to compare with the best in the Order; our success financially is due to a great extent to our Financier, Bro. Jos. Shepherd, who knows no such word as fail; when he strikes the boys for cash, it is going to be a pretty cold day if he doesn't get it. Fraternally yours,

UNITED LODGE No. 60.

NORTHWESTERN GLEANINGS.

MANDAN, DAKOTA, July 11, 1882.

Editor Firemen's Magazine:

If you will kindly grant me space, I shall take pleasure in writing a few words in behalf of No. 41. I would like to correct a mistake that appeared in the June issue in regard to Bro. N. A. Ames; he is not six (6) feet in height, but stands five feet eleven and seven-eighths inches in his stockings by actual measurement. He has the good of the Brotherhood at heart just the same, and always shows up at the right time to assist a Brother who is in need; quite recently a Brother of New Era Lodge presented himself to Bro. Ames, requesting that he help him procure employment, which Bro. Ames accomplished in less than half an hour, and the aforesaid Brother is proving himself in every way worthy.

Our Lodge is in a fine condition, with sixteen members and three applications.

When the Ninth Convention takes place, our delegate will be able to represent twenty genuine B. of L. F. men that the Grand Lodge need not be ashamed of.

We had fifteen charter members, with only ten engines running into this place; we take sixty-one copies of the Magazine, and have acquired the same degree of excellence in every other particular.

Fraternally yours,

You Know.

CARD OF THANKS.

CLINTON, IOWA, July 25, 1882.

Editor Firemen's Magazine :

Allow me, through the columns of the journal, to express my heartfelt thanks to the officers and members of Clinton Lodge, No. 34, B. of L. F., also to those employed in this division of the locomotive department of the C. & N. W. R.R., for their generous donation to me July 3, 1882. I would specially mention Bros. Cowles, Maloney and Pierce, the committee who had the matter in hand—for their earnest efforts in my behalf. Their donation aided me in defraying the expenses incurred during the sickness and burial of my oldest child. I shall ever hold those having assisted me in kindest remembrance, and endeavor to live so as to prove myself worthy of their esteem and substantial token.

Hoping to be able to reciprocate their kindness, I am

Yours in B., S. and I.

J. M. WHEELER.

DEATH AT THE THROTTLE.

MASON CITY, IA., July 8, 1882.

Editor Firemen's Magazine :

On the morning of June 24th, 1882, on the Iowa and Minnesota Division of the C., M. & St. P. R.R., occurred one of those heart-rending and fatal accidents which the railroad world alone can furnish.

Warren F. Musser, a former member of our Order, running engine No. 374, pulled out of Austin at 2 A.M., of the above named date, with the St. Louis express for St. Paul. Being twenty-five minutes late, the train was a mixed one, consisting of six freight cars, baggage car, coach and sleeper. It had been raining, but not enough to excite any suspicion of damages done to the track.

At Blooming Prairie the train going South was met, and the engineer, Mr. Olis, told Bro. Musser to look out for two bad places; one between Blooming Prairie and the place where the accident occurred, and the other near Owatonna. Thus warned, the fated train proceeded on its way, slowing up when approaching a place where there might be any possibility of danger, and finally coming to a stop about a half mile from the place of accident, where Bro. Musser and his fireman, Mr. Thomas Clancy, got off the engine and went forward to examine

what appeared to be a bad place; but finding it to be only a "wash" of sand and mud over the rails, they returned to their engine and proceeded cautiously on their way. They had gone, however, but a short distance and were running about eight miles per hour, when instantly, as though the earth had opened under them, the engine dropped into a chasm about thirty-five feet deep and forty feet wide. As near as can be judged from the fireman's account, when he and the engineer saw the washout, they both sprang from their seats to the deck of the engine. Clancy says he got into the gang-way between the engine and tender, and the next he remembers after that, he was in the water surrounded by cattle from one of the wrecked cars, four of which were piled on top of the engine. The place of the disaster was a fill about thirty-five feet high, with a small stone culvert at the bottom. It was at a point no fears of a washout were ever entertained, and many think that the cause of the damage was the bursting of a water spout in the immediate vicinity. The ties and rails were suspended in nearly their proper position, and the engine, as she lay after she made the fearful plunge, was not six inches out of line of the track. It is thought, from the position in which the engineer was found, and the last move his fireman saw him make, that, true to his trust, he made an effort to do what every engineer's first impulse dictates, when conscious of danger ahead, namely, to reverse his engine. But this last act to save his train and the lives of those placed, as it were, for the time being under his care, probably caused his terrible death.

The body was found crushed between the boiler head and tank in such a manner that death must have taken place instantly. His watch was uninjured, save that the ring with which it was attached to the chain was pulled out. It had stopped at 3:21, probably the exact time the engine made the fatal plunge. The fireman, Mr. Clancy, was badly bruised, but at this writing has considerably improved.

Bro. Musser, had he lived until August 15, would have been thirty-six years of age. He had been in the employ of the C., M. & St. P. R.R. Company as fireman and engineer for the past ten years, having served six years in the latter capacity. He was a man who had commenced at the foot of the ladder, and by his own energy and application had worked himself into the very front rank of his calling. At the time of his death he was an

active and leading member of Austin Division 102, B. of L. E., of which he was First Assistant Engineer. Though not an active member of the B. of L. F. at the time of his death, he was a man upon whose countenance Benevolence, Sobriety and Industry were too plainly written to be mistaken. He had been, and was at the time of its dissolution, a member of old North Star Lodge No. 39, Austin, Minn. He was a true Brotherhood man. The funeral services were conducted in a most creditable manner by the Odd Fellows fraternity, of which the deceased was a member, and attended in a body by members of the B. of L. E. and B. of L. F. The funeral was one of the largest ever seen in Austin, where he resided, showing the esteem in which he was held by all who knew him. After the services, the members of Austin Division 102 B. of L. E., Division 117 B. of L. E., and Cerro Gordo Lodge No. 29, B. of L. F., held a joint meeting and adopted suitable resolutions.

Bro. Musser leaves a wife and one child to mourn his loss, as they alone can. It is a pleasing reflection, at least, to think that they are provided for financially, as the deceased was a member of the B. of L. E. Insurance Association. In these lines I have tried briefly to state the leading facts and incidents of this terrible casualty; unadorned as they are by flowers of speech or flow of eloquence, yet it seems to me they furnish food for reflection, both upon the necessity of living good and upright lives, and of making the best possible preparations for those who are left behind when we shall be called upon to lay down the burden of life. Yours fraternally, A. H. T.

NEWS NOTES FROM ONEONTA.

ONEONTA, N. J., July 5, 1882.

Editor Firemen's Magazine:

The annual election of Officers of the B. of L. F. of Susquehanna Lodge for the ensuing year took place on Sunday, July 22, according to Article 3, of Section 2, of the By-law, with the following members elect: Chas. Houghton, Master; G. W. Smith, V. M.; A. Judd, R. S.; W. Hand, F. S. Past Master Bunker was elected Delegate to the coming Convention; and now, as the newly elected officers take their respective stations, we hope to see the contribution of Bro. Geo. D. Madden, in your last issue, sink deep in the minds of the brothers of this and other Lodges.

The past officers have done every thing in their power to elevate the good cause that they have been engaged in, and to make our meetings interesting; still there has been lack of attendance.

The time of our meetings has been changed, they are now held at 2:30 instead of 7 P. M.; that gives all an opportunity of attending.

Bro. A. G. Davis met with an accident recently which resulted in a fractured ankle; as soon as he became able to work he was placed on a construction train.—Thursday morning July 27, while passing through Oneonta yard and when near the depot, Mr. Hall, a truckman, attempted to cross the track; the engine struck the horse instantly killing it. Mr. H. was thrown from his wagon and portions of the Engine passed over his body, crushing him so badly that he died soon.

Brothers D. V. Rorrick and Orrin Beach have been promoted from firemen to engineers. May success go with them.

A withdrawal card has been granted to Bro. A. H. Randolph, it is to be deposited with Adopted Daughter Lodge No. 3, of Jersey City, N. J. The members of No. 3, will find in Bro. R. a true and valuable member; we regret his departure.

The Magazine is a welcome visitor received here every month, its columns are filled with the best of reading matter. I notice by them that the good work of Bro. S. M. Stevens is rapidly progressing throughout the Western states and would suggest to him that he come East and rally the boys. There must be need of it as there are only four lodges in this state.

Yours fraternally,

G.

OCCASIONAL THOUGHT.

CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA, Aug. 6, 1882.

Editor Firemen's Magazine:

I will take for the heading of my letter "Occasional Thoughts" as it seems to me that only occasionally 27 is heard from. Why, I can not tell you, unless it is because the majority of 27's members are hard run, as the Iowa routes are doing a heavy business and that will account for it, but still I think some of the older members should not forget that the outside world is anxious to know what Hawk-eye is doing, for where ever we go we hear from Hawk-eye and her genial free hearted members. Bro. Madden says it is usually the case with those who do not attend meetings that they have an abun-

dance of time to indulge in bad habits, such as lounging around saloons, etc; therefor duty compels me to call your attention to the evils of intemperance; and were it not for saloons and evil associates, surely, there would not be so many expulsions. Many of our lodges are still disgraced with intemperate members. I hope that the absolute necessity of an Engineer and Fireman being sober men, and the great advantage to be gained in being so, will induce the delegates to this convention to do their utmost to promote strictly temperate habits. It is unnecessary for me to portray the evils of intemperance, as to all classes of people they are so apparent and fearful that every man with even a moderate amount of intelligence will see that it is the curse of mankind; it causes more misery and costs more money than all other evils combined and has no redeeming qualities as a recommendation. My purpose is to try and impress the minds of our members with the great advantages they could gain by being able to say, every member of our brotherhood is a strictly temperate man; it would be one of the highest recommendations to the confidence of rail road officials; it would be a sure guarantee to secure public favor; it would be a virtue no man could condemn; it would prevent and check the disgrace good men feel by being associated with intemperate men; it would confer an honor that many of our members deserve, and finally our organization can not reap the full objects it is working for in any other way. Engineers *must* be temperate men and the public has a right to demand that our society tolerates, as members, only men who are strictly temperate, for from our ranks come the engineers. If our Brotherhood can only control and establish a sure guarantee of sobriety then we will be looked upon as the banner organization of working men. Hoping, Mr. Editor, this will find a place in your columns. I remain

Yours fraternally,

Ex.

NOTES FROM EGYPT.

CENTRALIA, ILLS., Aug. 12, 1882.

Editor Firemen's Magazine:

I was greatly struck by the ideas of one of our correspondents in the August number, who writes under the head of the "Duties of Financiers", and signs himself "O. D. S." He thinks it the duty of a financier to notify each member of his

indebtedness; while this may be true, it does not excuse any individual member for getting behind. If he has given the attention to his copy of the constitution that he ought, he will see that no more than three death claims can be assessed in one month, and this with his monthly dues, is the usual sum of his indebtedness. If any extra assessments are levied he will certainly be notified. Or if he can not calculate how much he owes, he ought to make a deposit with some one to meet his obligations to his lodge as they become due. I am sure there is no brother away from home, but has some one left behind him in whom he has confidence enough to trust a few dollars. In short, brothers, our financiers do to much work for the salary they get. I have held the position and know of what I speak. Let each individual member attend strictly to keeping himself square, and there will not be so much fault found with our officers.

Our Bro. W. G. Welden made a desperate leap a few nights since, and happily, came out with but few bruises and a sprained arm. He was firing engine 175 on our fast express, and when within five miles of home they collided with the rear end of a freight train. No one seriously injured, though Bro. Welden assured me they were running at least forty miles an hour when he saw the reflection of the headlight on the caboose.

Bro. F. M. James will represent No. 37 at the ninth annual convention. We can recommend him as an earnest worker, a strong advocate of the right and a bitter opponent of what he believes to be wrong.

Our lodge is in a flourishing condition, and the outlook for the coming year is bright.

Yours, fraternally,

HENRY CRANE.

RAIL ROAD CENTRE.

ATCHISON, KAS., July 12, 1882.

Editor Firemen's Magazine:

In looking over the pages of our last Magazine, I fail to notice anything from R. E. Centre Lodge No. 31, and I thought perhaps you would like to hear how we are getting along. No. 31 is doing nicely, and she has every reason to feel proud of her officers, who have worked so hard to make her what she is.

We have got a fine Lodge room, and it is very elegantly furnished, and we all feel very proud that we have so nice a

place to meet in to transact business for our noble Order. Much credit is due the wives and sisters of No. 31 for the presents they made us, and for the valuable assistance they rendered in furnishing our new Lodge room.

It makes me feel proud when I look over the pages of the Magazine and see what good work Bro. Stevens is doing over the country for our Order, and it will be only a question of time when every honest fireman will feel it his duty to be one of us, and help to strengthen our praiseworthy cause.

So, let every member put his shoulder to the wheel and help to make our Order what it should be.

Let us consider it our duty to do all we can to promote the interests of the Brotherhood.

Hoping that these few lines will be of some interest to your readers, I remain

Yours faithfully, R. R. CENTRE.

GRAND PICNIC.

TORONTO, CANADA.

Editor Firemen's Magazine.

The picnic held by this Lodge in Lorne Park on July 22, was so successful that I do not care to allow it to pass unnoticed in our Magazine.

The picnic was gotten up for the purpose of getting money to assist us in purchasing a Regalia, and it so far exceeded our most sanguine expectations that we shall not only be able to pay for a splendid Regalia, but have a nice little balance to put in the Lodge funds.

Lorne Park is a lovely place for the purpose; add to this a fine day and a first-class committee, it was a most enjoyable affair and the boys pride themselves on the way in which everything was worked.

We regret exceedingly that Mr. W. Whyte, asst. Supt. G. T. R., and Mr. W. C. Holt, Locomotive Fireman G. T. R., who had kindly consented to act as two of our Judges, were unable to attend, owing to official business, and at the same time wish to extend our sincere thanks to those gentlemen for the assistance they rendered us. Our committee worked well and I wish to notice the following members especially for the way in which they filled their office on that day in spite of the great opposition we had in the city, in the shape of a grand Trades Union demonstration: Bros. McKenzie, Stuart, Reddie, Gilchrist, Wallace, Fawcett and T. Walker.

The diamond ring, a prize to the most popular young lady by vote, was won by Miss Reddy.

Not only in her picnic has Dominion Lodge been successful, but in respect to everything else connected with the Lodge as was shown last Sunday in our Financier's Report. For the quarter ending July 31, there were initiated twenty-three, our total being now 65 members, and several on the Proposition List, our gross receipts have been \$745.10 and our expenditure \$536.50 leaving a balance of \$208.60.

With the sincere hope that this success will not only continue with us, but that every other Lodge in the Order may experience the same "boom," I am

Your's fraternally,

MOGUL.

THE GULF CITY LODGE.

GALVESTON, TEXAS, August 8, 1882.

Editor Firemen's Magazine:

We cheerfully return thanks to Instructor Stevens, through the columns of the Magazine, for his unselfish and gentlemanly conduct on his first trip among us. We are also proud to show the Brotherhood that his mission was to organize a Lodge of the Brotherhood at this place, at present composed of engineers and firemen of the Gulf, Colorado and Santa Fee R.R., but soon to be joined by the boys on the G. H. & H. and G. H. & S. A. railways. Our Lodge will be hereafter known by the suggestive name of "Gulf City," No. 115—Galveston being on an island in the Gulf of Mexico.

Instructor Stevens has gained our highest esteem; he commenced on July 28th at 3 o'clock p. m., with the coolness of an old veteran, and in a few minutes filled our hearts with love for the Brotherhood; we here send greeting to our fellow-workers in our mission of charity and benevolence.

Bro. Stevens left us on the morning of July 29th to visit Fort Worth, Longview, Texarkana and Little Rock, and we wish him a hearty God speed in his noble cause of friendship and love. It has been said in the North that the Brotherhood will not thrive in the South. We contradict that feeling by calling the attention of our Northern Bros. to the fact that there are now five Lodges in Texas, and the watchword of 115 is "onward to success." Though yet young in the ranks, we may say a word about the Convention. We sincerely hope that every Lodge will send

their best man to represent them in the ninth annual Convention; the man that will express his opinion and not be afraid to be heard; the man that has the good of the Order at heart. Instruct your delegate and remind him that our aim is to exalt and not to condemn. We are sorry that we cannot send a delegate to the ninth, but if fortune favors us until the tenth annual Convention we will be represented by a member of our own Lodge.

Mr. Editor, we must apologize for taking up so much of your valuable space. Before closing, we must mention the beautiful remarks of Instructor Stevens, in a conversation we had with him about the growth of the Brotherhood. He said "We are now a mighty benevolent organization from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from Maine to and from the St. Lawrence to the Gulf.

Faternally,

MAC.

MISCELLANEOUS NOTES.

CLEVELAND, Aug. 5, 1882.

Editor Firemen's Magazine:

Being but a new member of the Brotherhood and not an able writer, and to wake up some of our more able writers, I will ask for a small space to contribute a few items to our valuable Magazine. We will soon remove our place of meeting to the B. of L. E. hall, where it will be more convenient for the boys. Bro. C. Parkinson is one of the happiest among us; during his absence from England he was blessed with a bright boy; his family has just arrived here and are in excellent health. Mrs. Parkinson is a handsome lady, and would make a home pleasant for any one. Bro. Fishel is quite ill, but we hope he will soon be with us and able to go on duty again. We are working hard for the good of the Order, and hope to show good proof to that effect in the future.

Respectfully yours,

PICK No. 10.

BORDER BREATHS.

ELLIS, KANSAS, Aug. 6, 1882.

Editor Firemen's Magazine:

As a member of the Order, I hereby submit a short letter for the Magazine. No. 32 is booming and doing a lively business. We have a fine Lodge of about forty members who are devoted to the interests of the Order. At an annual

election of officers we re-elected Bro. Schuyler as Master, Bro. Brittan Financier, Bro. Rippey Secretary, and Bro. Chapman, Magazine Agent. Bro. Chapman is an earnest worker in the cause and gave such satisfaction as Financier that we prevailed upon him to accept the same office for the ensuing year, which he declined on account of want of time, he being foreman at Ellis, where he is highly thought of. We have well attended meetings, any member failing to appear, without a plausible excuse, is fined 25 cents; when a death claim is presented it is paid without a murmur. Our Master enforces prompt payments of all assessments. I hope that every Lodge enforces the laws as strictly as does No. 32.

Yours in B. S. & I.,

GEO. MCG.

A RETURN HOME.

EAST OAKLAND, CAL., July 18, 1882.

Editor Firemen's Magazine:

Bro. W. R. Capell, of Silver State Lodge No. 89, who has been located at Carlin, and running on the Humboldt Division of the C. P. R.R., has returned and resumed his duties, after a month's sojourn at East Oakland, Cal., his home.

Bro. Capell had been absent from the paternal seat for a year and a half. On his return he found the folks at home all well and anxiously awaiting his coming. As he crossed the threshold of the family seat the greeting extended to him was sufficient to convince him of his welcome. After a thorough rest, many pleasant visits to friends and a most enjoyable time at home, Bro. Capell is again on duty. His record thus far is a good one.

A NEAT TOKEN OF ESTEEM.

The members of No. 50 succeeded in giving their Financier, A. S. McAllister, a genuine surprise. A large number of them took possession of his house one night and brought with them a fine writing desk, and a superb gold pen and holder, which was presented to him after an apology for their "intrusion". Bro. McAllister was, of course, completely overwhelmed, though he had presence of mind enough to thank the boys and remark that since they had placed such "weapons" in his hands, they could expect to hear from him regularly, *once a month*.

LITERARY.

TIM FAGAN AMONGST THE INDIANS.

Early in the month of August, 1866, a small band of recruits, tired, hungry and destined for the second cavalry, entered foot sore, Fort Laramie, at that time regimental headquarters. I will not at present speak of our long march on foot from Leavenworth, Kansas, to this garrison, about 900 miles, but will at some future time.

The day that we entered Fort Laramie was very hot, and some of us, while standing under the bright burning rays of the sun, to answer our names at roll call, sank, exhausted, to the ground. The fatigues of the past two months in crossing those wild trackless, unsheltered prairies and parched deserts that often saw us without food or drink for a period of from forty-eight to sixty hours, had at this time told severely against us. At this post we were assigned to our respective companies for duty. I fell to the lot of "E" troop. A few days after, we each received our horse and rifle. This rifle was an old English "Enfield," some of those that were captured during our late war; it was a muzzle-loader, rusty and a most awkward thing to carry on horseback. I can speak better for the horses that came into our possession here, they proved to be of comparatively good stock, and capable of sustaining a great amount of endurance.

Fort Laramie is about 106 miles north of Cheyenne, it rests upon a small elevated table land on the right bank of the Laramie River, and about two miles from the junction of that stream with the North Platte. It is an old and well-known trading post for the Indians, and every old trapper and hunter of the plains has at one time or another made it his headquarters. Here he would come and dispose of his furs, the beaver and mink, replenish his simple stock of provisions and ammunition, and again take to his solitary vocation: his traps in the mountain streams, or his rifle on a buffalo hunt over the plains.

Returning to the quarters one afternoon from a fish in the Laramie, I saw, sitting on the side of my bed, a man of large frame, very dark, with an abundance of

intensely black hair, he seemed greatly interested in a pamphlet which he appeared to be marking with a pencil. This was Jim Beckwith, the famous trapper and guide, chief of the Crowe Nation, now busily engaged in correcting the first published edition of his life. He had lived for a half century west of the Missouri River, and was intimately acquainted with every mile of that section of the Union, and with every tribe of Indians from the confines of Montana to Arizona, and from California to the banks of the "Big Muddy." The wild, impetuous Apaches of the South, knew of his unerring aim, and avoided his path; the warlike Sioux of the North, for good reasons both feared and respected him, they frequently consulted his council and invariably followed it. The Crows elected him their chief, and displayed no shallow wisdom in doing so. All the Indians knew him, and courted his friendship, every tribe and *teepee* had a welcome for him. At the time I met him he was employed by the Government as guide and scout, to accompany scouting parties over different portions of the country. It was on an occasion of this kind that I learned from him his parentage and a great deal of his history.

He was born in Virginia, his mother was an Octoroon, his father was an Irishman, who had settled in that State. Around their marriage was shed the soft silvery light of romance, that Jim told in a very pleasing manner—he was a good story-teller. He spoke very fervently of his father's honor and integrity in being faithful to his mother, notwithstanding the strong prejudices that then existed. The mention of his mother's name brought to his lips a touching, eloquent tribute to her memory: "My beautiful young mother," he would say, "she who gave me this wild impulsive nature, I love her in the grave, and kiss her in the air that surrounds her name. Every act of my life that aims to a good and noble purpose I attribute to the sweet influence and teaching of my mother." When but a lad of fifteen years, he lost his parents, and that spirit of unrest which possessed his soul drove him to the wild, wild west, where he lived for so many years. He loved its fierce unlimited space, its dangers and its adventures.

He was a bold, determined character, without a particle of fear in his composition, but he would yield to a kind word like a child.

Our ride together that day, and the subject of our conversation is as vivid in my memory as if it were but yesterday. He rode a powerful bay horse, his long rifle which he held by the small of the stock, was thrown over his shoulder; he wore a broad-brimmed, heavy slouched hat, light buckskin breeches, which fitted a well shaped but giant like limb, and a pair of neatly beaded moccasins covered his feet, that a young Sioux squaw had made and presented to him the evening previous. In his belt he carried two good Colt's navy pistols. His features were strong and expressive with swarthy complexion. He possessed few, if any, of the vices of the average border ruffian; these showed themselves when under the influence of liquor, which was not often. He displayed a refinement of character and mildness of disposition which, from appearance, and on first acquaintance one would not credit him with. Though a man, at the time of which I write, old enough to be my father, he was very entertaining and told some most interesting stories of his adventures on the frontier. His eye, that was usually dull, would, on the relation of those things, sparkle and flash with enthusiasm. Old Jim was in a talkative mood that day nor did he check it but gave it a loose rein. He told me of the habits and cus-

toms of different tribes of Indians, their peculiarities and characteristics, their religion, their modes of warfare, in short, their history. This information proved of the greatest importance to me afterwards, when I was thrown amongst those people. I always found his statements to be correct, and his advice prudent to follow. Indeed, his popularity with the Indians was mainly due to the study he gave the Indian character. He respected their customs and habits—an Indian will resent ridicule with scorn and hatred. When on a hunt they would slash from the scarcely dead buffalo a strip of its quivering flesh and devour it. Jim, with equal sang froid, would cut with his knife and make his portion as large as any of them. He would never complain of the heat, the cold, of thirst or hunger.

In the fight, Jim Beckwith was in the thickest, and as brave and fearless as the bravest. He was as indifferent to pains, fatigues, or suffering of any kind as the most stoic among them. When in their company, he dressed as they dressed, he hunted as they did, and lived as they lived. He would throw himself in their midst with a recklessness that pleased them, and a confidence that they never betrayed. This was the secret of the power that he exercised over the Indians for so many years, and was the means of saving the lives of many a white man from an untimely and cruel death.

TIM FAGAN.

PERSONAL.

BRO. WARNER, of No. 46, paid No. 27 a visit, while on his way East. Call again.

BRO. LOURY, of No. 27, has severed his connections with the Iowa Route and is now employed on the C. M. & St. P. R. R.

BRO. MOXAM, of No. 66, gave No. 27 a call at their last Meeting, a worthy Brother and glad to meet him.

Charles Paulick is the name of a notorious fraud who swindled his Lodge (No. 40) out of \$20.

THE son of Samuel Lowry, of No. 13, started out under favorable circumstances. When he first made his appearance he tipped the beam at fourteen pounds.

PLATT H. COYNE of No. 6, desires to return thanks to the boys at St. Thomas and Rochester for their kindness to him during his stay among them.

BRO. M. W. CARY and lady have gone on a few weeks visit to Michigan. Bro. Calkins and wife have been journeying for some time at Spirit Lake.

T. E. CREEN, of Progress No. 105, has the spirit indicated by the title of his Lodge. He is one of the most thorough officials in the Order.

E. T. POWERS (California Joe) of No. 92, writes us from Corpus Christi, Texas. He is doing good service for the Order in that locality.

THE members of No. 37 condole sincerely with Bro. F. M. James and wife, who lost their little son a short time ago.

ANYONE could tell, by observing the strut which Jack Jamison has recently assumed, that he is a newly promoted engineer. Jack is a member of No. 109.

No. 74 has another proud, young engineer to add to her list—Bro. Ed. Murray, who is now running an engine in the Santa Fe yards at Kansas City.

OUR correspondent at Carlin notifies us that Bro. Kline has gone to California on a few weeks visit. The inference is that he intends to put an end to his troubles.

THE new Lodge at Cheyenne, Wyoming, fills a long felt want. She is the fourth one organized on Uncle Sams territorial domains this year.

BROTHER CHARLES SCHÉLLING of Gate City Lodge No. 93, is now firing a passenger engine on the Central Pacific, between Ogden and Terrace, Utah.

No. 26 has three more engineers. Brothers J. K. Hawes, Ben. Brewer and F. Cowles are the men. Their co-workers in the cause wish them success.

WE learn that Bro. Archie Clark, of No. 77, is running a yard engine in the South Park yard in Denver, but it is nothing to get high toned about.

BRO. M. Shannon, of No. 59, has gone into the real estate business at Salida, on the Rio Grande; Bro. Mike owns half of the city.

GEORGE LOWELL, a former member of Boston Lodge No. 57, is now a passenger conductor, on the Gulf, Colorado and Santa Fe Line, between Galveston and Fort Worth, Texas.

FOR good time it takes Bro. Rathborne of No. 46, who run from Hannibal to Springfield, the other day in four hours and ten minutes. That shows up for the Brotherhood men.

WILL R. DEAN, of Clark-Kimball Lodge No. 113, whose name has been recently added to the scroll of Financiers is making a good record for himself in that capacity.

INSTRUCTOR S. M. Stevens desires to return many thanks to Black Jack Tweed for his able assistance in exemplifying the secret work on his recent trip to Laramie, Wyoming.

No. 88 is prospering finely. The new regalias furnished by M. C. Davis & Co. of Indianapolis have a good effect in bringing the boys around at meeting time.

A NUMBER of the Banner Lodge boys have been promoted to the right side—prominent among these we notice Bros. James Foster, L. Smith, Joe. Michaels and George Burnley.

N. Z. Wood, the whole-soulded Past Master of Black Hills Lodge No. 86, has been heard from. Although an engineer, he still retains his standing among the boys of the scoop.

THE officers of Advance Lodge No. 101, must pay more attention to the Constitution and By Laws or they may get into difficulty. Our Instructor is apt to get among them when they least look for him.

BROS. Chas. Gallagher and Ed. Jolly of 46, have taken the final step to the other side; Bro. Gallagher has engine 143, on the Jerseyville Run and Bro. Jolly has charge of a switch engine in Springfield yard. No wonder they are so jolly.

THE death of Brothers Richardson, Millspaugh and Higgins removes three substantial land-marks from our Order that will be missed, for they were always actively engaged in advancing the interests of the cause they loved so well.

WHILE on his last Western trip, Instructor Stevens met the genial Bill Nye of the Laramie Boomerang, the leader of all the funny tribe of funny papers. For long-drawn, droll sayings, without tiring and always pleasing, the Boomerang "takes the cake".

It is with pride that we mention No. 52 as being prominent among the Lodges to pay up their death assessments, to a man; there are no after payments made, it all comes in one payment and always within the specified time.

WE HAVE discovered another scam in our ranks. His name is Ed. McLain and he belonged to No. 101 where he was expelled for dishonesty. He left town between two days and his whereabouts is unknown. Let all the B. of L. F. boys be on the alert.

BRO. NEELY, of No. 54, has just made an extended trip through the Rockies, and has also made many friends by his conduct while there. We can promise him a hearty welcome should he go that way again.

BROTHER GREMM, the newly-elected Financier of Lone Star Lodge No. 70, has a splendid record as a member of the Order. His Lodge is to be congratulated upon having such a good man at the money end of her affairs.

BROTHER John O'Malley, the much esteemed Financier of Trinity Lodge No. 83 is doing good work at Fort Worth. Appreciating the value of knowledge, he recently presented the Lodge with a number of valuable books as a nucleus to a future library.

Two notable weddings took place in Jersey City; that of Chas. T. Harriott to Miss N. Whiting was solemnized June 6, 1882 and that of James R. Golden to Miss Lizzie Riley July 2nd. May they have an abundant share of all that is good, is the wish of the B. of L. F.

WHILE at San Antonio, Texas, Brother Stevens was the guest of Col. M. J. Keating of the U. S. Arsenal, who pointed out to him the many points of interest around that historical city. The Alamo, where Davy Crockett fell, while struggling for the freedom of Texas, was one of the interesting places visited.

JOHN JAY of Lone Star Lodge No. 70, traveled 500 miles to assist Brother Stevens in organizing Gulf City Lodge No. 115 at Galveston, Texas. Such men have made our Order what it is. Brother Jay is an engineer on the Gulf, Colorado and Santa Fe Road and his address is Cleborne, Texas.

LET us not fail to make mention of Bro. H. H. Lindenberger, Delegate of No. 45; a gentleman in every respect, he is an Engineer on the Little Rock, Mississippi River and Texas Ry., and universally beloved. No. 45 has made a fine choice in electing him as Delegate.

ON the 4th of July last there was a grand celebration and ba(w)l at the residence of Bro. T. A. Dexter, of No. 3. It was a seven pound daughter, not an adopted one, but a real genuine one. We wish the little lady health, etc.

BROS. Clark and Parkinson, of No. 10, would like to have the worthy Brothers of No. 16 teach Bro. Quackenbush how to fish, as he has been trying all summer and hasn't had a bite. Bro. Chas. Flahrity who is so proficient in the art, will find Bro. Q. an apt pupil.

JNO. McNALLY, a fireman on the D. & R. G. Ry., was drowned a short time since by his engine running into a washed out bridge. Although not a member of the Order, he had an application in No. 59, and, as he had always conducted himself in a very upright and creditable manner, there is little doubt that ere long he would have been an honored member of our Order. The members of both the B. of L. E. and the B. of L. F. sincerely mourn his untimely end.

AN item appeared some time ago, written by one of the members of No. 59 under the title of "Don't give up the ship." It had its good effects, saving two members who contemplated taking withdrawal cards. Let us thank the author of "Don't give up the ship."

THE new Lodge recently organized at Eagle Rock, Idaho, on the Utah and Northern bears the name of S. H. H. Clark, Genl. Manager, and T. L. Kinnball, Assistant Genl. Manager of the U. P. R. R., two gentlemen who have always shown a friendly feeling toward the Brotherhood.

THE members of Golden Gate Lodge No. 91 take pleasure in informing our readers of the promotion of their Treasurer, Bro. John McCreagh who has crossed over to the right hand side. Jack has the best wishes of his many friends; having faithfully fulfilled his duties as a fireman, we feel confident that he will do the same as an Engineer. We wish him a long rail and safe ride.

BRO. H. J. Frick, of Twin City Lodge, writes: "I am under many obligations to Bros. W. Davis, A. Conner and G. W. Bouchard of No. 109, Bro. Roach of No. 33, Bros. Clark and Branson of No. 93 and Bro. Cahow of No. 20, for the many favors shown me by them, during my visit to their respective cities. They did much toward making my trip enjoyable and I feel that I shall never be able to thank them sufficiently."

THE solidity of the Brotherhood can no longer be doubted, when one stops to consider the great number of men who claim membership therein, and who might long ago have advanced a step higher. To-day, our Order boasts of very nearly as many Engineers as Fireman; the proportion can better be estimated by taking just a single lodge—No. 17, for instance. She has a membership of about forty and among that number there are seventeen Engineers, whose names are as follows: E. B. Hall, John Inglis, C. Hewitt, F. Heafli, Geo. W. Deitz, J. W. Price, J. W. Gardner, Tony Kapps, C. A. Bruce, E. Cox, T. A. Galloway, Henry C. Hall, Albert Kenney, Wm. O'Brien, L. M. Thipps, John T. Wall, and Fred. Weiseman. E. B. Hall, whose name heads this list has been running an engine for twenty-seven years. No. 17 does not by any means stand alone as regards the station of her members—she was simply mentioned as an illustration.

THE CONVENTION.

The Ninth Annual Convention of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen will convene in the city of Terre Haute, Indiana, commencing Monday, September 11th.

The opening exercises will take place at the opera house, Monday afternoon, to conclude with a banquet at Dowling hall in the evening.

Delegates and visiting members should aim to be in Terre Haute on Sunday, the 10th, as an informal meeting will be held for their benefit.

The following distinguished gentlemen will address the convention: Hon. D. W. Voorhees, U. S. Senator; Col. R. W. Thompson, ex-Secretary of the Navy; Hon. Thomas H. Nelson, Judge B. W. Hanna, Col. J. B. Maynard, Hon. Albert G. Porter, Governor of Indiana; and Hon. James B. Lyne, Mayor of Terre Haute.

The Ringgold orchestra and McKeen Cadets will act as an escort to the delegates on the opening day.

Circulars of instructions to delegates, in which all matters pertaining to transportation, hotels, etc., will be thoroughly explained, will be issued and forwarded in due time.

We are directed by the Executive Committee to extend a cordial invitation to all members and friends of the Order to be present on the opening day.

UNION PICNIC.

The members of Calhoun Lodge, No. 84, with the Division of the B. of L. E., located at Battle Creek, Mich., recently gave a grand union picnic. The affair was a grand success, as will be seen by the following, clipped from one of the Calhoun papers:

The picnic of the engineers and firemen of the C. & G. T. R. R. at Cognac, yesterday, was a success. It was a big success. Over 100 employees of the road, with their wives and families, were present, and the most pleasant time possible was enjoyed by all. Anyone who has an idea that railroad men are coarse and rough, should have seen this company. A more refined and gentlemanly acting company of working people could not be found. Everything about the affair was carried out "on time" and no "collisions." The finest thing on the programme was a dinner at Surby's, at which Surby outdid himself in loading the table with all the delicacies of the season were heaped upon the table. He seemed bound to give satisfaction if he did not make a cent, and he gave it. After dinner a pleasant ride on the steamer took the party over to the Island, where a delightful afternoon was spent in croquet playing, dancing and other sports. The dancing was kept up till after midnight and was the most orderly affair imaginable. Not a drop of liquor of any kind was seen. A large number of young people came up from the city in the evening to enjoy the dance.

Among the officials of the road present were noticed Superintendent Pettibone, Chief Dispatcher McIntyre, Roadmaster Raynor, and others.

The affair was so successful and pleasantly conducted under its present management that it will probably be repeated at no distant day.

26.

BARABOO, WIS., July 23, 1882.

At a regular meeting of Alpha Lodge No. 26, B. of L. F., the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, It has pleased Almighty God in His infinite wisdom to remove from our midst our highly esteemed Brother, Fred. W. Jacobs, thus reminding us of the uncertainty of life;

WHEREAS, In the death of Bro. Jacobs, No. 26, has lost a true and honored member, and his wife and parents a devoted husband and son, therefore, be it

Resolved, That we extend our deepest sympathy to the friends of our deceased Brother, and especially to the desolate wife whose future hopes were so suddenly blasted by the sad death of her newly made husband;

Resolved, That in honor of our deceased Brother, we drape our charter for the space of thirty days.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be forwarded to the friends and relatives of our deceased Brother, and published in the Firemen's Magazine.

F. HAMMILL,
J. K. HAWES,
C. BODEMER,
Committee.

43.

ST. JOSEPH, MO., June 16, 1882.

At a special meeting of St. Joseph Lodge No. 43, the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, It was the will of Almighty God in His infinite wisdom to remove from his home on earth to that on high, our worthy Brother, W. F. Geiwitz, therefore be it

Resolved, That the members of St. Joseph Lodge No. 43 extend to his afflicted parents, also to the rest of the family, their sincere and heartfelt sympathy in their hour of affliction, and we commend them to Him who alone consoleth and healeth the wounded spirit.

Resolved, That the thanks of this Lodge be tendered to all friends who assisted in the funeral of our late Brother, and also to the Brothers of Lodges Nos. 31, 32 and 89.

Resolved, That our charter be draped in mourning for the space of thirty days, and a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family of our deceased Brother, and to the Firemen's Magazine for publication.

CHAS. M. THOMAS,
JOS. GROLLMUNT,
WM. FARWELL,
Committee.

59.

At a regular meeting of Royal Gorge Lodge No. 59, B. of L. F., held Monday evening, July 24th, 1882, the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, On Sunday morning, July 16th, our beloved and worthy Master, Bro. D. P. Higgins, sank peacefully into the sleep that knows no waking in this world, and as we are thereby painfully reminded that we are but mortal and that sooner or later all men must return to the dust whence they came, be it, therefore,

Resolved, That in the death of Bro. D. P. Higgins, our Master, the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen has lost a valuable friend and a firm supporter of her rights.

Resolved, That we extend to the wife of our late Master our warmest sympathy in this great bereavement that has fallen upon her.

Resolved, That we kindly reciprocate the good will and brotherly love shown to us by our sister Lodge No. 77, during the sickness and funeral of our late Brother.

Resolved, That the thanks of this Lodge are hereby given to Bro. C. W. Tannay, of No. 77, for the very impressive manner in which he rendered our funeral service at our Lodge room, to Bros. Neely, of No. 54, Lillis, of No. 21, and O'Rourke and Fitch, of No. 77, for the many acts of charity and kindness shown during the sickness of Bro. Higgins, and in attending the funeral.

Resolved, That it is with feelings of good will we regard the action of the members of the South Pueblo police force, under command of Officer O'Rourke, for attending the funeral and leading the procession to the Union Depot.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be presented to the wife of our late Brother, a copy sent to No. 77, a copy given to the South Pueblo police force, spread upon the minutes of this Lodge, and sent to the Firemen's Magazine for publication, and that our charter be draped for one month.

E. B. MAYO,
J. CARR,
JOS. H. CASE,
Committee.

103.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., Aug. 3, 1882.

At a special meeting of Falls City Lodge No. 103, B. of L. F., the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, It has pleased our Supreme Ruler to call from our midst one of our most estimable members, J. W. Richardson, of J. W. Richardson Lodge No. 104, who was killed by falling from a bridge on his way to take charge of his engine;

Resolved, That in the death of Bro. Richardson our Order has lost a sincere and faithful member, his wife a dutiful husband, and children a kind and affectionate father, and the community an upright and honorable citizen.

Resolved, That, while we bow in humble submission to Him who knowest all things best, guided by the power of love, we sincerely sympathize with the bereaved wife and relations, and hereby tender them our heartfelt sympathy in this hour of their afflictions, assuring them that he was honored by all who knew him.

Resolved, That as a token of our respect for the memory of the deceased, we drape our charter in mourning for the space of thirty days.

HIRAM PROUT,
JOHN O'HEARN,
JAKE GILL,
Committee.

104.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., July 25, 1882.

At a special meeting of J. W. Richardson Lodge No. 104, B. of L. F., the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, The Almighty has, in His infinite wisdom, seen fit to remove from our midst our highly esteemed Brother, J. W. Richardson, who came to his death by falling from a bridge, July 22d, therefore, be it

Resolved, That we extend our heartfelt sympathy to his grief-stricken family and friends, and that we shall ever remember him as an upright, manly and respected man and a beloved member of our Order.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be forwarded to the bereaved relations of the deceased, and that they be published in the Firemen's Magazine.

C. F. HAHN,
H. E. BICKHAM,
FRED. HONNAKER,
Committee.

106

DUBUQUE, IOWA, July 30, 1882.

At a special meeting of Key City Lodge, B. of L. F., held this day, the following preamble and resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, It has been the will of the Almighty God to take from our midst Bro. Myron F. Hibbard, a true and worthy member of our Organization, who died from the effects of a most distressing accident, therefore be it

Resolved, That we deeply mourn the loss of our departed brother, and consider that his life has been such, as to be a fitting example for us all to follow.

Resolved, That we extend our heartfelt sympathy to the afflicted family, of mother, sister and brothers, and commend them to the protection of Divine Providence.

Resolved, That the thanks of this Fraternity be extended to the officers and members of the B. of L. E., who so kindly gave us every assistance and manifested so much sympathy for the bereaved family.

Resolved, That the charter be draped in mourning for the space of thirty days and that a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family of the deceased and published in the Firemen's Magazine.

WILBUR McDONALD,
EDWARD ADAMS,
J. M. FOSTER,
Committee.

RESOLUTIONS OF RESPECT.

AUSTIN, June 25, 1882.

At a joint special meeting of Austin Division No. 102 and Division 117 B. of L. E., and Cerro Gordo Lodge No. 29 B. of L. F., the following preamble and resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, It has pleased the supreme ruler of the universe to remove from this world by a sudden and violent death, our highly and most worthy Brother, Warren F. Musser, who was instantly crushed to death beneath the wreck of his engine, by running into a washout near Aurora, Minn., on the morning of June 24, 1882.

AND WHEREAS, We recognize in the melancholy death of Bro. Musser a giant supporter of our principles, a warm friend, his family a loving and affectionate father and husband, and the C. M. & St. P. R.R. a trustworthy and competent engineer, therefore be it

Resolved, That while we deeply mourn our loss of him as such, we are consoled by the thought that our loss will be his gain, that his example shall be ours to perpetuate and his reward will be the reward of the just and good.

Resolved, That we render to the members of his bereaved family, and especially his wife, our sincere and heartfelt sympathy, knowing that no words of ours can in any measure fill the place of desolation in her heart, and yet hoping that the pangs of grief and sorrow which now are hers may gradually subside into a peaceful and loving memory ever to be cherished and revered.

Resolved, That as a mark and token of brotherly love for him as a member and officer and engineer, our charter and the F. A. E.'s desk be draped in mourning for the space of thirty days, and that these resolutions be entered on the records of the Division, a copy transmitted to the family of our deceased Brother, and the same be published in our Monthly Journal and the Fireman's Magazine and the Austin and Mason City papers.

Resolved, That to the Odd Fellows' fraternity our gratitude is due for their generous treatment of us during the funeral services, and our thanks are also due to the ladies for their presents of flowers and decorations of mourning, and to G. W. Sanborn, Supt. of I. & D., who kindly furnished a special train to the engineers and firemen and their friends and friends of our departed Brother from Mason City to Austin and return, and to A. E. Manchester, foreman at Mason City, for his kindness in arranging for the Brothers to attend the funeral, and to Brother James Thompson, engineer, Bro. Wm. Hays, fireman, and C. E. Brainard, conductor, in their kindness in running the engine and train without compensation, and to J. S. Anderson, Frank Clay and others who kindly assisted in the last sad rites to our departed Brother.

COMMITTEES.

B. N. LEWIS,
G. W. BURDICK,
H. M. BAER,
Division 102.
WM. ANDERSON,
J. F. HUGHES,
CON. BENTS,
Div. 117, B. of L. E.
A. H. TUCKER,
JOHN DUNN,
FRANK MCKEY,
Cerro Gordo Lodge 29, B. of L. F.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

W. L. James, of No. 61, is requested to correspond with J. H. Sawyer, box 275, St. Paul, Minn.

James Welch, of No. 89, is hereby requested to correspond with Ole Thompson, Carlin, Nev., box 42, as there are matters of importance to be communicated to him.

Bros. Woods and Cross, of San Diego Lodge, No. 90, are requested to correspond with their Lodge.

Bro. Geo. Ford, of No. 92, is hereby requested to correspond with his Lodge immediately.

Bros. Lewis Smith and E. Kalkbrenner, of No. 37, will find it to their advantage to correspond with their Lodge at once.

P. MULLANEY, Harry Young, J. L. Murphy and B. L. Jamison are hereby requested to correspond with the Financier of No. 56, Address—J. T. Michael Box 117 Stansberry, Mo.

BENEFICIARY STATEMENT.

OFFICE OF THE GRAND SECRETARY AND
TREASURER, B. OF L. F.

Terre Haute, Ind., August 1st, 1882.

To Subordinate Lodges:

SIRS AND BROTHERS: The following is a statement of the Beneficiary Fund for the month ending July 31st, 1882:

RECEIPTS.

No.	Back Asses'ts	Ass't 5 & 6.	Ass't 7 & 8.	Total.	No.	Back Asses'ts	Ass't 5 & 6.	Ass't 7 & 8.	Total.
1	..	\$28 00	..	\$28 00	57	28 50	\$80 00	..	108 50
2	..	23 00	..	23 00	58
3	..	79 00	..	79 00	59	..	57 00	..	57 00
4	..	28 00	..	28 00	60	1 00	57 00	..	58 00
5	61	19 00	61 00	..	80 00
6	..	7 00	..	7 00	62	3 00	21 00	..	24 00
7	..	21 00	..	21 00	63	..	38 00	..	38 00
8	..	18 00	..	18 00	64	2 00	22 00	..	24 00
9	\$2 00	16 00	..	18 00	65	3 00	25 00	..	28 00
10	1 00	23 00	..	24 00	66	..	34 00	..	34 00
11	..	36 00	\$41 00	77 00	67	..	48 00	..	48 00
12	7 00	84 00	..	91 00	68
13	..	48 00	..	48 00	69	..	30 00	..	30 00
14	1 00	46 00	..	47 00	70	62 00	20 00	..	82 00
15	1 00	29 00	..	30 00	71	1 00	44 00	..	45 00
16	..	82 50	..	82 50	72	..	1 00	\$75 00	76 00
17	1 00	40 00	..	41 00	73	7 00	40 00	..	47 00
18	35 00	35 00	74	..	3 00	19 50	22 50
19	..	1 00	27 00	28 00	75	5 00	92 00	..	97 00
20	2 00	30 00	..	32 00	76	3 00	16 00	..	19 00
21	3 00	51 00	..	54 00	77	4 00	60 00	1 00	65 00
22	1 00	40 00	..	41 00	78	..	31 00	..	31 00
23	..	21 00	..	21 00	79	..	28 00	..	28 00
24	33 00	33 00	80
25	..	31 00	..	31 00	81	1 00	24 00	..	25 00
26	41 00	41 00	82	3 00	53 00	..	56 00
27	..	51 00	..	51 00	83	..	22 00	..	22 00
28	9 00	38 00	..	47 00	84	..	24 00	..	24 00
29	35 00	35 00	85
30	9 00	25 00	..	34 00	86	2 00	1 00	58 00	61 00
31	5 00	55 00	..	60 00	87	3 00	18 00	..	21 00
32	..	34 00	..	34 00	88
33	..	49 00	..	49 00	89	45 00	45 00
34	3 00	26 00	..	29 00	90
35	..	23 00	..	23 00	91	..	32 00	..	32 00
36	1 00	54 00	..	55 00	92	1 00	11 00	..	12 00
37	..	54 00	..	54 00	93	27 00	27 00
38	..	51 00	..	51 00	94	41 00	41 00
39	..	33 00	36 00	69 00	95
40	1 00	56 00	..	57 00	96	18 00	18 00
41	..	14 00	..	14 00	97	35 00	35 00
42	..	19 00	..	19 00	98	..	26 00	..	26 00
43	51 00	51 00	99	..	45 00	..	45 00
44	1 00	3 00	..	4 00	100	15 00	15 00	..	30 00
45	11 00	49 00	..	60 00	101	..	37 00	..	37 00
46	4 00	25 00	..	29 00	102
47	1 00	58 00	..	59 00	103	19 00	19 00
48	..	28 00	..	28 00	104	..	21 00	..	21 00
49	4 00	25 00	..	29 00	105	..	23 00	..	23 00
50	..	51 00	..	51 00	106	..	18 00	..	18 00
51	107
52	50	38 00	..	38 50	108
53	20 00	20 00	109
54	4 00	53 00	..	57 00	110
55	..	27 00	..	27 00	111
56	4 00	24 00	25 00	53 00	112

Balance on hand July 1st \$1,522 00

Received during month 3,846 00

Total \$5,368 00

DISBURSEMENTS.

By Claims 7, 8, 9 and 10 \$4,000 00

Balance on hand Aug. 1st \$1,368 00

Respectfully Submitted,
EUGENE V. DEBS, G. S. & T.

DEATHS AND DISABILITIES.

FRED. W. JACOBS.

Bro. Jacobs, of Alpha Lodge, No. 26, Baraboo, Wis., died of Piricarditis, July 12. His insurance is payable to his wife, Louise L. Jacobs.

D. P. HIGGINS.

Bro. Higgins, of Royal George Lodge No. 59, died of Typhoid Fever, July 16. His policy is payable to Mrs. Maggie Higgins, his wife.

J. W. RICHARDSON.

Bro. Richardson, of J. W. Richardson Lodge, No. 104, was killed July 22, by falling from a bridge at Newport, Ky. His policy is payable to Mrs. Lizzie Richardson, his wife, whose residence is Louisville, Ky.

ADMISSIONS BY CARD.

Lodge.	Name.	From No.
54	R. Donovan	48
68	W. F. Winters	65
92	R. J. McCool	33

WITHDRAWALS.

Lodge.	Names.	Remarks.
8	E. J. Bouchard	Final.
8	Chas. Tait	To join No. 83.
9	George Barbee	Final.
10	C. W. Sims	To join No. 78.
14	Chas. A. Cost	To join No. 56.
20	John Trevillyn	Final.
21	W. D. Lee	Final.
24	W. W. Warner	Final.
28	J. W. Stuart	Final.
28	S. H. Stuart	To join elsewhere
28	F. W. Dudley	To join No. 114.
28	J. V. Ellis	To join No. 114.
30	M. J. Cronin	To join No. 28.
30	J. M. Dubois	Final.
32	W. H. Hamilton	Final.
34	W. M. Cowles	Final.
34	Andrew Sloan	Final.
47	M. Connors	Final.
47	W. Kellaid	Final.
54	Ed. Connors	To join No. 109.
61	M. C. Fitzgerald	To join elsewhere
65	Ed. Burke	To join No. 76.
65	W. F. Winters	To join No. 83.
65	Robert Mann	To join No. 59.
74	O. Ball	To join No. 114.
86	C. Madison	To join No. 114.
86	J. Dunn	To join No. 114.
86	R. Wind	To join No. 114.
86	G. Dillenger	To join No. 114.
86	A. Henan	To join No. 114.
86	P. Durham	To join No. 114.
86	Thos. Boock	To join No. 114.
89	D. E. Basford	Final.

REINSTATEMENTS.

No. 16—Warren Thomas.
No. 43—C. Fitzpatrick.
No. 54—A. G. Skagerstrom.
No. 61—Chas. Cullen, John Findlin, Ed. Giles, M. J. Kealing, and E. Quinlan,
No. 74—Ed. Malloy.

EXPULSIONS.

Lodge.	Names.	Cause.
2	Geo. Gallup	Non-payment of dues.
3	James Quinn	Non-payment of dues.
15	James Currie	Non-payment of dues.
17	H. McCurdy	Non-payment of dues.
17	D. Webber	Non-payment of dues.
17	F. B. Wheeler	Non-payment of dues.
17	Sam. G. Rush	Non-payment of dues.
17	Chris. Keefe	Non-payment of dues.
32	A. Finley	Non-payment of dues.
37	Oscar Lillard	Non-payment of dues.
40	James Evans	Non-payment of dues.
40	Peter Rafferty	Non-payment of dues.
40	Wm. Carey	Non-payment of dues.
40	Charles Paulick	Defrauding the Lodge.
43	Harry Walbridge	Non-payment of dues.
44	J. B. Machin	Non-payment of dues.
46	G. D. Partington	Non-payment of dues.
49	James Richards	Drunkenness.
49	Louis Decker	Drunkenness.
52	John W. Stevens	Non-payment of dues.
52	George Mannes	Non-payment of dues.
52	Charles D. Cool	Defrauding members.
57	John Angell	Non-payment of dues.
57	E. B. Farnsworth	Non-payment of dues.
57	Isaac Walton	Non-payment of dues.
61	M. Mulcare	Non-payment of dues.
61	F. Gillen	Non-payment of dues.
68	Wm. Richardson	Non-payment of dues.
70	David Byrnes	Non-payment of dues.
71	Wm. A. Cook	Non-payment of dues.
71	Charles L. Frank	Non-payment of dues.
86	James Nelson	Dishonesty.
90	H. Mackinnan	Non-attendance.
101	Ed. McClain	Dishonesty.
101	E. T. Hogan	Drunkenness.

Grand and Subordinate Lodges.

GRAND LODGE.

F. W. Arnold, Room 2, Pioneer Block, Columbus, O. Grand Master
W. E. Burns, 1250 Indiana Ave., Chicago, Ills. Vice Grand Master
E. V. Debs, Terre Haute, Ind., Grand Secretary and Treasurer
S. M. Stevens, Terre Haute, Ind., Grand Organizer and Instructor

GRAND EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

J. A. Leach, Chairman Atchison, Kan
J. H. Walsh, Secretary Chicago, Ill
E. Upton Montreal, Can
E. A. Mace Philadelphia, Pa
J. H. Brewer Lafayette, Ind

GRAND TRUSTEES.

W. Maroney, Chairman Chicago, Ill
W. F. Hynes Denver, Col
D. Ross Stratford, Ont

DISTRICT SECRETARIES.

A. H. Tucker, Box 167 Mason City, Iowa
H. G. Cormick, Box 151 Centralia, Ill
L. C. Hill, Box 113 Parsons, Kan
J. M. Dodge, Box 317 San Diego, Cal
W. H. Davies, Box 374 Atchison, Kan
M. W. Jamison, Box 626 Logansport, Ind
C. J. McGee, Box 772 Danville, Ill
J. D. Weaver, 2210 16th Ave. S, Minneapolis, Minn
D. E. Barry, 510 Seneca St. Buffalo, N. Y
W. J. Wheeler, 909 N. 42d St. W. Philadelphia.
G. A. Hewitt, B. & A. Eng. H'se, Boston, Mass
E. Upton, 182 Congregation St. Pt. St. Charles. Montreal, Can

SUBORDINATE LODGES.

1. **DEER PARK**; Port Jervis N. Y.
C. E. Barkman, Box 21 Master
F. L. Smith, Box 361 Secretary
A. J. Shiner, Financier
C. E. Barkman, Box 21 Mag. Agent
2. **HAND IN HAND**; Providence R. I.
A. H. Stevens, 60 Jewett St. Master
H. S. Lawton, 58 Francis St. Secretary
T. B. Wardwell, 28 Common St, Financier
W. Lowry, 60 Jewett St. Mag. Agent
3. **ADOPTED DAUGHTER**; Jersey City, N. J.
E. W. Davis, 172 Pavonia Ave. Master
E. Ely, 205 Pavonia Ave. Secretary
B. D. Maxwell, 314, E. 23rd St.
New York City, N. Y. Financier
E. W. Davis, 172 Pavonia Ave, Mag. Agent
4. **GREAT EASTERN**; Portland, Maine.
A. E. Dennison, 17 Fore St. Master
G. E. Sheridan, 45 Fore St. Secretary
F. O. Mitchell, 23 Merrill St. Financier
A. E. Dennison, 17 Fore St. Mag. Agent
5. **CHARITY**; St. Thomas, Ontario.
D. Cottrell Master
T. R. Baldwin, Drawer 854 Secretary
M. J. Andrews Financier
G. Johnson Mag. Agent
6. **PRIDE OF THE WEST**; Desoto, Mo.
G. E. Woodruff Box 181 Master
C. J. Burke Secretary
G. E. Woodruff, Box 181 Financier
P. H. Covne, Box 103 Mag. Agent
7. **POTOMAC**; Washington, D. C.
A. N. Spamer, 44 Eager St. Master
M. Hurley, 1008 6th St., S. W. Secretary
J. C. Graham, 319 D St., S. W. Financier
R. M. Smith, 130 Carnall St,
S. E. Mag. Agent
8. **RED RIVER**; Denison, Tex.
E. Flint Master
T. Matter Secretary
W. A. Waddington Financier
J. K. Arthur Mag. Agent
9. **FRANKLIN**; Columbus, Ohio.
D. Roach, Piqua Shops Master
W. K. Redmond, City Water
Works. Secretary
T. C. Biddle, Piqua Shops Financier
W. K. Redmond, City Water
Works. Mag. Agent
10. **FOREST CITY**; Cleveland, Ohio.
H. Holler, 17 Waring St. Master
S. C. Myers, 97 Lawrence St. Secretary
T. H. Sheppard, 154 Pelton, Ave, Financier
W. P. Sheets, 30 Lake St., Alle-
ghany, Pa Mag. Agent
11. **EXCELSIOR**; Phillipsburg, N. J.
O. Kidney Master
W. W. Hosford Secretary
J. W. Sinclair Financier
H. Lott Mag. Agent
12. **BUFFALO**; Buffalo, N. Y.
R. B. Williams, 320 N. Division St. Master
J. F. Hayes, 314 Seneca St. Secretary
C. W. Piper, 244 N. Division St, Financier
C. W. Piper, 244 N. Division St Mag. Agent
13. **WASHINGTON**; Jersey City, N. J.
T. E. Kelton, 204 Pacific Ave. Master
P. D. Mead, 217 Communipaw
Ave. Secretary
C. A. Wilson, 135 Pacific Ave. Financier
G. W. Lewis, 259 Communipaw
Ave. Mag. Agent
14. **EUREKA**; Indianapolis, Ind.
J. A. Northaway, 306 E. North St. Master
W. Hugo, 79 N. Noble St. Secretary
J. A. Tweedie, 253 E. Washing-
ton St. Financier
L. Willaume, Brightw'd, Ind, Mag. Agent
15. **ST. LAWRENCE**; Montreal, Can.
J. McTeer, 194 Congregation St. Master
H. Taylor, 181 Magdelane St. Secretary
J. Ryan, Box 54 Financier
P. Champagne, 183 Burgeois St, Mag. Agent
16. **VIGO**; Terre Haute, Ind.
O. E. Fox, 1328 Sycamore St. Master
E. V. Debs Secretary
J. Smith, 205 N. Eleventh St. Financier
A. J. Mullen Mag. Agent
17. **OLD POST**; Vincennes, Ind.
C. A. Bruce Master
B. Robinson Secretary
C. A. Cripps Financier
H. M. Hogan Mag. Agent
18. **WEST END**; Slater, Mo.
T. Crawford Master
A. D. Williams, Box 24 Secretary
J. W. Smart, Financier
P. Gibney, Mag. Agent
19. **TRUCKEE**; Wadsworth, Nevada.
G. Abbey, Box 8 Master
F. Murray, Box 8 Secretary
J. F. George, Box 8 Financier
E. Shepley, Box 8 Mag. Agent
20. **STUART**; Stuart, Iowa.
J. W. Shields, Box 470 Master
J. K. Myers, Box 470 Secretary
C. K. Rost, Box 470 Financier
C. Traver, Box 470 Mag. Agent
21. **INDUSTRIAL**; South St. Louis, Mo.
W. J. Edy Master
F. C. Obenhouse Secretary
K. C. Donehew, 7306 Main St, Financier
F. Fuller Mag. Agent
22. **CENTRAL**; Urbana, Ill.
A. E. Bennett, Box 68 Master
W. Rundel, Box 345 Secretary
J. M. Garrett, Box 78 Financier
C. B. Foote Mag. Agent
23. **PHOENIX**; Brookfield, Mo.
W. F. Ritter, Master
E. W. O'Neil Box 334, Hannibal,
Mo Secretary
John Conlin, Brookfield, Mo Financier
E. W. O'Neil, Box 334, Hannibal,
Mo Mag. Agent
24. **GREAT WESTERN**; Parsons, Kan.
L. C. Hill, Box 63 Master
F. F. Wiggins, Box 113 Secretary
J. Tierney, Box 701 Financier
J. Emerv Mag. Agent
25. **CONNECTING LINK**; Boone, Ia.
R. S. Pike Master
M. Crane, L. Box 775 Secretary
M. Crane, L. Box 775 Financier
C. A. Wheeler, L. Box 584 Mag. Agent
26. **ALPHA**; Baraboo, Wis.
E. Thompson Master
J. D. Coughlin Secretary
J. K. Hawes, Box 841 Financier
G. M. Dopp Mag. Agent
27. **HAWKEYE**; Cedar Rapids, Ia.
M. W. Cary, L. Box 504 Master
L. C. Chase, L. Box 358 Secretary
C. W. Phelps, Box 1010 Financier
E. Meacham Mag. Agent
28. **ELKHORN**; North Platte, Neb.
M. B. Tarkington Master
H. J. Clark, Box 177 Secretary
P. H. Sullivan, Box 921 Financier
J. N. Bonner Mag. Agent

29. **CERRO GORDO**; Mason City, Iowa.
A. H. Tucker, Box 167 Master
F. M. Kay Secretary
G. D. Taylor, Box 167 Financier
J. J. Nihill, Box 167 Mag. Agent
30. **CEDAR VALLEY**; Waterloo, Ia.
C. O. Grassley Master
A. H. Girard, Box 795 Secretary
A. E. Girard, Box 795 Financier
J. Graves Mag. Agent
31. **E. R. CENTRE**; Atchison, Kan.
S. Walters, Box 157 Master
W. H. Davies, Box 374 Secretary
A. B. Schaap, Box 157 Financier
H. H. True, Box 401 Mag. Agent
32. **BORDER**; Ellis, Kan.
F. J. Schuyler, Box 138 Master
E. G. Pearson, Box 234 Secretary
A. H. Chapman, Box 302 Financier
J. McKenna, Box 77 Mag. Agent
33. **SUCCESS**; Trenton, Mo.
G. Atherton Master
W. Marsden Secretary
S. Hart, Box 87 Financier
J. E. Dippel, Box 316 Mag. Agent
34. **CLINTON**; Clinton, Ia.
H. W. Stephens, Box 189 Master
J. W. Adams, Box 945 Secretary
J. W. Adams, Box 945 Financier
G. B. Sipp Mag. Agent
35. **AMBOY**; Amboy, Ills.
W. H. Dean, Box 120 Master
G. W. Bainter Secretary
C. R. Rosier, Box 420 Financier
H. Williams, Box 416 Mag. Agent
36. **TIPPECANOE**; Lafayette, Ind.
J. H. Brewer, 161 Union St Master
P. Leindecker, 144 S. 3rd St Secretary
W. S. Beemer, 9 N. 3rd St Financier
W. A. McMillan, 199 Union St., Mag. Agent
37. **NEW HOPE**; Centralia, Ills.
H. G. Cormick, Box 151 Master
F. P. Morse, Box 291 Secretary
D. J. Fields, Box 291 Financier
H. G. Cormick, Box 151 Mag. Agent
38. **AVON**; Stratford, Ontario.
J. Drummond, Box 318 Master
G. Nursey, Box 318 Secretary
F. Mingay, Box 103 Financier
D. Turner, Box 318 Mag. Agent
39. **TWIN CITY**; Rock Island, Ills.
H. F. Carroll, L. Box 257 Master
W. F. Jones Secretary
J. W. Cavanaugh Financier
S. Nichols Mag. Agent
40. **BLOOMING**; Bloomington, Ills.
E. Browning, 720 W. Chestnut St. Master
C. Monahan, Jefferson House Secretary
C. Sheehan, 603 N. Allen St. Financier
Wm. Regan Mag. Agent
41. **ONWARD**; Mandan, Dakota.
N. A. Ames, Box 275 Master
A. W. Sprague, Box 84 Secretary
J. F. Reilly Financier
E. W. Haskins, Box 195 Mag. Agent
42. **ELMO**; Madison, Wis.
P. H. Kiley, Box 1198 Master
W. D. Scampton, Box 1725 Secretary
M. O'Loughlin, Box 1198 Financier
J. V. Wilson Mag. Agent
43. **ST. JOSEPH**; St. Joseph, Mo.
L. Mooney, 2334 S. 12th St. Master
W. E. Sullivan, 2210 S. 6th St. Secretary
R. Morris, Cor 9th and Monterey Sts. Financier
W. E. Sullivan, 2210 S 6th St. Mag. Agent
44. **F. W. ARNOLD**; East St. Louis, Ills.
T. Halpin, Box 171 Master
W. McGarrahan, Box 171 Secretary
T. J. Hayes, Box 288 Financier
T. J. Hayes, Box 288 Mag. Agent
45. **ROSE CITY**; Little Rock, Ark.
H. H. Lindenberger, 911 North St. Master
J. H. Adams, L. Box 428 Secretary
H. H. Burrus, 1223 W. 4th St. Financier
H. M. Williams, 820 West Markan St., Mag. Agent
46. **CAPITAL**; Springfield, Ills.
J. Summerhill, 1112 E. Monroe St. Master
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FROM THE OHIO TO THE SEA.

THE BATTLE OF STONE RIVER—THE FIRST
DAY'S FIGHT ON THE RIGHT—A FIELD
ON WHICH NO MAN FEARED TO DIE
—A WAVE WHICH ROLLED AN
ARMY BEFORE IT.

M. Quad in Detroit Free Press.

"There will be a great battle to-morrow!"

Those words were uttered by Rosecrans on the night of December 30, 1862. After weeks of waiting and preparation he had marched out of Nashville to give battle to Bragg. For three days he had pushed him back on this road and that, and now knew that Bragg was massed at Stone River. There had been sharp fighting here and there as divisions swung into position, but it was only the warning note of what was to come. It was cold, rainy and cheerless, and on that bleak night 50,000 men lay down in the muddy fields or under the wet trees to sleep if they could—to wonder over the morrow if they could not sleep.

These were the words spoken by Gen. Bragg at the same hour on that same evening. He had fallen back to draw Rosecrans clear of the fortifications of Nashville, and he now had him where he felt certain that he could crush him. Wet, hungry and knowing that the morrow would be painted red with blood, 50,000 Confederates bivouacked in battle line and thousands slept their last night's sleep.

McCook was to hold the right, not advancing, but repulsing any attack and holding his ground to the last; Crittenden was to swing the left wing around and crush Bragg's right and hurl it beyond Murfreesboro, while Thomas held the center.

Hardee had the left of Bragg's army, and was thus opposite McCook; Polk came next, and Breckenridge had the right. It cannot be said that there was any choice of position. In some spots the Federals had it—in others the Confederates. It was a battle-ground of field,

hill and forest—the fields soft with the rain—the forests of cedar and oak. Divisions advanced, retreated and maneuvered over ground where a horseman can hardly make his way. The cedars hid whole lines of battle, and batteries were concealed among the oaks. In numbers the two armies were about equal, and the battle opened with a determination on either side to win. Rosecrans knew what the North expected of him; Bragg had assured the South that it should celebrate a victory.

No war of modern days can point to a battle in which there were so many death-grapples between regiments and brigades, nor in which so many men and officers were specially named for gallant conduct. It was a battle so full of incidents that one must divide the army and write of the corps in detail. Let us follow McCook in this and write of the others again.

It was not quite half-past 6 o'clock, and the morning was raw and chilly. It was the last day of the old year, and it was to pass away with its gray hairs spattered with blood. Johnson's division was on McCook's right—Willich's brigade on Johnson's right. Then came Kirk, then Baldwin, then Edgerton's battery. The knoll on which this battery was planted was then covered with shrubs; it is now a corn-field. In front of the battery was an old pasture; it is now a field of oats. The night had been without alarm. The Federal pickets were stationed within 500 yards of the Confederates, and they heard nothing to cause alarm. At day-break there was no move. At 6 o'clock camp-fires were kindled and preparations made for breakfast. Kirk's brigade lay along the pike leading to Franklin, with cultivated fields at its back. While busy with its preparations for breakfast, and before a single skirmisher had fired his musket, Gen. Kirk himself saw the Confederates advancing across the open fields. They were moving in lines four deep, arms at right shoulder shift, and with a tramp as steady as if on parade. There were 10,000 men in this advance, and they came on so quietly and steadily that the Federal

skirmishers stood and stared at them in amazement. Not a shot was fired—not a shout uttered—not a man broke step.

"It was the finest sight I ever saw on a battle-field," said Kirk, "and for a moment I was dumbfounded. Then I ordered the Thirty-fourth Illinois down as support for the skirmishers and got ready to hold my position." There were half a dozen fences dividing the fields, but they were leveled without a halt being made. On—on—and the lines of gray were hardly pistol-shot away when the skirmishers opened fire. It was like throwing chips at a rolling wave. Then the Thirty-fourth opened a hot fire, but the smoke had not risen over the heads of the men before that mighty wave rolled over them and flung them before it or swallowed them up. Then Kirk's whole brigade came into action, pouring in such volleys as should have checked a division. A tremor ran along the gray lines, and the advance halted just long enough to fire in return. Then the wave surged forward, and Kirk was hurled out of its path as if his men were bundles of straw. It had not been ten minutes since the Confederate advance was first discovered. Rosecrans had planned to swing his left. Bragg had planned the same. Both armies were slowly swinging around as if the center rested on a pivot. Kirk had under him the Thirty-fourth and Seventy-ninth Illinois, Twenty-ninth and Thirtieth Indiana, Seventy-seventh Pennsylvania, and the battery before mentioned. The brigade was flanked on both sides before it had fired a third volley, and retreat at a run was the only expedient left. The battery had scarcely opened fire when the Confederates rushed upon it and in a moment had captured all the guns and killed fifteen of the men.

Willich's brigade was composed of the Fifteenth and Forty-ninth Ohio, Thirty-second and Thirty-ninth Indiana, Eighty-ninth Illinois and Battery "A" of the First Ohio. The position was stronger than Kirk's, but was no better held. The Confederate advance passed its flank, and a terrific fire was poured into its front, and in a few minutes it was hurled aside and part of the battery captured. Then Johnson had lost nearly a mile of his front, and there was every prospect of a panic. Willich had been captured, hundreds of officers killed or scattered, and as the two beaten brigades fell back the stragglers rushed towards the rear to spread the news. Then it was that Johnson exhibited his mettle. He advanced the First Ohio, Sixth Indiana, Thirtieth

Indiana and a Kentucky regiment, and shouted orders for them to hug the ground and fire low. For ten minutes there was a grapple that made the woods scream with terror. A Confederate officer who was in the advance against Johnson was relating some of the particulars to me. Said he:

"Although we walked over Kirk and Willich we lost heavily, and when Johnson threw forward his last troops the fire was the hottest I ever saw. We still had four lines of battle, and heavy supports were behind us, but for some time we had all we could do to hold our own. A perfect wall of fire rose from the ground all along our front, and the air was so full of bullets that we seemed to breathe them. I had thirteen men killed almost as fast as I could count, and at one time our lines had to fall back."

Held in check by that awful fire until thoroughly desperate, the Confederate wave fell back a little to close up, and then with cheers and shouts it rolled forward with a momentum that crashed over everything. There is a shock, a clash of bayonets, and Johnson's lines are broken and sent whirling. The two batteries with them have had their horses shot down and cannot be removed, and the gunners continue to fire until the enemy are among them with the bayonet. The cowards and stragglers now fill the woods and fields, racing to the rear to shout the direful news that McCook's right has been turned, but the brave men retreat only to take new positions, and check the Confederate advance as long as they can. Regiments mingle, company organizations are lost, but the fight goes on. The Seventy-seventh Pennsylvania suddenly slows up, fixes bayonets, and with cheers of defiance sweep across a field and recaptures four guns which had been playing on them. There are no horses to draw them off, and after holding them five minutes and spiking two of the pieces the regiment falls back leaving a dead man to mark every yard of its path.

Every regiment and battery in Johnson's division is now in retreat, but they turn and fight at every step. A hundred men drop down behind a rail fence and hold their position under command of a colonel or sergeant, as the case may be, until the lines of gray are only three yards away. Every oak tree hides a man determined to revenge defeat, and the cedars with their low-hanging branches give out volleys of flame and smoke and death.

Just in front of the troops commanded

by the Confederate Gen. Rains, Col. Dodge is fighting a part of Kirk's brigade. A portion of the Thirty-ninth Indiana are holding a short ridge covered with oaks and cedars, every man flat on the earth and every musket barrel red-hot. Dodge rides in behind and cheers them, and the volleys are sent so fast that they merge into a continuous roar. The Confederates in front of this spot are checked. Rains dashes up and urges them to advance, crying out:

"Forward with the bayonet and drive them out! They can't stand the cold steel!"

He had scarcely ceased speaking when he was struck down, but the lines were already advancing. They cross the open space with a rush and a cheer, and some of the Indians are captured before they can get out of the cedars. It is fall back in a mob and rally on a new line. The Federals are beaten and driven and routed and decimated, but they turn and fight at every rod. From the first it has been a fight at half-pistol shot. Men have been killed with the bayonet at every point held by Johnson's division—the flame of cannon has jumped right into men's faces as they advanced. Such pluck in advancing—such desperation in falling back had no parallel in the four years of blood.

When Willich's brigade was struck and swept away in a mob, the men did not scatter. They could have been excused for straggling, for all organization was lost; but to their glory be it said that not fifty men took advantage of the confusion to skulk away. They rallied by tens, twenties and companies—a major in command here, a corporal shouting order there—and as Kirk was finally driven to the Murfreesboro pike, Col. Gibson rallied Willich's Brigade in battle lines and threw them in front of the advancing Confederates. Wheeler's cavalry charge them in flank as they are swinging into position. The Fifteenth Ohio stands square up and let the yelling horsemen almost reach them with the sabre before it gives them a volley, which turns the charge into a bloody rout. The Eighty-ninth Illinois clears its front with the bayonet, and the Thirty-second Indiana refuses to fall back until it has been flanked and is receiving a fire from three different directions. The Forty-ninth Ohio sees the enemy completing a circle around it, and the men rise up, fix bayonets, and fight their way out. The blue lines are driven, but they yield the ground foot by foot.

When Kirk gave way it uncovered Davis, but he would not fall back. Every man in his lines could see the heavy columns of gray moving down to the attack, and it seemed a forlorn hope to wait for it. They had seen the guns of Belding's battery drawn off by hand, and they knew that a whole division had been shattered and driven. With a long and steady tramp the gray lines moved forward as if death would spare them. They were the men of Cleburne and McCown, and those who lived were to have the post of honor in other battles.

Davis reinforced his skirmish line as Johnson had done, and it was absorbed in the same manner. The advancing Confederates did not return its fire, but drove it as the wind drives straws.

There was a crash which shook the heavens as the Federal division opened fire, and it was echoed by the Confederates an instant later. Then the crash became a roar which made the oaks tremble and the earth quiver as if wounded. Sheridan, further down the line, listened to it and cried out:

"Flesh and blood can't stand that fire five minutes!"

He spoke truly. The Confederates had surged forward until only a few yards separated the lines in some places, but they were men of flesh, and flesh could not stay there. Their lines wavered—fluttered—bent back and gave way. That fire in their faces, so rapidly delivered in some cases, put three and four bullets into men before they could fall. It split fence-rails into kindling wood. It filled the air with bark and twigs cut from the trees. It cut the air until there was a sound as if millions of bees were passing over. Pickett's Virginians faced just such a fire at Gettysburg, and they withered away. Burnside's men faced such a fire at Marye's Hill, and the plain was piled with dead. A colonel under Cleburne said of it:

"No soldier will live through a hotter fire! I saw dozens of men struck twice and three times. The bullets tore up the ground like a drag, cut the bushes off by piecemeal, and filled the air like flakes in a snow storm. No war ever furnished troops who could stand up against it."

Cleburne and McCown had been repulsed, but under a fire which left the living marching over the dead and wounded their lines were re-formed. They extended beyond Davis' right, and they saw the opportunity. With a wild cheer the heads of columns swept down on his flank. Would he fall back? No!

A few poor hundred men faced to the right to form a new front, and the One Hundred and First Ohio takes the shock. The wave passes over them, and now it is no longer war, but murder. It is the bayonet—the but of muskets—the pistol and knife. No man asks quarter—no man will surrender. Three Federal batteries pour grape and canister into those masses of gray, every gun cutting its swath clear through the rear line, but nothing stays that advance. There is something terrible in the way it breasts that storm of death—something awe-inspiring in the manner in which it survives such a fire. Now it is before the guns—now among them—now pressing on as if bullets were peas. Carlin's brigade rises up without orders, and while a dozen officers are shouting for them to lie down again they fix bayonets and advance 300 feet, but only to be hurled back in a mob. Some of the artillery is pulled away by hand—some left to the Confederates. The Twenty-first Illinois is flanked, but it will not retreat until orders are thrice repeated. The Twenty-second Indiana has no one to command it, but the men want no orders to load and fire. The Twenty-fifth Illinois fights a whole brigade—fights and falls back—fights and is broken—fights and is struck in flank and turned half-way round. Its colors go down again and again—its Colonel is dead—companies are without officers, and yet the men fall back with their faces to the foe. Davis is gone. Those Confederate divisions might have wilted and withered and wasted, but the survivors would have pressed on. Enemies though they were, every Federal who fought them has given them credit for such pluck as men have seldom witnessed on a field of battle.

It was like following up the links of a great chain. Johnson was the first link, and he was broken. Davis was the second, and one mighty wrench tore him from the line. Next came Sheridan. He knew that the links above him were gone, and that his flank was exposed, but he rode down to Sill's brigade and shouted:

"Hold fast, boys—we can whip h—ll out of the whole batch of 'em!"

Sill's brigade was posted on a ridge covered with cedars and young oaks. The ground in front had a slope down into the cleared fields, and he had three batteries posted along his lines. It was a terrible strong position, a stronger one than Hancock had at Gettysburg, and the Federals laughed in grim defiance as the first line of gray swept into the field

a quarter of a mile away. Now the batteries open! Eighteen guns break into a roar which makes the chimneys in Murfreesboro tremble. Not a shot or shell is used—nothing but the murderous iron slugs and bullets which grind and tear through flesh like the teeth of a wild beast. Swaths ten feet wide are cut through the Confederate lines, and whole regiments are seen to drop down to escape the fire. Then the infantry added its fire, and the jaws of hell were wide open. Then followed the most singular sight ever witnessed upon a field of battle. Whole regiments of Confederates *crawled forward on hands and knees!* They crept through the soft soil of the old cotton field and up the slope covered with leafless shrubs and dead grass—crept almost under the thundering cannon, and there they fought with the flames from Sill's muskets burning their clothing. It is only when the brigade rushes upon them with the bayonet that they give way and are hurled in a mighty mass down the slope, over the scattered piles of rails where fences had stood, and through the field where the cotton-stalks were dead with time and spattered with blood.

When Sill gave the order to fix bayonets and charge he placed himself in front to lead the advance. With wild cheers his men sprang after him. With sword flashing through the smoke of battle the gallant brigadier cut his way down the slope and had reached its foot, when a bullet struck him full in the face. He did not live three seconds after being struck, and a dozen Confederates were within ten feet of him when he went down. It was not known until the Federal charge had been repulsed and the lines hurled back that poor Sill was gone. His body was then in the hands of the Confederates. It was by them taken to Murfreesboro and buried, and the assertions then made and since repeated that it was treated with indignity have no foundation in fact.

After Sill's death Col. Nicholas Greusel, of the Thirty-sixth Illinois—old veterans from Pea Ridge and other fields—took command of the brigade and re-formed it just in time to meet a new assault. The cotton field and the slope were covered with dead, but the gray lines massed for a fresh charge and came on at a run. Three of Sheridan's brigades had faced around to make a new front. In front of them was Cheatham. He first struck Roberts, and a terrific volley hurled him back. He rallied and came again, and this time he clung until pressed back with

the bayonet. The living could hardly move for the dead under their feet, but a third time they rushed upon the Federal position, and after a hand-to-hand fight they hurled Roberts brigade in the woods, and Roberts himself lay dead under the cedars. Then Shaeffer had to go, the musket-barrels of his men was so hot that the hand could not hold them. Then the advancing lines struck Greusel. His men did not have seven rounds of ammunition left to the cartridge-box, but they would not give way. The Thirty-sixth Illinois cleared its front twice. The Twenty-first Michigan, green troops, that had never had a brigade drill, and which counted 200 men who had been in camp less than twenty days, retired in solid lines, firing their last cartridges and robbing the dead for more. The Twenty-fourth Wisconsin re-formed in the face of a hot fire and would not budge until three lines of battle were close upon them. The Eighty-eight Illinois fired its last cartridge, and its commandant saluted Col. Greusel and reported:

"Not another cartridge left, sir! We must hold our position with the bayonet!"

But that grim, desperate, heroic advance rolled on. It struck regiment after regiment and battery after battery—it poured on and on—over fields—over ridges—through the woods like the mighty river of lava from a volcano. Rosecrans hurried over from the left-center with his division, but it reeled away as it felt the blow of the hammer, and now the whole right wing was gone—not routed and panic-stricken, but crushed back and doubled up and limp and bleeding.

Rosecrans had swung his left and had his right shattered. Bragg had swung his left and his right had scarcely heard a bullet. When noon came Rosecrans had re-formed the right on a new line, but he had been beaten. To save that army from square defeat from right to left would demand the nerve and strategy of a Napoleon. But he meant to do more. He meant to win that fight.

A CHICAGO woman wrote to her friends in Boston that "she lived in Hide Park." When they came out to visit her they found the artless thing out at the Stock Yards.—*Burlington Hawk Eye*.

A NEW YORK tourist who ate an alligator beefsteak in Florida didn't get the taste out of his mouth until he had eaten half a peck of onions and four dozen herrings.—*Detroit Free Press*.

For Firemen's Magazine.

THE FIREMAN AND HIS CANS.

OLE MAN PAHE, H. A.

Dear Mr. Editor: If you think you are able to keep this from going under the table, in the course of my song, I'll sing of a fable that I once overheard in my steely steed's stable, on one mid-Summer night, the hue of a sable.

I was stretched out on my seat-box, the way
of all drones,
Bewailing my fate, with sighs and with
moans,
When a queer kind of sensation went clear
to my bones,
Mid wild exclamations and numberless
groans,
Mid very loud talking, in airy but ghastly
tones
I overheard talking bout a dozen of soldered
tin gnomes.

There was long tin and short tin, lean tin and
stout,
There was one with a long handle and three
there without,
There was long neck, and slim neck, crooked
and straight,
All neck, and no neck, set there in state;
But I think the longest one there, without
any doubt,
Was the long, lean can, with the long copper
spout;
But the wisest one there, now don't dispute
that,
Was the long filled can—and the pot full of
fat.

As I lay there feeling that peculiar sensation,
I heard this very un-ghost like conversation;
"A driver's a driver," rest easy 'bout that,
"And a stoker's a stoker," said the pot full of
fat.

"No matter, if both cleaned the pan with the
very same hoe,
And the driver laughed loud, as he told him
so;

Wiped the very same cans, and the very same
drip,

Broke up the coal with the identical pick;
Threw it into the fire-box through the very
same door,

If they missed, 'twas the very same oath they
both swore."

"But a driver's a driver," quoth the long
filled can,

"And a stoker's a stoker, my dear young
man."

"A driver's a driver, over all of the lands,
And a stoker's a stoker," echo all the cans

No matter, if the driver when they come to
the hill,
Breaks up all the coal, put it all in the mill;
Keeps everything light as he ever can pack,
And never throws water from out of the
stack;

Touches nothing whatever, from hand rail-
ings to bands,
Without a big piece of clean waste in his
hands;
And when it rains (so it is said), that turns
the white brass so ruthlessly red,
He turns in and helps polish the black boiler
head."

"But a driver's a driver, in spite of all that,
And a stoker's a stoker," said the pot-full of
fat.

"A driver's a driver over all the lands
And a stoker's a stoker," echo all the cans.
No matter, if firesey keeps her all the time
hot,

And never allows her the round trip to pop;
If him and brakesy, do scuffle rough,
He keeps her around to a 'hundred and a
nuff;'

And, if when driver's in office, to get orders
pat,

Stoker gets down and drops on the black
strap;

And if bolt's loose, or any nut's gone
He notices that as he oils her around.

"But a stoker's a stoker," sighed the long,
filled can,

"And a driver's a driver, my dear young
man."

A driver's a driver, over all of the lands,
And a stoker's a stoker, wall forth the cans,
No matter, that both the same steed bestride,
And the dangers met there are met side by
side;

That when one has gone down, the down side
of life's hill,

That the stoker that stoked, may yet run the
old mill;

That the one that last runs her will ne'er rest
at ease,

Untill, having tasted the Billy Goat broth of
the B. of L. E's.

"But a stoker's a stoker," said the long, filled
can,

"And a driver's a driver, my dear young
man."

This is not all that was said, my dear young
"Dooks,"

But part that was talked of that night by the
soldiered tin Spooks,

"But a driver's a driver," grinned the pot full
of fat,

"And a stoker's a stoker, in spite of all that."

DENVER, COL., July 30, 1882.

For Firemen's Magazine.

FAREWELL.

BY TIM FAGAN.

And must we say farewell at last?
Are all those happy moments gone?
To drift away like summer's past,
Leaving but the memory of one,
Thy own sweet face I loved to look upon.

Oh life! O love! O, shatter'd joys adieu.
O sunshine of my life, we part?
When the rose, its perfume and its hue
Shall lose, then thou shalt leave this heart.

Then darling loved one fare thee well,
May all life's joys be ever thine;
Ah, if this parting but could tell
The pain it gives this heart of mine.

For Firemen's Magazine:

MY OLD VIOLIN.

Now, as I have nothing important to say,
I'll take my old fiddle and manage to play;
A few common pieces will do to begin,
To give you an idea of my violin.

For thirty odd years it has been my delight
To take this old fiddle and play of a night,
Sometimes for pleasure and sometimes for
tin,
For I used to make money with my violin.

For several years my health was so poor,
My earnings would not keep the wolf from
the door;
Therefore, I concluded I had better win
A few honest pennies with my violin.

I played for parties, picnics and balls,
Sometimes in the forest and sometimes in
halls;
A fair understanding we had to begin,
That liquors could not mix with my violin.

I've played near a lifetime in many a crowd,
But somehow or other have never allowed
Their liquors to pass 'twixt my nose and my
chin,
To injure the morals of my violin.

I surely have sinned against God in my time,
But ask His forgiveness for every crime;
Yet, I never thought there was very much
sin

In playing a tune on my violin.

Now, when I depart from this vain world of
woe,

I can't take my violin with me, you know.
But I hope my old friends will not fail to
take in

The true use and worth of a good violin.

OUR EXCHANGES.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

Gertrude Garrison in Chicago Tribune.

This man was recognized as the representative mind of his country, and he is dead—dead at the age of 79 years; dead with a purer and more enduring fame than is often the meed of mortal man. How rare he was; how true in character. Those who lived below his mental sun called him the "sphinx of letters." Mediocrity comprehended him not. Only those whose intellectual home was on the highlands enjoyed the privilege of journeying with him into the "rich estates of an original genius." Poet, lecturer, essayist and philosopher, his contributions to our letters have been priceless. What other writer has given us such stately sense, splendid diction, sprightly wit, happy humor, keen criticism, subtle insights, noble morals and vigorous thought, "fresh with the breath of health and progress?"

To him we are largely indebted for the changes in our methods of thinking which the last decade has marked. He preached the doctrine of tolerance, but so persuasively, so unaggressively, that the fiercest bigot was won over. Even the "hornets of divinity" at last gave him room on their shelves. It was the gentleness of reasoning, this sweet courtesy of hospitality toward the opinions of others, that made his blows so sure and effective. Both in conversation and in writing he avoided the least intrusion of himself. Where is there so impersonal a writer?

Idealistic? Yes, and yet remarkably realistic as well. He was not a metaphysician, and laid no claim to systematic thinking. He did not deal in logic. His pages are like handfuls of jewels, each one pure and bright, but sustaining no relation to the others. His method of work was utterly without design or plan. As his thoughts shaped themselves in his mind he dropped them into his notebook, and on some favorable day sorted them into collections. His chapters read backward as smoothly as forward. There is no beginning on a lower grade and leading up to the highest mount. A friend said of his work, "Tis Iris-built. Each

period is self-poised. Jewels, all; separate stars!" This original method of composition makes Emerson's work seem like fragments of improvisations from many hands. Bronson Alcott says:

"His compositions affect us, not as logic linked in syllogisms, but as voluntaries rather, as preludes in which one is not tied to any design of air, but may vary his key-note at pleasure, as if improvised without any particular scope of argument, each period, paragraph being a perfect note in itself, however it may chime with its accompaniment in the piece, as a waltz of wandering stars, a dance of Hesperus with Orion. His rhetoric dazzles by its circuits, contrasts, antitheses; imagination, as in all sprightly minds, being his wand of power."

Emerson's poetry has been the despair of many critics, the stumbling-block of benighted readers. In construction it is choppy, more unrythmic and more defiant of poetic canon than even Walt Whitman's. Yet he is unmistakably a poet. The spirit of poesy pervades his every thought, though the accepted form of poetry has received most disrespectful treatment at his hands. Theodore Parker said he was "a poet lacking the accomplishment of verse." One of his biographers calls him a "moral poet"—a rare figure in the passionate Castilian throng. He did not love beauty merely for its own sake and had no sympathy with the word-flourish and dilettanteism which are often the disgrace of popular poets. He was introspective, an interpreter of human motives, an intellectual rather than sentimental poet. Emotion and passion are not prominent in his poetry. He has feeling, but gives it no astonishing outbursts. He had a theory of poetry and he carried it out to the consternation and confusion of mediocre minds. It is that mind is central, the source of infinite unity; that the outward world is symbolical of the spirit expressed through it. Poetry as in all else with him the thought was everything, the form nothing. He believed it best for the poet

"To mount to Paradise
By the stairway of surprise."

Emerson's life was not eventful. It was destitute of the dramatic features we are fond of associating in our minds with genius. He lived in his thoughts and lived for composition alone. In his youth he knew poverty well, but it was only the poverty which pinches the body,

not the brain. Never was an embryo genius surrounded by greater riches of refinement and cultivation. The child of eight generations of cultured, conscientious and practical ministers, each generation holding the most advanced positions in religious thought, "he was," says a loving friend, "such a man as might be looked for from such an ancestry." He himself was the embodiment of his own question, "How shall a man escape from his ancestors?" a query he makes more difficult of solution by this assertion: "In different hours a man represents each of his several ancestors, as if there were seven or eight of us rolled up in each other's skin—seven or eight ancestors at least—and they constitute the variety of notes for that new piece of music which his life is." At the age of 10 he was described as a "slight, spiritual boy in blue nankeen." We are all familiar with the picture of his mature face, with its high, handsome head, well-formed, large nose, strong chin and gentle, but searching eye. In figure he was slender, in manner refined and courteous, with what is called a "reserved personality."

There is always a virtuous curiosity to know as much as possible about the persons whose minds have touched our own with quickening power. There is not much to tell of Emerson beyond what we find in his thoughts. Forty years ago he published his first book, and since then has read his lectures in cities and in villages to large companies of distinguished persons and to humble audiences all over the United States, in Canada and in England. He has earned a lasting fame, but has always been far from rich in worldly possessions. Mr. Alcott said of him: "He is only a traveler at times professionally—prefers home-keeping; is a student of the landscape, of mankind, of rugged strength wherever found, liking plain persons, plain ways, plain clothes; prefers earnest people; shuns egotistic publicity; likes solitude and knows its uses."

He is said to have had an affection for conversation, and those who had the pleasure of talks with him described the experience as "sallies into cloudland." He never disputed the charge of being deficient in critical or purely literary judgment, and Lowell has said that the artistic range of his mind was narrow. He liked a book for its affinity to his own mind. He expressed the most extravagant delight in Montaigne's essays, declaring that it seemed to him he had written them in some former life. The Rev.

George Cook says: "To Emerson a book is great and precious only in proportion to its ethical, inspiring and human power—its capacity to touch and mould man to finer issues of conduct and feeling." His task in literature was often a surprise to others. He liked Tennyson, but said of him: "He wants rude truth; he is too fine."

It was Emerson's belief that we create our own world by the purification of our own souls; that every spirit builds itself a house, and beyond its house a world, and beyond its world a heaven. In the world he saw a remote and inferior incarnation of God, and in every landscape a part of his face.

We cannot think of him as dead, though he is through with the mortal life of man. For him that "divine dream," the world, is ended, and in the fulfillment of his faith he is awake to the glories and certainties of day.

EXTENSION OF OUR NATIONAL BOUNDARY.

Uncle Sam in St. Louis Republican.

There was not an act of Win. H. Seward, while administering the foreign affairs of our government, that can be compared to his acquisition of Alaska. As a Russian possession its location was isolated and too remote from the effective force of the government for protection against the assaults of an aggressive enemy, and for the same reason it was of no practical benefit to the empire. The power that would naturally strive for its possession, whenever a favorable opportunity offered, was Russia's deadliest foe, England, with a view to augmenting and strengthening her territorial limits on this continent. There was no other foreign government that would seek its acquisition, and it was a great stroke of diplomacy on the part of Mr. Seward to prevent such a consummation for our peace and security in the future from border annoyances and invasion of our territory from that quarter in case of war. He did not proclaim to the world at any time that this was the object in making Alaska the property of the United States—this would have been impolite; but it was doubtless the governing motive prompting his action, and such was the general impression in the city of Washington at the time.

As a province of the United States, a moment's reflection must convince any one of its priceless value in connection

with our Western possessions. The rapidity of our growth is so remarkable that we shall soon require all the contiguous territory that is accessible. Already the military arm of the government is required to prevent the encroachment of our people upon the districts assigned to the Indian tribes. Experience also teaches that there is no national boundary line like the ocean. It is essential to the commercial prosperity of a nation. Such a line of demarkation brings with it freedom from the encroachments and annoyances of meddlesome neighbors; in this respect there is no substitute for comparison with it. It is to the isolation of the United States from other powerful nations that our prosperity, in a great measure, must be attributed. If the present Secretary of State, Mr. Frelinghuysen, could blot out the title of Great Britain to British Columbia, placing it under the sway of the stars and stripes at a cost of \$50,000,000, he would perform a greater service to the country than is embraced in all the acts of the different administrations since the Republican party came into power. It would eclipse Seward's achievement in that direction, for it would rid us of the only neighbor who, in the course of time, may become troublesome. With British Columbia added to our territorial possessions, the time required for the extension of the limits of our glorious Union to the entire North American continent would be comparatively brief. Fifty years would be quite sufficient to give us the Canadas and the Pacific coast to the Isthmus of Panama, if that extent of territory is desirable, and not an acre of the vast domain would it be necessary to acquire by force of arms. Some of the governments now in existence would ere long come to us voluntarily to escape oppression and to share with us in our prosperity. This change in the sovereignty of the continent will be aided materially by the daily intercourse which the extension of railroad facilities will introduce. After such a consummation there will be no quarrelling concerning boundary lines; no defiant threats tersely expressed, as on a former occasion, when the demarkation of "fifty-four-forty or fight" was the unanimous sentiment expressed by the people. Ocean bound! Yes, such is the destiny of the United States within the next half century if her citizens desire it. An ocean-bound republic, a free and independent government of over 100,000,000 people.

A GRAY DAY.

PHILIP BOURKE MARSTON.

Forth from a sky of windless gray
Pours down the soft, persistent rain,
And she for whom I sigh in vain,
Who makes my bliss, now makes my pain,
Being far from me this autumn day—
So far away.

Upon the waters void and gray
No floating sail appears in sight—
The dull rain and the humid light
No wind has any heart to spite,
This dreary, weary autumn day,
With love away.

Where she is may skies not be gray,
But sunlight fill the vital air—
Ah, were she here, or were I there,
Skies might be dull, or might be fair,
And I not heed, so she this day
Were not away.

No gull wings out 'twixt gray and gray—
All gray, so far as eye can reach;
The sea too listless seems for speech,
And vaguely frets upon the beach,
As knowing she this autumn day
Is far away.

Ah, like that sea my life looks gray—
Like a forgotten land it lies,
With no light on it from her eyes,
Lovely and changeful as those skies
'Neath which she walks this autumn day
So far away.

But they shall pass, these skies of gray,
And she for whom I sigh in vain,
Who makes my bliss and makes my pain,
Shall turn my gray to gold again,
Being not, as now, that future day,
So far away.

THE ZUNI PUEBLO.

Sylvester Baxter, in Harper's Magazine.

High up on the western slope of the Sierra Madre, in New Mexico, nearly a mile and a half above the sea level, and but a few miles beyond the divide, where scanty waters begin their timid and uncertain way down toward the Pacific, stands ancient Zuni, the father of the pueblos. When Coronado made his famous march into the unknown north, the Junis, or Shi-wi-nas, as they call themselves, were the first, and also the most numerous and powerful, of the pueblo people encountered by him. Their towns covered a great territory, almost deserving the name of "kingdom"—term so lavishly and loosely used by Coronado

and his contemporary explorers. Oppression and pestilence have so diminished their numbers, and their strict exclusiveness has so impoverished their physical condition, that the once mighty nation has been reduced to a handful of people. These inhabit a single pueblo. But the country around is dotted with ruined towns upon whose walls is graven the symbol of the shi-wi-na, the sacred water-spider, whose figure forms the Zuni coat of arms. Here, surrounded by the forsaken homes of their kindred and ancestry—crumbling heaps which in antiquity rival the storied stones of the Old World—the Zunis live as their fathers lived, and jealously treasure their proud history.

Zuni is still the largest of the pueblos of New Mexico and Arizona, and is looked up to by the others, which differ entirely in language, with the veneration and homage belonging to the elder member of their family, the source whence come their religion and institutions. By the census of 1880, under an accurate count, the population of Zuni numbered 1,602, nearly 200 more than that of Isleta, the next pueblo in size. Therefore it is still a considerable town. It is only a few years since the Zunis numbered several thousand, but an epidemic of the small-pox decimated them terribly.

With the exception of the Moquis and the Java Supais, or Ku'h-nis, in Arizona—the latter an almost unknown pueblo in Cataract Creek Canon, one of the "box canons" of the Colorado—the Zunis are the most isolated of all the pueblo tribes. They have therefore been little influenced by contact either with Spanish or Anglo-American civilization, and to-day live substantially the life they led when Coronado first started out in search of the seven cities of Cibola. The river pueblos, as they are called—those ranging along the Rio Grande from Taos to Isleta—have monopolized the attention of travelers and writers, being the most convenient of access. But these, surrounded by the towns of the Mexicans on every hand, and latterly having come in contact with the more pushing American, who leaves his own indelible impress upon all whom he meets, they have naturally been materially influenced by the alien life around them, and their manners have been considerably changed thereby.

However good a copy may be, however faithful as a reproduction, the most of us have a strong preference for originals. So Zuni, as the oldest of the pueblo families, as the father of their Kultur, as the Ger-

mans would say, and possessing the most distinctive characteristics, is decidedly the representative pueblo of New Mexico.

NOW.

ROSE TERRY COOKE.

When I am lying pale and dead,
Come not, dear friends, around my bed
And pour your loss in deafened ears
And wash my heedless face with tears,
What thrill of hope or tenderness
Will beat beneath my burial dress?
What look of gratitude arise
And lift the lids of sightless eyes?
What loving voice escape those lips
From which no speech or language slips?
Alas! I cannot rouse and say:
"If ye lament me I will stay."
Speak while I hear, and while I long
To feel your love is true and strong,
While peace can soothe my troubled brow.
Wait not to miss me; hold me now!

Set not your kisses on my cheek,
Nor on my mouth, too cold to speak;
And in your fruitless grief forbear
To shed their sweetness on my hair.
In life I long to feel their breath,
But what are kisses worth in death?
Like blossoms dropped on ice and snow,
Like songs when howling tempests blow,
A wasted gift, a vain caress
That might have been a power to bless,
A longing answered all in vain,
A touch that death must needs disdain,
That might a life with joy endow.
Oh! if you kiss me, kiss me now.

Remember, when I am gone,
The deeds I did or would have done,
How much I loved, how vainly strove
To find an answer in your love;
Nor weep to think what loss is yours,

Since neither life nor love endures;
Say not with tears and cries and prayers;
"Would that we showed her tender cares,
Had patience with the faults we knew,
Clung to the heart so warm and true,
That now we weep with hopeless pain
And know will never come again."
Ah! breathe not then that useless vow,
But if you love me, love me now.

Nor, standing round my wintry grave,
Too late to serve me, or to save,
Fling on it all you have to give!
"At last her follies we forgive!"
An angel might repeat with scorn
Such speech of poor repentance born.
Might weep to see such Levite pride
Pass coldly by a coffin's side.

No! if within your heart there be
 A kind but slumbering thought of me,
 A memory of the vanished past,
 A hope of peace and love at last,
 A speechless prayer, a silent sense
 That sometimes speaks in my defense,
 That says: "Our life is not too long,
 And we, perhaps, were sometimes wrong;"
 Ah! listen to that pleading voice
 And bid a living heart rejoice.
 If late remorse or grief allow
 Forgiveness then, forgive me now.

VIRGINIA'S PRODIGY IN ARITHMETIC.

Luray (Va.) Courier.

A man by the name of Price, near Alma, who is almost blind, and who is wholly uneducated and not at all sprightly in other respects, is said to be able to solve almost any problem in mathematics that can be given him. He uses no figures, but makes his calculations on his fingers. Mr. Hampton, who is teaching in that neighborhood, gave him last week the following problem, which he solved quicker than a good scholar present could do it by algebra: A man bought a horse, buggy and harness. The horse cost \$48 more than the buggy, the buggy two and three-fourth times as much as the harness, and the harness one-seventh of the whole sum paid. What was the whole sum paid—what did each cost? He has no difficulty in working fractions, however complicated and intricate. Mr. Jas. P. Graves informed us that he once asked him what was the third and the half of one-third of three and one-third, and he was ready with the answer almost as soon as he had finished the question. He is about 23 years old.

ENTHUSIASM.

BY ARGUS.

In every department of life, whatever our vocation, we should be imbued with the spirit of enthusiasm if we would achieve success. Why is it that John B. Gough is so popular as a lecturer? One reason is that he enters deeply into the *spirit* of his theme—is thoroughly imbued with the glowing element of enthusiasm; an element which is contagious, and which spreads through an audience with the rapidity of lightning.

Let us glance at the field of invention. We often hear people dilate upon the benefits derived from modern inventions.

This is well. But, however, we should remember that it was up-hill work for the inventors. Their ideas were ridiculed; they met with disheartening failures; they were confronted by serious obstacles. Some would have given up in despair. But not they. Impelled by an enthusiastic love for their appointed work, and aided by the indispensable factor of perseverance, they conquered every failure, surmounted every obstacle, and their labors were finally crowned with success.

In social life, when death stalks through our midst, whose departure is the most missed, the "exemplary man" who passed along life's thoroughfare without committing any special crime, but whose selfishness prevented him from performing any active *good* in the world, or he who, in addition to his personal purity, was filled with an enthusiastic love for the welfare of others as well as himself, and acted accordingly?

We have all read the thrilling story of Joan of Arc, the Maid of Orleans. We all remember how bravely, how sublimely she performed her wonderful mission. By her enthusiasm she became the savior of France. And yet jealous compatriots sold her to the English. Though her death was ignominious, her name and fame will survive as long as the human heart beats responsive to all that is brave, noble, and holy.

Our recent civil war furnished many striking examples of the power exerted by officers over their soldiers, solely by their enthusiasm. Few officers were so dearly beloved by their men as was the late Gen. Custer. Entering the army in 1861 as a lieutenant, at the age of 22, he became a general ere he was 25. He was wonderfully endowed with the qualities of enthusiasm, perseverance and pluck. It was rarely he retreated. At the battle of Aldie the Union cavalry found themselves confronted by a vastly superior force. They hesitated. The commanding general seemed to be pondering what to do. With that marvelous quickness of perception for which he was noted, Gen. Custer saw what should be done, and utterly regardless of personal danger, galloped, laughingly, to the front, and turning in his saddle, waved his sabre, and with a smile on his face cried, "Come on, boys!" On they *did* come, and victory was theirs.

One of the ablest officers of our late war was Gen. Sheridan. He owed much of his popularity among his soldiers to his fiery enthusiasm. The following inci-

dent, though "an old story," is an excellent illustration of the power of enthusiasm, and will bear repetition: On October 19th, 1864, occurred the battle of Cedar Creek, in the Shenandoah valley. Upon that occasion Sheridan was at Winchester, "twenty miles away." In the morning the Federal forces were "flanked and driven;" in the afternoon they were "flanked and pursued." In the meantime news had reached Sheridan of the defeat of his army. Mounting a horse, "Little Phil" sped rapidly to the scene of action. At sight of their beloved commander, his retreating troops paused, shouting, in tones of the wildest enthusiasm, "Sheridan is here!" while their gallant chief, with his face all aglow with patriotic indignation, thundered out, "Face the other way, boys, right about face; we're going back to our camps; we'll lick them out of their boots!" And with tremendous cheers the "boys in blue" *did* face the other way, and the timely arrival of Sheridan turned what seemed to be an overwhelming defeat into a glorious victory. No ordinary general could have done it. It was a victory of enthusiasm.

A word in conclusion. In the spring of 1865 Sheridan telegraphed to Grant, "I think, if things are pushed, Lee will surrender." Grant replied in two words: "Push things." Now if we will take to ourselves that advice and "push things," we will doubtless find that obstacles will surrender, and our efforts be crowned with success.

HOW THE FRENCH WORKMAN LIVES.

Brooklyn Eagle.

The French laborer probably gets more for his wages than any other. His food is cheaper and more nourishing. His bouillon is the liquid essence of beef, at a penny per bowl. His bread, at the restaurant, is thrown in without any charge, and is the best in the world. His hot coffee and milk is peddled about the streets in the morning at a sou per cup. It is coffee, not slops. His half-bottle of claret is thrown in at a meal costing twelve cents. For a few cents he may enjoy an evening at one of the minor theaters, with his coffee free. Sixpence pays for a nicely cushioned seat at the theater. No gallery gods, no peanuts, pipe smoking, drunkenness, yelling or howling. The Jardin des Plantes, the vast galleries and

museums of the Louvre, Hotel Cluny, palace of the Luxembourg and Versailles are free to him to enter. Art and science hold out to him their choicest treasures at a small cost, or no cost at all. French economy and frugality do not mean the constant retrenchment and self-denial which would deprive life of everything worth living for. Economy in France, more than any other country, means a utilization of what America throws away; but it does not mean a pinching process of reducing life to a barren existence of work and bread and water.

CHANGES OF A CENTURY.

The nineteenth century has witnessed many and very great discoveries and changes:

In 1809 Fulton took out his first patent for the invention of a steamboat.

The first steamship which made regular trips across the Atlantic Ocean were the *Sirius* and *Great Western* in 1830.

The first public application to practical use of gas for illumination was made in 1802.

In 1813 the streets of London were for the first time lighted with gas.

In 1813 there was built in Waltham, Mass., a mill, believed to have been the first in the world, which combined all the requirements for making finished cloth from the raw cotton.

In 1790 there were only twenty-five postoffices in the whole country, and up to 1837 the rate of postage was twenty-five cents for a letter sent over 400 miles.

In 1807 wooden clocks began to be made by machinery. This ushered in the era of cheap clocks.

About the year 1833 the first railroad of any considerable length in the United States was constructed.

In 1840 the first experiments in photography were made by Daguerre.

About 1840 the first express business was established.

The anthracite coal business may be said to have begun in 1820.

In 1836 the patent for the invention of matches was granted.

Steel pens were introduced for use in 1803.

The first successful trial of a reaper took place in 1833.

In 1846 Elias Howe obtained a patent for his first sewing machine.

The first successful method of making vulcanized India rubber was patented in 1839.

LITERARY.

Written for *Firemen's Magazine*:

TIM FAGAN AMONGST THE INDIANS.

II

These men were brave enough, and true
To the hired soldier's bull dog creed;
What brought them here they never knew,
They fought as suits the English breed.

—Lowell.

Speaking of those recruits, I may mention that I found myself to be about the only recruit in the troops—nor were *they* of the “bull dog creed.” They were all soldiers of experience, who had seen active service from 1861 to '65. Some were veterans of the Crimea, who had served in the British army during that fruitless struggle where they received their terrible initiation of war, and had yet upon them the *shadows* of their victories. We even had amongst us a gunner of one of the batteries that shot from their rusty mouths the huge dark sepoys of India, in 1857, for daring to revolt against the tyranny of the British yoke, and declaring their right to self government. Often around the camp fire this gunner told us in his own graphic manner the “modus operandi” in which this barbarous and inhuman crime was committed. The Sepoys, when taken prisoners, were forced to man the batteries for their own execution. The regular troops took position close by to act as guards and witness the horrors of a scene that left the heinousness of its guilt indelibly impressed upon their memories. This brutal massacre had entered upon the traditions of the natives to remain there with a vividness only to equal their thirst to revenge it. When the Sepoys had taken their stations to work the piece, one of their number, not yet engaged, was siezed and lashed with his back to the mouth of the cannon—this was the bull dog English creed—each piece of each battery drawn up in line held its victim in its embrace, and at the command “fire!” every demon belched forth its flame, leaving at its horrid mouth the shattered, quivering limbs. This was repeated till but one Sepoy remained to work each gun, and when he had loaded and prepared the piece he fearlessly

stepped to the front and placed his back to his mouth—a gorged Cyclop—staining his dark skin with the bright warm blood of his companions. The mangled remains of his countrymen were scattered about at his feet. It was Leonidas at Thermopylae. Looking out before him was his beloved India, his wife and little ones hiding in the jungle, perhaps the food of the tigers; around him were his country's tyrants to see him die. It is his last act, but it was one of sublime heroism. To excuse this crime they charged him with the murder of women and children, but hid away the causes that goaded him to such deeds. Was Byron thinking of this when he wrote:

“Well, never mind, God help the king or kings,
Or if He don't I doubt that men will longer;
Methinks I hear a little bird that sings,
By and bye the people will be the stronger.

The veriest jade will wince, whose harness
Rings so much into the raw, as quite to wrong
Her beyond the rules of posting.
And the mob at last get sick of imitating Job;
At first it grumbles, then it swears,
And then like David takes smooth pebbles
Against a giant, after it takes to weapons,
Such as men take to, when their affairs become less pliant.

Then comes the tug of war, 'twill come again
I rather think, and I would fain say on't
If that I didn't know that revolution
Alone, would purge the earth from Hell's pollution.”

The gunner's stories of the Sepoys' insurrection were not the only tales that made the circle around our camp fires interesting those cold dreary nights, when to sleep was death. We had incidents related to us from the trenches before Sebastapool, and from the terrible slaughter at the Wilderness.

Not many days after our arrival in Fort Laramie, word was brought by the scout, Laville, that a band of hostile Sioux, who had been driving off stock and committing other depredations through the country, were then camped in the Black Hills. These hills, or more properly speaking, mountains, are situated about fifty miles north of Fort Laramie, and have since become famous for their gold discoveries.

A miner scraped their rugged sides,
And forth came gold.
Thousands flocked about their base,
And honey-combed their bowels.

"Many came three thousand miles and died."

This band of Indians had nestled for their rest in the very heart of their wild grandeur, on a small stream that took its life from an overhanging cliff. Their intentions were to remain there one day, and then join the main body, about ten miles distant, who were on their way to the Wind River Valley, to swell the numbers of the rallying warriors that gathered about their chief, Red Cloud.

TIM FAGAN.

(To be Continued.)

THE STAB.

On the road, the lonely road,
Under the cold, white moon;
Under the rugged trees he strode,
Whistled and shifted his heavy load,—
Whistled a foolish tune.

There was a step, timed with his own,
A figure that stooped and bowed;
A cold white blade that flashed and shone,
Like a splinter of daylight downward
thrown,—
And the moon went behind a cloud.

But the moon came out so broad and good
The barn-fowl woke and crowed,
Then roughed his feathers in drowsy mood;
And the brown owl called to his mate in the
wood,
That a man lay dead in the road.

EDITORIAL.

POST-SCRIPTUM.

The following effusive "post-scriptum" accompanied the poetical contribution of one of our Denver correspondents. As it is marked "personally private" we feel under restraint to confine it to the columns of the Magazine:—

"It is an acknowledged fact that Editors, *will* get angry, *will* be partial! In calling the attention of the readers to the "exquisite verse" etc., etc., of so and so:—*will* insist that it is so pleasant and so nice to wade through (poetry?) disconnected sentences, to the extent of five or six closely written quires of foolscap, endeavoring, to find out what on earth the writer ever could find *in* it to call it poetry; with a view to palaver; flatter; to try to enlarge your ideas on the subject of poetry; with a view to act out the old axiom, of the "camel and the straw"; these *beautiful*, I might go on and say, these beautifully, beautiful,—in the plural—these grand, sublime, truly majestic, awe inspiring, snow capped mountains—as it were, of poetic inspirations,—with their deep, dark, yawning, unfathomable abysses of thought—glistening, shining, scintillating so brightly in the bright morning sun of a glorious muse; these are

I say, sent with a view, *not*, of the traditional circus lemonade, *with* a straw, but of the lonely, forsaken, solitary, selfsame straw, *without* the lemonade, that broke the camels back."

USE OF TRAVELING CARDS.

There are few members—yet that few are too many—who seem to think that the Brotherhood is an institution with an inexhaustible bank account to be distributed promiscuously among those who see fit, for real or imaginary causes, to leave their employment and travel about from state to state and city to city, breathing philosophy and gratuitous advice, which they themselves appear to be most in need of, and offering to the Lodges that they visit, as John Scotius did, centuries ago, under the reign of Charlamagne, in the market places of the cities of Europe—"Wisdom to sell." It is to be regretted that such men should be in possession of our Traveling Card—bearing our seal and our signature. These

Traveling Cards are our strongest letters of, not only introduction, but recommendation: and such we wish to make them in the broadest sense. Therefore all Lodges, for the better protection of their good name and reputation, and also for the preservation of the principles of our Order, should use their utmost care in issuing them. Many worthy and deserving members, who are thrown out of employment, through no fault of theirs, are necessarily compelled to travel in order to find situations; for the use and benefit of such men was the Traveling Card instituted. Nay, more! it gives to the employer a man worthy of his confidence, one who thoroughly understands the relation between employer and employee, and who sees clearly the welfare of one identified with the other. It also presents to the Master Mechanic, a man who understands his business and is of good character. This is the mission of the Traveling Card, a worthy offspring of our Organization. Lodges should look with suspicion upon members who apply for assistance when they are scarcely a week out of employment; in fact all such applicants are taking advantage of their membership. This should not be tolerated but peremptorily and decisively refused, except in extreme cases and when this occurs the good sense and judgment of the Lodges will clearly see what course to pursue. The wide experience of our Grand Instructor and his personal knowledge of the different Lodges have enabled him to see these abuses and their evil results. It is our purpose to eradicate them and have Traveling Cards granted only to those who will use them with a proper regard for the laws under which they are issued.

BENEFITS OF ASSOCIATION.

People have always derived their chief pleasure from the association and society of each other. In all times and all places this has been their supreme delight and consolation. Finding themselves adrift

in the world, coming, they know not whence, and going, they know not whither, it has always done them good to unite, to mingle together, to consult, to take counsel, to consider their condition and what might advance their pleasure and prosperity.

Those that associate with the people know that the great heart of humanity throbs with a mighty pulsation, a warmth and a tenderness of feeling for those that have a sympathy with it. This is the bond that binds humanity together, and woe be those that oppose its interests. There is nothing that contributes so much pleasure to people as to meet in harmonious action, where friendship seasons the enjoyment of the hour, and mingle their delights and feelings, exchange courtesies, get acquainted with each other, bind closer the ties of friendship and disseminate the elements of good feeling and good fellowship.

The good that people do, lives forever, and there is nothing in that direction that cannot be attained by the power of association. As individuals we may accomplish much; united, there is nothing that can resist our efforts. Good counsel and harmony should always prevail.

In the good work in which our Order is engaged, it often becomes apparent that harmony of feeling and unity of action are essential to success.

We should seek to improve ourselves on every occasion. We should study our interests and ponder over our responsibilities. We should fill them well—as becomes men.

In our organization we have the elements, the essence, of great principles and of mighty benefits. It is a noble mission—a grand cause. It is identified with the interests of humanity. It becomes us, therefore, to toil with unwavering fidelity, to promote its growth and standing.

Each member should feel that he is a part of the great fabric and that upon his loyalty depends, in a measure, the suc-

cess of the cause. Combined in our great enterprise, it cannot fail, and, in after years, those that reap the benefits of its existence will repay us with the expressions of their eternal gratitude.

The poor and the down-trodden, the weak and the suffering will, on bended knee, thank heaven, for the blessings we bestowed and they received. Our Order is growing—let it become mighty. Nothing stands between it and the summit of its possibilities unless it be the faithlessness of its leaders or the discord of its members. We hope that such a state of affairs may never be developed but that, on the contrary, there may be union and harmony forever.

The Brotherhood is founded upon the rock of ages and its principles will endure to the end of time.

THE LAST RIDE.

The man who earns his bread upon a locomotive risks his life and limb every moment he occupies in the discharge of his hazardous duties. Almost every hour brings the report of a wreck on the rail—of a train loaded with humanity gone down—of an engineer and fireman who “took their last ride.”

Every precaution is taken against these dreadful calamities; but without avail. They seem to be inevitable as fate itself. The dangers give no warning of their approach. Silently they lie in ambush until their prey is certain; when they spring upon the unsuspecting victims, with an insatiate fury. Their havoc is sad indeed to contemplate and the scenes that ensue are frightful to behold. Here and there, midst the shattered wreck of iron and timber and hissing steam are strewn the dead and dying. The king of terrors made no discrimination for we see the most sacred relations torn asunder with a merciless hand. Father, dead and mangled beyond recognition; mother, cruelly maimed and little children imploring their aid. The coldness of death, the intense agonies of suffering and the wail-

ings of grief combine to make this scene heart-rending in the extreme. Words can never express the depth of its horrors.

But thank fortune such calamities do not always follow a wreck. Between the train of living, throbbing, freight and approaching danger there stands the man in front—“the man of sand—the moral hero.” No matter what element of destruction may reveal itself, he is there to avert it if he can; and if he cannot, to offer the first victim to appease its wrath. He may stop the train in time to save the precious lives committed to his keeping; but his own, he has to sacrifice as the price of his heroism. In almost every instance he is first to encounter the shock—first to hear the death-knell sounded. How often we hear it said—“The train was saved without the loss of a single life, but the engineer and fireman were killed”.

The passengers may, and often do, escape unharmed; the men in front, scarcely ever. They are found under their engines, shapeless, ghastly, frightful. No thought of home and loved ones light their last solemn moments on earth. A crash; a stifled cry of agony and despair; night without a star, and all is over.

“Tis the wish of an eye, the draught of a breath,
From the blossom of health to the paleness of death.”

Then begins the work of raising the ponderous mass of machinery to recover the remains. He who was first to breast the elements of destruction is last to be rescued from its terrible grasp. In the mass of debris is found his fallen form. The nameless hero has taken his last ride. He was faithful to the end.

Now come the deepest and blackest shadows of this gloomy picture. We see two households in mourning—two wives broken-hearted and their fatherless children in abject despair. Again we look and we see their cottages surrounded by mourning relatives and friends. The slow tolling of the bells indicate that the funeral day has arrived. Next comes

the sad and pathetic sermon, the funeral cortege and the grave. All is now over. The men who were in front a few days ago have glided into the vast unknown.

Thus the engineman lives and thus he dies. In the midst of life and health and plenty he is cut down never to rise again. To contemplate their situation, it seems to us, should impress them with the necessity of being at all times prepared to "take their last ride."

They should never mount their engines without being in readiness to answer the call. If they have loving ones who depend upon them for support, they should make every provision for them in time. They should have a moral standing in the community in which they live so that the public sympathy will not be withheld from them in the hour of their emergency. They should have a clear and consistent record as men. They should be prepared to leave this world with a spotless character—one they need not fear to answer for in the world to come. To impress these principles upon the minds of men is the object of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, and upon the merits of its aims and purposes it will rise to the high sphere of usefulness it is destined to occupy. The grateful widows and orphans it has relieved, the maimed sufferers it has comforted, and the erring and infirm it has reclaimed from the world of vice, are willing witnesses to its eternal progress.

THE CONVENTION.

The Ninth Annual Convention proved a grand success in every respect. The reception tendered by the people of Indiana to the delegates and their friends was cordial in the extreme and at once impressed them with the fact that the Brotherhood is respected in that locality. We doubt if, ever before, a body of railroad men, of any class, was received and entertained with so much courtesy and consideration.

Aside from its social features the con-

vention was successful beyond all expectation. Of course the proceedings were not altogether harmonious nor were the delegates satisfied with the results in all their details. But, in the main, the actions were heartily endorsed. We have not the space to comment on the many features that present themselves in connection with this, the greatest, meeting ever held by our Order.

The papers of Terre Haute speak more ably than we can, on the subject, and for this reason we refrain from entering into further details.

We have only to say that if the Brotherhood progresses in the year to come as it has during the year just closed, the Tenth Annual Convention, to be held at Denver, Col., will present to the world an organization worthy of a place among the best on the continent.

DISSATISFIED CLAIMANTS.

The Convention, which has just closed, marks an important era in the history of our Order. It showed life and vigor in all of our relations, and bade us hope that the future will bring us rich rewards for past endeavors. Only one thing arose during our deliberations that needs the careful survey of after-thought to appreciate fully the course of the Grand Lodge. We refer to the claims that were rejected on the ground of nonpayment of dues.

Organization is founded upon law. If the law is disregarded the Organization goes to pieces. The law of our Brotherhood is its constitution. By that constitution we must live or die. Carried out in every particular our future is secure, ignored in the slightest requirement disorganization begins. We are an order numbering over five thousand men. At least twenty-five thousand souls are interested in our success. Think of it—twenty five thousand fathers, mothers, wives, sisters and brothers, earnestly praying for our success. Shall we succeed? *We will if we carry out our consti-*

tution to the very letter. Failure is our sure lot if we do not.

It must be plain to every member of our Order that we cannot succeed unless the money dues of every member is promptly paid in. Not only must the individual members pay their dues but the Financiers of the various lodges must, *without fail*, report such payment. Our constitution provides, Sec. 4, Art. 4:

SEC. 4. It shall be the duty of the Financier to receive all dues from members, giving his receipt for the same. He shall notify the G. S. and T. of the admission of all candidates, forwarding their Grand Dues, as provided in the Constitution.

With the name of the member, he will forward the date of his admission, his residence and age, and also the name and residence of the person to whom his insurance policy is to be made payable.

If this law is not strictly carried out it is simply impossible for the Grand Lodge officers to keep a correct list of all who are entitled to the benefits of the Order. As soon as the name of a new member is transmitted to the Grand Secretary the name of such member is placed upon the Grand Lodge Register, as provided by our Constitution. In order to keep his name on such register the member must keep *all of his dues paid up*, because if he does not, he will not be entitled to any of the benefits of our order, as will be seen from the following:

ARTICLE V.

Death and Disability Claims.

SEC. 1. No member shall be entitled to any of the benefits of the Order unless his name is on the Grand Lodge Register.

His Grand and Subordinate dues and assessments must be paid within the time specified in the Constitution, otherwise his policy of insurance becomes null and void, and so remains until such arrearages are paid.

SEC. 4. Any member falling or refusing to pay an assessment within the time specified in its issue, shall stand suspended from all benefits of the Order until such arrearages are paid.

Now then, we leave it to all candid men, should not these laws be enforced to the letter? Our very life depends upon their uttermost fulfillment and it is worse

than folly to set them aside in *any instance*. Our order was founded to last for many years but its days will be numbered whenever the constitution is trampled on for any reason whatever.

There was dissatisfaction on the part of some of our members because of the rejection of claims by the convention; but these claims were in every instance rejected because the members to whom they would otherwise have been paid had not paid their dues, or the Financiers of the subordinate lodges had failed to transmit such dues to the Grand Officers.

We want to impress upon our members the absolute necessity for *rejecting all claims* where the law has been violated. As soon as one claim is paid that ought not to have been paid under our constitution, that moment we establish a precedent which will let in all the future claims, no matter how much the member making the claim may have violated the requirements of the Order.

Who will pay dues if benefits are paid to the good and bad alike? If the man who pays learns that the man who does not pay receives our benefits anyhow, how long will the paying man continue to do so?

The Grand Officers must enforce the law. They have taken an oath to do so, and if they pay claims to those who are not entitled to them they commit perjury. Our constitution was made for all of us. We must all follow it—members and officers alike.

Sometimes it is very disagreeable to reject a claim for non-payment of dues, because the poor fellow injured may not have been able to pay them, or the lodge Financier may have failed to transmit them, but that is no excuse for the Grand Officers—they can only pay when the claimant's name is on the Grand Register—if they pay when the name does not so appear they violate the law. Every member should stand by the Grand Officers in the enforcement of this law. Upon its strict enforcement, regardless of

individual wishes, depends the future success of our Brotherhood

We are laboring for the good of many, not for the wishes of any one. Solid success is what we must aim at. And it is better to lose a dissatisfied member, or a lodge now and then, because we enforce the law strictly, than to gain the good will of such dissatisfied members or lodges and bring down common ruin upon our noble organization.

The Grand Officers must stand by the law of our Order. Every subordinate lodge officer must do his duty. Every member must pay his dues. If all will look duty in the face, fearlessly and promptly, the convention of 1883 will have reason to congratulate itself upon being the noblest gathering of labor representatives in the land. Stand by the constitution!

THE CONVENTION.

NINTH ANNUAL CONVENTION.

The Ninth Annual Convention of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen of the United States and Canadas met at Terre Haute, Indiana, on Monday, September 11th, pursuant to adjournment.

The first day was occupied in the reception and entertainment of the delegates and visiting members.

The following report of the opening ceremonies is taken from the Terre Haute Express of September 12th:

The Ninth Annual Convention of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen of the United States and Canadas is an assured success. Terre Haute has done herself proud in the reception she has tendered the bone and sinew of the land, as represented in the disciples of the shovel and pick. The great interest manifested in the general decorations yesterday, the turn out to witness the procession and the opening exercises at the Opera House are a just tribute to a deserving class of men.

The delegates began arriving Saturday night in numbers, and the arrivals were kept up until yesterday afternoon, when the entire list of delegates were in attendance. A preliminary meeting was held Sunday afternoon, but the first public exercises were those yesterday afternoon.

The hotels were crowded during Sunday and yesterday, and presented lively scenes. Old friends met and renewed their acquaintanceship, new associations were formed, and midst all, arose a feeling of gratification and pride at the right royal welcome extended them by the beautiful Prairie City of the Wabash.

At ten o'clock, Governor Porter and Col. J.

B. Maynard arrived from Indianapolis, on the Vandalia train, and were met at the depot by a committee and escorted to the Terre Haute House, where rooms were assigned them.

The executive committee and the Grand Officers were kept busy during the entire forenoon in arranging all the details for the procession, and the feast of speech and music prepared for the visitors, and to be placed before them at the Opera House. At noon the hotels presented a still livelier scene, everything and everybody being in a hurry and a bustle, preparing for the parade.

THE PROCESSION.

The procession formed at the corner of Third and Walnut streets at two o'clock, under direction of Grand Marshal Alex. Mullen. It was formed in the following order:

Police.
Ringgold Band.
McKeen Cadets.
Hager Veterans.
Occidental Literary Club.
Delegates to Convention.
Visiting Members.
Vigo Lodge No. 16, B. of L. F.
Distinguished Guests and City Council in Carriages.
Fire Department.

The line of march was taken up at Third and Walnut, and pursued as follows: North on Third to Ohio, east on Ohio to Ninth, north on Ninth to Main, west on Main to the Opera House.

THE OPENING EXERCISES.

Addresses of Welcome and Responses at the Opera House.

At the conclusion of the line of march, the delegates and visitors marched into the Opera House, where there were seats which had been previously reserved. The orchestra chairs were first filled and then the balcony, the members of the City Council and the

Occidental club also being provided with reserved seats. The family circle was well filled with spectators, a large proportion of ladies being numbered among them.

The stage had been very handsomely set with flowers and shrubs, looking out through a heavily draped window upon a lake scene. After a delay of a few minutes the officers and orators and distinguished guests filed upon the stage, and were shown to seats. After an overture, "Stradella," by the Kingdold, the chairman, Thomas W. Harper, announced that the exercises would be opened with prayer by Rev. S. F. Dunham. The prayer was as follows:

REV. S. F. DUNHAM.

Invocation—Our Father who art in Heaven, hallowed be Thy Name, Thy Kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth, as it is in Heaven. Give us this day our daily bread, and forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil: for Thine is the Kingdom, and the praise, and the glory, forever. Amen.

O God, who leddest Abraham, Thy servant, out of Ur of the Chaldees, and preservedst him unhurt throughout the day of his pilgrimage; we beseech Thee to take these Thy servants under Thy special protection. Be unto them, O Lord, their Helper in their setting out, their Solace by the way, their Shadow in the heat, their Covering in the storms, their Comfort in the cloud, their Support in weariness, their Guardian in danger, their Staff in slippery places, and their Haven in disaster, that Thou, being their Ruler and Guide, they may safely escape from the manifold dangers of their perilous calling, and finally be received into Thy everlasting and glorious Kingdom, through Jesus Christ, our blessed Lord and Savior. Amen.

Direct, O, Almighty God, with Thy most gracious favor, the meetings and deliberations of this Brotherhood, founded for the promotion of the chiefest of Christian virtues, divined love. Further them by Thy continued help, that in all their works begun, continued, and ended in Thee, they may glorify Thy Holy Name, and finally, by Thy mercy, obtain everlasting life, through Jesus Christ, our Lord. Amen.

The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the fellowship of the Holy Ghost be with us all evermore. Amen.

The orchestra then rendered Suppe's "Shepherd's Morning Song, Love to the People," and the chairman then delivered an address of welcome, which was frequently interrupted by applause. He said:

THOS. W. HARPER.

Delegates, Ladies and Gentlemen: Through the partiality of the managing committee, I have been selected to preside at this, the ninth annual meeting of the Grand Lodge of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen of the United States and Canadas.

I desire to return thanks to the committee, and through them to the entire Order, for the honor thus conferred, for it is an honor to preside at the meeting of delegates of an organization great and powerful in numbers, and extending into each of the States and Territories of the United States and both the Canadas—numbering 120 lodges, with a membership of over 6,000. The marvelous growth of the Order and its present prosperous condition, I am happy and proud to state, is mainly due to the untiring efforts of two citizens of Terre Haute—Mr. Eugene V. Debs, the Grand Secretary and Treasurer, and Mr. Samuel M. Stevens, the Grand Instructor.

There exist a great many erroneous ideas and opinions among the great mass of people as to the object and aims of the organization, some of which should be corrected. It is the common belief and understanding among the uninitiated, that the object, or at least one of the objects of the organization, is to prepare for and promote strikes and to assist each other during such times, but this is not the case. Strikes were forbidden by the Grand Lodge at their meeting at Chicago, in 1879. It is not a labor organization. Its object is rather a benevolent organization. Its object is to relieve the distressed; take care of its widows and orphans; bury its dead and make better men and citizens of its members. Their motto being "benevolence, sobriety and industry."

Every man, woman and child in the land is interested in the success of this organization. An organization whose further object and aim is to improve the mental and moral condition of the locomotive firemen and prepare them for their future duties as locomotive engineers.

One of the most stringent rules of the Order is that against the intemperate use of intoxicating liquors. For this reason, if for none other, should we all wish the Order success. As every one of us must, from time to time, intrust our property and our lives in the hands of its members, and at such times it is a great satisfaction to know that the engine is in the charge of the members of an Order whose teachings inculcate, and officers enforce sobriety.

Few of us realize the responsibility of and dangers incurred by the members of this Order. As we sit in the cars flying along at the rate of 40 miles an hour, we hardly think of the men at the throttle and scoop. We do not realize that our safety often depends on the clear head and steady nerves of the men upon the foot boards. The dangers by them incurred by field and flood can better be shown by the statistics of the Order than in any other way.

During the year ending August 1890, the Order lost nineteen members, only one of whom died a natural death. Few of them in old age can say:

"Life! we've been long together,
Thro' cloudy and thro' pleasant weather."

Most of them pass away in the flush of young and vigorous manhood before "the morning of life touches noon," and ere they reach the "stone on life's highway that marks the highest point."

How often do we read in the account of a railroad accident, that the engineer and fireman died at their post, when, perhaps, they might have saved themselves had they not determined, at the risk of their own lives, to save the passengers in their charge. Like "Horatios" at the bridge, they realized that

"To every man upon this earth,
Death cometh soon or late,"

and, bravely, knowing their danger, in the discharge of duty, meet their fate.

There is no heroism equal to theirs. The soldier upon the battle field faces death, but he sees it not. He hears the roar of the musketry and the shrieking of the shells, but he knows he is fighting a human enemy, and he is sustained by his friends and comrades, whose elbow he can always touch.

Not so with our heroes, who see before them the open bridge, the misplaced switch. They know that no human power can aid them; that there is no escape.

In this dread moment, I have no doubt, that they are nerved to do and die by the

teachings of their Order and the knowledge that the Brotherhood will become a father to their fatherless, and as a husband to their widows.

It is to do these men honor and bid them welcome, are gathered here to-day the greatest statesmen and politicians of the State of Indiana, together with the most beautiful ladies of our city.

In conclusion, permit me to introduce to you the Hon. Jas. B. Lyne, Mayor of our beautiful Prairie City, who will extend to you an official welcome.

MAYOR LYNE'S ADDRESS OF WELCOME.

Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen: There is no class of men that I could take a greater pleasure in extending a hearty welcome to our city than to locomotive firemen; especially coming as you do, as representative men of a most noble Order; an Order devoted to "Benevolence, Sobriety and Industry," a motto truly worthy your devotion. Sobriety and industry not only make better men of you, but give you the respect, the confidence and the trust and support of all men.

It is by practicing these virtues that you will be advanced and many of you will become, as some of you now are, the engineers, conductors, superintendents, and possibly the railway presidents of the country. But the glory of your Order is "Benevolence." As a grand Brother you feel that you hold a precious responsibility in providing comfort and happiness for the beneficiaries of your Order. How many widows and orphans are now provided with bright and happy homes, who, except for your noble Order, would have been cast upon the cold charities of the world. Your Brotherhood is the widow's refuge, the orphan's home.

It brightens your own home by the assurance that when you are snatched away by death, the strong arm of a sturdy and willing Brotherhood is ever ready to console and care for the dear ones you leave behind.

Societies which have been formed for the maintenance and comfort of men's families in case of death, should be encouraged by every one. Nothing in life has given me more pleasure than to encourage and assist them.

On account of the many speakers to follow, courtesy demands of me that I should close, by again extending to you a sincere and heartfelt welcome to, and freedom of, the city.

The chairman introduced Governor Porter, who was received with almost deafening applause. After the noise subsided, he spoke as follows:

GOV. A. G. PORTER.

When I heard, a few weeks since, that you were about to assemble here to accept the hospitality of the people of Terre Haute—a hospitality which is always a warm one—I said to myself there must be no monopoly in this matter, but that you should receive a welcome from this State also, and so I have come here, as a representative of this State, to extend to you that welcome.

There have been a good many things to attract you to this place.

Your honored Secretary lives here and is held in not less esteem by his fellow-townsmen than by your Brotherhood, which regards him so highly.

This is the home of Mr. McKeen, a gentleman known in railroad circles not only for skill in railroad management, and for the division of liberal and honest dividends to his stockholders, but for fair-dealing with all

the men in his employ and for a noble generosity which attaches them all to him warmly. [Applause.]

This is also the dwelling place of Col. Richard W. Thompson, the late Secretary of the Navy, whose upright and skillful administration of his office won the admiration of the country.

It was thought before his appointment that one must have snuffed the fresh sea air a great while to be fit for that high office, but it was found the Wabash air was better.

You have seen since your coming into the State remnants of our great forests that have given you a hint of what our forests used to be. We like to keep up a little of our backwoods tastes, and so we sometimes name our great men for our stately trees. You have heard of the "Tall Sycamore of the Wabash." He grows here. [Applause.]

Here, too, lives a gentleman who has been twice a Foreign Minister—my old friend Col. Nelson—who always carries the freshness of spring with him and abounds in wise observations and overflowing kindness of spirit. I don't know whether he is a kinsman of that great Admiral of that name, but I know he can make a better speech.

This was the home of a plain but noble gentleman, whose living presence cannot greet you here to-day, but whose memory will dwell here for generations. I refer to Chauncey Rose. He, also, was a railroad man. His private munificence has not only furnished here a beautiful charity, but has endowed an institution for the highest instruction in the mechanic arts.

You perceive, therefore, gentlemen, that the place which you have selected for your meeting has attractions which will make your stay a pleasant one.

The circumstances under which you assemble could not be more satisfactory. Your Brotherhood has never been more prosperous. The charitable objects for which it was organized have been successful. It has been in existence but nine years, yet about half of its members have risen in course of promotion to be locomotive engineers. The promotion has not severed their connection with the society. They remain to beckon the young firemen upward. There has never been a time when the relations of the railroad corporations and their employes have been more cordial. Especially is this so between the companies and their engineer and firemen. With spontaneous generosity the companies have given most, if not all of you, gratuitous passage on your way here and have provided for your gratuitous passage on your return. They have done so because you are their friends. They take pleasure in that which gives pleasure to you. They have done so because they know that your assemblage here for social recreation; for consultation relative to questions of skill in your occupation; for the encouragement of sobriety; for the cultivation of an *esprit de corps*, will qualify you, on your return, more than ever, for a cheerful and faithful discharge of your duties. [Applause.]

There has been for ages a disposition to pay less for skill when it has been associated with physical toil than for like skill unconnected with toil. No doubt it is because hard, physical labor was once, in some countries, a badge of servitude. There is less of this sort of discrimination in railroad corporations than elsewhere, and it is everywhere gradually, though slowly passing away. The engineer of a train, as a rule, receives higher pay than the conductor.

There is growing up among railroad companies, more and more, an inclination to that

justice towards employes which partakes of the quality of magnanimity. Provision is now frequently made for the families of those who are deprived of life without fault while in the line of duty, and it is being seriously considered by some companies whether it would not be well to allow to those who are directly concerned with the running of the roads, as an incentive to the highest possible care and skill, some small but fixed parts of the earnings. Certainly the traveling public would feel that an additional security to life would be given by such a provision.

Gentlemen, I hope that your meeting will be one both pleasant and profitable to you all, and that when you separate you will carry with you many pleasant recollections of your visit to this State, and have a safe and happy return to your several homes. [Applause.]

Following the address of Governor Porter, speeches were made by Hon. B. W. Hanna, Col. J. B. Maynard, Col. Thos. H. Nelson, Hon. D. W. Voorhees. Space will not permit us to publish their able and interesting addresses in this issue, but they will appear in full in our next.

The following speech was next delivered by Grand Master Frank W. Arnold:

GRAND MASTER ARNOLD'S ADDRESS.

Ladies and Gentlemen and Members of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen:

For the third time in the history of the Order is the pleasure allotted me of addressing you in the official capacity of Grand Master.

To me my duties have been pleasant in the extreme, and while mistakes may have been made during the past few years, yet I cannot but feel that they were errors of judgment and not emanations from the heart.

I cordially thank these gentlemen in behalf of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, who have so ably addressed you this afternoon, and I can safely say that their kind words and good advice will be long remembered and cherished by us.

We are honored by representatives of the press, and some of the first and leading citizens of this State, whose presence must certainly add dignity and importance to the occasion.

To the ladies who have honored us by their presence, I desire to extend a hearty welcome, for their bright faces and active and earnest co-operation and sympathy do much toward making enjoyable and profitable their annual conventions, and to the delegates and members, many of whom have come from a great distance, to deliberate in this, our Ninth Annual Convention, I extend a cordial welcome, and I feel confident that each member has come fully prepared to perform his duty honestly and impartially.

We are to-day entering upon our tenth year, and if in the future our success is as great as it has been during the past, it will be seen that we have just begun to exist as an Order.

We have to-day in the United States and Canada about 20,000 locomotive firemen, one-fourth of which number are enrolled on our books.

With one hundred and twenty lodges now in good, prosperous condition, we can reasonably expect to nearly, if not quite, double that number during the next three months.

We have paid out on insurance claims since the first of last January, \$20,000, which has gone to the relief of the widows and orphans of our deceased brothers.

The success with which we have met must, in a great measure, be attributed to the herculean efforts of our grand organizer and instructor, Bro. S. M. Stevens. His work has been arduous, and physically tiring, and in the performance of his duties, he has traveled over 50,000 miles of territory, regardless of health and difficulties, the latter of which have, in many cases, been seemingly insurmountable, and I cannot refrain from accrediting to your fellow townsman and our grand secretary and treasurer, Bro. Eugene V. Debs, his due share of praise for the victories which we have gained, and which he divides with our grand organizer.

Railroad corporations, managers, superintendents, and master mechanics all over this country, have given us the most flattering proof of the interest displayed in the welfare of our order, and I can safely say that such interest is not thrown away upon us, and in this connection I wish to add that among all our friends, none have shown a greater proof of fidelity than the president of the Vandallia railway, which runs through your city. W. R. McKeen has at all times and upon all occasions shown the greatest friendship and kindest feeling for our welfare, and by such acts has endeared the relations existing between himself and his employes.

I would like to say a word about strikes. While this Order has never, directly, sought to bring about a certain condition of things by resorting to that mode of warfare, yet several years ago some few members, in a moment of weakness joined with other railway employes to dictate to their employers as to how to manage their affairs. The result is well known and must certainly be a striking proof of the utter futility of similar efforts—they never have succeeded and never will.

At our convention held in Chicago in 1879, a resolution to totally ignore strikers in the future was introduced, and, be it said, to the great credit of that body of delegates in particular, and the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen in general, that the resolution was adopted without one dissenting voice, and the growth and prosperity of this order might be said, with some great degree of truth, to date from that day.

We endeavor to settle our difficulties by arbitration, and there does not seem to be the possibility of a question arising between employer and employe that cannot be settled satisfactorily by arbitration, but if there should be, then it is morally certain that it could not be disposed of with any degree of future benefit to the employe by inaugurating a strike.

We have overcome many vices, and in their stead have implanted in the minds of many aspirations to a higher and nobler life.

We have kept before the eyes of the public, and our members, a dignified self respect without which no organization, however well conceived, can exist and effect great reforms.

We have removed that false light in which our brethren formerly stood as to the relations existing between the employer and employe and have proven how closely they are identified with each other.

We have given faithful attendance to the sick; we have buried the dead; and we have, so far as has been in our power, given to the widows and orphans, a substantial proof of our heartfelt sympathy.

The superstructure of our organization rests

upon the three great virtues of benevolence, sobriety and industry; and so long as we practice the principles embodied in these cardinal features of our order, just so long shall we educate our members to become honorable, useful and respected citizens, and just so long shall we merit the good opinions of our fellow men.

There have been, since we last met in convention, many changes; many hearts that were glad then are sad now. Many, that were full of life, health, ambition and contentment then, are silent now.

Time, with its usual ravages, has not wholly spared us, but that benevolence which we cherish, and which is, perhaps, the strongest tie which binds us together, enables us to mitigate much of the suffering and distress which necessarily follows in the wake of our dangerous calling.

The word Benevolence is the foremost in the motto of our order. It means that we are filled with a love for mankind that is accompanied with a desire to remember the helpless and care for those who are dependent upon us.

It is a living and acting principle that enables us to regard the whole human species as one family. We hear much sentimentality about true benevolence. Unless our labors in that regard result in practical good, they have been in vain.

Sobriety is another virtue and the second in our motto, and which develops strength with the former one. It is the most important and necessary qualification of every railway employe. Formerly the intemperance of railway men was a subject of general remark; but what a change has taken place during the past ten years. Now intemperance is one of the rare charges that can be laid at the feet of the railway employe with any color of truth, and in bringing about that condition of affairs, the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen has been an important factor. It has rolled on to prosperity with the banner of sobriety proudly floating from its pilot until its victories have been gloriously won and many have arrived at last safely at the station of success. To-day we find among railway men those of the highest moral attainments, whose society is eagerly sought and whose reputation as citizens of the highest type and respectability, is beyond question, and we find that this is not the exception by any means.

Our employers are not slow in discovering this marked advance on morality as is evidenced on every hand by the frequent advancements and promotions, and the seeking in our ranks, as is often done, for good, trustworthy, sober men.

Industry, the third virtue, is one of equal importance with the others, for by it we are permitted to thrive, without it, our foundation would be weak indeed. Where would we profit by benevolence and industry and sobriety did we encourage indolence? Industry and morality are as one. With the possession of either virtue, the other is bound to assert itself. Has it never occurred to you that a life of industry is one well spent? that it produces happiness? that it is a panacea for unhappiness, intemperance, and nearly all the mental diseases with which we are afflicted, more or less?

We must have a certain amount of ambition and hope, but which we cannot reasonably expect to enjoy without laboring industriously for, and it is by a close observance of the truth taught by these three great principles that we are enabled to live the lives of good men and receive the praise of our fellow beings. I would indeed be derelict in my duty,

if I neglected to say a word of praise for the good people of Terre Haute, for the manner in which they have opened the gates of this beautiful city and given us the friendly greeting that we have this day received. Their efforts to make this convention a great success have been great and should not go unrewarded. To them I desire to extend the thanks of the entire brotherhood. Their reputation for generosity and hospitality is well known, and they have done with us only what they would have done with any others who might have been so fortunate as to become their guests.

To the wives, mothers and sisters of our members, I wish to speak. The interest that they have taken in our order from the beginning has done much towards elevating us to that high moral position of manliness. Their exertions in our behalf have made us feel that it is our duty to live and do right for their sake, if for no other reason, and have gone far towards impressing more indelibly upon our minds that when we are tempted to do wrong we have some one, whom we love, whose influence over our thoughts and actions should be and is paramount to all temptations to do other than right.

It is not my desire to consume more of your time to-day, and in conclusion I wish to express to you my thanks for your generous attention and indulgence, and with one word to the delegates, I will close.

Remember that in all your deliberation in this convention you have but the one object in view—"the good of the order," and through that channel the good of the mankind, and in the accomplishment of which you will receive the hearty endorsement of all your fellow men.

The meeting closed at 5:30 o'clock with the benediction by Rev. S. F. Dunham and the orchestra rendered "Old Hundred".

THE BANQUET.

Dowling Hall had been appropriately decorated for the banquet, and a brief description is not out of place. From the stage were suspended United States and British flags, meeting and joined by a gold letter "B," symbolical of the Union of the interests of the firemen of the United States and Canada. Over the flags was the motto Welcome, in gilt letters on a white background, and bordered with evergreen. A similar motto was placed on the south wall, opposite the entrance to the hall. At intervals around the hall had been placed photographs of the machines, on which the firemen had so often risked their lives and limbs, ornamented with crossed flags.

Suspended from the chandelier over the center of the hall, were festoons of evergreen reaching to the corners of the room. The life-sized figures at either side of the stage opening were wrapped in United States and British flags. The entire decoration was very neat, and called forth many compliments.

THE TABLES.

To accommodate the large number of invited guests, Manager Taggart of the Union Depot Hotel, who prepared the banquet, had provided twelve large tables, each seating forty-six persons. These were placed lengthwise of the hall, and plates were spread for five hundred and fifty-two guests. The tables were tastefully bedecked with flowers, which added greatly to the general effect.

The central table was reserved for distinguished guests, and the floral decorations were profuse. In the middle of the table was placed a miniature locomotive of cut flowers, a present from the B. L. F. to W. R. McKeen. The boiler bore the initials of the order, in white flowers, and on the tender, after the same style, was the name of the recipient of the elegant design, which was the work of John G. Heintz. The following was

THE MENU.

MEATS.

Beef, Veal, Mutton, Turkey, Chicken, Ham,
Pressed Corn Beef, Tongue.

OYSTERS.

Raw, Escaloped.

SALAD AND RELISHES.

Chicken, Lobster, Sardine, Celery, Chow
Chow, Mixed Pickles, Cheese, Horse Radish,
Tomato Catsup, Cold Slaw.

BREADS.

White, Graham, Boston, Brown, Home-
made.

CAKES.

Pound, Fruit, Coconut, Jelly, Cream,
White.

ICE CREAM.

Vanilla, Frozen Lemon Ice, Strawberry.

FRUITS.

Bananas, California Grapes, Oranges.

ASSORTMENT OF CANDIES.

NUTS.

Almonds, Cream, Filberts, English, Pecans,
Peanuts.

DRINKS.

Lemonade, Milk, Java, Coffee, Ice Tea, Hot
Tea.

THE GUESTS.

Shortly before nine o'clock, the holders of invitations to the banquet, to the number of four hundred and thirty-one, formed in line at the Opera house, and from thence marched to Dowling Hall. They were quickly accommodated with seats at the table, and were followed by the Occidental club in a body, and the McKeen Cadets, in full dress uniform.

When all the guests had been seated, Col. W. E. McLean, who had been selected to preside, in the absence of Col. R. W. Thompson, called the assemblage to order, and Rev. S. F. Dunham offered grace, after which full justice was done the bountiful repast served by the small army of waiters. The toasts were offered and responded to as follows:

WM. E. MCCLAIN

In taking the chair as President, after calling the meeting to order, said: Permit me to return my sincere thanks to the committee for the honor conferred upon me, in selecting me to preside upon this occasion and aid in the conduct of festivities to-night. And in assuming the duties of the chair this evening, permit me to say that certainly no one can regret more sincerely than I do the distinguished gentleman originally selected to preside to-night, Col. R. W. Thompson, is not here to discharge that duty—a duty which many of you know none could discharge, a position none could grace so well as he. I have not the vanity to suppose that I can

even attempt to fill his place, and respond in fitting and appropriate language to the toast devolving upon the chair, a task worthy of the best effort of the eloquent gentleman assigned to it; one whom we all delight to honor as our oldest and greatest orator, one who has well earned the distinction of "the Silver-tongued orator of the West."

The occasion which calls us together to-night is an interesting one. "The Brotherhood, its aims and purposes," is appropriately the first sentiment of the evening.

An organization, a Brotherhood, extending in an unbroken chain, from the Atlantic to the golden shores of the Pacific, with a membership, as I am informed to-day, of 8,000 brave, young, ardent spirits, bound together by a strong fraternal feeling, have assembled as the guest of their local brethren of this city, by their representative delegates in this festive reunion here to-night; not to indulge in vain self-glorification, but to enjoy themselves, to fire up the living machine and lubricate it with the oil of good fellowship, to cultivate around the social board those sentiments of friendship and brotherly attachment which spring spontaneously from their intercourse in their hours of toil and of danger. As members of their Brotherhood, I am assured, they have an honest pride in the calling to which they belong. They believe that their organization, young as it is in years, has already done a good work in the world; that life has been made better and brighter for what their Brotherhood has done in its glorious work as a benevolent institution in visiting the sick, relieving the distressed, comforting the afflicted and burying the dead of their order; and more than that they believe that the world owes some little debt of gratitude to that gallant band, the Locomotive Firemen of the United States, who are to be found, day and night, at the shrine of their labor feeding the iron horse, guiding its course, as it speeds its way through mountain and valley, o'er hill and dale, all o'er this broad land. Men, who, oft-times in the hour of peril, in the darkness and gloom of night, have stood bravely at their post of duty, facing danger and sometimes even death itself, with a heroism not to be excelled by the soldier upon the field of battle.

It is well that men engaged in such a calling, a calling characterized not only by its days and nights of labor and toil, but fraught alike with its hours of excitement and of danger, bound together as they are by the strongest ties of common sympathy, it is well, I repeat, that they should avail themselves of the benefits of association. In these days no man works successfully alone. Association is the great instrumentality; it is the Archimedian lever of the nineteenth century. No great thing, in this age, can be accomplished except by associated power. In the great commonwealth of industry, every calling, every occupation has its special interests to be protected, and moves, so to speak, in an orbit of its own. While I am not prepared to respond appropriately upon this occasion to a sentiment expressive of the aims and purposes of this Brotherhood, I am pleased to learn that it is *not* among the aims and purposes of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen either to foster or encourage *labor strikes*. It is not an organization in the interests of communism, nor is it one founded upon that spurious dogma that capital and labor are natural enemies, but that hand in hand they should go together in the God-like work of promoting the greatest good of the greatest number. The teaching of the organization, as I understand it, is that the welfare of both is best promoted by a harmonious

understanding between the two, and this view of the matter I am happy to say, is endorsed by well meaning men of means as well as the men of muscle all over this country. The great railroad corporations of the country, those giant developers of modern civilization, have set their seal of approbation upon the Fireman's Brotherhood. They have declared that an organization which has inscribed upon its banner "Benevolence, Sobriety and Industry," is entitled to their confidence, and to the respect and good wishes of all mankind.

The responses made by the various distinguished guests are omitted, owing to lack of space. We shall endeavor to publish them in the next issue.

SECRET SESSION.

On Tuesday morning, the 12th, the Convention went into secret session in Odd Fellows' Hall, which had been secured for that purpose.

The Grand Body continued in session until Friday evening, and then adjourned to meet in Tenth Annual Convention in Denver, Colorado, on the third Tuesday in September.

The Convention was pronounced a grand success by all who were in attendance. There was a mutual bond of sympathy between the people of Terre Haute and the delegates, which brought them into the most intimate relations. The people were impressed with the sober, honest and intelligent appearance of the men, and did all they could to make them feel that they were welcome guests.

The Ninth Annual Convention is closed. It has left positive proof of its good results, and will figure for all time as one of the most important and interesting events in the history of the Order.

RESOLUTIONS.

The following report of the Committee on Resolutions was unanimously adopted:

To the Officers and Delegates of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen in Ninth Annual Convention Assembled:

GENTLEMEN AND BROTHERS:—Your Committee on Resolutions beg leave to submit the following:

Be it Resolved, By the Delegates to the Ninth Annual Convention of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, assembled at Terre Haute, Indiana, that our sincere thanks are due, and are hereby returned to the following distinguished gentlemen for their services in our behalf:

Hon. James B. Lyne, for his address of welcome to the city.

Hon. Albert G. Porter, for his address of welcome to the State.

Hon. D. W. Voorhees, Col. Thomas H. Nelson, Col. J. B. Maynard, Hon. Bayless W. Hanna, Thomas W. Harper, Esq., Col. W. E. McLean, Col. W. H. Spencer, Hon. John E.

Lamb and Jacob D. Early, Esq., for their magnificent addresses at the opening exercises.

To the Rev. S. F. Dunham, for officiating as Chaplain.

To Col. R. W. Thompson, for his kind words of sympathy and encouragement as expressed by letter to the Convention.

Resolved, That we extend our sincere thanks to the good people of the City of Terre Haute for their hospitalities and uniform kindness to our delegates while in their beautiful city.

Also, to the various newspapers for the great interest they took in placing our organization in a favorable light before the public, as well as for their kind expressions in our behalf.

Also, to the members of the Occidental Literary Club, for participating in the parade, and for the many courtesies received at their hands.

Also, to the Police Force, the Fire Department, the Hager Veterans and the McKean Cadets, of the City of Terre Haute, for taking part in the parade, and for assisting us so materially in the success of the Convention.

Also, to Bros. A. J. Mullen, Robert Ebbage, Chas. Bennett, James Smith and O. E. Raidy, Executive Committee, for the able manner in which they arranged for the reception and entertainment of our delegates and their friends.

Also, to the members of Vigo Lodge No. 16, for the many courtesies they extended us.

Also, to the following railroad officials for favoring our delegates with free transportation over their respective lines, and for other favors shown our Order:

W. R. McKeen, President; Chas. R. Peddle, Supt. M. P. and M., and Chas. Butler, Master Mechanic, of the Vandavia Line.

Also, W. W. Peabody, Gen'l. Supt. O. & M. R.R.; D. H. Conklin, Receiver Illinois Midland R.R.; A. Kimball, Gen'l. Supt.; R. H. Chamberlain, Asst. Supt.; T. B. Twombly, Gen'l. Master Mechanic; O. M. Baslee, Foreman; H. F. Royce, Div. Supt., and C. S. Binkley, Div. Master Mechanic, of the C. R. I. & P. R.R. Marvin Hughitt, General Manager; W. A. Thrall, General Ticket Agent; C. A. Swineford, Div. Supt., and G. W. Tilton, Supt. Mach., of the C. & N. W. R.R. E. T. Jeffery, General Supt.; A. H. Hanson, General Pass. Agent, and T. W. Place, Div. M. M., of the Illinois Central R.R. H. M. Hoxie, General Manager, and J. J. Frey, Div. Supt., of the St. L. I. M. & I. R.R. A. A. Talmage, General Manager of the Missouri Pacific R.R. M. E. Ingalls, Gen'l. Supt. of the C. I., St. L. & C. R.R. J. C. McMullen, General Manager, and C. N. Chappell, acting General Manager of the C. & A. R.R. Col. Robert Andrews, General Supt. of the W. St. L. & P. R.R. O. S. Lyford, Gen'l. Supt., and Wm. Hill, Gen'l. Pass. Agt. of the C. & E. I. R.R.; Henry B. Stone, Gen'l. Supt. of the C. B. & Q. R.R.; C. J. Hepburn, Gen'l. Supt. of the E. & T. H. R.R. S. S. Merrill, General Manager, and T. A. Fraser, Gen'l. Foreman of the I. & D. Div. of the C. M. & St. P. R.R. P. D. Cooper, Gen'l. Supt., J. A. Alcant, Div. Supt., and J. M. Ferris, acting Gen'l. Supt., of the N. Y. P. & O. R.R. Jos. Hickson, Gen'l. Manager of the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada. E. S. Bowen, Gen'l. Supt. of the N. Y. L. E. & W. R.R. A. N. Towne, Gen'l. Manager of the Central Pacific R.R. C. E. Henderson, Gen'l. Manager of the I. B. & W. R.R. Hon. T. De Funiah, Gen'l. Man.; Supt. Harris, of Memphis Div., and Thomas Walsh, M. M., of the L. & N. R.R. D. C. Dodge, Gen'l. Man.; G. W. Ristine, Asst. Gen'l. Man.; N. W. Sample, Supt. Mach., and S. C. Smith, Div. M. M., of the D. & R. G. R.R. E. B. Thomas, Gen'l. Man., and C. C. Gale, Supt. of

the C. C. & I. R.R. J. F. Barnard, General Manager of the K. C., St. J. & C. B. R.R. W. W. Stearns, Gen'l. Supt., and C. G. Williams, M. M. of the Central R.R. of New Jersey. J. W. Peters, Gen'l. Supt. of the Portland and Rochester R.R. P. P. Wright, Gen'l. Supt. of the L. S. & M. S. R.R. Jas. McCrea, General Manager of the P. C. & St. L. R.R. Frank Thompson, Gen'l. Man. of the Penn. R.R. Co. S. M. Felton, Jr., Gen'l. Man. N. Y. & N. E. R. R. C. O. Russell, Gen'l. Supt. B. & A. R.R. D. W. Sanborn, Master of Trans. of Eastern R.R. F. Brown, Supt. Buffalo & Southwestern R.R. E. H. Waldron, Gen'l. Supt. L. E. & W. R.R. C. J. Ives, Gen'l. Supt. B. C. R. & N. R.R.

Be it further resolved, That we shall gratefully remember all the favors conferred upon us on the occasion of our Ninth Annual Convention, and that we shall endeavor to prove worthy of the same.

T. E. CREEN,
A. H. GIRARD,
JOHN GOLDIE,
Committee.

WELCOME GUESTS.

Terre Haute Express Editorial.

Terre Haute takes pride to-day in extending a most cordial and earnest welcome to the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen now in session here to act for the welfare of the Order. Our good citizens will cheerfully extend the members all the rights of hospitality and give them the hand of fellowship, and this is done with so much warmth because this Brotherhood has peculiar claims on the gratitude and respect of the public. The life they lead brings them in daily and hourly contact with the great propelling forces of progress, and makes them guardians of the growth of commerce and of the lives and safety of the traveling public. They know no such thing as seasons. Like death, they have all seasons for their own. Under the frost and sleet of winter, in the mild winds of spring, during the burning glare of the summer sun, and in the mellow airs of autumn; in hail, sunshine, storm and tornado, their duty calls them to face the elements, and stand guard over the destinies of shifting millions. It is a life of great hardships and peril, requiring courage and a sleepless devotion to duty.

In gazing yesterday on the delegates now gathered together from every State and Territory in the Union and Canada, no one could help being impressed with their manly, self-reliant and sturdy appearance. They represented not only the bone and sinew of a tremendous interest, but, what is better still, their faces reflected an intense zeal in their calling, and indicated a full perception of their responsibilities and a full realization that

they understood the meaning of the old axiom that "in union there is strength." It was also to be noticed most plainly that a marked improvement has taken place in the character of the members. They have been subjected for their own good and the general good of the Order, to a most rigid training for the past few years. The element of benevolence which has been introduced, constitutes a fellowship of interest that makes sobriety and industry a requisite for enjoying the benefits of the Order; and in this way a feeling of pride and fellowship has been engendered with splendid results.

The Order has certainly been in the hands of most skillful pilots, who deserve the utmost praise for their fidelity and untiring devotion. They plant themselves on the broad and sensible theory that in a country like this there should be no conflict between capital and labor; that both employer and employed are working together for one common cause; that both share in its success, and both must endure its privations when they come. And a most remarkably happy endorsement of this theory can be found in the practical workings of it, outlined by Grand Master Arnold. In the following words he bears most earnest and telling testimony to the beauties of quiet arbitration:

"I would like to say a word about strikes. While this Order has never, directly, sought to bring about a certain condition of things by resorting to that mode of warfare, yet several years ago some few members, in a moment of weakness, joined with other railway employes to dictate to their employers as to how to manage their affairs. The result is well known and must certainly be a striking proof of the utter futility of similar efforts—they never have succeeded and never will.

At our Convention held in Chicago in 1879, a resolution to totally ignore strikers in the future was introduced, and, by its aid, to the great credit of that body of delegates in particular and the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen in general, that resolution was adopted without one dissenting voice, and the growth and prosperity of this Order might be said, with some great degree of truth, to date from that day.

We endeavor to settle our difficulties by arbitration, and there does not seem to be the possibility of a question arising between employer and employe that cannot be settled satisfactorily by arbitration, but if there should be, then it is morally certain that it could not be disposed of with any degree of future benefit to the employe by inaugurating a strike."

Under the inspiration of such ideas, and the fellowship they foster and promote, the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen has become an immense lever for good in the labor history of the United States, and its progress will be follow-

ed with the keen eyes and sympathetic hearts of the public.

The Express extends a most cordial welcome to these gentlemen from all sister States and the Canadas, and warmly assures them that all hospitalities possible will be extended to them.

THE FIREMEN.

Terre Haute Saturday Evening Mail.

How different from the Fair was the Ninth Annual Convention of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen of the United States and Canadas. It was the best managed affair of the kind which has ever occurred in this city, and the boys will certainly go to their homes with pleasant memories of the beautiful Prairie City. No organization in the land could have had a reception to excel that of last Monday. The people turned out in the afternoon to greet them. In the Opera House the Governor welcomed them to the State, and the Mayor extended to them in a cordial manner the hospitalities of the city. The senior United States Senator of the State was present and addressed, and it is to be regretted that the ex-Secretary of the Navy, of whom the city is so proud, could not have been in attendance. But other eloquent gentlemen were there to hold up the fame of Terre Haute oratory. The banquet at night was probably the most extensive and the grandest affair of the kind which has ever been given here. Dowling Hall was converted into a huge dining room with plates set for over seven hundred guests, and every seat was occupied. The good things provided for the occasion were of the best, and gotten up in excellent style. The guests did justice to the feast, and the orators stood by the toasts. As a rule, the speeches were not long, and as no wine was indulged in, they were circumspect in every particular, and it must be very gratifying to the younger element of the community to know that their representatives made by far the finest efforts of the evening, and bore away the palm. With Monday night closed the public portion of the programme. The remainder of the proceedings, or the business portion, were transacted in secret session in Odd Fellows' Hall, and by to-night the city will be deserted by its welcome guests. It can be truthfully said of them that a more orderly crowd in any walk of life never assembled upon any occasion.

There was no frequenting saloons by them. They came to transact business, did it in a strictly business like manner, and then departed for their homes.

TERRE HAUTE for to-day is practically in possession of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen. They are here from all over the United States and they are welcome to our Prairie City. Of the important part they are playing in the work of the world, of the large factor they are in the problem of our modern civilization, no one acquainted with the history of the times needs to be told. Of their deliberations and the work being done by them here the reader can get a fair idea from the Gazette's columns, a considerable portion of which is devoted to them. — *Terre Haute Gazette.*

OPEN HANDED HOSPITALITY.

The Saturday Courier (Editorial.)

Terre Haute is eminently in the entertaining business, just now. This week she has had as her guests the delegates in attendance upon the National Convention of Locomotive Firemen from all sections of the United States Canada, and she has entertained them right royally. She threw open wide the gates of the city to them, and made them exceedingly glad. On Monday a reception was given at the Opera House, and a welcome extended them by the Mayor of the city and the Governor of the State, and congratulatory speeches were made by distinguished citizens. In the evening a banquet, at which sat seven hundred people, was served them at Dowling Hall, and on Tuesday evening they were made the recipients of a reception and ball at the same place. The proceedings of the week reflect much credit upon Terre Haute, and the more so because there could be no sinister motive in so magnificently entertaining those men whose names have not been blazoned on the pages of either political or social history, and but few of them familiar outside the circle of their friends and acquaintances. It shows that the heart of Terre Haute throbs for all mankind, and not only warms up when it pays homage to those who have become famous in the world's history. It treats all alike—does as much honor to the humble locomotive fireman as it does to the statesman and philosopher. This is true, genuine hospitality—it is Terre Haute hospitality.

CONVENTION NOTES.

The boys were well pleased to see the great men of Indiana greet them so cordially.

The people of Terre Haute speak highly of the deportment of the delegates and visiting members.

Sam Quackenbush made his regular appearance at the proper time.

L. C. Hill is a man of advanced ideas. He was a necessary part of the Convention.

Success Lodge did not succeed in sending a delegate to our most successful Convention.

Progress Lodge is progressing—so is her delegate. His newly made wife accompanied him to the Convention.

F. P. Sargent, of Tucson, furnished a most able representative. He was always on the right side of things.

The sympathetic Sam McGaffey made many friends among the boys. His very soul is wrapped up in the good of the Order.

The thorough earnestness of Frank Dyer was the subject of much comment. He came for business, and discharged his duty like a man.

The number of ladies attending our Conventions is steadily increasing. We are glad to note this fact, for they add much to the interest of such gatherings.

Frank Schuyler hails from the border. But no one would suspect but that he had always lived in a city. He is up with the times.

A great deal of credit is due to A. J. Mullen, Robert Ebbage, James Smith, Chas. Bennett and O. E. Raidy, the executive committee, for their admirable management of affairs.

The number of miles traveled by Instructor Stevens since the Boston Convention is nearly 50,000. The distance traveled by him since the Buffalo Convention of 1878 is equal to a journey six times around the globe.

All who heard Col. Maynard's disquisition on fire are satisfied that that gallant gentleman has a good deal of the glow in his nature while defending the rights of man.

Sid Vaughan, of Toronto, ably sustained the reputation of his Lodge.

Mart Jamison, of Logansport, did not pledge himself at the Boston Convention, and "don't you forget it."

Tim Fagan will carry his "illegant shillaleh," presented to him by the boys, with all the pride of a true Irish gentleman.

The Brotherhood contained 121 Lodges at the Terre Haute Convention, of which 98 were represented by regular delegates.

The kindest feelings prevailed between the people of Terre Haute and members of the Order.

Harry Walton is just the man for Chairman of the Grand Executive Committee. It is a responsible position, and needs just such a man.

P. H. Sullivan acquired the reputation of being a thorough parliamentarian. His "points" are always well taken.

The man from Buffalo did honor to his Lodge. His large, noble nature is in thorough sympathy with the cause.

Harry Walton has missed his calling. He is eloquent and logical enough to occupy a seat in the council of the nation.

A. H. Tucker's able defense of the Constitution should have been heard by every member of the Order. His argument was logical, conclusive and unanswerable.

Peter Peterson, of No. 88, is entitled to much credit for introducing measures beneficial to the Magazine. By the appropriation secured through him the book will be able to keep pace with the progress of the Order.

For Firemen's Magazine:

TO LENA'S EYES.

BY TIM FAGAN.

I rather the love-light of my Lena's eyes,
Then the first bright flash of morning light,
That shakes the night from yonder skies,
And leaves the stars to track its flight.

I rather the soft love blush on my Lena's
cheek,
Then the golden flood of closing day,
That lights the range from peak to peak,
And holds the last long lingering ray.

SCIENTIFIC.

ACCIDENTS TO LOCOMOTIVES ON
THE ROAD—HOW TO DEAL
WITH THEM.

By Frank C. Smith in National Car Builder.

The locomotive engineer who is "posted" knows or ought to know just what to take down and what to do when an accident occurs. Nothing is more galling to an engineer than to bring his engine in with the half of her on the tank, when one-fifth of the disconnection carried in that way would have answered better. The idea held by so many engineers, that the more of their engine they can take down the more safely she can come in alone, is of course, wrong, as each part so disconnected leaves some other part either better or worse off. The following suggestions may be of value in such emergencies.

When an engine gets off the track the first thing to be done by the engineer, if he is not disabled, should be to pull his fire, if the position of the engine is such as to leave the crown-sheet or flues uncovered with water. If the ash-pan is jammed, or if from any other cause the fire cannot be pulled or dumped, it may be smothered by shoveling green sod, sand, earth or snow into the fire-box. If the engine cannot be replaced without the help of another engine, the side and main rods should come down to prevent them from being sprung. If the engine is still on her wheels it will be found that she can be got back on the track more easily the way she came off. In case of a broken side-rod, disconnect the broken rod and the opposite side-rod also. This is all that is necessary. The necessity for taking down the opposite rod is that if only the broken rod is removed, and the pin on that side is on either quarter, the pin on the opposite side being on the center, can not start the back drivers through its side-rod, should the forward drivers slip in starting; the result being that the back drivers, not being compelled to slip with the forward ones, would remain nearly stationary, the front pin would pass the center, shortening the distance between the pins, and the rod would bend or the pin break.

If the main rod breaks, disconnect it; block the cross-head at the back end, disconnect the valve stem and tie it to the hand rail if it has a joint, and then go ahead. It would be as well, in connection with the above, to pull the valve clear back so as to open the front port or cover both ports with the valve, jamming the gland on the stem by screwing up one side only.

The plan frequently adopted by engineers after taking down the main rod is to place the piston at the back end of the cylinder, open the front port, and jam the gland on to the stem to hold it in position. This plan is a poor one, as the valve may shift, and then a bad cylinder head is the result. Always block a piston or cross-head at the back end of the guides, for if the blocking should get loose, the front head, which is the cheaper, would alone suffer. A better plan than carrying blocking for the cross-head is to have the blacksmith make a hook out of 1½-inch round iron, also a flat piece or bar 15 inches long, 1½ or 2 inches thick and 4 inches wide, with a hole through its center for the shank of the hook to pass through—the shank being threaded for a nut. When it is necessary to block a piston get it to the back end of the guides, pass the hook around the cross-head wrist, and the shank through a hole in the other piece which rests against the face of the yoke supporting the back end of the guides, run up a nut on the shank of the hook hard against the bar, and the piston is secured. Two nuts are better than one, the outside one being jammed on to the other.

If a leading wrist-pin breaks, the main and side-rods on that side and the side-rod on the other side must come down, the piston must be blocked and the valve stem disconnected. In case of the breaking of a back pin both side-rods must come down. If a valve stem breaks, take it down, also the main rod on that side, in the meantime blocking the piston. If the stem is broken outside of the chest, let the piece remain in the stuffing-box, fill in some packing and screw up the gland.

(Continued next month.)

Written for Firemen's Magazine:

HOW THE EGYPTIANS PRESERVED THEIR DEAD 3600 YEARS AGO.

BY A. RENOUARD.

Many centuries before the Christian Era, at a time almost prehistoric for its antiquity, we find the custom of embalming the dead, practiced by a nation then occupying the foremost place on earth.

The Egyptians, with their wonderful progress in architecture, mechanics, astronomy and mathematics, have left us, as an imperishable record of their past grandeur, as a tangible proof of their glorious past, the pyramids; these stone giants, the colossal and silent, but not mute witnesses of a period, which unfolds before us one of the most brilliant pages in the history of the world. They have left for our speculative admiration, their immense catacombs, the sarcophagus of their kings; nay, even the bodies of their royal dead, and so wonderfully preserved, that after 3636 years of rest in her mummy case, Queen Makara of the 17th dynasty was again brought into the light of that Sun, whose rays long ago, gilded her palace walls in her capital city of Thebes. By what mysterious art; by what secret means did the followers of Isis so perfectly preserve the remains of their dead? Among the many writers of antiquity (Diodorus, Stace, Pliny, Clauderoas, Herodotus, etc.,) who have left us works on the subject, we will here adopt the version of Herodotus, as being the most authentic according to the opinion of the most learned antiquarians. The embalming of bodies among the Egyptians was performed by a class of men interested with a semi-religious character, selected for that purpose, and regularly instructed in the profession.

After the preliminary arrangements as to the cost of embalming, the price of the odoriferous gums and resins to be used etc., had been agreed upon by the family of the deceased; the body was transported to the dwelling of the embalmers and left to their care. The body was laid on a stone slab, and one of the embalmers practiced by means of a shape stone a large incision on the left side of the abdomen, the operator then escaped by hasty flight the upbraiding and imprecations of the bystanders, as his action, although indispensable, was looked upon as a desecration of the remains.

Through the opening thus made, the viscera of the abdomen and thorax, with

the exception of the heart and kidneys, was carefully drawn out, thoroughly washed in palm wine and enclosed in a small box; the chief embalmer then, stepping on the bank of the Nile, and raising the box in his arms towards the Sun thus spoke:—

O Sun, sovereign Master, and Ye all Gods, the Dispensers and Supporters of life, receive me into your abode of bliss.

I have been faithful to the creed of Osiris and Isis. I have always honored my parents, I have not killed, neither have I robbed, or defrauded any one of their just dues. If I have ever committed any excesses, either in eating or drinking; these things were the cause of it."

As he uttered the last words, the embalmer raised the box containing the intestines above his head, and hurled it into the placid river flowing at his feet. The brain was removed through the nostrils by means of a piece of bent iron, and the body left to macerate for seventy days in natron (native carbonate of soda); at the expiration of that time it was taken out; washed with palm wine; the cavities of the trunk and head were filled with olives, myrrh, and other resins; and bandages saturated with gum were tightly wrapped around the body, so as to form an impervious envelope, over every part except the face, which was afterward covered with a mask, formed of several layers of fine linen glued together, and which being moulded upon the features, was afterward painted in imitation of the corps.

The body was then placed into an oven, whose artificial heat caused the gums and resins filling the body to melt, and permeate the tissues, and so blended the gummy substance with which the bandages were impregnated, as to form a solid mass of the whole.

The body was, as a last precaution against insects, or the effects of the atmosphere, enclosed in a case of sycamore, painted outside and often covered with characters giving a succinct history of the defunct.

This is a brief history of the Egyptian process of embalming, which did not fall into disuse until about the year 500 of our Era.

And now, as we gaze in silent wonder upon the solidified remnant of humanity, we call a mummy; as we scan the grim and shrilled features, the rigid, angular, and emaciated forms; the sadly repulsive and wasted anatomy; our thoughts involuntarily revert to a vision of loveliness, dimly seen in the long vista of bygone

ages perchance, that scarred and wrinkled brow, those sunken cheeks, and sightless orbs, have in the misty past of centuries elapsed long ago, graced in their pristine youth, in their fresh beauty, the tripod of a sibyl, or the throne of Thotmes. Then how naturally are we constrained to ask,—“Who are you?” “Whom do you represent?”

Perhaps that very hand, now pinioned flat,
Has hob-a-nobbed with Pharaoh, glass to glass;

Or dropped a half penny in Homer's hat;
Or doffed his own, to let Queen Dido pass;
Or held by Salomon's own invitation;
A torch at the great temple's dedication.

DENVER, COL., Sept. 18, 1882.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE FRUITS OF OUR ORDER.

ATCHISON, KANSAS, Sept. 1, 1882.

Editor Firemen's Magazine :

Our Brotherhood is growing every day. The foundation is truth, honor, and every thing that draws out the best part of men's benevolence. If there is a person in existence who can conscientiously find an imperfection in the rules of our noble Brotherhood, or an error in its influence, R. R. Centre Lodge would like to hear the hollow words, and show them as mistaken. Or, if there is a person who can say, from the honesty of his heart, that the Order is an unnecessary one, R. R. Centre Lodge would like to ask that person what order has been more needed than this, our Firemen's Brotherhood, or should there be those that argue that our Brotherhood is unnecessary, we would like to ask,—are they not belonging to the laws of our nature? Is not unity and strength in any thing and are we as firemen human, or no—and is it not human to help each other to shun all evil influences and all way's that will lead to firemen being sober, upright, honorable, and men able to meet any foothold of society. And this is what our Brotherhood aims to do. Our Firemen's Brotherhood has a moral foundation; its stronghold admits of no vice or adulteration. Its roots are of a blessed germ, intended to help and strengthen men who are continually risking their lives to accommodate those who look to them for protection and care from danger in hasty transportation.

It is easy to sit at home and talk of heroes, of brave men such as our engi-

neers and firemen, conductors, brakemen, &c. Is there a class of men that run greater risks of leaving their children fatherless and their wives widows than these men?—Who—then why if this Brotherhood of Firemen makes better and more sober men and men of moral character why is it, R. R. Centre Lodge asks, not the most blessed of Brotherhood, we ask don't the world's open eyes see it and read it in our monthly Magazine? The stream is in its true and proper course and every good brotherhood man will faithfully keep the wheels of our noble brotherhood moving in the most useful and proper order. Again our Brotherhood is well calculated to improve the minds of its members in that it introduces subject for thought, and with thought comes knowledge and knowledge to each and every fireman is useful. Man must progress or retrograde, advance or decline as he is a living active being. Man cannot remain idle or passive. It is readily admitted that most minds are in a state of unrest, none being quite satisfied. Then how can we better our minds? We say to every fireman, by banding ourselves together and being *true* members of our Brotherhood. Yes we say you will have something to occupy your time when off duty and one main object will be to help your fellow-man—to aid him in every good work and to show each and every brother that by living up to our obligations we become better men. We admit that in our Order we have brethren that are inactive and often forget their vows, but, these members do not affect our noble principles. We find such poor heartless worms everywhere and we find them out very soon after once they be-

come members. To such we would say—"remember your solemn obligations—your promises, your vow that you would protect and help each other! Remember the widows and orphans whom you promised never to fall back upon. We would say to such brethren "remember the sorrows of the needy and afflicted!" Our laws are the transcript of eternal justice—our ministers of mercy have made such hearts happy, causing beams of light radiating from the central home of Benevolence to break upon those surrounded in darkness and sorrow. Years will speed on and it will behoove every Brotherhood man to do his duty. Upon us desolves the duty to do right, to guide our footsteps from all temptations and all snares awaiting us. Then let every Brother support the most important key-stone by which our Brotherhood is held together.

Fraternally,

R. R. CENTRE.

A PLEASANT SURPRISE.

JERSEY CITY, N. J., Aug. 28, 1882.

Editor Firemen's Magazine :

The meeting of Adopted Daughter, No. 3, held on the 13th instant, was one which will be long remembered by every one of its members. The occasion was one of surprise and rejoicing, and I cannot resist the temptation to give the proceedings, as an incentive to the lady friends of other lodges, to do likewise.

Soon after the lodge had been opened in due form, a brother was seen to leave his chair and pass quietly out through the ante-room. A few moments later, a brother exclaimed, "Worther Master, our castle is about to be stormed, for a dozen coaches have been drawn up in front and quite a company of ladies, led by one of our brethren, are now entering our hall." An unusual knock was soon heard, when the inner guard announced the brother with a committee of ladies who desired to make a presentation to our lodge. The regular business was immediately suspended, when the delegation was admitted, preceeded by our brother, and surrounded our altar. Brother Opp, in behalf of the ladies, then said:

Worthy Master, Officers and Brothers, it gives me great pleasure, and my heart is filled with joy, while I officiate as the mouth-piece of these worthy ladies who are here with you on this beautiful and eventful sabbath afternoon. A few months since one of their number started from her quiet home upon a secret and a praiseworthy mission. By patient industry and perseverance she succeeded in enlisting others in the cause, who gladly joined in the work, and by their united zeal and

ceaseless effort through weeks of constant and unwearyed labor have now accomplished their purpose, and to-day have crossed the threshold of our lodge, bearing their sheaves of benevolent industry with them. Brothers, you have often sent out from this altar your own contributions of benevolence; and now this delegation of ladies come to bestow a magnificent gift for your future use, thereby showing to you their appreciation of your deeds of charity in behalf of the needy, and this verifying the promise of the scriptures, "Cast thy head upon the waters, for thou shalt find it after many days." I therefore, in behalf of these ladies, present to Adopted Daughter Lodge, No. 3, Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, these seventy beautiful Silk Regalias, with the earnest hope that you will always cherish this gift as the labor of love, respect, and esteem, in which you are held by your mothers, your sisters, your friends, and last, but not least, by your kind and dutiful wives.

Brother McCafrey our Vice elect for the ensuing year responded on behalf of the lodge as follows:

LADIES! I feel highly honored, yet incompetent to render, in behalf of Adopted Daughter Lodge, the gratitude we all feel towards you for the gift you bestow upon us to-day. Your mission has, indeed been one of benevolence and industry, and is grand and noble. We are a band of brothers, bound together by most sacred ties, marching under a banner which is unfurled all over our own land and the Canadas, upon which is inscribed in the fear of God, "Sobriety, Benevolence, and Industry," and these brothers here are but a handful of the thousands on our land, who are toiling to perpetuate these objects. When we look back over not quite one year we are led to rejoice over the good we have done and up to Heaven to thank God for the great blessings he has bestowed upon us; and when we look upon our altar, and see it laden with your beautiful gift, we are reminded that you also have been toiling under the same banner. You have done a noble work; you have finished an excellent mission; and better still, you have built a living monument of your industry and patience in the heart of every member of this lodge. In their behalf, I thank you all kindly for your gift, and while we cherish them, I trust that each member will worthily wear his part of your gift.

Again, ladies, we thank you, a thousand times told,

We'll not forget you, when an hundred year old.

Remarks were made by our Worthy Master, by brothers Freeland, Morehouse, and Dexter. Brother Furguson of Dear Park Lodge, No. 1, made some excellent remarks for the good of the order, setting forth its object, its trust in God, in whom his hope is firmly built, that he would aid us in crushing the demon intemperance, which was sending so many down to drunkards graves, and he trusted that no brother would ever sell his honor and self-respect for a glass of rum. He then complimented the ladies for their beautiful gift to Adopted Daughter Lodge.

Brother Opp followed in some pertin-

ent words of cheer, and concluded by introducing the delegation to the brothers. A grand congratulation then ensued, after which the ladies had the pleasure of placing the regalias upon the brothers, accompanying the act with encouraging and gratifying remarks. Thus ended the most enthusiastic and joyful meeting day of our Lodge, since its organization.

REINEGNES OBY.

PAST, PRESENT AND FUTURE.

HUDSON'S BAY, Sept. 1, 1882.

Editor Firemen's Magazine:

I propose to treat this subject with reference to what has been done, what is being done, and what *can* be done, for the Firemen's Brotherhood.

This is a well established fact that when the present organization had its inception at Port Jervis, it was looked upon with suspicion and distrust by many who are now enrolled on the membership lists of the various lodges, and by railway officials in general; and it reminds one of the days of the Inquisition to hear how men, who espoused the cause only after mature deliberation, were compelled either to renounce it *altogether* or suffer dismissal from the service of their respective companies, and it is needless for me to recall any *one* instance of *starving* families having their daily bread taken from them, because the husband, father or son chose to remain by what has come to be, or rapidly is approaching its destiny, the largest exclusive organization in the world.

In order to overcome this prejudice, members and even friends were subject to all sorts of insults and injustices and finally the Grand Lodge amended the constitution; so that it would prohibit members from taking action in any strike or similar trouble, on penalty of expulsion, and when this fact became known, many who had previously held aloof from the Order sought protection beneath the folds of its banner, and our prestige, as an Order, was increased more by this one act than by all the rest of the work together. Now while I do not wish to dig up the hatchet, I must refer to the early financial transactions of some of the G. L. Officers, which were looked upon as certain evidence of a failure, and used by the sceptical as a sure annihilator of our cause, but by rousing the latent spirit of the Order to a full sense of its duty and placing men in positions of trust, where they were watched by the

country at large, we soon succeeded in placing the Order upon a solid financial basis and establishing a system of insurance, that has met the approval of all secret societies of the world. This matter of insurance has engrossed the minds and commanded the attention of the most talented men of the age and is now beyond a doubt the safest, cheapest and, at the same time, most beneficial insurance we know of. The membership of our order is increasing rapidly and I am pleased to say that the men who are seeking admission into our Order are, as a rule, men of good judgment in such matters, and are composed of better material than has been our lot to have come to our doors in the past. While I do not wish to cast a reflection upon those who have built our noble Order up to the prominence and standing it enjoys to-day, I say that Locomotive Firemen of the past decade, were not up to the standard of morals and ability of to-day. I speak of this as a rule and not individually. During the dark times of '77, those who stood by the helm of a seemingly sinking ship, were looked upon with *scorn* and *derided*, for their efforts to maintain the rights and uphold the cause that had for its foundation, the *noblest* motives that emanate from the human mind and it is needless for me to say how they have been rewarded. The work is before you to contemplate and pass such judgment upon as you see fit, and the present condition of the Order is such that every one connected with it may feel proud that his name is on its G. L. Register. Still there are several points that require more consideration before we dare to look into the future, and the principle matter to which I wish to call the attention of Masters especially is the selection of investigating committees; it is too often the case that the matter of an investigating committee, is a mere subterfuge, merely a form that the constitution requires and by many of our Masters regarded as so much *useless* work—*far* from it; the committee appointed to do this work have an important duty to perform, viz: a man's character is to be thoroughly looked up and his whole railroad history examined and if there is *one* flaw in the piece, throw it away, for it will spoil the garment when the work is done.

Too much "good fellows" business will soon cause the pot to boil over and then look out, perhaps the lid will break and the kettle fall through into the fire and nothing left to show that we had a pot to boil except the memory of it and that

memory will, like Banquo's ghost, "not down at our bidding; let us not be too much elated over our success, for it will not last forever and when the time comes that our membership does not increase as fast as it does at present we may recall the old adage "there is always mischief for idle hands to do". Then I am afraid our members are not quite as observant of the law as they should be; or if they are, why this black list every month. But on the other hand, after looking over that list, when you see names that you know, see if you can remember who was on that man's investigating committee, and if so what kind of men were they, and there you will readily see that you want a man to occupy those places who can form some little estimate of a man by his outward appearance. I am well aware that when it comes to a fine thing, this *Brother* business amounts to simply nothing; and in nine cases out of ten is used only to cover up the real feelings we have towards our fellow members.

There is before us a large field for labor; with the present structure we have, we are some times almost afraid to take a piece out of it and tie a tag to it, in the shape of a traveling card; and set it adrift for fear that it will not fill the bill when some one wants to use it; and what we ought to have, in the first place is, only to take in those of whom there is no question of ability or character, and when you turn them loose you need not be afraid of their record. Bear this always in mind and it will not be long before a traveling card will be good for employment *whenever* and *wherever* it is presented, and will also be sufficient guarantee of a man's integrity and honor, and the B. of L. F. will be the grandest, wealthiest, and most beneficial exclusive Order in the *world* and not until then is the structure really for us to live in.

Fraternally,

DR. KANE.

STRONG DRINK.

ROCK ISLAND, ILLS., Aug. 30, 1882.

Editor Firemen's Magazine:

It really seems strange that some members of No. 39, more able than myself, doesn't take it upon himself to send in a communication occasionally; it appears that since I have made a beginning they all look forward to me to continue, which I shall gladly do, with your permission—since there are no volunteers to take my place.

In the August number of the *Magazine* I notice a contribution from Bro. Madden, who comes down pretty hard on what he terms "saloon loafers"; we truly admire Bro. M. for so frankly expressing himself on the subject, and think that the sooner we rid ourself of this class, the better it will be for us. We do not endorse all of Bro. M's. ideas in the matter of the non-attendance of members at meetings; we admit that to a *small* degree intemperance etc., may be the cause of poorly attended meetings, but we are not willing to say that all absentees are "saloon loafers."

In many cases, when a man has been on the road pretty steady he would rather spend the little leisure he has, with his family, than go to lodge meeting; this one cause in itself has kept many a man from attending meetings as he ought, I am quite certain; and there are a few other excuses which I have not time to mention just now. While we are not trying to make a temperance society out of our Order—yet we desire to so hedge around those who have a weakness for strong drink, as to lift them right out of their debauched ways and start them on a temperate foundation, from which they can gaze down upon the misery and wretchedness to which intoxicating drinks lead. The desire for strong drink is not suddenly formed; it is gradually and almost imperceptibly that it fastens its fearful clutches upon its unsuspecting victim. Liquor is the root of the most dreadful evils known to the human race; it has caused one brother to take the life of another; a husband to wreck the happiness of his wife; a mother to neglect and harm her innocent little ones. In short, the largest number of crimes, the most beastly in nature, may be attributed to the use of alcoholic drinks. Therefore I would admonish the members of our Order against the manner in which they handle this treacherous liquid, lest they be some day held accountable for one of the above named horrors. Especially resist this temptation, if you are ambitious to reach a high calling in life—for so sure as you persist in dram-drinking—just so sure will you be compelled to say "farewell" to all your high hopes and aspirations; you will live to be the most disappointed mortal that God ever created. These dark sides of the question should be seriously considered by persons addicted to the use of strong drink, even though in moderation. It is well to keep this subject before the members of our Order, and by pictures of the fearful havoc created by intemperance, impress upon

their minds the need of personally guarding themselves in this, as the evil fastens itself *slowly* but *surely*.

A couple of No. 39's members are suffering (?) from affection of the heart—which may result in a march to the Hymeneal altar.

Bros. Maxwell and Carroll are again on their engines—we congratulate them upon their recovery.

Bro. Marvin is the happy father of a bouncing young son and the West End boys say that pride and satisfaction are at all times plainly depicted upon his placid countenance. May the boy grow up a no worse man than the father.

Bro. G. J. M. Colburn is up North with his wife at present—having been attracted thither in search of health for the latter, who has been quite feeble of late. We sincerely hope that the bracing atmosphere of the lake region will have a telling effect upon Mrs. Colburn.

Bro. J. Boyle is preparing for a trip to Nevada, to visit his brother and at the same time investigate the mining operations in that country. It is hinted that Bro. B. will be accompanied by a young lady from Tiskilwa.

Thanking you for granting me space, I remain fraternally,

No. 39.

CONNECTING LINKS.

BOONE, IA., Aug. 30, 1882.

Editor Firemen's Magazine:

It is with much pleasure that I announce the healthy condition of the Lodge at this place. The officers now in charge are a guarantee of continued prosperity.

Bro. Fuller holds the gavel, Bro. Wheeler the quill, and Bro. Russell the key to the finances.

We have had some promotions lately, and there will undoubtedly be more as soon as business on the C. & N. W. gets better. Bro. J. C. Harvey is now acting as hostler for the C. M. & St. P. Co., and Bro. Dick Simpson is now foreman of the round house at Maple River Junction, and the boys think it a very deserved promotion, although a rather sudden rise—from the scoop to Master Mechanic—as it were. Bro. Fuller is highly elated over the assistant Master that came to his house shortly after his election. The young deputy only weighs ten pounds to start with, but will soon be up to the requisite standard. At least, all the boys hope so.

We are all striving to make No. 25 a standard Lodge, and unless something in the way of a calamity befalls her, our efforts in that direction will bring a bounteous harvest. Yours fraternally,
H. P.

THE LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

WELLSVILLE, O., Aug. 20, 1882.

Editor Firemen's Magazine:

I ask but a wee space for a beginning, as I am apt to grow talkative. If I gain too much headway, please inform me.

However, considering that I am the *only* woman who has written from No. 10 (to my knowledge), I need to say a good bit—a word for all as it were. I am not blaming the housewives and mothers though, by any means, for theirs is no little task, and were I about my duties, I am not sure you would get this letter, but as I am convalescing from a slight sickness, I deem this a good way to employ my idle moments. For months I have been wanting to write a contribution for the Magazine, and I guess all that was needed was a start, for the words come too fast, and I am afraid of encroaching on too much space (or at least space that might be more profitably filled). I do not want to spoil my reputation at the start and have all the Brotherhood pitying my poor husband, who is in hourly danger of being talked to death. But—let it not be repeated—he's used to it, and I rather think he enjoys it.

I am not acquainted with any of the Brotherhood's wives (although I regret the fact and wish we lived nearer where our "Division" is located) and cannot, therefore, speak for any one of them in particular, nor send any news concerning them, but will apologize for all on the same grounds as my own—immersed in household duties, and, maybe, just a wee bit indolent. But now that I have made the break, I promise that you shall hear from No. 10 occasionally, if only through me, and who knows but the good work may grow contagious, and our little "Division" may germinate something deserving of space in the correspondents' column.

My husband takes *such* an interest in his Lodge (and a grand, good one it is), and, as my interests are strongly allied, I must manifest *my* regard in some way, even if I can't be a good member.

There are some parties who are very desirous of starting a Division at this point, and my husband informs me that the prospects are very good. We have a noble lot of railroad boys around here and all they need is to take it in hand, and they will make a success of it; may God speed them.

Before I close, a few words in regard to the Magazine, to which high praise is due. We enjoy it so much, and particularly the correspondence, which is so nice and newsy, and lets us know just what other Lodges are about.

To say that I am jealous of "Young Wife," and the admiration she is creating (among the men), wouldn't express it, and I'll wager I echo the sentiment of hundreds of other housewives, who have read her communication with envy, and to whom her talk seems more like a fairy tale than reality. If she had such a knack of getting through her washing, she ought to keep it a secret and not make hundreds of poor men dissatisfied with their—I won't say wives, for who would exchange his wife because she fails to be an angel one day out of each week), with their lot. I am jealous not of the admiration she is receiving, but because I haven't the faculty of getting through my work so dextrously. We may have the pleasure of hearing from her again. Well, quantity takes the place of quality in this letter, and you will never want another from me, so with luck to the Magazine, and all connected with it I will sign myself

ALEXIA.

WHO SHOULD BE A HUSBAND.

CENTRALIA, ILLS., Sept. 1, 1882.

Editor Firemen's Magazine:

Has that man a call to be a husband, who thinks more of a full purse than he does of the health and happiness of his family? Has that man a call to be a husband who demands his meals served up at a side table, that he may not be annoyed by the noise of the children? Has that man a call to be a husband who sits and reads the news, while his wife feeds the pigs and does up the evenings chores? Has that man a call to be a husband, who (while his wages are fair enough), expects his wife to be content with one dress and one pair of shoes per year. Has he a call to be a husband, who expects his wife to build the fires? (What if she does lose sleep with the children); He was at the club room until late. Has he a call to be a husband, whose wife's love and wants weigh naught in the balance with his comrade's expensive hunting and fishing parties? Has he a call to be a husband, who gives costly presents to the fair friends and to his wife a mere trifle? Has he a call to be a husband, who sees and admires grace and beauty in every woman but his wife? Has he a call to be a husband, who when his wife asks for money for a new hat, reminds her that he had to pay a hired girl for a month, when the children had the measles and tells her that the girl got all the money that she (the wife) might have had? Has he a call to be a husband, who finds excuses to spend his evenings and leisure hours, away from his family?

ANSWER.

PERSONAL.

We are getting there.

"OUR FIRST BABY" is the latest song by Bro. John Lynch, of No. 54.

CHAS. B. Foote, the genial Magazine Agent of Urbana, has stepped over to the right side.

BRO. Chase, of No. 27, who had his leg broken some time since, is rapidly improving.

THE boys of No. 59 are charming in their new regalia.

AFTER a severe illness of several weeks, Bro. Jas. Pelham, of No. 77, has again resumed work.

MR. Thomas Downing, Division Master Mechanic of the St. P., M. & M. R. R., speaks in highest terms of the B. of L. F.

No. 57, with her 135 members, looms up. The Boston boys can lay just claims to the banner.

LODGE No. 98 has thirteen engineers and one hostler in her ranks. All on the main line but one.

THE members of No. 27, had two callers; Bro. Warner of No. 46 and Bro. Brown-field of No. 33.

OUR "Confidence" was not misplaced at Des Moines, Iowa. The boys of No. 102 are alive and fully up to the standard.

MILO BACON, of Buffalo Lodge, No. 12, now peds a fine passenger engine and is well pleased with his new "posish."

BRO. Geo. McGarrahan is running on the Northern division of the St. P., M. & M. R. R., and his influence in the Brotherhood is felt in that vicinity.

A YOUNG daughter has been added to the family of Brother J. H. Craddock, of No. 3. The father is as happy as a big sun flower.

THE boys say that Archie Clark looks like a spring chicken out in a rain storm. We hope Archie that you have not been soaked.

To secure his contributions from going into the waste basket, "Draw Bar", will hereafter please sign his name below any such communication.

ST. CLAIR Lodge No. 116, at Fort Gratiot, stands a living witness to the fact that the Brotherhood can be successfully cultivated on Michigan soil.

THE thanks of Bro. S. M. Stevens are returned to Bros. Adamson, Logue and Morris, of No. 66, for entertaining him so kindly while at Belleville.

THE Order is growing rapidly in Canada. Within thirty days Lodges have been organized at London, Ont., and Richmond and River du Loup, Quebec.

WASHINGTON Lodge No. 13, Jersey City, N. J., is one of the most promising in the Order, and in the support of the Magazine, leaves her sisters far behind.

WE are glad to note the promotion, to the right side, of Bro. A. L. Houlthouse, of Buffalo Lodge, No. 12. His record will be a good one.

HE has laid aside the scoop, Bro. J. S. Newcomer of No. 32, has, and is running a nobby engine in the Ellis yards. Bro. Jake is worthy of the situation and will do it credit.

A magnificent clock of imported alabaster, French movement, with gold trimmings and glass case was presented to Bro. Chas. Phelps by the members of No. 27.

THE new Lodge at Syracuse, N. Y., is composed of men employed on the N. Y. C. & H. R. R.R., and from reports lately received they seem to be in earnest.

BRO. H. D. Hinman, who is running an Engine at Denver has a guest from No. 59;—Bro. Edwards enjoys his courtship and particularly when they do the Exposition together.

WHEN Bro. Jenkinson, of No. 107, was elected Delegate to the Ninth Annual Convention, he was a fireman. When he came to the convention he was an engineer.

IN a letter from Fort Worth lately received Bros. Moynihan, O'Malley, Berquist, Eastman and Keler very highly spoken of. Also Messrs Reilly and McKelley of same place.

BRO. A. W. Spurr, Master of Boston Lodge No. 57, is able, honest and faithful. Under his guiding hand, the Boston Lodge is sure to prosper.

HAND IN HAND, at Providence, R. I., Great Eastern at Portland, Me., and Bay State at Worcester, Mass., are all three quietly working to solve the great problem.

WHEN the question of solid men comes up, do not fail to keep your mind on the fact that Maurice Lynch, of Great Eastern Lodge No. 4, belongs to that class.

HAVING successfully concluded his term of service as fireman, Bro. Thomas Kline stepped over to the other side, and is discharging his duties as engineer on the Indianapolis of Wabash R. R.

WHILE in the discharge of his duty, Bro. John James, of No. 86, met with a very severe accident, having his foot badly crushed. We hope for favorable reports.

"JOCKEY AND TEXAS," of No. 99, have put aside the spade and gone to the other side. Bro. A. Sharp responds to the nom de plume of "Jockey," and Wm. S. Kent to "Texas."

THE members of Falls City Lodge No. 103 take pride in informing our readers of the well deserved promotion of Bros. Thos. Pidgeon and Daniel Sexton. Their success in the capacity of right side men is fully assured.

ADOPTED Daughter Lodge No. 3 has ninety members upon her rolls, which is substantial evidence of what can be done by earnest work. Step by step, she has advanced until to-day she occupies a position second to none in the Brotherhood.

"We" and "our" are substituted for "I" and "mine" by Bro. Fred. H. Geyer, of No. 14, since his union with Miss Harriet E. Stofer. The boys say that he took to this change naturally.

Our Organizer reports that the new Lodge lately organized at Corning, N. Y., is made up of good material, and that they will be heard from in the future. They take fifty copies of the Magazine to start with.

By a reliable party it has been stated that Bro. Charles Straight never objects to having his engine in the shops for repairs, for the reason that he can inflict (?) his company upon his girl with more regularity.

It would look like lack of appreciation to overlook such a Financier as Bro. Jno. Devine, of No. 47. He writes a neat, plain hand, and states his business in as few words as possible. He is a good model to work by.

Among the supporters of the Brotherhood none are more unpretentious than Robert Ebbage, of Vigo Lodge No. 16. As a member he knows his duties and performs them. As a citizen he is respected by all who have the honor of his acquaintance.

An old and worthy member of No. 38, in the person of Bro. Dowling, gave them a visit recently. Bro. D. is away in the West working at the scoop and gives a word of good advice, viz: Boys stick to the B. of L. F.

A severe attack of "Western fever" took Bro. Roope, of No. 38, from his home. He has done so well and is so prosperous in his new home that his presence in town is only temporary. His visit ended, he expects to return to the far West.

J. W. CHRIST will soon take unto himself one of Ogden's fairest and most accomplished daughters, while Bro. W. F. Wright is making desperate efforts to catch on to a "Webb"—though not one of the spider's thin texture, dear readers. The boys of No. 22 rejoice at the prospect of so much toothsome cake.

"I HAVE borrowed \$2.00 from my wife," is what Bro. — Financier of No. —, wrote recently; the \$2.00 were borrowed in order to make up a shortage in Grand Dues and assessments for a member who had failed to make his returns. This member can learn a wholesome lesson from that noble Financier and his gallant wife, by putting a-side a dollar now and then for a rainy day.

A LARGE number of the charter members of the new Lodge at Galveston are engineers employed on the Gulf, Colorado and Santa Fe Road, one of the most carefully managed and liberal lines in Texas. Brother James McDonough is entitled to much praise for bringing them within the bounds of the Order. He has the warm thanks of every member of the Grand Lodge.

MR. NICHOLS, Master Mechanic of the Gulf, Colorado and Santa Fe Railroad is a valuable man to the company in whose interest he is employed and the many improvements added to the machinery under his charge bear silent testimony to his ability and worth. He has, on numerous occasions, shown his friendship to our Order.

INSTRUCTOR Stevens joins with Bro. Alexander, of R. R. Centre Lodge No. 31, in thanking the members of St. Lawrence Lodge No. 15 for the warm reception tendered them on their late visit to Montreal. They agree that the Canadian Brothers never do things by halves.

JAMES McDonough, one of our most enthusiastic workers, writes that the Brotherhood is prospering in Texas, and that new recruits are coming in at every meeting. Ere long Galveston will not contain a worthy locomotive fireman who does not belong to the Brotherhood.

OUR Instructor has lately returned from a trip through the Dominion. He reports the Canadian Lodges in a most prosperous condition. From the St. Clair to the St. Lawrence the members seem to vie with each other in the good work. The strongholds, Stratford and Toronto, are ably supported by the Lodges at Belleville, Richmond, St. Thomas, Montreal, London and Brockville.

AMONG the news items from Atchison, Kansas, we find the announcement that the household of Bro. Chas. Salisbury, of R.R. Centre Lodge No. 31, has been blessed with a magnificent new daughter. Both mother and child are doing nicely, and hence the expansive smile that adorns the countenance of the happy father.

In a wreck recently, three of the B. of L. F. boys, all members of Evening Star Lodge No. 112, and by name, Bros. Lee Morris, John Burnham and John Clare, narrowly escaped death. Although it was a frightful wreck, our three boys escaped with but slight injuries, and have, ere this, all recovered from the shock.

The members of Self Help Lodge, No. 80, Aurora, Ills., return many thanks to Mr. Harrall and also their young lady friends for the valuable assistance they rendered in the occasion of their recent social. Much of the success of that affair was due to their cooperation and support.

A GREAT compliment to the "B" boys is the promotion of Bro. A. J. Randall, of No. 112, who has been made foreman of the L. E. & W. Shops. This is a position that can be gained only by years of faithful toil, and we are proud of A. J. Randall, for we know that he earned it by honest merit.

CHAS. J. MCGEE, the worthy Master of Hercules Lodge, No. 63, writes us:—"I quote your prices of tin fruit cans as follows: Quarts per gross \$6.60, half gallons \$8.50. Would be glad to receive your orders." We haven't gone to house-keeping yet, Charlie, but when we do, you shall have our order. Success to you in your new enterprise

ONE of our new members, Bros. Turney, of No. 83, is taking an unusually active part in the work. He presented his Lodge recently with a magnificent Motto inscribed "In God we Trust"; and underneath B. of L. F. The motto was the handwork of Mrs. J. Berquist. The Lodge greatly appreciated the goodness of Bro. Turney and will be always grateful to Mrs. Berquist.

BRO. J. S. Clark is master of his profession as well as of Lodge No. 78. He is running a switch engine at Sedalia. F. M. Sprague is running a road engine; C. L. Davis is running a switch engine at Hannibal; J. L. Clark is running a switch engine at Sedalia; Jas. Young is hosting at Sedalia, and Wm. Hogg and Richard McNally are similarly engaged at Hannibal. The above is a record of the boys of No. 78, every one of whom we are proud to call Brother.

It gives us pleasure to chronicle the following, as Geo. Welsh is one of our Brothers and a member of No. 106:—

Geo. Welsh, who for the past six years has been a locomotive fireman, first on the river road and latterly on the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul, has been promoted to the responsible position of locomotive engineer. Mr. Welsh is a sober, intelligent, industrious gentleman, and his promotion is well deserved. He has been a resident of Dubuque for twenty-four years, and his many friends are proud to think that his employers have recognized his merits and rewarded them.—*Dubuque Daily.*

May he ever pull the throttle with a steady hand and keep a sharp look ahead.

BRO. FLEMING, of No. 61, paid No. 38 a visit while home from the West. Bro. F. is an old Stratfordite and his visit gave us great pleasure; he gave us a very encouraging account of his treatment by our members in the West.

OUR old friend, J. H. Selby, ex-Master of the Lone Star Lodge, had a close call recently, while in the discharge of his duties. Himself and fireman escaped from the terrible wreck uninjured, though a number of the passengers were killed and injured. While deeply regretting the fate of the unfortunate, we warmly congratulate Jack and his fireman upon their lucky escape. The following account of the affair is taken from a Texas paper:

On Monday last, near Winsboro, the west-bound passenger train on the East Line, jumped the track, ditching the express and passenger cars, killing W. B. Fowler, conductor; Isaac Rosser, express agent; C. H. Harper, mail agent, and one passenger, a Mr. Letro, of Sulphur Springs. The wounded were, W. F. Scott, severely; Col. A. Matthews, a baby, R. D. Potts, A. A. Henderson, J. Weaver, A. D. Martin and two ladies. From Mr. Fitzgerald, who was on the train at the time, we learn that only those who attempted to jump from the cars were killed. The passenger killed was on the platform, and jumped on the side toward which the train was falling, and the employees either jumped out of the caboose door, or were thrown out, and the cars dragged over their bodies, mutilating them in a most horrible manner. It is supposed the engineer felt the rail giving under the locomotive, and opening the throttle let on all steam in the endeavor to jerk the train across the ties, but failed to do so, thus causing a very serious disaster. The engine and tender passed over the gap safely.

AN ACKNOWLEDGEMENT.

The following correspondence is a clipping from one of the Decatur (Ills.) papers. It is an acknowledgement by our members of the liberality of the citizens of Decatur in contributing money for the equipment of their Lodge room:

EDITORS HERALD:—We desire through the columns of your paper to return our sincere thanks to the citizens of the city of Decatur, for their manly contribution and their hearty response in assisting the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, to furnish their lodge room. The amount solicited and paid is \$83.25. The money has been expended in the city for a carpet, window fixtures and the necessary furniture which is found in a lodge room. May the order so conduct itself that the city of Decatur may be proud that she has an organization of the Brotherhood in her limits. Our sincere thanks to you, and may you live long and prosper. We also return our thanks to our brother in this order, Alex. H. Sutton, for his diligence and earnestness in promoting the welfare of our order in this city.

W. E. KNIGHT,

W. W. DONALDSON,

Committee.

DECATUR, Aug. 18, 1882.

A CARD.

The members of No. 59 have just received a new set of regalia from M. C. Davis & Co., and hereby express their satisfaction to that firm, for the excellent workmanship and superb finish of each and every piece; Lodges without regalia would do well to correspond with these gentlemen before purchasing elsewhere.
ROYAL GORGE LODGE No. 59.

HEART AND HAND.

Jesse M. Damp and Miss Nellie G. Mason, only daughter of J. K. Mason, were married at the residence of the bride's parents, last evening, Rev. Patterson officiating. Mr. Damp was formerly of Albany, N. Y., is a nephew of James Meyers and Mrs. Wm. Woolley,

and has been for over a year running on the C. R. I. & P. railroad. Miss Mason is known to many of our people as a very amiable young lady and has hosts of friends. The wedding was a quite affair, only the relatives and most intimate friends being present. Among those from abroad were Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Mason and daughter, of Basco, Ills., grandparents of the bride; Mr. and Mrs. Edw. Doty, Bentley, Ills., uncle and aunt of the bride; Miss Hannah Horn, Granger, Mo., and Miss M. Anthony, Carthage, Ills. Notwithstanding the few invitations a number of valuable presents were made to the couple.—(*The Gate City, Keokuk, Iowa.*)

As Bro. Damp is one of our most prominent men and a member of No. 93, we are glad to have him disposed of and turned into such good hands.

RESOLUTIONS.

2.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., July 23, 1882.

At a regular meeting of Hand in Hand Lodge No. 2, B. of L. F., the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, Providence Division No. 57, B. of L. E., as a Division, and by individual members, have granted us many favors and always manifested a kindly interest in our behalf, therefore, be it

Resolved, That we, individually, and as a Lodge, feeling deeply the kindness which prompted them to a feeling, do hereby extend to them our sincere thanks, assuring them that each and every mark of their good will toward us will be long cherished in grateful remembrance; hoping that it may serve to bind more closely our common interests.

Resolved, That these resolutions be printed in the B. of L. E. Journal, and B. of L. F. Magazine.

A. P. GREENE,
G. D. OLIVER,
J. M. HUNT,
Committee.

3

JERSEY CITY, Aug. 27, 1882.

At a regular meeting of Adopted Daughter Lodge No. 3, B. of L. F., the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, Our Lodge has been presented with a beautiful and complete set of regalias by the mothers, sisters, wives and friends of Adopted Daughter Lodge, therefore be it

Resolved, That we regard their beautiful gift as an emblem of pure love, respect and

esteem, and that we receive this testimonial as a mark of the appreciation in which our Order is held by our lady friends.

Resolved, That we extend to them our heartfelt thanks and our best wishes for this mark of favor, and trust we shall always strive to do our utmost to prove ourselves worthy of the honor they have shown us.

Resolved, That we appreciate the untiring efforts of Mrs. E. W. Davis, wife of our worthy Master, and chairman of the committee of ladies, who has been so zealous in this labor of love in our behalf.

Resolved, That we extend our sincere thanks to Bro. Maypoth for the valuable assistance he rendered the ladies in their praiseworthy mission.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be forwarded to each of the committee of ladies: Mrs. E. W. Davis, Mrs. T. A. Dexter, Mrs. W. R. Cutter, Mrs. J. E. Opp, Mrs. F. R. Manderville, Mrs. J. Coats and Mrs. S. Boyd, and that the same be spread upon the records of the Lodge, and published in the Firemen's Magazine.

J. E. OPP,
A. MOREHOUSE,
B. D. MAXWELL,
J. MCCAFFEY,
H. FREELAND,
E. W. DAVIS,
Committee.

10.

CLEVELAND, O., Aug. 6, 1882.

WHEREAS, The prospects of No. 10 are very flattering, and

WHEREAS, Her prosperous condition is due mainly to the efficient management of her retiring officers, therefore be it

Resolved, That the entire vote of thanks be tendered to said officers of No. 10 for their successful effort in placing said Lodge on a solid foundation, by helping them through a financial crisis. Furthermore, be it

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be presented to each officer, spread upon the minutes of this Lodge, and be published in the Firemen's Magazine. JOSH. L. CLARK,
J. A. SUMMERS,
Committee.

14

INDIANAPOLIS, IND., Aug. 16, 1882.

At a regular meeting of Eureka Lodge No. 14, of the B. of L. F., held in their hall, the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, The Angel of Death has visited the family of Bro. Breen, and taken his beloved sister, therefore be it

Resolved. That we extend our sincere and heartfelt sympathy to Bro. Breen in his deep affliction.

Resolved That these resolutions be published in the Firemen's Magazine, and a copy of the same be sent to the bereaved family.

JOHN A. TWEEDIE,
JOHN FARRELL,
WM. LINDERMAN,
Committee.

20

STUART, IA., Aug. 31, 1882.

At a regular meeting of Stuart Lodge No. 20, B. of L. F., the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, We have been made the recipients of a beautiful motto, inscribed "Benevolence, Sobriety and Industry," worked and and framed by Miss Drake, the sister of our esteemed Bro., Wm. Drake,

Resolved, This artistic and appropriate motto is well calculated to keep before our minds the fundamental principles of our Order, ever holding before us a duty we owe ourselves, our families and our employers; therefore be it

Resolved, That we tender Miss Drake our sincere thanks for her generous gift, which now adorns our hall, as a mark of her appreciation of our Order, and that we will always endeavor to prove worthy of the respect and confidence she has reposed in us.

Resolved, That a copy of the foregoing resolutions be presented to Miss Drake and also spread on our Lodge minutes, and printed in the Locomotive Firemen's Magazine.

S. BUNCH,
C. K. ROST,
C. TRAYER,
Committee.

25.

BOONE, IOWA, Aug. 30, 1882.

At a meeting of Connecting Link No. 25, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:—

WHEREAS, Brothers R. S. Pike and M. Crane have served us two years as Master and Secretary, respectively, and

WHEREAS, During their administration the Lodge was very prosperous, socially and financially, therefore be it

Resolved, That a vote of thanks be tendered them for the zeal and fidelity with which they discharged their duty and we hereby commend them to the Order at large as exemplary men and members.

Resolved, That these resolutions be spread on

the minutes of this meeting and that they be published in the Firemen's Magazine.

THOMAS KEATING,
S. SEELING,
W. H. PARKHOUSE,
Committee.

28.

NORTH PLATTE, NEB., July 20, 1882.

At a regular meeting of Elkhorn Lodge No. 28, B. of L. F., held at their hall on the 31st day of May, 1882, the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, It has pleased God in His infinite wisdom to remove from her home on earth to that on high the only daughter of our worthy Master, Bro. M. B. Tarkington, therefore, be it

Resolved, That we, the members of Elkhorn Lodge, do hereby tender to the afflicted Brother and his family our sincere and heartfelt sympathy in their sad bereavement, and we hope and trust that they may find consolation in the cherished memory of the departed.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be presented to the afflicted family, and that the same be published in the Locomotive Firemen's Magazine.

P. H. SULLIVAN,
H. J. CLARK,
GEO. A. AUSTIN,
Committee.

38

STRATFORD, ONT., Sept. 6, 1882.

At a regular meeting of Avon Lodge No. 38, B. of L. F., the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, It hath pleased Almighty God, in His infinite wisdom, to take unto Himself the mother of our worthy Bro., Geo. Dowling; therefore, be it

Resolved, That we, the members of Avon Lodge No. 38, sincerely sympathize with our Brother in this, his sad affliction, and recommend him to the Father who doeth all things well. And, be it further

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to our Brother; also, a copy sent for publication in our Magazine.

GEORGE HURSEY,
THOS. COLLINGS,
FRED. FINGAY,
Committee.

38.

At a regular meeting of Avon Lodge No. 38, B. of L. F., the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, It has pleased Almighty God to remove from this earth to His home on high, the father of our worthy Brother, William O. Grady, therefore be it

Resolved, That we deeply sympathize with our brother in his affliction and commend him in his sorrow to Him who is the resurrection and the life, assuring our brother that he who thought it wise to deprive him of father and mother (whose death our readers will remember was recorded scarcely three months ago) will send His Holy Spirit to minister consolation to him and his beloved brothers and sisters in this their great and sad affliction. And be it further

Resolved, That these resolutions be sent to our brother—also that a copy be sent to the Magazine for publication.

GEORGE NURSEY,
ROBERT TELFORD,
EUGENE A. BALL,
Committee.

43

ST. JOSEPH, Mo., Aug. 27, 1882.

At a regular meeting of St. Joe Lodge No. 43, B. of L. F., the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, The Angel of Death has visited the family of Bro. Joseph Coffey and wife, and taken Patrick, their infant son, therefore, be it

Resolved, That we extend our heartfelt sympathy to Bro. Coffey and wife in their affliction.

Resolved, That these resolutions be published in the Firemen's Magazine, and a copy of the same be sent to the bereaved family.

CHAS. MURRAY,
H. BOYER,
P. J. MANN,

Committee.

52.

LOGANSPOUT, IND., July 16, 1882.

At a regular meeting of Good Will Lodge No. 52, B. of L. F., the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, The Angel of Death has visited us and taken from our midst to His home on high little Albert, son of Bro. Samuel Delrymple and wife, therefore, be it

Resolved, That we, as a Lodge, extend to our worthy Brother and wife our sincere and heartfelt sympathy in this sad time of affliction.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to Bro. Delrymple, and also be published in the Firemen's Magazine.

AMBROSE ROSS,
F. M. WILT,
A. W. BRYANT,
Committee.

57.

BOSTON, MASS., Aug. 23, 1882.

At a regular meeting of Boston Lodge No. 57, B. of L. F., Aug. 20, 1882, the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, The angel of death has been among us and has entered the home of our beloved Brother, C. H. Fowler, and taken from earth "in the prime of Life" Lama, his wife,

Resolved, That we extend to Bro. Fowler, and sorrowing friend our deepest sympathy at this hour, and may he look away beyond this vale of tears with the sweet consolation, that she has passed "across the river" into endless light, free from all pain, there to rest until the change comes, that she may meet him and the dear little ones again. God bless the little children left motherless by this dispensation of God's Providence and may they grow up to cheer and comfort his lonely hours.

Resolved, That the thanks of this Lodge are due to his Mother, who has the care of the little ones; may she be strengthened by their love that she may receive her reward in this life, and a hundredfold in the life to come;

Also, to the brothers and friends who so kindly contributed a wreath of flowers for the casket;

Resolved, That a copy of this be sent to our brother and also to the Firemen's Magazine for publication.

J. C. EDWARDS,
A. W. SPURR,
W. H. GREENE,
Committee.

63

DANVILLE, ILLS., Aug. 30, 1882.

At a regular meeting of Hercules Lodge, the following resolutions of thanks were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, The term of Master having expired, and Bro. Chas. J. McGee declining to accept the same position again for the ensuing year, be it

Resolved, That the thanks of this Lodge be extended to him for the able and satisfactory manner in which he has performed the duties of Master for the past year.

By quiet and determined efforts he has brought forth from chaos a Lodge that has no superior in our Order; from a membership of twelve this Lodge has advanced to forty-two. From a Lodge burdened with debt, his efforts have secured us a solid treasury, thus showing the good accomplished by his perseverance and discipline.

Resolved, That we also extend thanks to Bro. W. A. Pickering, Financier for the past year, for the satisfactory manner in which he has performed the duties of his office.

Both retire with the friendship, good will, and best wishes of this Lodge. Be it further

Resolved, That copies of above resolutions be presented to Bros. C. J. McGee and W. A. Pickering, and published in the Magazine; also spread upon the minutes of this meeting.

JOHN MILLS,
JOHN MCMAHON,
THOS. CARTER,
DAVID MORGAN,
Committee.

78

FERGUS FALLS, MINN., Aug. 31, 1882.

At a regular meeting of New Era Lodge No. 78, B. of L. F., the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, It hath pleased Almighty God, in His infinite wisdom, to remove from earth our late Bro. Frank D. Millsbaugh, of Pine City Lodge No. 81, B. of L. F., therefore, be it

Resolved, That we, the members of New Era Lodge No. 78, do sincerely sympathize with our Brothers of No. 81 in this, their hour of trial, and be it further

Resolved, That these resolutions be entered upon the minutes of this meeting, and published in the Firemen's Magazine.

E. PARKS,
F. BARDLEY,
H. RENNINGTON,
Committee.

90.

NATIONAL CITY, CAL., Sept. 19, 1882.

At a special meeting of San Diego Lodge, No. 90, B. of L. F., the following resolutions of thanks were adopted:

WHEREAS, R. V. Dodge, Master, J. M. Dodge, Secretary, and Chas. Symmes, Financier, have performed the duties of their respective positions faithfully during the term of office just closed, therefore be it

Resolved, That the thanks of this Lodge are hereby cordially tendered to the said brothers and past officers for the care and zeal with which they have filled their respective positions, as we recognize the fact that to their faithful labor is due the success which has attended our Lodge since its organization by Brothers R. V. and J. M. Dodge.

Resolved, That these resolutions be spread upon the minutes, also that they be published in the Firemen's Magazine and that a copy be presented to each of the brothers mentioned herein under seal of this Lodge.

A. A. GAMBLE,
JULIUS B. VASQUEZ,
J. H. MCNEIL,
Committee.

BENEFICIARY STATEMENT.

OFFICE OF THE GRAND SECRETARY AND
TREASURER, B. OF L. F.

Terre Haute, Ind., Sept. 1st, 1882.

*To Subordinate Lodges:*SIRS AND BROTHERS: The following is a
statement of the Beneficiary Fund for the
month ending August 31st, 1882:

RECEIPTS.

No.	Back Assess'ts	Ass't 7 & 8.	Ass't 9 & 10.	Total.	No.	Back Assess'ts	Ass't 7 & 8.	Ass't 9 & 10.	Total.
1		\$30 00		\$30 00	57	19 00	\$41 00		60 00
2	\$1 00	19 00		20 00	58				45 00
3		86 00		86 00	59		45 00		45 00
4		29 00		29 00	60	1 00	53 00		54 00
5		29 00		29 00	61	17 00	40 50		57 50
6	4 00	20 00		24 00	62	3 00	28 00		31 00
7		10 00		10 00	63		29 00		29 00
8		18 00		18 00	64	1 00	22 00		23 00
9	8 00	30 00	\$23 00	61 00	65		22 00		22 00
10		14 00		14 00	66		34 00		34 00
11	7 00	24 00		31 00	67		25 00		25 00
12					68	1 00	31 00		32 00
13	10 00	90 00	1 00	101 00	69		31 00		31 00
14	2 00	58 00	61 00	121 00	70	6 00	19 00		25 00
15		48 00		48 00	71	1 00	45 00		46 00
16	1 00	32 00		33 00	72			\$75 00	75 00
17	3 00	86 00		89 00	73		32 00		32 00
18	1 00	37 00		38 00	74		6 00		6 00
19			36 00	36 00	75	22 00	87 00		109 00
20			29 00	29 00	76	11 00	25 00		36 00
21	1 00	34 00		35 00	77	9 50	59 00		68 50
22	7 00	43 00		50 00	78		32 00		32 00
23	1 00	39 00		40 00	79		27 00	30 00	57 00
24		20 00		20 00	80		20 00	21 00	41 00
25		1 00	34 00	35 00	81	1 00	11 00		12 00
26		29 00		29 00	82	4 00	39 00		43 00
27					83	1 00	24 00		25 00
28	5 00	55 00		60 00	84	1 00	28 00		29 00
29	5 00	42 00		47 00	85				
30			39 00	39 00	86	1 00	2 00		3 00
31	1 00	23 00		24 00	87	8 00	12 00		20 00
32	21 00	59 00		80 00	88		50 00		39 50
33	1 00	32 00		33 00	89			46 00	46 00
34	10 00	45 00		55 00	90		14 00		14 00
35		19 00		19 00	91		31 00		31 00
36	5 00	57 00		62 00	92	6 00	15 00		21 00
37	4 00	55 00		59 00	93			28 00	28 00
38		53 00		53 00	94			43 00	43 00
39			38 00	38 00	95		100 00		100 00
40	1 00	48 00		49 00	96				
41		16 00		16 00	97	37 00	41 00		78 00
42		18 00		18 00	98	2 00	26 00		28 00
43			51 00	51 00	99	1 00	47 00		48 00
44		14 00		14 00	100				
45	11 00	47 00		58 00	101		45 00		45 00
46	3 00	22 00		25 00	102		17 00		17 00
47	6 00	48 00		54 00	103			19 00	19 00
48		28 00		28 00	104		21 00		21 00
49	1 00	18 00		19 00	105		26 00		26 00
50		54 00		54 00	106		19 00	18 00	37 00
51		29 00		29 00	107		28 00		28 00
52	1 00	39 00		40 00	108		17 00		17 00
53					109				
54	4 00	55 00		59 00	110				
55		26 00		26 00	111				
56					112			16 00	16 00

Balance on hand Aug. 1st \$1,368 00
 Received during month 3,965 50
 Total \$5,333 50

DISBURSEMENTS.

By Claims 11, 12 and 13 \$3,000 00

Balance on hand Sept. 1st \$2,363 50

Respectfully Submitted,

EUGENE V. DEBS, G. S. & T.

CHARTERS RECLAIMED.

Notice is hereby given that the charter of
 Baltimore City Lodge, No. 96, Baltimore, Md.,
 also the charter of Colonial Lodge, No. 119,
 River du Loup, Quebec, were reclaimed by
 the Grand Lodge September 18th. The
 former was reclaimed owing to non-payment
 and the latter in consequence of certain ad-
 verse circumstances by which the Lodge was
 surrouned.

E. V. DEBS,
G. S. & T.F. W. ARNOLD,
G. M.

CONVENTION REPORTS.

We have on hand several hundred copies of
 the Terre Haute Express of the 12th, 13th, 14th
 and 15th of September giving full reports of
 the proceedings of the Convention. Lodges
 that were not represented, or those desiring
 more than they first ordered, can be supplied.
 We will mail as many as will be required,
 postage prepaid, at three cents each. Send
 orders to the Editor of the Magazine.

LETTER OF THANKS.

JERSEY CITY, N. J., Aug. 25, 1882.

To the Officers and Members of the Brotherhood
 of Locomotive Firemen, of Adopted Daughter
 Lodge No. 3:

GENTLEMEN: I have this day received
 from E. W. Davis the sum of one thousand
 dollars, due me from the Brotherhood of
 Locomotive Firemen, on the death of my
 late husband, John H. Monahan, for which
 accept my sincere thanks, and may the
 Brotherhood prosper, is my ardent wish, and
 may the Guard of the Fatherless be ever
 with you in your hour of duty; and when
 you have filled your mission here may you
 find a home in Heaven and peace with God.
 I would also like to extend my warmest
 thanks to E. W. Davis and wife, Bro. B. D.
 Maxwell and J. McFerran, for their kind
 attention in my hour of trial and affliction,
 and may they ever be in my memory; may
 God bless you wherever you are, and may
 the Brotherhood long continue a blessing to
 firemen and their families.

MRS. MARY MONAHAN.

ADMISSIONS BY CARD.

Lodge.	Name.	From No.
3	A. H. Randolph	71
53	G. E. Brooks	95
59	Ed. Maloy	74
59	Robt. Mann	74
68	John D. Stinson	12
68	M. C. Fitzgerald	61
74	M. S. Laughlin	10
74	Sam. H. Stuart	28
81	Frank Andrews	77
83	C. R. Tait	8
109	Ed. Connors	54
109	Jas. Wheat	22
110	Geo. McLaughlin	36

REINSTATEMENTS.

No. 16—Thomas Monahan.

No. 46—James Wilson.

No. 61—Frank Gillen.

No. 77—C. Colvin.

WITHDRAWALS.

Lodge.	Names.	Remarks.
12	J. Stinson	To join No. 68.
16	John A. Hayes	To join No. 21.
19	M. Purcell	Final.
22	James Wheat	To join No. 109.
31	S. P. Moore	Final.
31	J. A. Leach	To join No. 43.
35	H. S. Whitmore	Final.
36	Geo. McLaughlin	To join No. 110.
38	Wm. Ivey	Final.
42	Thos. Kerns	Final.
46	V. Mathias	Final.
54	L. Sheppard	To join No. 77.
54	Jas. Murphy	To join No. 108.
54	F. Dellett	To join No. 20.
65	J. Nolan	Final.
67	Geo. Denny	Final.
69	A. Alexander	Final.
73	Solomon Meador	Final.
73	John Hellmwell	Final.
77	R. H. Miller	To join No. 28.
77	A. D. Ebert	Final.
83	Fred. Sexton	To join elsewhere
91	J. Thompson	Final.
93	Chas. Schaeling	To join No. 98.
93	J. Huverstuhl	Final.

EXPULSIONS.

Lodge.	Names.	Cause.
1	Lewis Lowe	Non-payment of dues.
8	W. M. Davis	Non-payment of dues.
8	J. Roberts	Non-payment of dues.
8	C. F. Traugher	Non-payment of dues.
8	J. Schufriday	Non-payment of dues.
8	J. Conley	Non-payment of dues.
8	J. N. Bilby	Non-payment of dues.
8	Joseph Nance	Non-payment of dues.
9	David Roach	Non-payment of dues.
9	H. Scott Searls	Non-payment of dues.
10	D. C. Manfield	Non-payment of dues.
14	Louis Kemper	Non-payment of dues.
15	J. Connors	Non-payment of dues.
16	Ed. Barrett	Non-payment of dues.
25	Henry Sass	Non-payment of dues.
34	Walter Baxer	Violating obligation.
34	C. A. Burk	Non-payment of dues.
36	W. S. Johnson	Non-payment of dues.
36	Henry Charry	Non-payment of dues.
37	E. Kealkbrenner	Non-payment of dues.
37	N. Hollister	Non-payment of dues.
37	H. W. Rasback	Non-payment of dues.
40	James Martin	Non-payment of dues.
40	John Cooney	Non-payment of dues.
40	Wm. Ashton	General principles.
42	Fred. Hobbs	Non-payment of dues.
42	T. Nagle	Non-payment of dues.
57	R. H. Stone	Non-payment of dues.
60	Albert Michner	Non-payment of dues.
62	G. N. Colvin	Non-payment of dues.
63	Ed. Blee	Non-payment of dues.
72	G. D. Harrenson	Non-payment of dues.
72	Jacob Heitz	Non-payment of dues.
81	E. Garlick	Non-payment of dues.
81	J. Lingnan	Non-payment of dues.
81	J. Cronin	Non-payment of dues.
84	T. E. Spencer	Non-payment of dues.
100	Morgan Ash	Non-payment of dues.
100	Pat Cain	Non-payment of dues.
100	C. W. Russell	Non-payment of dues.
100	Thos. G. Russel	Unbecoming conduct.
101	Chas. Lowe	Non-payment of dues.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Bro. George McCoy, of Black Hills Lodge No. 86, will please correspond with his Lodge.

Bro. John Hibler, of Royal Gorge Lodge No. 59, will please correspond with the Financier of his Lodge.

Bro. E. A. Parsons, of No. 18, is respectfully requested to correspond with his Lodge. Address, A. D. Williams, Slater, Mo., Box 24.

Geo. M. Reeves, of No. 104, is hereby requested to correspond with the Secretary of his Lodge, from whom he will learn something to his advantage.

The following members of No. 97, are requested to correspond with their Financier: Pat. Doyle, L. L. Baker, E. Graves, H. Longstaff, J. Little, C. Mooney, R. M. Patton, J. Fleming and J. E. Murty.—Address: H. E. Moore, Box 72 Los Angeles, California,

John Cullen is hereby requested to correspond with his lodge.—Address: Wm. Donnelly, Box 1165, Roodhouse, Ills.

Bros. J. D. Bennett and T. Kirsker, of Lodge No. 98, will please correspond with the Financier of their Lodge.

Grand and Subordinate Lodges.

GRAND LODGE.

F. W. Arnold, Room 2, Pioneer Block, Columbus, O. Grand Master
W. E. Burns, 1726 Indiana Ave, Chicago, Ills. Vice Grand Master
E. V. Debs, Terre Haute, Ind., Grand Secretary and Treasurer
S. M. Stevens, Terre Haute, Ind., Grand Organizer and Instructor

GRAND EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

H. Walton, Chairman, West Philadelphia, Pa
F. M. James, Secretary Centalla, Ills
L. C. Hill Parsons, Kan
D. E. Barry, Buffalo, N. Y
S. Vaughn Toronto, Can

GRAND TRUSTEES.

W. Maroney, Chairman Chicago, Ill
W. F. Hynes Denver, Col
D. Ross Stratford, Ont

DISTRICT SECRETARIES.

T. R. Baldwin, Drawer 864 St. Thomas, Ont
J. M. Sheire, Box 1181 Sioux City, Iowa
J. McDonough, 110 W. Ave H., Galveston, Tex
M. Shick Jersey City, N. J.
A. P. Greene, 41 Kneeland St. Boston, Mass
G. W. Rae Fort Gratiot, Mich
W. E. Sullivan, 2210 S. 6th St., St. Joseph, Mo
W. R. Dean Eagle Rock, Idaho
F. P. Sargent, Box 208 Tucson, Arizona
T. E. Creen, Box 1278, Galesburg, Ills
S. C. Myers, 97 Lawrence St. Cleveland, O
F. Hammill Baraboo, Wis

SUBORDINATE LODGES.

1. DEER PARK; Port Jervis N. Y.
C. E. Barkman, Box 21 Master
F. L. Smith, Box 361 Secretary
A. J. Shiner, Financier
C. E. Barkman, Box 21 Mag. Agent
2. HAND IN HAND; Providence R. I.
A. H. Stevens, 60 Jewett St. Master
H. S. Lawton, 58 Francis St. Secretary
T. B. Wardwell, 28 Common St, Financier
W. Lowry, 60 Jewett St. Mag. Agent

3. **ADOPTED DAUGHTER**; Jersey City, N. J.
E. W. Davis, 172 Pavonia Ave. Master
E. Ely, 206 Pavonia Ave. Secretary
B. D. Maxwell, 314, E. 23rd St.
New York City, N. Y. Financier
E. W. Davis, 172 Pavonia Ave. Mag. Agent
4. **GREAT EASTERN**; Portland, Maine.
A. E. Dennison, 17 Fore St. Master
G. E. Sheridan, 45 Fore St. Secretary
F. O. Mitchell, 23 Merrill St. Financier
A. E. Dennison, 17 Fore St. Mag. Agent
5. **CHARITY**; St. Thomas, Ontario.
D. Cottrell Master
T. R. Baldwin, Drawer 854 Secretary
M. J. McAndrews Financier
G. Johnson Mag. Agent
6. **PRIDE OF THE WEST**; Desoto, Mo.
G. E. Woodruff Box 181 Master
C. J. Burke Secretary
G. E. Woodruff, Box 181 Financier
P. H. Coyne, Box 108 Mag. Agent
7. **POTOMAC**; Washington, D. C.
A. N. Spamer, 44 Eager St. Master
M. Hurley, 1008 6th St., S. W. Secretary
J. C. Graham, 319 D St., S. W. Financier
R. M. Smith, 180 Carnall St,
S. E. Mag. Agent
8. **RED RIVER**; Denison, Tex.
E. Flint Master
T. Matter Secretary
W. A. Waddington Financier
J. K. Arthur Mag. Agent
9. **FRANKLIN**; Columbus, Ohio.
D. Roach, Piqua Shops Master
W. K. Redmond, City Water
Works. Secretary
T. C. Biddle, Piqua Shops Financier
W. K. Redmond, City Water
Works. Mag. Agent
10. **FOREST CITY**; Cleveland, Ohio.
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S. C. Myers, 97 Lawrence St. Secretary
T. H. Sheppard, 154 Pelton, Ave. Financier
W. P. Sheets, 30 Lake St., Alle-
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W. W. Hosford Secretary
J. W. Sinclair Financier
H. Lott Mag. Agent
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J. F. Hayes, 314 Seneca St. Secretary
C. W. Piper, 244 N. Division St. Financier
C. W. Piper, 244 N. Division St. Mag. Agent
13. **WASHINGTON**; Jersey City, N. J.
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P. D. Mead, 217 Communipaw
Ave. Secretary
C. A. Wilson, 135 Pacific Ave. Financier
G. W. Lewis, 259 Communipaw
Ave. Mag. Agent
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W. Hugo, 79 N. Noble St. Secretary
J. A. Tweedie, 253 E. Washing-
ton St. Financier
L. Willaume, Brightw'd, Ind. Mag. Agent
15. **ST. LAWRENCE**; Montreal, Can.
J. McTeer, 194 Congregation St. Master
H. Taylor, 181 Magdelane St. Secretary
J. Ryan, Box 54 Financier
P. Champagne, 183 Burgeois St. Mag. Agent
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E. V. Debs Secretary
J. Smith, 205 N. Eleventh St. Financier
A. J. Mullen Mag. Agent
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B. Robinson Secretary
C. A. Cripps Financier
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C. K. Rost, Box 470 Financier
C. Traver, Box 470 Mag. Agent
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F. F. Wiggins, Box 113 Secretary
J. Tierney, Box 701 Financier
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P. H. Sullivan, Box 921 Financier
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A. B. Schaap, Box 157 Financier
H. H. True, Box 401 Mag. Agent

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E. G. Pearson, Box 234 Secretary
A. H. Chapman, Box 302 Financier
J. McKenna, Box 77 Mag. Agent
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W. Marsden Secretary
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J. W. Adams, Box 945 Secretary
J. W. Adams, Box 945 Financier
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J. Healy, B. of L. F. Box Mag. Agent
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J. F. Canney, Box 586 Secretary
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J. C. Crane Secretary
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FIREMEN'S MAGAZINE.

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NO. 11.

A BORN ARTIST.

From the summer in which the Barberry's took a young artist to board with them, who, when he went away, presented his paint-box to the admiring boy who had followed him about from dawn until dark, peace fled the Barberry residence. Fences, barn-doors, halls, goodness knows what! bore the trace of figures, trees, cows and buildings in all colors of the rainbow. When scolded, Barberry Junior only replied, "Well, then, give me canvases and paint-brushes. I want to be a painter."

"What kind of a business does thee think painting would be for a man?" asked Quaker Grandmother Barberry. "To sit twiddling thy fingers all day at the easel! If thee doesn't want to be a farmer, we'll 'pentence thee to thy uncle Charles, the hatter. That's light and easy, and thee is delicate."

So the Barberry's, taking counsel together, decided that grandmother had a "call to speak," and placed Dudley with the hatter.

He worked patiently enough, but painted more than ever in the evenings, for Uncle Charles was liberal, and he had a little money of his own in those days.

On Christmas he came home, and was received kindly, and found his little cousin Clara in the house—an orphan in a black frock, whose parents had been lost at sea.

The child liked the boy very much, and he painted her old doll's face into new beauty for her, and put a red flower on the back of the doll's chair.

Wandering about the house one day he found a great pottery pie-dish, and forgetting its purpose, spent a whole bright morning painting upon it a splashing but spirited likeness of his mother's favorite geranium, which stood in a pot on a stand.

It was a wonderful success in the eyes of little Clara; and, indeed, it was not bad, for a little practice goes a good ways with a born artist, and a winter of study without a master had greatly improved the young fellow's work.

"You're a great, great artist, Dudley," said Clara. "I think you will be famous some day. I've read the 'Lives of Famous Painters.' The big brown book in the case in the parlor. When you are grown up, Dudley, you will remember what I say."

She was 13, Dudley was 16. He lifted up his head from the work and looked at her.

"If ever I am, Clara," he said, I hope I shan't have to remember you, I hope you'll be there where I am; I never knew anybody before who understood me."

A voice sharp and shrill with anger broke in upon the pleasant talk—Aunt Martha's voice—"Gee-rusalem! Dudley has spoiled the biggest pie-dish!"

That afternoon Quaker Barberry whipped Dudley. That evening the boy did not come to supper. Later on, when the moon had risen, little Clara, who had gone to her own room to cry, heard a tapping at the window. She opened it and looked out. Dudley stood there.

"Clara," he said, "tell me—do you think it was right that I should be whipped at my age?"

"Right?" sobbed Clara. "Oh, it was wicked—very wicked!"

"No one shall ever do it again," said Dudley. "Clara, I am going to be a great artist. It's in me, I know, and don't forget me, Clara, I'll come back; and oh, Clara, I cannot bear to leave you."

"Leaning over the sill, the child put her innocent arms about the boy's neck."

"Don't go away," she said; it would break my heart!"

And he kissed her and ran away.

There was sorrow in the house on Christmas morning, and the pie went uneaten, for Dudley was gone, and he had left a little note in which he declared his intention of returning no more.

He never did come back. His mother, who loved him more than he knew, shed bitter tears as Christmas day came around each year. The father, who had flogged him, grew old repenting it.

When Clara married—yes, I mean it—when Clara married the consumptive

young clergyman from Bristol, and went away, she went up to the garret to look for a winter cloak, and found there the pie-dish yet brilliant with its geranium. And she sat down on the floor and cried over it, and remembered the innocent child love she had given the painter, and then, wiping her eyes, carried the dish down stairs and put it into her trunk. It was a souvenir, if a melancholy one, of the past.

"If he is not dead, he must have forgotten me," she said to herself. "He is 25 years old now if he lives."

And, though she highly respected the Rev. Jacob Bird, she sighed once or twice on her wedding-even.

Settled in Bristol, she was happy. She liked the people she met. One day somebody saw the pie-dish. It was an artistic lady, who had gone to take her hat off in the spare room of the parsonage.

"What a lovely plaque!" she cried. "But why don't you have it glazed? It will be spoiled."

The pie-dish, promoted to plaquehood, was glazed next week, and on its back was painted the name of the boy who, from the Barberry point of view, had spoiled it.

The Rev. Jacob Bird died young. He was good to his wife while he lived, and she mourned him; but their had been no romance in their courtship, and they had never been congenial.

The widow had recovered her placidity soon and lived contentedly on her small income, amid a circle of attached friends. The last survivor of the Barberry family—Dudley's mother—came to live with her, and Mrs. Bird had pulled two gray hairs out of her curly black hair, when the great bazar of St. Susan's Church took place, and a committee called to beg her to contribute something.

"I have a plaque," she said. "It was painted long ago by somebody who must have become a very great artist if he lived, I think. I'll give the plaque. The more I see of art the better I know that it is good, and there are associations with it that makes it painful for aunt to see it."

The committee expressed their thanks, and the "pie-dish" went to the fair where it was greatly admired.

Now, Dudley Barberry had not starved to death on the road, as his grandmother always believed. He had sold his watch, had lived until he found his old friend the artist, had become his pupil, and had gone to Italy with him.

While unknown to the people of his

little town, he had made a name in the great world of art. He had made a moderate fortune also, and one day he went back to his home, expecting to find all the Barberry's there—a little older, of course—and to become the pride of the family.

Instead he found the house occupied by strangers, and was told that his parents were dead. His informant was a stranger who did not know who he was, and who thought she spoke the truth, and he did not stop to ask questions of those who could have told him the truth.

The woman had also told him that Clara was married, and he left the town that night, feeling at once guilty and illused.

He made his way to Bristol soon after, and was taken, rather against his will, to the ladies' bazar at St. Susan's Church, where some pretty girls besought him to buy pincushions at prices that would have horrified even a Duke.

Among the prizes were a Topsy doll with one arm, and an original poem by an unknown lady.

At last, roaming about among the stalls in the bewildered manner peculiar to single gentleman at fairs, he saw a pretty figure, and a pretty face framed in a widow's cap, standing at a table, and over her head, suspended against a dark drapery, an object which startled him.

Could it be? Yes, it was. He knew every stroke by heart.

He stopped and gazed at it. The lady turned toward him.

"Shall I have the plaque taken down!" she said. "Would you like to look at it closer?"

"Thank you," he answered, looking at her oddly. "I can see it very well, and I should like to buy it, though it interests me rather as an old acquaintance than as a work of art. I once spoiled a pie-dish something like that style. It must be imagination, I suppose; but I could have sworn that was the dish itself."

Then he paused, for the widow clasped her hands, looked at him with her eyes full of tears, and answered, "Oh, Dudley, it is the dish! How could you use your poor old mother, and all of us so badly? And what a beard you have grown!"

The "plague" went home under the arm of its purchaser; on the other rested Mrs. Bird's little hand. Of course you can imagine the rest.

The famous artist is no longer a bachelor. Clara is his wife. His happy mother makes her home with them, and the greatest treasure of their household is the "pie-dish."

A SLIGHT MISTAKE.

I was—and still am, for that matter—Edward Singleton, Esq., M. D., principal surgeon in the village of Winterton. I was also a bachelor, 30 years of age, and enjoyed a handsome income both from my practice and my ancestral estate.

My cousin, Kate Archer, was a beautiful and blooming girl of 23, and living with her father, mother and younger sister Louisa, about two miles from the village.

Kate had always been my favorite cousin and our intimacy dated from her birth; but strange to say, I had never been certain whether I was really in love with her or not. I probably would have been more certain if I ever could have guessed at the state of her feeling toward myself. But that I never could do. I knew that I liked her very much indeed, but it had never occurred to me that she was at all necessary to my happiness.

Indeed, I had never seen the time when I would have dared to have proposed to her, she was so full of fun and mischief, and was more than liable to treat a matrimonial proposal as a huge joke on myself. At least so I thought. And so we talked, and laughed, if you will, in perfect good faith and good humor.

It is true that I had never thought it possible for any one else to be my wife; and at times I would sit in my library alone and think of her and almost resolve to go over and pop the question instantaneously and have it done with. But something would intervene to cause me to postpone it until some more convenient season.

I was sitting and thus thinking one evening after my return from the wedding of an old friend. I never knew why it was, but weddings always did make me think of my cousin Kate.

I had been gone from home about ten days and was thinking very strongly of her when a note from my aunt was put into my hands inviting me to spend an evening with them at my earliest convenience.

I instantly resolved that my very earliest convenience was that evening, and in ten minutes I was on my way to Water-side.

I found the family all in the drawing-room except Kate. The question rose to my lips: "Where's Catharine?" but for reasons which I cannot explain, but which the reader may understand, I did not utter until I was satisfied that she was not in the house,

"Louisa," said I at last, "where's Catharine?"

"Oh, she went to Oaklands this morning. Mrs. Leicester asked her to spend the day there."

"What, in the name of fortune, makes the girl look so confused?" thought I. "The question was natural enough, surely."

The charm of the evening having been gone, however, I stepped into the library, where I was soon joined by my aunt.

"I see that you and Louisa have had something to say about it already, Edward," said she. "We don't like to have it talked of at present; makes a difference."

"I do not understand you, aunt, I only asked for Catharine, and Louisa told me she had gone to Oaklands."

"Well, of course, I speak in confidence to you, Edward, and I think you will be glad to hear that Frederick Leicester is engaged to the dear child, and the wedding day is fixed for the ninth of next month."

I waited to hear no more, but made my exit as quickly as possible and went home, the most miserable wretch in existence.

The next few weeks were the most miserable of my existence. The news of the wedding did not get out, however, and I heard nothing more of it from anybody, until one morning, I was on my way to visit a patient, I suddenly came upon Frederick Leicester and Kate.

"My dear fellow," cried he, grasping my hand, "where have you been this week or two? I wanted to ask you—"

I broke away before he could finish the sentence, leaving them in speechless amazement. I afterward thought the matter over, and concluded that my actions were very undignified; and so I resolved to call on her the next day, explain my conduct on the ground of great professional haste, and just let her know that I really cared very little for her engagement.

I called accordingly, and found Catharine alone in the library, explained the matter as best I could, and then proceeded to talk of other matters. Then I rose to go, for, to say the truth, I began to fear that I should yet make a fool of myself and tell her how I loved her.

"So you are actually going without saying one word about the wedding? I was waiting to see if you would have the good grace to mention it. Really, cousin, it is as little as you can do to

wait another minute or two. I will call Louisa."

"No, thank you," said I. "I am going, but tell me Catharine"—by an irresistible impulse I took her hand in mine and held it fast—"will this match be a happy one?"

"I assure you the gentleman thinks so."

"But the lady——"

"Is perfectly satisfied with the prospect."

"Farewell, then," I said, "farewell, cousin! I had hoped to call you by a dearer name."

For a moment Catharine looked even more agitated than I was; but she recovered herself immediately.

"Edward," she said, in a voice so changed that I should scarcely have recognized it as hers—"Edward, tell me, does this marriage affect you in any way?"

"Affect me!" I cried. "You know it has ruined every hope that I had and made me the most wretched of men." She looked perfectly astounded. "Oh, Catharine, you must have known this—you with a woman's heart, must have interpreted mine. It is impossible that you could have been so blind that this astonishes you. But tell me," I continued, seeing her increasing agitation, "it were better to break the most solemn engagement than to repent when it is too late—tell me, Catharine, as you value our peace, do—is—is Frederick Leicester loved as a wife should love him?"

I could not bring my lips to say, "Do you love him?"

She released her hands from mine and answered, very quietly, but with emphasis, "He is."

"Then there is no hope for me?"

"No, Edward."

So I went away with my thoughts in such a confused state that I can only remember the one distinct impression that I carried away with me, and that was that I left Catharine looking as pale as a ghost.

That evening I received two notes—one from Leicester asking me to be his "best man" at the wedding, and another from Catharine advising me to absent myself from home on the day of the wedding, to avoid remark, and pledging herself to keep the secret I had imparted to her in reference to the state of my feelings.

It is needless to say that I followed her advice, and went to London, spending the days in a state of mind bordering on insanity.

The morning after the wedding I was sitting in my private parlor at the hotel, when the waiter brought in the morning paper.

With a morbid feeling that tempted me to add the last feather to my burthen, I took up the paper and turned to the marriage notices. There I read the following:

"On the 9th inst., at St. Mary's church, Winterton, by the Rev. J. J. —, vicar, Frederick Leicester, Esq., of Oaklands, to Louisa, youngest daughter of John Archer, Esq., of Waterside."

What I did I have no distinct remembrance of. But I am convinced, now that I calmly reflect on some things that I can distinctly recall, that the whole house considered me a lunatic, and I am not at all sure that they were wrong.

It is needless to say that I lost no time in going back to Waterside and having it out with Kate.

As I was about to leave for home that evening, and was holding her hand in my own, she mimicked my former agitation to perfection, as she said:

"Tell me, will this match be a happy one?"

"I assure you the gentleman thinks so," I replied.

"But the lady?"

"She will have to make the best of it."

"Because you know it would be better to break the most solemn engagement——"

I would have no more, but just put a stopper on her mouth by placing my moustache over it, and holding on tight till she was out of breath.

A BULL FIGHT IN HAVANA.

Savannah Times.

The pit is situated across the river at a place called Ricla, and reached by means of two excellent ferry boats at intervals of ten minutes. It is circular in form, covering a space of about seventy-five feet, inclosed by a strong board fence about six feet high. Inside of the pit and standing about fifteen inches from the fence are four shields or protectors of boards, about five feet wide and as high as the fence itself, placed at equal distances apart within the circle. These are intended for the protection of the gladiator, who retires behind these places when too closely pursued by the bull. Beginning from the top of this fence and extending all around the pit are rows of seats running upwards for twenty feet in a similar manner to that of a circus, at the top of

which is a platform covered overhead and protected by a railing extending around the entire circle of ascending seats. The platform is intended exclusively for ladies and reserved seats. In the center of this circular platform and in the most prominent position is erected a private box for the Governor-General and family, with his retinue and bugler. Beneath the seats and around the fence is an open space or passage of about twenty feet in width, and at several points therefrom steps are erected running up and through the seats as modes of ingress and egress to and from them. There are two large gates cut in the fence, to the rear of which are four small pens, or inclosures, where the bulls are kept separate and from which they rush through the open gate into the pit. The other gate is for the purpose of dragging them out when killed by the gladiator. You must understand that there is no covering or protection from the rays of the sun except over the platform for ladies and reserved seats, and that these amusements take place entirely on Sundays and always in the afternoon. Therefore one-half of the seats are shaded by the covering of the platform on the side where the sun is declining, while the sun shines bright and hot on the other half. The entrance fee is \$2 for the shade side, \$1 for the sunny side, and \$8 for the platform seats. The people assemble, and in their seats wait patiently for the presence of the Governor-General, who must be present before the fight is allowed to begin. While awaiting his arrival we amused ourselves looking at the sunny side fellows, who were sweltering in the broiling sun with handkerchiefs in hand and wiping away the fast-flowing perspiration, while we sat on the shady side cool and comfortable munching peanuts. Presently the bugler announced the arrival of the Governor-General, and immediately one gate is thrown open, when four men on foot and two on horseback enter the pit. The footmen are attired in costumes, carrying in one hand a red cloth. The horsemen are attired in a similar manner, but with iron leggings and a spear in the right hand. The horses, which are generally poor and inferior, are blindfolded over one eye to prevent them from seeing the bull when he makes the attack. All being ready the signal is given for the entrance of the bull. A sliding door is then raised from the top of his pen, which is covered overhead, on seeing which he rushes out with a terrible snort and ferocious look for the pit. He is decorated

with a flashy rosette, and with streamers hanging down from his mane. On his entrance a yell is raised, handkerchiefs are waved and excitement begins to run high. The bull stops for a moment, his head erect, takes a hurried look at the excited crowd, bows his horned head and makes a rush for one of the horses, which is parried by a well directed lunge from one of the spears. He then makes for the other and, notwithstanding the spears, he seldom fails to give the horse a terrible blow in the side. This is kept up, and sometimes the horse, rider and bull are seen rolling in the dirt together. Often the horse and rider are caught against the fence and lifted clear off the ground. In one of these unpleasant situations the bull's horn was buried its full length into the horse and that animal killed almost instantly, while the rider was dragged over the fence by the crowd. After an interval the bugle sounds for horses to retire, and the field is left to the men on foot. They harass the bull with their banners until he is fearfully wild. One man will then take an erect position, holding in each hand a barbed wire about eighteen inches long, covered all over with fancy cut paper. The bull attacks him, but before his horns can reach him he plunges the two barbs into his neck on either side, leaving them dangling to the great discomfiture and misery of the beast, which extends his tongue, shakes his head and bellows with pain. This is repeated until there are six or more wounds inflicted. The bull now being furious, the gladiator draws his sword, which is an ordinary one with a narrow blade and perfectly straight. With this he proceeds to kill him. He holds a red banner of cloth in his left hand, with which he entices the bull to make the attack, and as he approaches, he steps slightly to one side, at the same time burying the sword to the hilt between the shoulders and down through the heart, the point protruding underneath, from which a stream of blood flows. The sword must then be extracted, after which the bull lies down quietly and dies. This is repeated as above until the fourth bull is killed. As fast as they are killed the other gate is open and 2 mules in harness enter, which are attached to the horns and the bulls are dragged out. During the whole time the excitement is intense and the scene one of horror and disgust.

A ROMANTIC couple out West have named their first-born daughter "Malaria." She'll give some fellow the shakes some day.

OUR EXCHANGES.

MYSELF AND I.

—
BY ELLA WHEELER.
—

I an myself had a falling out,
As we sailed o'er life's sea;
For I myself complained about
And myself found fault with me.

The sky was fair, and the sea was grand,
And blithely the whole world went,
Yet over the water and over the land
Hung clouds of discontent.

Life was tender and friends were kind,
And many envied me;
But myself and I to it all were blind
Since we could not agree.

For I would deceive myself and lie,
And myself would find me out,
And I dared not look myself in the eye,
And yet I would sulk at a doubt.

Till myself said, "Dear, this will not do,
Why need we disagree?"

I will swear to be always kind to you
If you will be true to me.

"Let us turn a new leaf here and now.
We're wasting life this way;
So give me your promise and take my vow
And let us begin to-day."

Now I and myself are the best of friends,
And as glad as we can be.
It matters little what fortune sends—
We are happy, for we agree.

Fate may be cruel, or clouds arise,
And the whole old world go wrong,
But smiling I look myself in the eyes
And life seems only a song.

And I hold it the truest of all true things,
That it is not gold or pelf,
Which peate or pleasure or happiness brings,
But being good friends with yourself.

TYNDALL'S OPINION OF DARWIN.

Darwin for twenty-two years pondered the problem of the origin of species, and doubtless he would have continued to do so had he not found Wallace upon his track. A concentrated, but full and powerful epitome of his labors was the consequence. * * * Mr. Darwin shirks no difficulty; and, saturated as the sub-

ject was with his own thought, he must have known better than his critics the weakness as well as the strength of his theory. * * * He takes no pains to disguise the weakness he has discerned; nay, he takes every pains to bring it into the strongest light. His vast resources enable him to cope with objections started by himself and others so as to leave the final impression upon the reader's mind that, if they be not completely answered, they certainly are not fatal. Their negative force being destroyed, you are free to be influenced by the vast positive mass of evidence he is able to bring before you. This largeness of knowledge and readiness of resource render Mr. Darwin the most terrible of antagonists. Accomplished naturalists have leveled heavy and sustained criticisms against him—not always with a view of fairly weighing his theory, but with the express intention of exposing its weak points only. This does not irritate him. He treats every objection with a soberness and thoroughness which even Bishop Butler might be proud to imitate, surrounding each fact with its appropriate detail, placing it in its proper relations, and usually giving it a significance which, so long as it was kept isolated, failed to appear. This is done without a trace of ill temper. He moves over the subject with the passionless strength of a glacier; and the grinding of the rocks is not always without a counterpart in the logical pulverization of the objector. But though in handling this mighty theme all passion has been stilled, there is an emotion of the intellect incident to the discernment of new truth which often colors and warms the pages of Mr. Darwin. His success has been great; and this implies not only the solidity of his work, but the preparedness of the public mind for such a revelation.

"Ah, dearest," sighed the young man, kneeling at the feet of his ownest own, "dost thou know what of all outward things is nearest my heart?" "Really I can't say," she replied, "but if you have any regard for your health in this changeable weather, I should think it was a flannel shirt." She was too practical, and it broke the engagement.

GENERAL BURNSIDE.

A SKETCH OF HIS CAREER AS GATHERED
FROM THE BIOGRAPHY BY BEN.
PERLEY POORE.

Providence Journal.

Burnside was in many ways a representative man. Nobody ever supposed that he had any particular ability. He lost all his great battles. But from the tailor's board to the Senator's chair he never lost his place in the people's heart. "I know," said a Rhode Island lady, "there's nothing weighty behind that grand manner. I know he adds just nothing at all to the intellectual wealth of the Senate; but what a treasure he is after all. Rhode Island likes him, and always will." His manners were a great deal, but not all by any means. He was honest and energetic, and no demagogue. His youth passed in a little Western town with the usual exploits of the neighborhood. He flirted with the girls, worked at his trade and cowhided an overcritical newspaper reporter with the same exuberant enthusiasm. He was interested, too, in military matters, and delighted to leave the shop in which he had become a partner, when at last an opportunity offered to go to West Point. His first engagement has a very Western flavor, for the lady changed her mind at the altar after the gentleman had said "I will," and left the disappointed bridegroom disconsolate for a time until he found a more faithful damsel. Generally, when in difficulties, he landed on his feet. When he left West Point for New Orleans, he gambled away all his money on a Mississippi steamboat, but a bystander assisted him on his way rejoicing. When his gun-factory would not go, friends procured him a good position on the Illinois Central, and he justified them by paying back from his not over-large salary all the debts of the bankrupt factory. When the war broke out he responded with a telegram "at once," and was one of the first in the field. His minor campaigns in North Carolina and Tennessee were successful, but he failed utterly in times of great need. He neither made proper preparations nor moved with promptness in action. At Antietam he had command of one of the two wings whose attacks upon Lee should have been simultaneous, and did not move until late in the afternoon, when the other wing under Hooker had attacked and been driven back in failure. It can hardly be doubted that had Burnside attacked in the morn-

ing, Lee's army would have been destroyed. When, soon after, the supreme command was entrusted to him he failed still more lamentably. He made a fool-hardy attack upon Lee at Fredericksburg where that officer held a position of great natural strength and elaborately fortified, and he had no plan of battle, and was defeated piece-meal, with one wing under Franklin hardly used at all. A few weeks later he issued the extraordinary order dismissing Hooker from the service, and dismissing or relieving from duty pretty much all the other Generals commanding his army, which brought about his own transfer to less trying duties. Once more he was in a post of importance under Meade in Grant's advance upon Richmond, and once more his attack was a failure. The explosion of the great mine at Petersburg was delayed by insufficient preparation; the first corps that advanced proved cowardly, and instead of being withdrawn to make room for more trusty troops, was allowed to block the way for hours until it was too late to do anything, except insult his superior officer. But Burnside always had some sort of an excuse ready, and investigating committees hate to blame any one. So he went back to Rhode Island to the Governor's chair and the Senator's seat. And he died last fall full of honors. A well-meaning and much admired man, whose life would have been a career of deserved success had not an emergency arisen in which his incompetence was fraught with frightful misery.

SAFETY OF OCEAN TRAVEL.

A writer in the London Lancet gives the following statistics of travel: Of 1,563,644 persons who left Europe for New York between 1870 and 1880, 2,518 died in transit, the average duration of passage being thirteen days and twelve hours. Of 14,874 persons who embarked on fifteen ships in 1880 thirty-seven died. One ship, carrying 1,331 emigrants, lost thirteen in a course of a sixteen days' voyage. All were submitted to medical examination and passed as healthy at the start. These figures seem to show that in crossing the ocean a man is about a hundred times more likely to lose his life by disease than by ship-wreck.

THE largest and oldest chain-bridge in the world is said to be that at King Tung, China, where it forms a perfect road from the top of one mountain to another.

TEXAS.

AN OVERLAND TRIP FROM THE PLAINS TO
THE TABLE-LANDS.

Detroit Free Press.

Leaving Fort Worth we went across to Big Springs, a small village of about twenty barn-like structures with canvas-roofs. After this we saw no more villages. We stopped occasionally for water at the railroad stations, brown frame buildings, usually the only buildings in sight. The prairie was bordered by low mountains, which the sun colored golden and blue. Spanish bayonet and mesquite were the only signs of vegetable life. The Spanish bayonet looked about four feet high. At a distance it takes the appearance of the figure of an old woman with a feathered head-dress. The stalk is about twenty-six inches around and covered with bark. All the leaves, which are narrow spikes, cluster at the top. The prairie abounds in different species of cacti—the creeping cactus, Spanish bayonet, prickly pear and wait-a-bit. The last is well named. When touched, it breaks off, throwing its thorns into you, causing one to wait-a-bit and pick them out. The height of the mesquite is four feet. The root is the fuel of Texas and burns well.

We rode in an emigrant car from Big Springs to Toyah. At one time we saw a drove of 900 antelopes. There were a number of Texans on board, splendid looking, sun-burned fellows. We passed over the copper-colored Pecos. The mules seem to like this alkali water, but it is impossible to cook beans with it, and the coffee is abominable. Toyah was our destination by rail. It is a canvas town. Most of these towns along the Texas & Pacific have sprung up in a little less than two years. Toyah, translated, is water, but the nearest water is nineteen miles distant and sells for \$1.50 per barrel. A part of the inhabitants of Toyah are cowboys and discharged-railroad employees. The families of the latter are destitute; the men having been turned off by the railroad are unable to procure work and the railroad company will not allow them passes to where they can get something to do.

The night at Toyah was our first experience in a Texan town. At first we camped out, but the bullets flew so thickly around we concluded to seek the shelter of some building. During the night this building was struck by bullets. For amusement two gunpowder mines

were made and exploded. To add to the charm a drum and fiddle was accompanied by the cries and shrieks of the cowboys. The Texans have a habit of firing six shooters up in the air to pass away the time. I was told people were seldom hit, but if killed nothing is done to the murderer. "He was a good-natured man, poor fellow, and didn't mean any harm." A gentleman who has lived here four years declares there is less crime in Texas in a year than in New York. The Texans are well behaved, polite, quiet and honest, but in the frontier towns there are occasional ebullitions caused by drunkenness.

Toyah is to have an \$8,000 hotel. The hotel at present consists of three rooms, a dining room, kitchen and sleeping apartment. The latter was curtained into sections. Drawing aside the curtains we saw three beds in a section. The proprietor showed us one section with only two beds, and was desirous that one of the gentlemen of our party should occupy this. As an inducement, he said the other was rented to a very nice gambler. The next morning we found the air fresh and crisp. The mountains were enveloped in mist. Our splendid team of grays soon put Toyah far behind us. Our ambulance made travel easy and we were almost concealed in buffalo robes. At noon we stopped at a sulphur spring. The sun was so warm that we threw aside our wraps. Sulphur springs proved to be a mud hole. The water was clear and agreeable to the taste. Coming over on horseback I should, doubtless, have passed through it to cool the horses' feet. That would have been the last of horse and rider, as it is twenty feet deep. As we went on, the blue quail flew up at our approach. The rays of the sun gilded their beautiful top-knots.

Winding a narrow pass we found ourselves in the mountains. At first the only vegetation was cactus and mesquite, but now we saw the bear grass, growing in clumps, with long narrow blades, of which the Mexicans make baskets. They also split the blade of the Spanish bayonet and weave it into baskets. They use the bulbous root for soap. A train of Mexicans passed us. The men were as dark as mulattoes and had sparkling dark eyes. With their gorgeous attire they looked, for all the world, like the pictures in the top of raisin boxes. They are passionately devoted to red and are an extremely stupid and dirty race.

The covered immigrant wagon was drawn by twelve small mules, two hitched

to the wagon, next four abreast and then four leaders, abreast. Some burros followed the train. They are funny little things, with their long ears and large, brown eyes. They seem much smaller than the Mexican mules or bronchos. These burros sell for the small sum of \$4. They make splendid pack mules. The bronchos to the stages cannot be made to stop. If a passenger's hat blows off, the mules circle around until the hat is recovered and then take the road. This fact I have noticed several times. There is said to be plenty of coal in Texas if one knew where to locate it. Silver has been seen in the Guadalupe Mountains, but not in paying quantities.

MRS. PARTINGTON ON ROMANS.

"I never did like the Romans," said Mrs. Partington, when seeing the play of "Coriolanus," "since I mistook some Roman punch for an ice cream, and it got into my head. And I came pretty nigh exploding once in trying to light one of Isaac's Roman candles, thinking it was wax. I must say they are a set of fickle-minded creatures, taking the gentleman in the red table-cloth for a counsel, and then going to throw him over the terrapin rock. I am very glad, though, they didn't do it, because I don't see how the play could get along without him, and it would have disappointed so many—" "Stop talking," said a harsh voice behind her. Mrs. Partington looked around at the speaker, who scowled at her with the indignation of two shillings' worth of impaired enjoyment, and she, simply saying, "You needn't be so bituminous about it," was silent.

STANLEY IN AFRICA.

Henry M. Stanley is showing himself as capable of enduring protracted drudgery as he was making an unprecedentedly long and difficult journey. The hope of solving an intricate geographical problem and the certainty that success would make him famous gave him a stimulus which is lacking in his present undertaking. He was at last accounts occupied, as he had been for months previously, in directing the laying out of a road around the falls of the Congo, so that transportation from the lower to the upper stream may be made easy. This is a most important work, but it has nothing sensational about it, and a quiet

sojourn among barbarians and in an unhealthy country requires much more nerve than a rapid march. He is emphatically the right man in the right place. In a letter to Edward King, Paris correspondent of the Boston Journal, dated January 16, 1882, Mr. Stanley writes that he was in tolerable health, though the weather was hot, and water 75° of Fah. passed for cool. His food was far from being so tempting as to incite gluttony, and he longed for one solid meal. He was very sick of fever last Mast, and was nearly all June recovering from it. The disease kept him in bed nineteen days, and for seven days he was unable to eat anything at all. He was attacked by bed sores, and most of the muscles of his back seemed palsied. Since July he had been well, and hard at work. Over 200 Zanzibar men—fifty of whom crossed the continent with him—were working on the road, and were generally honest and industrious. There was one thief among them, who, when discovered, was flogged by the men he had robbed, and was chained up for a month. None of the men are slaves. They work nine hours a day, Sundays excepted.

At the time the letter was written there were 236 men in the camp, including some natives and Europeans, besides the Zanzibar people. There were only five slight cases of sickness in the camp. The surrounding natives were friendly, and the chief trouble has been with drunken white employes. The worst of the work is now over. Mr. King adds:

Mr. Stanley maintains a certain reticence about the exact nature of his work in Africa, for reasons which most readers will readily understand. He is the agent of companies which have invested large amounts of capital in opening up sections of Africa, and who naturally desire to secure for themselves all the advantages which may accrue from the explorer's labors. In a few months we shall probably hear rather interesting and possibly somewhat startling news from the little camp on the Upper Congo.

THE wife of Engineer Melville, of the Jeannette, has been married to him seventeen years, four of which she has enjoyed his presence with her. The rest of the time he has been in the ice packs of the frigid zone. He hasn't been very much of a home body, to be sure, but she has at least been able to feel sure that he wasn't flirting with another lady.

WHAT TO TEACH THE CHILDREN.

Teach them to be polite. Teach them that there is nothing but goodness of heart, of so much durability as a pleasing deportment. They will lose the idea after awhile, that it is smart to be pert and boisterous, and take pride in being little ladies and gentlemen. Teach them to say "how do you do" or "good morning" to everybody they meet with whom they are acquainted; never to contradict, whisper, hum, beat a tattoo with the fingers on the furniture, or loll round in lounging attitudes in company; to say "yes ma'am," "no sir," "what ma'am," "if you please," "thank you," and "excuse me," if it is necessary to pass before any one, or leave the table before the rest; and never to do any of the things for which it is necessary to ask to be excused unless it is absolutely unavoidable. Not to toss things instead of handling them; not to eat with the knife; not to meddle with things which belong to others; not to listen to anything not intended for their ears; not to refuse to give the whole to a visitor when the half will not do. A polite child is the best of companions; but a rude one is a troublesome nuisance and will find himself learning at eighteen or twenty, things which should have been taught him when a child.

JUSTICE EAST AND WEST.

Salt Lake Tribune.

"I hate to live in a new country," said Jones, "where there is no law." "Yer bet yer," chimed in Thompson. "Law is the only thing that keeps us out of everlasting chaos. 'Yes, indeed,' said a legal gentleman present. "It is the bulwark of the poor man's liberty, the shield which the strong arm of justice throws over the weak, the solace and the balsam of the unfortunate and wronged, the—"

"Oh, stop 'er," remarked the man with one eye. "I won't have it that way. Law is a boss invention for rascals of all grades. Give me a country where there is no law, and I can take care of myself every time. Now, for instance, when I lived in Ohio I got a dose of law that I will never forget. I was in partnership with a man named Butler, and one morning we found our cashier missing with \$3,000. He had dragged the safe and put out. Well, I started after him and caught

him in Chicago, where he was splurging around on the money. I got him arrested, and there was an examination. Well, all the facts were brought out and the defence moved that the case be dismissed, as the prosecution did not make out a case in the name of the firm, and that if there was a firm the co-partnership had not been shown by any evidence before the court. To my astonishment the court said the plea was O. K., and dismissed the case. Before I could realize what was up the thief had walked off. Well, I followed him to St. Louis and there I tackled him again. I sent for my partner and we made a complete case, going for him in the name of the commonwealth and Smith, Butler & Co. Well, the lawyer for the defence claimed that the money being taken from a private drawer in the safe was my money exclusively, and that my partner had nothing to do with it; that the case should be prosecuted by me individually, and not by the firm. The old 'bloke' who sat on the bench wiped his spectacles, grunted round awhile and dismissed the case. Away goes the man again. Then I got another hitch on him and tried to convict him of theft, but the court held that he should be charged with embezzlement. Some years after I tackled him again, and they let him go. Statutes of limitation, you see. Well, I concluded to give it up, and I did.

"But about four years afterward I was down in Colorado and a man pointed to another and said: 'That fellow has just made a hundred thousand in a mining swindle.' I looked, and it was my old cashier. I followed him to the hotel and nailed him in his room with the money. Now, I says: 'Billy, do you recognize your old boss?' and of course he did. Says I: 'Bill, I want that three thousand you stole from me, with the interest, and all legal traveling expences.' 'Ah, you do?' says he, 'didn't the courts decide that—'

"'Curse the courts,' says I, putting a six-shooter a foot long under his nose. 'This is the sort of legal document I'm traveling on now. This is the complaint, warrant, indictment, judge, jury, verdict and sentence all combined, and the firm of Colt & Co., New Haven, are my attorneys in this case. When they speak they talk straight to the point of your mug, you bloody larceny thief. This jury of six, of whom I am foreman is liable to be discharged at any moment. No technicality or statutes of limitations here, and a stay of proceedings won't last over four

seconds. I want \$10,000 to square my bill; or I'll blow your blasted brains out.' Well, he passed over the money right away, and said he hoped there'd be no hard feelings. Now, there's some Colorado law for you, and it's the kind for me! Eh, boys?" and the crowd with one accord concurred in the cheapness and efficacy of the plan by which a man could carry his court on his hip instead of appealing to the blind goddess in Chicago and St. Louis.

J. G. BENNETT'S YACHT.

In the extreme bows of the vessel are the quarters of the saloon servants, the linen lockers, wine rooms, and what not. Next aft are two state rooms of medium size, then two larger ones, each fitted with all that heart could wish on a yacht, then a water-closet and a bath-room. Then comes the ladies' saloon, twenty by fourteen feet, an exquisite department. Then come's the owner's room, perfected in rich Oriental style, with a carved bedstead and ceiling piece over it costing over \$1,000; exquisite book-cases, escritoires, and a bewildering mass of beautiful decorations. Mr. Bennett's bath is beneath the floor of his room. Opposite the owner's room are two large state rooms. Aft this is the grand saloon, twenty-four by eighteen feet, with its sides finished in a plastic material colored grass-green and ornamented in gilt and bronze, with the emblematic thistle of Scotland, the ceiling being in rich tint of marine blue, with golden fishes and marine animals coursing through the waters, leaving behind golden wakes. The mantel-piece of the saloon is in the richest of old carved oak, with a heavy nickel-plated fire grate set in the recess, which is most richly finished in tiling. After they are completed and ready for their owner, and after the chandeliers, upholstery, carpets, rugs, furniture and ceiling chandeliers are all in, she will look like a fairy ship. The ladies' saloon, as well as some of the larger rooms, will have their sides covered with cretonne, and exquisitely wainscoted in hard woods. Under the skylights will be placed silk curtains to mellow the light admitted to the saloons, and decorations will be so artistically distributed as to make her below decks look like an elfin's bower. Every room is fitted with electric bells.

The grand staircase descends to the vestibule. On the port side is a pantry

and abaft it the saloon gallery or kitchen, which is fitted up equal to any hotel in the world. On the starboard side of the vestibule are other rooms. Among the noted features of the *Namoura* is the fact that in every part of the vessel the fresh water used for drinking, washing or bathing is supplied to the various receptacles by a pressure engine, which is controlled so that when the pressure exceeds five pounds an automatic valve is lifted and the water flows back into the tanks, which together hold about twenty-five tons of water. The lower holds are ventilated by means of hot air draught pipes connected with the kitchen funnels, thus insuring a perfectly ventilated vessel down to the keel and keelsons. Every particle of waste water from the kitchen sinks, wash-bowls and bath tubs flows into a special tight tank and is pumped overboard. She has about twenty-five tons of ice capacity in the lower hold. Light and ventilation are secured by means of over 100 air ports in the base of each of the companion and sky-light hatches. In fact, nothing that skill, art or science could suggest, has been left undone to make the *Namoura* a perfect steam yacht. Her speed is set down at full fourteen knots an hour on a consumption of about a ton of coal per hour. She has the appearance of an excellent and easy sea boat. The *Namoura* will have cost, when ready to receive her sea stores, about \$200,000.

GIRLS are said to be the most expert telegraphers along the line of the Pennsylvania railroad.

Of 980 women who are this year pursuing the higher courses of education in St. Petersburg, 521 study physics and mathematics, and only 417 literature.

WRITE your name by kindness, love and mercy in the hearts of thousands you come in contact with year by year and you will never be forgotten.

It is startling to learn that 21,990 persons were killed in India in 1880 by snakes and tigers. In Bengal alone 10,064 persons died from snake bites. It is not a nice place to live.

A NEW JERSEY widow couldn't earn \$6 a week at the wash-tub. She became a clairvoyant, and her income increased to \$60. It just shows that a man begrudges the quarter he pays for washing his shirt, while he will cheerfully give a dollar to stick his nose into the other world before the show begins.

THE YOUNG MAN AT THE FAIR.

AND HOW THEY TOOK HIM IN.

It was at a church fair, and he had come there at the special request of his "cousin," who was at the head of the flower-table. He opened the door bashfully, and stood hat in hand, looking at the brilliant scene before him, when a young lady rushed up, and, grabbing him by the arm, said:

"Oh! you must, you will, take a chance in our cake. Come right over here. This way."

Blushing to the roots of his hair, he stammered out that he "Really didn't have the pleasure of knowing—"

"Oh! that's all right," said the young lady. "You'll know me better before you leave. I'm one of the managers, you understand. Come! the cake will all be taken if you don't hurry." And she almost dragged him to one of the middle tables. "There, now, only fifty cents a slice, and you may get a real gold ring. You had better take three or four slices; it will increase your chances, you know."

"You're very good," he stammered. "But I'm not fond of cake—that is, I haven't any use for the ring—I—"

"Ah, that will be ever so nice," said the young lady, "for if you get the ring you can give it back, and we'll put it in another cake."

"Y-e-e-s," said the young man, with a sickly smile. "To be sure, but—"

"Oh, there isn't any 'but' about it, said the young lady, smiling sweetly. "You know you promised!"

"Promised?"

"Well, no, not exactly that; but you will take just one slice?" and she looked her whole soul into his eyes.

"Well, I suppose—"

"To be sure. There is your cake," and she slipped a great slice into his delicately-gloved hands, as he handed her a \$1 bill. "Oh, that is too nice," added the young lady, as she plastered another piece of cake on top of the one she had just given him. "I knew you would take at least two chances," and his \$1 bill disappeared across the table, and then she called to a companion: "Oh, Miss Larkins, here is a gentleman who wishes to have his fortune told."

"Oh, does he? Send him right over," answered Miss Larkins.

"I beg your pardon, but I'm afraid you are mistaken. I don't remember saying about—"

"Oh, but you will," said the first young lady, tugging at the youth's arm. "It's for the good of the cause, and you won't refuse?" and once more the beautiful eyes looked soulfully into his. "Here we are. Now, take an envelope; open it. There! You are going to be married in a year. Isn't that jolly? Seventy-five cents, please." This time the youth was careful to hand out the exact change.

"Oh, I should just like to have my fortune told! May I?" said the first young lady.

"Of course you may," said Miss Larkins, handing out one of her envelopes. "Oh, dear, you are going to be married this year, too. Seventy-five cents more, please," and the poor youth came down with another dollar note. "No change here, you know," added Miss Larkin, putting the greenback in her pocket.

"Oh, come, let's try our weight," said the first young lady, once more tugging at the bashful youth's coat sleeve, and before he knew where he was he found himself standing on the platform of the scales. "One hundred and thirty-two," said the young lady. "Oh, how I would like to be a great, heavy man, like you," and she jumped on the scales like a bird. "One hundred and eighteen. Well, that is light. One dollar, please."

"What!" said the youth, "one dollar?" Isn't that pretty steep? I mean, I—"

"Oh, but you know," said the young lady, "it's for charity," and another dollar was added to the treasury of the fair.

"I think I'll have to go. I have an engagement at—"

"Oh, but you must first buy me a bouquet for taking you all around," said the young lady. "Right over here," and they were soon in front of the flower-table. "Here is just what I want," and the young lady picked up a basket of roses and violets. "Seven dollars, please."

"Oh, Jack, is that you?" said the poor youth's "cousin" from behind the flower counter, "and buying flowers for Miss Giggles, too! Oh, I shall be terribly jealous unless you buy me a basket, too," and she picked up an elaborate affair. "Twelve dollars, please, Jack," and the youth put down the money, looking terribly confused and much as though he didn't know whether to make a bolt for the door or give up all hope and settle down in despair.

"You'll excuse me, ladies," he stammered, "but I must go. I have—"

"Here, let me pin this in your button—"

hole," interrupted his "cousin." "Fifty cents, please," and then the youth broke away and made a straight line for the door.

"Well, if ever I visit another Fair, may I be—be hanged!" he ejaculated, as he counted over his cash to see if he had the car-fare to ride home.

A FRONTIERSMAN'S GRIM HUMOR.

Sacramento (Cal.) Bee.

Away on the extreme Western frontier, in the foothills along the Green River, General Forsythe, of Sheridan's staff, found a humorist during an inspection tour. He came upon a solitary station-keeper, who lived in a hut containing four stalls for animals and a combination parlor, kitchen and sleeping apartment six by ten in size. Over the door outside was in huge letters: "Hotel de Starvation; 1,000 miles from hay and grain, seventy miles from wood and fifteen miles from water." The walls of the room were decorated with pictures cut from police publications. Over the door inside in charcoal letters a foot in length were the words, "God Bless Our Home," and in another place the notice: "Wanted—A nice young girl for general house-work. Apply within."

GENTLEMANLY LADIES.

From Beaver Falls, (Penn.) Tribune.

In a railroad car on the Pittsburg and Lake Erie railroad the seats were all full except one, which was occupied by a pleasant-looking Irishman from Waupun, and at Beaver a couple of evidently well-bred and intelligent young ladies came in to procure seats. Seeing none vacant, they were about going into the next car, when Patrick arose hastily and offered them his seat with evident pleasure. "But you will have no seat for yourself," responded one of the young ladies with a smile, hesitating with true politeness, to accept it. "Never mind that!" said the gallant Hibernian. "I'd ride upon a cow-catcher to New York for a smile from such jintlemanly ladies."

JOSH BILLINGS ON MARRIAGE.

By awl means, Joe, get married if you have a fair show. Don't be shivering on the bank, but pitch rite in and stick your head under and shiver it out. Thar an't

any more trick in getting married than in eating peanuts. Many a man has stood shivering on the shore until the river run out. Don't expect to marry an angel. They have been all picked up long ago. Remember, Joe, you hain't a saint yourself. Donot marry for beanty exclusively; beauty is like ice, awful slippery, and thaws dreadful easy. Don't marry for luv, neither; luv is like a cooking stove, good for nothing when the fuel gives out. But let the mixture be some beauty, becomingly pressed, with about two hundred and fifty dollars in her pocket, a good speller, handy and neat in her house, plenty of good sense, tuff constitution and by-laws, small feet, a light step; add to this sound teeth and a warm heart. The mixture will keep in any climate, and will not evaporate. Don't mary for pedigree unless it is backed by bank notes. A family with nothing but pedigree generally lacks sense.

WHAT THEY DO WITH TENNYSON IN CHICAGO.

Chicago Tribune.

Eulalie McGirlygrit sat silently by the drawing-room window of her father's palatial residence watching the snow-laden clouds as they piled slowly up in the western horizon, burying in their cold bosom the golden-brewed sun that erstwhile gleamed brightly forth upon the bleak surface of the storm-beaten earth.

"Heigho," sighed the girl wearily as she raised her right foot and languidly scratched her left ankle—a small and pretty turned one, without sign of curb, ringbone, or spavin. "Rupert will not come to-day. I shall not feel his strong arms around me, taste the nectar of his lips in a pulsing, passionate kiss, nor quaff the aroma of the Cedar Run-copper-distilled-two-drinks-for-a-quarter breath. Perhaps he does not love me. Sometimes in the long, still, stem-winding watches of the night I awake suddenly with the thought that he is not true to me, that some haughty beauty over on the West Side has won his heart, leaving me only the liver and other digestive organs. But it cannot, must not be. Without the beacon light of his love my life would be a starless blank—a mere chaos. No, I will not doubt him. I will not rack my soul with the thought that he could be untrue to me—" and with these words the girl stepped into the conservatory, plucked a blush rose, and,

placing it in her nut-brown hair, walked slowly to her boudoir.

Seating herself on a damask-covered fauteuil, she touched a bell that stood on a table near by, and scarcely had its silvery tinkle ceased to be heard, when Nannette McGuire, her femme de chambre, pushed aside the damask curtains that hid from view an alcove and entered the room.

"Give me my volume of Tennyson's poems, Nannette," said Eulalie. The book was handed to her—an elegantly bound work. Rising slowly, Eulalie placed the book under the corner of the fauteuil, and saying to herself: "Well, I guess I have fixed that pesky, short-legged sofa now," lay quietly down, and was soon wrapped in the sweet slumber of innocent maidenhood.

Such is the power of poetry.

THE PREVAILING PASSION.

"Well my little fellow," said a philanthropic old gentleman as he patted a gamin on the head, "what do you expect to be when you grow up?"

"I'er goin' to be a song and dance man, I am. I've just got nineteen different steps down fine. I say, mister, haint you got a kid what'll go in with a feller an' make up a double clog?"

The philanthropic old gentleman passed on in a hurry.

EXPRESSIONS.

It is getting so that a newspaper man can't ride from here to St. Paul on his cheek without having it punched by the conductor.

A LADY, just arrived in Washington, espied the dome of the Capitol, and inquired if it was the gas-works. "Yes," said a bystander; "for the Nation."

A CORRESPONDENT wants to know where the expression "Let up" comes from. We believe it comes from the fellow who isn't on top in the fight.—*Philadelphia Sun*.

"MAMIE," said he, and his voice was singularly low, "will you be my wife? Will you cling to me as the tender vine clings to the—" "Yes, I catch on said she.—*Puck*.

THERE are 300 styles of bicycles, but they've never invented one that can sling a man more summersaults and handsprings or hurt him worse than the original machine.

THEY say an alligator is incapable of nausea. At least they fed one on bread made by a Vassar College girl and his jaws were strong enough to bite it and it did not make him sick.

EXPERIENCE teaches us many things, prominent among which, to a man, is that it is safer to run your chances with the business end of a mule than dictate to a woman on wash days.

THE chubby boy, whose danger signal hangs sadly through the lattice work of his pants, knows that time, who waits for no man, will one day, if he struggles heroically on, give him knowledge and suspenders, and a solid girl.

A CONNECTICUT boy was sent by his mother to a neighbor's house for a cup of sour milk. On being told there was none but sweet milk to be had, he helped himself to a chair and said: "Well, I'll wait until it sours."

AN Irishman who had been sick a long time was one day met by the parish priest, when the following conversation took place: "Well, Patrick, I am glad to see you have recovered. Were you not afraid to meet your God?" "Oh, no, yer riverence! It was the meetin' the other party that I was afeared of!" replied Pat.

THE newspapers are discussing whether or not a husband has the right to open his wife's letters. The only way the Springfield Register sees to decide the thing is to let some man who has firmness enough make the attempt, and then report, if he is able.

A PREACHER in Tennessee tried to establish a church in which there should be no member who used tobacco or any beverage but water, and his only congregation was an old woman who chewed slippery-elm and believed in catnip tea for measles.

A YOUNG man who thought he had won the heart of a certain young widow, was asked by her, "What is the difference between myself and Mr. Baxley's Durham cow?" He naturally replied, "Well, I don't know." "Then," said the widow, "you had better marry the cow."

ONCE when Edwin Forrest was playing "William Tell" in Boston, Larnem, Gestler's lieutenant, should have remarked, "I see you love a jest, but jest not now." Imagine Forrest's feelings when that worthy exclaimed, "I see you love a jest, but not jest now."

THERE are 35,000 more women than men in Philadelphia, but the excess is made up by good-looking girls, and we should be loth to part with one of them. Which one is nobody's business.—*Philadelphia Record*.

"DAN," said a four-year-old, "give me five cents to buy a monkey." "We have one monkey in the house now," said the elder brother. "Who is it?" "You." was the reply. "Then give me five cents to buy the monkey some nuts."

If we would have powerful minds, we must think; if we would have faithful hearts, we must love; if we would have strong muscles we must labor; and these attributes include all that is of much value in life.

"I LOVE diamonds," said Alphonso Karr; "but I have a horror of those which show me a woman carrying in one ear the bread of her children and in the other the honor of her husband."

ECHOES of the dog show: "Isn't he just sweet?" "Oh, you dear, black-nosed old fellow, you." "Was its little popsy wopsy hungry, was it?" "It was a good little darling, then, so it was." Who wouldn't be a dog?—*New York Commercial Advertiser*.

THE BATTLE—A General, sitting in front of a hotel in time of war, heard a news boy crying his papers, "All about the battle." The General bought a paper, but could not find the account. Turning to the newsboy, he said, "I do not see any battle." "No," said the boy; "you never will if you sit here!"

A JAPANESE paper, very thin but of great strength and possessing the merit of being perfectly noiseless when handled, is imported for printing on the programmes of theatrical and other public entertainments where the ratling noise usually made by their handling is a great nuisance.

"THESE rubber garments are such a blessing!" remarked a fat man, as he brought into a street car a perfect deluge of water. The lady at the right, who mopped one side of his coat with her costly dress, agreed with him perfectly; the man at his left, who caught about a pint of the drippings in his shoe, could scarcely conceal his admiration; while the young miss to whom the fat man gallantly offered his seat a few minutes later, went into perfect ecstasies as she sat down in a pool of water left on the car seat.

FORGET AND FORGIVE.

Forget; for why remember
The wrongs of yesterday?
Perchance kind words were spoken
To heal the breach to-day;
Then let the past forever be
A blank leaf in thy memory.

Forget the Old Year's failings,
The New will have its share;
Each one will find that haply
He hath enough to bear
Without the memory of the wrong
That to the Old Year does belong.

"Let bygones be bygones"—for why
Should thoughts that gender strife
Be nourished in our bosom—
That but embitter life;
And fill this world that else were fair,
With scenes of sorrow, strife and care?

Forgive; let old affections
Be stirred within the heart,
Producing kindly feelings
That light and warmth impart,
And make our onward course less sad,
By making home firesides more glad.

Forgive; for Time's swift pinions
Are bearing us along,
And few may be our moments
To do or suffer wrong;
Then let us, while the power is given,
Forgive, as we would be forgiven!

BURDETTE ON CUSTER.

Report of his Lecture in New York.

"I have long ago got over the idea that I could tell all about a man by looking at him. I got over it during the civil war. I went down South to help General Grant whip the rebels. The General had a command and I had one. Mine was the horse and accoutrements of a private soldier, and if General Grant's command had caused him one-half the trouble mine did me, I believe he would have resigned. I wanted to resign, but the government would not let me. Well, one day when I was trying to make my command keep up with the commands of the men in front of me, a cavalry officer rode by. I never was more disgusted in all my life. Such a fop—finical and priggish to the last degree. Not a wrinkle in the glittering uniform that encased the slender form. White gauntlet gloves reaching nearly to the elbow, a long Spanish sword and long hair. Long hair in that region! And what was worse, he curled it and wore it falling over his shoulders and down his back like a

woman. Yellow hair it was. The most glorious gold that ever sunlight shone upon I believe it now—but yellow I called it then. I was too much disgusted even to ask the name of the officer, and rode along a little piqued that the government did not make officers of such men as me, instead of such fellows as the one just passed. I saw him again subsequently. We were studying geography—trying to find how far it was from one place to another by going there. When we had most got where we were going we came to a long line of marshes with a creek running through them, and crossing the marshes was a causeway with a bridge over the creek. Across the marshes on a hill was a party of gentlemen in gray ulsters having a picnic. We had never been introduced to one of them, but they shot away at us just as sociably as if we had kept hens along side their backyards for ten years."

Mr. Burdette then gave an account of the manoeuvres of the cavalry and the agonized waiting while the fight went on near it. "Till finally," he said, "with a rush and a roar the fight was on us. Then I saw that form again. Forward in to the hell of the battle, and, ride hard as we would, those yellow curls were always in advance, leading us on. Above them I saw the flash of the sabre, cutting circles of light in the air, and where he led we followed; for who would not ride gayly, smilingly to death when Custer led the way?"

I'LL NO TRUST YE.

Two centuries ago in the highlands of Scotland, to ask for a receipt or a promissory note was thought an insult. If parties had business matters to transact, they stepped into the air, fixed their eyes upon the heavens, and each repeated his obligations, with no moral witness. A mark was then carved on some rock or tree near by as a remembrance of the compact. Such a thing as breach of contract was rarely met with, so highly did people regard their honor.

When the march of improvement brought the new mode of doing business, they were often pained by these innovations. An anecdote is handed down of a farmer who had been to the Lowlands and learned worldly wisdom. On returning to his native parish he had need of a sum of money, and made bold to ask a loan from a gentleman of means named Stewart. This was kindly granted, and

Mr. S. counted out the gold. This done, the farmer wrote a receipt and offered it to Mr. S.

"What is this man?" cried Mr. S., eyeing the slip of paper.

"It is a receipt, sir, binding me to give ye back yer gold at the right time," replied Sandy.

"Binding ye? Well, my man, if ye canna trust yerself, I'm sure I'll na trust ye. Ye canna hae my gold." And, gathering it up, he put it back in his desk and turned his key on it.

"But, sir, I might die," replied the canny Scotchman, bringing up an argument in favor of his new wisdom, "and perhaps my sons might refuse it ye; but the bit of paper would compel them."

"Compel them to sustain a dead father's honor!" cried the Celt. "They'll need compelling to do right if this is the road ye're leading. them. I'll neither trust ye nor them. Ye can gang elsewhere for money; but you'll find nane in the parish that'll put more faith in a bit o' paper than in a neighbor's word o' honor and his fear o' God."

The new fortifications of Strasburg will be completed during the present spring. An idea of their enormous extent may be formed from the following figures: They enclose on the left bank of the Rhine, besides the town and suburbs, twelve Alsatian villages, and on the right bank four other villages, with a total superficial area of over 37,000 acres. The distance of the advanced forts from the town is from three to five miles, and the average diameter of the entire work nine miles. The total cost is put down at \$5,400,000.

DUTIES AND OCCASIONS.

BY JAMES R. LOWELL.

New occasions teach new duties;

Time makes ancient good uncouth;

They must upward still and onward

Who would keep abreast of truth;

Lo! before us gleam her camp-fires;

We ourselves must pilgrims be,

Launch our Mayflower, and steer boldly

Through the desperate winter sea,

Nor attempt the future's portal

With the past's blood-rusted key.

MEN who join clubs find the dues to pay there, and the deuce to pay at home.
—Boston Star.

SCIENTIFIC.

ACCIDENTS TO LOCOMOTIVES ON THE ROAD—HOW TO DEAL WITH THEM.

CONTINUED FROM OCTOBER.

By Frank C. Smith in National Car Builder.

If the back-up eccentric rod breaks, take both eccentric rods down on that side of the engine. If it is a go-ahead rod, it alone may come down with the straps, also the main rod and valve stem on that side. The main rod and valve stem should also be disconnected in the case of a broken back-up eccentric rod, and in either case the link should be disconnected from the tumbling-shaft by disconnecting the hanger. If the lifter tumbling-shaft, arms, saddle-pin or reach-rod breaks, a piece of wood may be fitted and tied in between the block and top of the link slot for the link to rest on. The piece should be long enough to raise the link to cut-off where the engine is desired to run. In case of a broken reach-rod or tumbling-shaft, both links must be blocked up as desired. As the engine will then have to be held entirely with the brake, great care will be necessary. For broken eccentric straps or eccentrics, proceed as in case of eccentric rods. For a slipped eccentric—assuming it to be the go-ahead one, and the engine a link engine—put the engine on the center on the side of the slipped eccentric, pull the reverse lever into the full back-up notch, mark the valve stem flush with the gland with a knife blade, throw the lever in the full go-ahead notch, turn the slipped eccentric till the mark on the stem reappears in the same position as when marked, notice that the slipped eccentric is not in the same position as the back-up eccentric, put the full part or belly nearly opposite, and then go ahead.

In the case of a broken spring hanger, the broken spring should be removed, unless an extra hanger or a chain is carried, in which case the end of the spring may be held by the new hanger or the chain: it being necessary to jack up the back part of the engine, under the foot-

board, to take the weight off and allow the insertion of the hanger or chain. If neither hanger nor chain can be had, slip a block of wood or rubber under the end of the equalizer thick enough to raise it about level, the weight being removed from it by jacks under the footboard. If the engine has far to go, or has a train to pull, it will be best to put a block of wood over the driving-box, between it and the frame, and over the wheel where the hanger is broken, to ease the other spring. If jacks are not carried the driver may be run on to a stick of wood four or six inches in thickness, placed under the forward wheel to take the weight from the back wheel, and *vice versa*. A broken spring should be treated the same as a broken spring hanger.

A broken equalizer should be removed, as it may get into the wheels also the springs and wooden pieces placed over the driving-boxes to keep the frame up. A broken tire, if clear off, requires the wheel center to be kept from the rail, either by running the wheel on to a block of wood, or by jacking up under the wrist-pin and fitting a piece of wood between the oil cellar and pedestal brace. The two side-rods should come down if the tire is a back or forward one, and also the main rod on that side. If the engine has far to go or a train to pull, it is better to remove the oil cellar and fit a notched piece of wood in its place to give a proper bearing for the shaft, as otherwise the shaft will rest on the thin edges of the oil box—a bearing entirely insufficient, if any distance is to be run or a load pulled. The writer has seen engines brought in with broken tires and the shaft running on the oil cellars, the bearings being so badly cut as to make it necessary to remove the wheels, return the bearings and fit new driving-box gibs or brasses.

It should be remembered that whenever the main rod is disconnected, the piston must be blocked and the valve stem disconnected. A broken front truck wheel or axle can usually be chained up with the help of jacks under the front end, so as to get on a side track. The engine should be run very slow. An un-

shipped throttle requires that the steam pressure be reduced, pulling the valve stem into the middle notch to shut off, and when taking water, the driving wheels to be blocked with sticks of wood when the tender is in the right position. A bursted flue can be plugged with a wooden plug, or better still, with an iron one, held in a pair of tongs or some special device for that purpose. If a driving axle breaks so as to leave the wheels in position, the engine may generally be run alone on to a side track, and extra wheels and axles sent for. A broken cylinder head requires that the main rod on that side should come down, and the ports covered by the valve and the valve stem disconnected. If the steam chest or

branch pipe in front end breaks, a piece of 2-inch plank with a rubber gasket beneath it should be bolted to the "nigger head" or "T-head," the branch pipe being removed. The main rod should be disconnected on that side. If the steam pipe breaks inside the boiler, the same means may be employed as for an unshipped throttle. A broken flange on a truck wheel requires very slow running. If a tender axle or wheel breaks, that end of the truck may be chained to a tie placed across the apron of the tender, blocking being placed between the tie and body of the tank to ease the strain on the apron. Both ends of the tie should be chained to the truck.

EDITORIAL.

A GOVERNOR'S APPROBATION.

The Hon. Albert G. Porter, Governor of Indiana, who welcomed our delegates so cordially at the last Convention is surely among the warmest friends of our Order. On more than one occasion he has given us substantial evidence of the interest he takes in our welfare. In a letter to the Grand Lodge, dated October 13th, he speaks of our Convention as follows:

"The Convention was one of much interest to me and high as was my regard before for this class of workmen, I came away from the meeting with my respect and regard increased. I shall always cherish a pleasant recollection of the meeting and feel that the Order is doing a good work—not more for the members themselves than for the railroad companies and for the safety of the traveling public."

OUR RESPONSIBILITIES.

We are no longer a small organization. The Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen stands prominently before the world. Its actions are noted and its purposes

endorsed by Governors, Statesmen, Rulers, Scholars, and Financiers everywhere. We have found our way into the hearts of the people. Our merits commend themselves. We have multitudes of friends. Great things are expected of us. The observance of good principles, the practice of careful and prudent actions, must mark the features of our conduct. Let our standard forever float high! We are over five thousand true men, occupying a continent, combined as a single man, for the accomplishment of a glorious purpose. All that should induce one to act, the highest motives—the loftiest aspirations, urge us onward to do our duty. We are sure to succeed. The world is only a large Brotherhood. In concentration there is strength. The Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen is only more closely allied than others in order that they may better promote their interests.

As long as there is good to do, we have a mission—this is our practical purpose and it cannot fail.

GATHER THEM IN!

We desire to impress upon our members the necessity for constant work for the Order. If you meet with a good engineman who is not a member explain to him the objects of our Brotherhood and what it is doing and has done. Don't beg them to come in but simply explain what we will do for them and that is all that will be necessary, self interest will bring about the rest. The power of an organization depends upon the utility, the nobleness of its aims, and upon the members welded together in the bonds of its brotherhood. Our Order has become so strong, so well understood; it is so grand in its aims that no engineman can afford to stay out of it. Therefore the matter of becoming members should be presented to those who ought to enjoy our benefits, so that in the near future there will not be a railroad without having its enginemen members of our order. Organize, is our advice. Organize, if you want to have influence. Organize, if you desire to help the wife and little ones at home. Organize, if you want to be benevolent, sober and industrious men. Organization means success.

VANDERBILT'S ENDORSEMENT.

Recently the Hon. B. W. Hanna of Terre Haute received a letter, in which Wm. H. Vanderbilt, the great railroad president, cordially endorses the objects and aims of our Brotherhood. He had learned the particulars of our recent convention and by the kindness of Mr. Hanna we have been allowed to read what he says. Mr. Vanderbilt says that he has made himself familiar with the objects and aims of our order and cordially endorses them. He says also that he is greatly pleased to notice the rapid development of the organization. Not only have we met with these encouraging words from Mr. Vanderbilt but many other railroad officials have stood by us and given us kindly words of sympathy. Mr. Riley McKeen of Terre Haute has

been our friend, staunch and true, for many years. He deserves our thanks and has them with kindly remembrance of many favors done us. Passes over the many roads of the country have been given our delegates simply for the asking. Are not these encouraging signs of our power and prosperity? Railroad officials begin to learn that our objects are noble, that our aims are straightforward and manly. We are to-day the grandest order of working men in the Union. Bound together by no unholy or unlawful purpose but simply by the bonds of benevolence, sobriety, and industry.

A DOUBLE DEATH KNELL.

We chronicle the tragical fate of Brothers T. P. Spencer and J. W. Walker of Great Western Lodge, No. 24, with feelings of profound sorrow. Both were killed on the 8th of October while in the discharge of their duties. They were pulling out of Muskogee, I. T. on a night run—the former at the throttle and the latter at the scoop—when they found a misplaced switch and the engine left the track with the most frightful results. Brother Spencer was caught under the tank and instantly killed while Brother Walker was held fast between the engine and tank and badly crushed.

Brother Walker's lower limbs were amputated in the hope that his life might be saved but he only survived the amputation a few hours. Both were members of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen and in good standing at the time of their death.

It is in the contemplation of such scenes that the real nobility of our Order asserts itself. These men were linked together by a common obligation—their interests were mutual—they were friends as well as brothers, and even death could not divide them. They laid down the burden of life together—their throttle and scoop will pass into other hands.

While it is beyond our power to reconcile the bereaved families with their loss,

it is gratifying to know, that we can at least preserve them from want.

The Brotherhood made them part of our family and as such it is our duty to protect them from all harm. We mourn the loss of these men more than words can express. They were true to us while living and we shall be true to them in death.

JOHN M. DODGE.

A letter from the Pacific Coast announces that our esteemed friend and fellow-member, John M. Dodge, has been chosen by his party as a candidate for the responsible position of County Clerk. This news will be hailed with delight by all the members of our Order, for in Brother Dodge they have long since recognized a man of the noblest qualities of heart and mind; just such a man as should fill the important position to which he aspires.

The San Diego Sun has the following to say in regard to his nomination:

"The nomination of John M. Dodge to be county clerk is everywhere hailed with manifestations of approval, especially by the young men of both parties who are quick to appreciate any recognition of their number. Mr. Dodge is a son of Rev. R. V. Dodge, the pastor of the Presbyterian Church here, and is one in whom all have unbounded confidence. He is a working man from the word go, having for a number of years served as an engineer on the railroad in the east, and by virtue of the latter position at present holding the office of secretary of the "Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen" of National City, an organization whose objects are for the mutual protection of members, and of a beneficiary nature. He has a thorough education, and is fully competent to assume the duties of the office. Though comparatively unknown in many portions of the county, before the campaign closes he will give every voter an opportunity of making his acquaintance. He will carry this city against any competitor."

We take pleasure in giving the forgoing our hearty endorsement. The tribute of the Sun is worthily bestowed, every word of it.

Brother Dodge, before locating in the far West, was chosen Vice Grand Master

of the Brotherhood and, during his term, held that office to the highest satisfaction of all.

He is known far and near as a young man of sterling worth. His habits are excellent, his integrity without question, and his qualifications first class. It is our fervent hope that the good people of the county that nominated him will elect him by an overwhelming majority and thus give evidence of their appreciation of manhood and merit.

CONVENTION SPEECHES.

It must be evident to every one of our readers that our Brotherhood is attracting great attention from the best people in the country, when such men as D. W. Voorhees, Gov. Porter, B. W. Hanna, Col. Maynard, Col. T. H. Nelson and Mayor Lyne consent, not only to be present at our conventions, but make eloquent addresses also. We desire to impress upon our members and their friends that our organization is a power in the land. Read the great speeches delivered by some of the first orators of the day and be convinced. Very rarely is a gathering of workingmen graced by the presence of men of State and National reputations. Very rarely are such eloquent words uttered in behalf of the laborer. Usually talent and genius spend themselves in the interest of the rich and the powerful, in our convention genius and talent, "with thoughts that breathe and words that burn," pictured the noble aims of our Brotherhood of simple firemen. Listen to the grand words of Hanna—"You are a part, and a necessary part, of our entire railroad system. How important, how vast, how essential that system has become, I need not tell you. Its grandeur, its trials, its dangers and its responsibilities, you have learned by heart, with the sweat upon your brave faces; hot with the black breath, and under the fierce glances of your own God-like Vulcan; Jove sprung and Jove reared; monarch of our Olympus, harn-

essed in iron, and subsisted by ocean and volcano." Listen to the words of that grand old man, Col. J. B. Maynard.—"Be this my glory, to stand by royal invitation in the presence of Natures noblemen—Locomotive Firemen of the United States and Canada, and say to them, hold up your heads, you are crowned by the genius of labor, skill and courage, the peers of any men who walk God's green earth. I glory in a man who is not afraid to die in the discharge of his duty. There is a nobler courage than that of the soldier. It is when a locomotive fire-

man faces death calmly to save men and women and children entrusted to his custody. On such occasions duty takes on the robes of Deity. If such sacrifices are not Godly then the world to-day rolls its green fields to the sun without a hero." What eloquent words are those. Want of space forbids further quotation. We call attention to these two of the many gems of eloquence our convention listened to. Surely we have reason to feel proud when genius draws such noble pictures for us.

THE CONVENTION.

NINTH ANNUAL CONVENTION.

(CONTINUED.)

Pursuant to the notice given in the last issue of the Magazine we now present to our readers the remainder of the report of the opening exercises of our Ninth Annual Convention at Terre Haute, Indiana, Monday, September 11th, 1882.

The speeches delivered in the afternoon at the opera house by the Hon. James B. Lyne Mayor of Terre Haute, Hon. Albert G. Porter, Governor of Indiana, Thomas W. Harper Esq., Chairman of the meeting, and Grand Master Arnold were published in our preceding issue and we now present the addresses of the other distinguished gentlemen who were in attendance.

The first in order will be that of the Hon. Bayless W. Hanna of Terre Haute. It should be read by every member of the Order and in fact by all who have an interest in the aims and purposes of the Brotherhood. Mr. Hanna's speech was carefully prepared and delivered with force and effect rarely equaled. He was frequently interrupted with applause.

We cordially wish his eloquence might have been heard the length and breadth of our land. Had that been possible the interests of our Order would have been enhanced a thousand per cent. Mr. Hanna spoke as follows:

HON. B. W. HANNA.

Gentlemen of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen:

I understand this is your Ninth Annual Convention. You are, doubtless, thoroughly organized. You have had ample time to mature your plans. We recognize in your presence to-day, a representative body of the highest dignity. You have come hither, from every part of the United States and the Dominion of Canada. Your action here must necessarily exercise a widespread and powerful influence. It should be cautious and wise. You can afford to make no mistakes. The Locomotive Firemen, who feed the power which moves the burdens of commerce from trade center to trade center, throughout the United States and Canada, constitute a prodigious factor in our business economy. The great Congress at Washington, and the learned Parliament of the Dominion, have a perpetual mentor in its jealous care. The Congress and the Parliament promulgate the laws of trade—you give them vitality and effect. These laws of themselves are nugatory, void, nothing—until put in force by the executive agency of mercantile locomotion. Without such locomotion our fifty millions of people would be chained to the earth, the weak and willing slaves of ignorance and superstition. Without such locomotion our great crops of wheat and corn would become food merely, no longer a money equivalent. Without such locomotion our coal and precious ores

would remain in the drift of the centuries as useless to us as the ripe fruits of the earth to a people without the sense of taste. Without such locomotion our civilization would at once be turned back 2,000 years—our cities, great trade centers; agricultural, mining and manufacturing activities; our colleges, factories, mills and shops; our farms and homes—would all be swept away by the old-time pillage of savagery, and the desolation of armies, always consuming and never producing. Without such locomotion the fadeless beauty of nature's realm would forever remain the captive of the solitudes—where the streams, and woods and flowers dwell unseen—and the shackled vines, weary of their untouched purple clusters, cling restfully to their mated boughs. [Applause.] Locomotion—and I mean by that steam locomotion and rapid transit—has become the animating spirit of the entire physical universe. You, gentlemen, are its representatives in the industries of our country. What higher distinction could you want? There can be no higher distinction, nor any more honorable. And the locomotive fireman is the coming engineer. Then, he will, indeed, hold the nervous helm of commerce. Get ready, and when you are thus advanced, hold it always with a sober, steady, strong hand. You are a part, and a necessary part, of our entire railroad system. How important, how vast, how essential that system has become, I need not tell you. Its grandeur, its trials, its dangers and its responsibilities, you have learned by heart, with the sweat upon your brave faces; hot with the black breath, and under the fierce glances of your own God-like Vulcan; Jove sprung and Jove reared; monarch of our Olympus, harnessed in iron, and subsisted by ocean and volcano. [Applause.]

The railroad system of the last twenty-five years, has been the greatest civilizer of all the centuries. It has resolved Nations into friendly divisions of a sympathizing brotherhood. It has averted the blasts of war, and planted the flowers of peace. It has made the necessity of friendly reciprocity universal. It has burst open the great walls of the mountains, and leveled the Eastern and Western slopes into a smooth plain, furrowed over and transformed into farm and city, of peaceful industry and busy trade. It has distributed the crystal crops of the North, and in return, filled his shrunken hands with the yellow fruits of the South. It has furnished an easy, rapid and cheap exchange of everything the earth produces, and the hands of man can adapt to the convenience and comforts of mankind in almost every part of the habitable globe. That you are so closely leagued with such a beneficent system—that it has invited you to a field of such useful and profitable labor; that it has taught you self-reliance and obedience to authority; made you ready, active and faithful in service; honest, just, fearless and humane in the exercise of power—that it has developed you into a state of larger usefulness, finer perceptions, broader views of humanity and its sublime mission—that all this, and more in your portion, must be a matter of profoundest satisfaction to you, as it is to the friends of industrial advancement everywhere throughout the land.

Gentlemen, it is said there are about 40,000 locomotive engineers and firemen, now in daily employment throughout the United States and Canada. What a gigantic force! Who can compute the extent of human life, and the value of property entrusted daily to its care? About 13,000 of this vast force belong to the two Brotherhoods of Locomotive

Engineers and Firemen. They are practically one body—substantially the same organization. It is a tremendous combination. Of course it works under fixed laws, and obeys the orders of its constituted authority. It is a government within itself. It has its own well defined limits of sovereignty, exacting allegiance, imposing duties and dispensing benefits. That gives strength and influence. Organization is the one secret of power, that has erected and destroyed every throne that ever pressed the earth. By your organization you can control the 13,000 men of your Brotherhoods absolutely—and the 27,000 firemen and engineers outside of it will, practically, act with you, on account of your community of interest. Now and then, you have had some hard struggles. Generally, they have been the result of misapprehension. Such conflicts, if possible, should be avoided always. They are almost uniformly disastrous and unprofitable. Justice is the one rock to stand upon. It will laugh at every storm, and break every billow which may come. Labor and capital are the poles of the social world—the extremities of the axis on which the commercial sphere revolves. One is always opposite the other, and there they will stay while time shall last. There never was a dollar in existence, at anytime, or anywhere, that was not the result of some man's labor—and labor always commands money—Capital and labor then, are natural friends—they cannot be enemies, and exist at all. Capital must do right—and labor must do right. That is the safe trial balance. When the shadows of financial disaster fall upon our industries, we must not be swift to call unavoidable calamity intended injustice, and go to war about it. Disasters to trade will never cease. Money will always flee away and hide in its dark recesses in times of disturbance. Labor will have its trials as long as man shall inhabit the earth. In disaster, there must be mutual forbearance. Let the man of capital, and the man of labor, stand side by side in the true spirit of humanity always, and strikes will never come. [Applause.]

But we need not discuss this proposition any further. I apprehend we all agree about it now. The broad sea of our country's grandeur, more gratefully tempts our eyes and engrosses our thought. It touches every shore of human interest. John Bright is reported as having recently said, "The United States will soon be the greatest power on earth." This prophecy seems to us well nigh fulfilled already. Our eastern and western limits, fixed forever by the shores of the world's widest oceans, place us outside the complications and conflicts so constantly vexing the other great powers. The sudden development of our railroad system, and the vast extent of our cereal crops, are the marvel of the nineteenth century. In 1880 we had but thirty miles of railroad in the United States; to-day we have more than 95,000 miles—nearly four times the girth of the globe! Our corn, wheat, rye, oats, barley and buckwheat product, nine years ago amounted only to 1,528,776,000 bushels. This year it swells up to something over 3,200,000,000 bushels. Our hay crop nearly reaches 40,000,000 tons. And this vast product, which will be moved from producer to consumer chiefly by our railroads, is but a moiety in the entire volume. It does not include our cotton, sugar, tobacco, coal, common merchandise or live stock. It is already large, indeed, but I think I may safely say that so far as Indiana, or any of the great grain producing States of the Northwest is concerned, scarcely, if anything, above twenty-five per cent of their actual cereal capacity is yet

developed. This is a strong statement, but it will fully bear the Might of truth. And this per cent. is, unquestionably, much less still when considered generally with reference to the United States and its Territories. With such railroad facilities, and vast surplus product for transit—who can any longer wonder, gentleman, at the extent and importance of the great body you represent?

And still another feature of our railroad system lies in its wonderful development of character. Thirty years ago the liberal professions and political station absorbed all our best talent. Not so now. The corps of armed men which it is said sprang instantly from the teeth of the fabled dragon could scarcely have afforded greater surprise to any who could have seen it, then the sudden massing of the vast army of brilliant men now engaged in the management of American railways. The sagacity, astounding maneuvers and prodigious results of our Vanderbilts, Goulds, Jewetts, Garretts, Roberts, Keeps, Mackeys, Mitchells, Palmers, Cummings, Devereux, and Hoxies, do not seem small, compared with the best execution of the loftiest military genius, in all the world's history.

Twenty-five years ago, I became acquainted with a gentleman of this city, of modest department and great personal popularity, who is to-day one of the wisest and most efficient railroad managers of them all. He has great power now—but he still retains his personal popularity and all his modesty. His name is on your lips, gentlemen, and I will speak it for you. I mean, of course—for there is not another such man here, and not many like him anywhere—our own William R. McKeen. [Applause.] I hold him up here to-day, not because he is my neighbor merely—not because he lives in Indiana—but because I want you to know his great power consists in the simplicity of his perfect sense of justice. The germ of crown of royal prerogative could add but little more to be the real nobility of such a man. [Applause.]

But, gentlemen, I have engaged your attention longer, perhaps, than I should have done. As you go hence to resume your responsible places our best wishes will go with you.

When you come to face again the trials of darkness and the storm—one light brighter than the headlight in your front, will always make you safe—the steady light of strict obedience and sober judgment, the never-failing foot-board light of safety in every night of peril. [Continued applause.]

At the conclusion of Mr. Hanna's address, Col. J. B. Maynard, Editor of the Indianapolis Sentinel, was introduced to the audience. The Colonel was warmly received, for many of the delegates still remembered him from the Indianapolis Convention of 1878, where he delivered one of his characteristic addresses.

Though advanced in years the Colonel is active and energetic and as deeply as ever in sympathy with the cause of labor. His address created a great deal of mirth and was the subject of general comment. His arguments, however, were clear, logical and conclusive and evoked the heartiest appreciation.

The following is the full text of the address:

COL. J. B. MAYNARD.

Mr. President and Gentleman of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen:

I greet the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen of the United States and Canada with expressions of unalloyed pleasure.

I take you all in and am happy to have you under vest, nestling near my heart.

Standing here before the delegates of a great and grand Brotherhood, I myself expand. You represent about all of North America that is recognized in the civilization of the continent—John Bull and Brother Jonathan, Victoria and Arthur—Lorne, Louise and Porter—I reach out and take you all in. The Sentinel is big enough to comprehend your mission and your work. If this be egotism make the most of it.

Here is a Brotherhood that represents fire—without fire there is no steam, without steam the locomotive stands still—and as things are now managed, without steam the world comes to a halt—all hail! Firemen, you make the world move. Here we are fire worshippers. I like the idea—there is nothing contaminating in fire—it purifies what it touches. It is light, heat and force. Put out the fires of the universe and all nature freezes, even the orthodox idea of hades becomes a phantom. Old Sol himself is a Locomotive Fireman. He makes all the stars and planets of the system of which he is the center travel ceaselessly on their shining tracks.

I do not care, just now, to talk of railroad statistics. I know that railroads amount to nothing without locomotives, don't move without firemen. There may be men who believe that the sun rises and sets in the breeches pockets of the Jay Gould's of the country, that they have all the force required to move the railroad trains that thunder across the continent. If so I shall not object. But it suits me better to believe that any Locomotive Fireman in the United States or Canada is a bigger man than old Gould. Why? because the Fireman can run a machine. [Applause.]

By the way, who are the big men of the world? The query is suggestive of a whole freight train of thought. But I will abridge my theory on this occasion, else I might ditch the train. But standing here to-day on a side track, and fortunately not in a sleeping car, where snoring is in order, it may be well to say that the really big men of the world are those who build things, and by their skill make things move. The world, as it is now managed, is scarcely just, and is a long way from being generous.

Everlastingly we are told that the locomotive represents so much money. Commercially it may be so. It is a popular theory, but it is a mistake to suppose that locomotives represent nothing but money—a mistake worse than any which Bob. Ingersoll ever charged upon Moses.

Locomotives represent skill, muscle and labor. Take all the money there is in the world and sink it to depths more profound than a cannon ball could fall in a thousand centuries, and still locomotives could be made. But annihilate skill, destroy labor, paralyze muscle, and then coin the stars into dollars, and the world would be as destitute of locomotives as Ireland is of snakes, or the arctic regions of sub-flowers. It is skill that brings the ore to the surface from the depths of the mine, transforms it into bars and fashions it into locomotives, a machine something better than a poem, a romance or an oration. Pump the locomotive's boiler full of water, fill its maw full of inflammables,

hitch it to a train; what next, fire and a fireman, then it moves. Let us be just in this world's broad field of battle. It is not my province to address listening Senators. It is not my fortune to be asked to have been, a Cabinet official. It will not be written on my tombstone I was a Governor of an empire State. It is not my ambition to sway vast multitudes by the magic of eloquence, or, plumed and spurred lead vast armies. Be this my glory to stand by, royal invitation to-day in the presence of nature's noblemen—Locomotive Firemen of the United States and Canada, and say to them, hold up your heads, you are crowned by the genius of labor, skill and courage, the peers of any men who walk God's green earth. I glory in a man who is not afraid to die in the discharge of his duty. If I do not know what it is myself, I do know, from reliable sources, what it is to face death in the storm of battle, when drum and rifle bugle blast cheer men on in the conflict. I would not seemingly under-rate such courage. By all the gods of war I would honor such heroes—weave garlands for their graves, and erect monuments where they sleep. But there is, nevertheless, a nobler courage. It is when a locomotive fireman faces death calmly to save men and women and children entrusted to his custody. On such occasions duty takes on the robes of deity. If such sacrifices are not Godly then the world to-day rolls its green fields to the sun without a hero. [Applause.]

Mr. President: Surrounded as I am to-day by fearless men—citizens of the good State of Indiana, accustomed to walk with steady step the dizzy highlands of eloquence, whose thrilling periods capture and enrapture, I could well afford to remain silent. No live coals have touched my lips; still being the recipient of your compliment, the guest of your generosity, and a speaker by your partiality I will trespass upon your patience long enough to say that I am in sympathy with the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, and, as best I may, tell the reason why. I like the term brotherhood. To meet it embodies all that is essential of our boasted Christianity. "Brotherhood." It reaches down and it reaches up. It is in the home and it is in the grave. It lays its protecting arms around the orphan and the widow and lifts them from despair into the broad sunlight of benevolence as pure as was ever ordained of heaven. It hushes the wailings of sorrow and transforms them into notes of gratitude and hope. "Brotherhood!" Who shall tell its meaning? Christ is represented as the World's elder brother, and so it is in common among Christians in their salutations to say, "Brother." I like it. It is better than neighbor though that includes the world. Still, Brotherhood is nearer—it is better; it is more homelike; it seemingly combines all the "hoods"—motherhood, fatherhood and sisterhood. It comes nearer our hearths and our hearts. "Brotherhood!" It is in our parlors. It eats with us, it drinks with us, it laughs with us, it weeps and mourns with us, it goes with us joyously on the highways of prosperity. Better still, "Brotherhood" goes with us through the valley and shadow of death. Still better, it goes with us down into the river and reaches out its hand. We feel its warmth while death rattles in our throat, and when at last we surrender, it is with the hope that beyond the tide the ties of brotherhood will still exist and that in those realms of bliss—the hope of us all—we will meet and greet and live in the fellowship of endless brotherhood. [Applause.]

COL. THOMAS H. NELSON.

This distinguished gentleman came forward

and heartily concurred in what had been said with regard to the Brotherhood. He was glad to be present on such an occasion and unite with the Mayor and the Governor in bidding the visitors welcome to the city and state. He had a deep sympathy for the Brotherhood and heartily endorsed its aims and purposes. He had trusted himself, life and limb, to their tender mercies, and now after thousands and thousands of miles traveled on railroads in this and foreign climes, here he was—a spared monument. Although quite young at the time, he still retained vigorous recollections of riding in the first car over the road from Terre Haute to Indianapolis, over thirty years ago. Between that time and this not a passenger had lost his life on this road. Great credit was due the company for this showing, but all the more credit is due the faithful employees who had died that passengers, men, women and children might live. This is the greatest railway country on the planet. With system embracing 95,000 miles, we have more than in all the world beside. Railroads are a great aid in the cause of civilization, and are so recognized by the people of the United States. They are a great moral and intellectual lever of more power than Archimides dreamed of.

As Col. Nelson's speech was an extemporaneous effort we are unable to reproduce it in print. We wish we were able to give it to our readers. Col. Nelson is one of the most eloquent orators in America and this speech was delivered in his usual forcible manner.

U. S. SENATOR D. W. VOORHEES

Said:

Ladies and Gentlemen, and members of the Brotherhood:

You have had a series of addresses, which you have enjoyed, and it is but a deserving compliment to say that I have never attended any meeting where I enjoyed the talking more. The chairman's address gave me an insight into the extent and objects of the order which I did not before enjoy, and then the Mayor welcomed you to our city. The Mayor of a municipality like Terre Haute is no unimportant personage, and his words were not unmeaning. He spoke the heart of Terre Haute in his welcome.

Mr. Voorhees was gratified also by the presence of the Governor of the first State in the Union, in all the essential elements of importance. He then paid a most glorious tribute to Indiana, her schools and school fund, and her other advantages which give her high rank in the union of States.

He spoke of the address on "fireman" in the fiery eloquence of his friend, Col. Maynard, but he could say nothing of Col. Nelson's speech. Several years ago Mr. Nelson and he had traveled over the country in an attempt to amuse the populace, but on no occasion had he been able to pay Mr. Nelson a compliment that would do him justice. It was like an attempt to refine pure gold.

In closing the speaker paid a merited tribute to the members of the order, on

their manly bearing and gentlemanly appearance, and highly commended their motto of "Benevolence, Sobriety and Industry."

He had met many bodies of men during his public life but none presenting a more honorable appearance. He believed the Order to be commendable in all its teachings and hoped to see it meet with the prosperity it so well deserved.

Mr. Voorhees closed his able and interesting address by making a personal appeal to the delegates—exhorting them to be always true to the teachings of the Order and thus be true to their highest and best interests.

Following Mr. Voorhees, Grand Master Arnold delivered the opening address. The meeting closed with the benediction of Rev. S. F. Dunham, after which the Orchestra rendered "Old Hundred" as the audience left the hall.

THE BANQUET.

Our report of the banquet was incomplete owing to lack of space. We herewith publish the responses to the toasts that where crowded out of the last issue.

GOVERNOR A. G. PORTER.

"The State of Indiana; her hospitality to her guests."

Gov. Porter responded, saying that Indiana was noted for its fostering care of railroads, and its hospitable treatment of those engaged in this large branch of the country's industries. The railroad system, he said, had grown beyond belief, and in no State so much as in Indiana. The State is a railroad channel between the East and the West. It is deflected from the North by the lakes, and bounded by the Ohio river on the South, so that all the vast railroad traffic between the East and West was perforce using the territory of the State of Indiana for the lines of their roads. The Governor also spoke of many features of the States' prosperity, such as its public school system, and closed by promising that the State would always feel proud to have the Brotherhood of Firemen assemble within its confines.

MAYOR JAMES B. LYNE.

"The City of Terre Haute; her hospitality to her guests."

Mayor Lyne responded in behalf of the city in well chosen words. He felt sure that no guests the city had ever entertained were more welcome than those he was now addressing. He re-assured them the freedom of the city and the hospitalities of the people.

COL. THOS. H. NELSON.

"Woman—The love, light and joy she sheds upon the social circle."

The response of Col. Nelson cannot, in justice to that distinguished gentleman, be transferred to paper. It was the happiest effort of the evening and no report of it, however accurately given, could carry to the reader the pith and sentiment with which it was replete.

The Colonel must be heard to be appreciated as all will submit who had the good fortune to listen to his matchless eloquence.

HON. JOHN E. LAMB.

"Locomotive Enginemen—Their deeds of heroism on the rail."

Mr. Lamb, though quite a young man, is considered among the first orators of his state and ably sustained his reputation in the part assigned him at the banquet. His response was well prepared and rendered in a faultless manner. In his present candidacy for congressional honors he gives abundant evidence of his fitness for the position to which he aspires. Many compliments were paid the young sponsor upon the merits of his effort. He was listened to with the utmost interest from the beginning to the end of the glowing tribute he paid to those who had given up their lives on the rail in the discharge of their duties.

COL. J. B. MAYNARD.

"The Press, and its influences upon the welfare of humanity."

MR. PRESIDENT—The toast to which your partiality, strangely misguided, I fear, requires me to respond, oppresses me by the magnitude of its suggestions. The ambiguity of the toast does not a little confuse me. "The Press." My mind reverts to the far away years, when the only press was the wine press; to Noah, the great sailor, the great admiral, who with better grace than John Bull could ever boast, was master of the sea. I scarcely blame Noah for going into the wine business. He had become tired of water. But later, we have the cider press, a Yankee invention, which in spite of the rising sun of our civilization, holds its place near the orchard, the meadow, the deep tangled wild-wood and every loved object my fancy knew. But still we have the cotton press, and who shall tell its influence upon the destinies of the world. At the mention of the "cotton press," how our thoughts spread away southward like carrier pigeons with messages of brotherhood, and then how they are sent homeward, northward, with the compliments of the cotton press to the hay press. Cotton sends greetings to hay—and wine and cider. Cotton and hay press come in solid column to say pleasant words to the tobacco press, and in this Press Congress, to make things move smoothly, the oil press comes with lubricating influences—and everything is harmonious. But no business of special importance is transacted until the printing press, clothed, by common consent, with authority, takes its place and calls the meeting to order.

The printing press is king of presses. Its majesty is recognized in all lands, though it is not free in all lands. Potentates—those fellows who claim to rule by divine right—don't like the printing press, except it be like any other slave. The moment it dares to be free they crush it, cripple it, warp and distort it, make it do their bidding. The printing press represents humanity. It has not been a great while since the first printing press was set in motion. When it began to move, the world began to wake up, and it has been waking up from that day to the present. If you will listen, you may hear its alarm bell ringing wherever a drowsy nation exists. If you will hark, you will hear it telling slaves to be freemen. It is laying hold of prostrate men everywhere within its grasp and putting them on their feet, and saying to them all men are created equal, and that they are endowed by their creator with certain unalien-

able rights, rights which Kings and Czars and Sultans must recognize, or it will tear down their thrones and disperse their dynasties, and this it will do, though all the streams that flow to the sea are as red with blood, as was the snows on Linden. The printing press unchained as it is in America champions the right—it forever battles against the wrong—to tell its influence upon mankind requires the gift of all knowledge. It is the friend of the school and the church, the friend of science and philosophy—nothing is ahead of the printing press. It is the guest at every banqueting board from that of the Locomotive Firemen of the United States and Canada down to the royal feasts of Emporer William. There is nothing like the printing press. It makes statesmen, sometimes out of very small materials. It brings down the proud, and it exalts the humble—it levels up and levels down. It is the voice crying in the wilderness make straight paths for the coming triumph of humanity. Build the highway wide, for the procession will be grand. Kings will not ride in the procession which the printing press will lead through the world at no distant day; sovereigns will be there, such as the United States of America recognize and crown and clothe with supreme authority. It will be a procession of the press and the people. To ears attuned to the music of progress the harbinger notes are even now coming on the pulsating air. We catch the strains here to-night around this banqueting board, and send them out on their mission of redemption and brotherhood—evangelists of humanity, to come back after a time to tell the glad tidings of a world redeemed from slavery by the vitalizing power of the printing press. [Applause.]

COL. W. H. SPENCER.

"The North, South, East and West, henceforth iron-bound in perpetual union?"

Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen:

Nine years you have assembled at different points of railroad territory, in the interest of a cause common to civilization and progress. Fifty years ago, your ancestry, by a sinuous path along the banks of a beautiful stream, on the confines of North Carolina and Tennessee trod wilds familiar only to the rude hunter, whose unerring aim, even but a few years ago, made to succumb the elk and the deer. I allude to the French Broad River, above whose banks tower in majesty, and in Nature's pride, the highest pinnacles of the Blue Ridge mountains, decked in the peerless glory of a floral verdure, matchless for primal purity and beauty, high by the scene of the Mecklenberg Declaration of Independence.

And while deeply engrossed this day, in the assemblage, of men of your great fraternity, and while you would have been so well entertained by one recently adoring and supporting the Cabinet of the late Presidential administration, whose absence we regret—and in fact by a Senator whose graces of oratory have not only electrified the Senate and the bar, but passed into English classics, and in whom we all feel a common political but not partisan interest, and one of the two present, gifted Senatorial representatives of the commonwealth of Indiana—and another whose name is inseparably connected with the proudest intellectual and oratorical achievements of this prosperous State; and by the presiding Governor, whose administration will ever proudly figure in Indiana's archives, and of the brightest of the illuminaries of an eminently bright bar, and by a late foreign

minister for long years, towering high in a splendid galaxy of men, splendid in belles-lettres,—and so many others of so vast an interest, and of Indiana's best blood, needless to name, happily, however, with us this evening, let me not omit to mention here in connection with that French Broad river, my old friend and school mate, Senator Vance, of North Carolina, to most of you not unknown, to all so well commended, and to you conspicuous by his absence.

Yes, you interlinked with iron bands, the Miami, the Susquehanna and the Potomac; and listless of personal peril, but by skill and valor, averting ghastly dangers, and so decimating hazard, connected the coast of the Atlantic with the gilded slopes of the Pacific. You have subdued the irregularities and discrepancies before existing, with the Alleghenies and the Rocky Mountains and with sterling heroism, with hand on valve and steam, have dissipated distance.

Let us pause while we speak the fact that you settled the acerbities of a late unpleasantness, now forever quieted, by the identity of a common country with one common iron interest, and yet inspiring the very genius of government and legislation for 50,000,000 of people, let alone our commercial allies of the Canadas and Europe. You drop out of consideration the place between the Canadas and California. You place Alaska and the Albatraz country together. You knit together in fraternal affinity, the people of the Gulf reefs and the St. Lawrence. You have dissipated the imaginary lines of States, without, however, marring or interrupting their constitutional integrity. You have sunk the bottom of the Chicago River and made a tangled net work of 95,000 miles of railroad, to connect that great metropolis of Chicago with New York, Montreal and New Orleans. Can it then be a question, that with these so intimate factors of National existence, blended and thus a sufficient guaranty against factional strife, that the union of States is henceforth to be perpetual? Thirty days after peace so it was intelligently recognized. So let me say, *Esto perpetua*.

HON. BAYLES W. HANNA.

"Our railway officials and the railway development and management of the United States and Canadas."

MR. CHAIRMAN: This is certainly a most comprehensive sentiment. It is nearly as broad as the continent. It took possession of American history in 1830, and will hold its place there as long as the pennants of our commerce shall continue to attract the notice of the world's industries. During thirteen years of active railroad life, it was my good fortune to become practically acquainted with some of the best minds engaged in that work. I recall many of them now. The lamented Scott, W. D. Griswold, John W. Garrett, George W. Cofs, Henry C. Lord, Stillman Witt, John King Jr., E. J. Peck, Thos. A. Morris, Samuel J. Tilden, Amasa Stone, Chauncey Rose, E. W. Woodward, H. B. Hurlburt, H. J. Jewett, and many others—any one of them fit to be President of the United States, or to execute with ability and fidelity any other human trust. Some of them have passed down into the shadows of the dark valley, some of them still living, full of years and honors, with all the heroism of honest conviction, and the clean hands of responsible duty well performed, will soon follow on. We say Thomas A. Scott is dead—but not so; such a man cannot die. He will live in the comprehensive theories; in his example of business integrity in his monuments of business sagacity—erected every-

where along his iron highways, which will endure as long as our country endures, to protect and perpetuate them for the uses of civilization. The magnitude, power and influence of our railroad system—who can measure it. It has not only helped to bind all these states together into one harmonious and enduring Government, but has perpetually, we trust, allied us, by the indissoluble marriage covenants of reciprocal interests, to the beautiful Dominion of the North. Upon these walls, I see to-night the Cross of St. George, and the Stars and Stripes of the Republic—once torn and stained with war—now intertwined and blended together in these decorations of international fellowship, radiant, as we believe, with the morning light of an endless day of peace. Thrice welcome, gentlemen, to our shores, our commonwealth, our city and our homes. Our cousins already, of kindred blood, and drawn to our hearts by the irresistible sorcery of a common language—may our commercial interests remain forever uninterrupted, and all our personal ties be perpetual.

J. D. EARLY.

"Our sponsors and our appreciations of their distinguished services."

Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen of the Brotherhood:

The invitation to respond to the toast which has just been read was a source of great embarrassment to me, appreciating as I fully do, my own inability either to do justice to the subject or say aught that may be of interest to such a distinguished assemblage, yet the request was so heartily made that I could not refuse without giving offence to friends whose esteem is dear to me.

The Brotherhood is greatly to be congratulated upon the services of a Committee of Arrangements so efficient that had they been offered the voluntary services of the most renowned orators of the country, they could not well have been more successful than in securing for your banquet gentlemen so distinguished in the "grand debate, the popular harangue, the tart reply, the logic, and the wisdom, and the wit," and all that makes the public speaker famous.

The statement is oft-times made that a nation is a great one or the reverse according to the character of her people—the masses. The statement is a true one, and there is no better exemplification of it than our own country. Yet history is fuller of the deeds and words of great men. Ancient Greece could not have occupied her place in literature or history if the names of a dozen men could be blotted from her record. Rome would not have been Rome if we could erase from her history the names of her Virgils. America is the country in which the people rule, yet blank indeed would be her annals could we tear away the pages containing the songs of her poets, the writings of her authors, the deeds of her soldiers or the eloquent words of her orators and statesmen. Indiana, too, prominent as she is in the sisterhood of States by reason of her natural resources and the character of her inhabitants, would lose much of her renown should the memory of her most illustrious sons fade into oblivion. We have with us here to-night several of Indiana's most famous men, and the Brotherhood and their guest will doubtless carry pleasant memories to their homes, many of them far away, of an event giving them an opportunity of listening to these orators whose words possess such eloquence, that, "as we listened to them, the happy hours passed by us unperceived, so were our souls fixed to the soft enchantment."

Forty years ago a young man was following the plow in Fountain county. To-night he sits with us, a distinguished member of the highest legislative body of the land. Famous for an "eloquence that charms and burns, startles, soothes and wins by turns." About forty years ago a boy was rowing passengers across the Ohio river, at Lawrenceburg, earning the money to take him to college. To-night he sits with us the Governor of this commonwealth, and I doubt very much whether there is a man in the State who possesses a warmer place in the hearts of the railroad boys. A former Ambassador of this country to the governments of Chili and of Mexico sits with us to-night, an orator of fascinating powers.

"Aged ears play truant at his tales,
"And younger hearings are quite ravished,
"So sweet and voluble is his discourse."

In the person of an ex-Attorney General of the State we have with us to-night one of Indiana's finest orators, whose "talk is the sweet extract of all speech and holds our ears in blissful slavery."

We have with us also to-night one of our State's most distinguished editors, our city's chief official, the nominee of one of the great political parties for a seat in Congress and two of our most successful lawyers. The careers of "sponsors" here to-night might well prove a lamp by which to guide the feet of many an ambitious young man within the sound of my voice.

It is my pleasant duty to return the sincerest thanks on behalf of the Brotherhood to these distinguished gentlemen who have so kindly accepted and so nobly carried out the duties imposed upon them on this occasion, and to hope that to them, as well as to the members of the Brotherhood, the Ninth Annual Convention and banquet of the Locomotive Firemen may be one of

"Those moments of life that we never forget,
But which brighten and brighten as time steals away."

THE BALL.

The complimentary ball tendered to the delegates in the evening was one of the grandest affairs that ever occurred in the city. The following account of it is clipped from the *Terre Haute Express*:

"So successfully has everything in the programme been carried out, it was no surprise that the ball last night was a grand success. It was given at Dowling Hall and there was a full attendance. It is estimated that fully 300 couples were engaged during the evening in the pleasures of the dance. About 9 o'clock the hall began filling up, and for the next half hour there was a steady stream of those "on pleasure bent." The reception committee was duly on hand and most satisfactorily overcame the emergencies of an occasion where so many strangers were to be made, not only welcome, but whose every thought and wish was to be anticipated and provided for. The task in the charge of the reception committee of last evening, was anything but an onerous one, as they severally took pleasure in making strangers friends, and in many ways contributing to the mutual pleasure of the occasion. This committee, as were all of the committees of the evening, was composed

of Terre Haute gentlemen, whose names are as follows: Fred. Wood, Charles Scott, P. J. Cronin, Adelbert Gurney, Aaron Marshall and Arch Shoemaker. The Ringold band furnished the music, and by half-past nine made their appearance on the platform at the south side of the hall facing the entrance door, and the grand march inaugurated the festivities of the evening.

The sight in the ball room at that time was of a most inspiring character. The costumes of the ladies were very handsome, the faces were by nature beautiful, and all the scene enlivened by the glow of unalloyed pleasure. The walls were covered with beautiful decorations, showing the art of the florist in the arrangement of nature's gracious colors. Appropriate mottoes and designs neatly festooned in banners and evergreens were to be seen in all directions.

The floor managers were not remiss in the performance of their many duties. These gentlemen were the following: O. E. Ralby, J. N. Vancleve, Chas. Flaherty, Jas. H. Dodson and Thos. Grace. Sharing with them the success of the evening were the introductory committee composed of the following gentlemen: Ed. Miller, B. F. Mullen, Albert Kleckner, C. E. Sherburne, Elmer Dearmin and Wm. Cronin.

The programme of dances was as follows: 1, Grand March; 2, Waltz; 3, Quadrille—Plain; 4, Schottische; 5, Polka; 6, Quadrille—Waltz; 7, Mazurka; 8, Newport; 9, Quadrille—Lancers; 10, Waltz; 11, Schottische; 12, Quadrille—Plain. Intermission. 13, Varsouvienne; 14, Raguet; 15, Quadrille—Home Circle; 16, Waltz; 17, Schottische; 18, Virginia Reel; 19, Newport; 20, Polka; 21, Quadrille—Occidental; 22, Waltz; 23, Quadrille—Plain; 24, Home, Sweet Home—Medley."

CONGRATULATORY LETTERS.

A number of congratulatory letters were received during the occasion, of which we publish as many as our limited space will permit.

WM. J. COUGHLIN ESQ., THE POET.

LOWELL, MASS., Sept. 8, 1882.

DEAR SIR: I am in receipt of your invitation to the Banquet and Reception of the B. of L. F. on the 11th inst. I regret exceedingly that circumstances permit me not to be present upon such a glorious occasion as the event of the 9th Annual Convention of the friendly, liberal, progressive and manly Order, of whose aims and interests your able Magazine is such a faithful exponent. A Brotherhood which makes labor respected and cheers the home by an atmosphere of sobriety and intelligence, upleading to prosperity and happiness. You, Sirs, and your active associates should feel justly proud of the outgrowth of your thought and toil as exemplified in the enthusiasm and "esprit de corps" of your noble army in whatsoever section of our great country its banner may be found unfurled. Thus, the names of men of more than national reputation which I find imprinted on your tasty programme, proves that your work performed commands transnational attention, and my sincere wish is that, what has been done is only an earnest of what is to follow. Hoping that you will live to experience and enjoy the full fruition of your aims and aspirations, wishing all prosperity to the Brotherhood and thanking

you sincerely for your kind invitation, I remain, dear sir,

Truly Yours,
WM. J. COUGHLIN.

THE BROTHERHOOD OF LOCOMOTIVE ENGINEERS.

CLEVELAND, O., Sept. 5, 1882.

DEAR SIR: We are in receipt of your very kind invitation to be present at the opening exercises of your Ninth Annual Convention and it would afford us much pleasure to do so if the business of our office would permit but unfortunately the closing of our fiscal year and the nearness of our own Convention compels a close attention to the duties pertaining to the office. We trust, however, that when your delegates assemble harmony may prevail and that all may be animated with a desire to do that and that only which will prove to be for the greatest good to the greatest number. The objects and purposes of the organization are good and can but commend themselves to all right thinking men. "As the twig is bent the tree is inclined" so as habits are formed and impulses for good are imparted to firemen their fruits will manifest themselves among engineers, for the firemen of to-day are the engineers of to-morrow, hence their good, their welfare, their improvement, is always to be sought and their efforts in that direction to be commended.

Again thanking you for your kind remembrance and wishing for you success in all of your laudable effort we remain,

Very Truly,

P. M. ARTHUR, G. C. E.
T. S. INGRAHAM, F. G. E.

ORDER OF RAILWAY CONDUCTORS.

ELMIRA, N. Y., Sept. 8, 1882.

DEAR SIR: I am in receipt of your beautiful invitations to your opening exercises, reception and banquet. Please accept my sincere thanks for your kindness and can only regret my inability, on account of pressing business owing to the near approach of our Grand Session, to meet you and your associate brothers on that momentous occasion. Also say to the gentlemen of the committee that I should be very glad to have met them and their distinguished guests and only for the reason above stated am I compelled to forego that pleasure. I feel a bond of union ought to exist between all branches of our Railway Associations and if there is one of the number that I should prefer, it is your honored Association formed from the class of men who do the hard work in the service in which we all have been, if not now, engaged.

Men who as a usual thing are compelled to submit to more or less of the slight of the scoffers in the service. Preferred indeed should be the men and honored beyond the name who have brought your association to its high standard among the Orders of the day.

I trust that your present annual Session may be not only the most successful but the largest and most harmonious you have ever had and may your Association continue to grow and extend its limit until every eligible locomotive fireman in the United States and Canada is affiliated with you.

Time will not allow me to go into this matter as I would like.

Again thanking you for your kind invitation I have the honor of being

Yours Truly,

C. S. WHEATON
Grand Chief Conductor.

CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA, Sept. 7, 1882.

GENTLEMEN: Your friendly invitation to attend the Ninth Annual Convention opening and the banquet and reception to be given on that occasion is received, and while it will be impossible for me to be present, I sincerely thank you for your thoughtful remembrance and regret very much that I cannot be with you. You have my best wishes for a pleasant time, a profitable Convention and a safe return to your homes. With a railway experience of fifteen years I have a considerable acquaintance with "Knights of the Scoop" and some of my warmest friends are members of the B. of L. F., and I have no doubt that I would find among you many of them, while I know that I would form friendship that would last a lifetime.

You and the association of which I am a member, have many interests in common and so far as my knowledge of your Organization extends our principles are almost identical. I believe we have the solution of the labor question, and although in the minority now the "Brotherhood of Firemen" and "Railway Conductors" being, I believe, the only Organizations that have so far taken an advanced stand, the day will certainly come, and not far in the future, when we will be proud of having been the advance guard, the first to recognize the fact that the interests of the employe and employer are identical and not antagonistic.

We have a great work before us, but we also have much to encourage us, and if we only live up to our obligations we cannot fail of success; although it may seem slow it will surely come, for as we elevate our class standing morally and socially, benefit will follow. As we improve ourselves, our wages will increase, for other avenues will open to us and when we can command better pay elsewhere we can command it in our present avocations. The dear public will not permit the standing of any class of men so intimately connected with them as we are, to deteriorate when once it is elevated.

Again thanking you for the courtesy you have so kindly extended to me and hoping that not one familiar face will be missing from among you, I am

Fraternally and Cordially Yours,
WM. P. DANIELS,
G. S. & T.

COL. R. W. THOMPSON, EX-SECRETARY
OF THE NAVY.

NEW YORK, Sept. 8, 1882.

DEAR SIR: I regret exceedingly that I shall be unable to return home in time to participate in the ceremonies of the Locomotive Firemen's Convention on Monday next.

When I left home I had hoped to do so but my business here is of such importance that I cannot possibly leave it without prejudice. I had promised myself great pleasure in being with you, because I am in full sympathy with the purposes and objects of your organization. There are no men in the world who are required to exhibit greater courage, and upon whose skill and faithful performance of duty the lives of so many people depend than those who have charge of Locomotive engines, both as Engineers and Firemen. And thus esteeming the large body of worthy men who will assemble at your Convention, it would give me great satisfaction to bear my public testimony to their worth and to encourage them in their career of future usefulness by all the means in my power. I

hope you will explain to those you represent the reason why I am necessarily absent.

Very Respectfully,
R. W. THOMPSON.

HON. WENDELL PHILLIPS.

BOSTON, MASS., Sept. 8, 1882.

DEAR SIR: Many thanks for your invitations to Mrs. Phillips and myself to the Annual Convention of the Locomotive Firemen—most earnestly we wish we were in such health as would allow us to come. But feel glad to be remembered in the far off city whose hospitality I have enjoyed so often.

Cordially Yours,
WENDELL PHILLIPS.

HON. ROSCOE CONKLING.

NEW YORK, Sept. 14, 1882.

MY DEAR SIR: Absence has belated the receipt of your invitation and two others like it to attend the festivities of the Ninth Annual Convention of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen. It would have been a sincere pleasure to be present.

There are many, many members of this Brotherhood whom I like to think of as my friends, whom I much regard. The occasion has gone by, but I write to express my thanks for the honor of being invited and my earnest hope that the occasion was all you wished.

Cordially Yours,
ROSCOE CONKLING.

HIS EXCELLENCY, THE PRESIDENT OF
THE UNITED STATES.

EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON, D. C. }
Sept. 6, 1882.

DEAR SIR: The President has received your kind favor of the 1st instant, extending, on behalf of the Committee of Arrangements, an invitation for him to be present at the Convention of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, to be held at Terre Haute, Ind., September 11th, and desires me to say that engagements already made, covering that date, will prevent his acceptance.

He wishes me to express his thanks for the courtesy of the invitation, and his regret that he is unable to accept.

Very truly Yours,
O. L. PRUDEN,
Secretary.

AN IMMENSE HAMMER

The largest steam hammer in the United States is in operation at Pittsburgh. It weighs seventeen tons, while the anvil-block under it weighs one hundred and sixty tons. With a full head of steam it will strike a blow of ninety tons, but, as this tremendous weight is not always necessary in hammering, it can be made to strike as light as desired. It has a thirty-eight-inch cylinder and nine-foot stroke. The ponderous blow makes the earth quake for a radius of nearly 200 yards. The big hammer is for forging steamboat shafts and other heavy work.

CORRESPONDENCE.

HONEST LABOR.

ATCHISON, KANSAS, Aug. 31, 1882.

Editor Firemen's Magazine:

There is nothing more essential to prosperity than the establishment in the popular mind of the intimate connection between efficient labor and true success. He who, by honest work of hand, or head, is constantly enriching the world whether riches or poverty fall to his lot, while he who amasses millions by speculation or fraud, bring none to bless his memory when he is gone, has made his life a disastrous failure. We trust the time may arrive when this shall be the common acceptance of the word success, but at this date it is not so. We usually measure by what is gained—not by what is given; by the reward which labor brings, not by the value of labor itself. There may seem to be exceptions to this rule. Idleness and unfaithfulness may appear to reap the fruit that belongs of right only to honorable industry; but in the long run it is not so. The cheat is discovered, character is sifted. Faithful, patient labor, of some sort that benefit mankind, is the only road to personal prosperity, and the success that seems to follow quicker and easier is shortlived. Few however believe this in their hearts. To many, work is only a disagreeable necessity, to be taken like medicines in as small quantities as possible and dispensed with as soon as may be. They do not love it for its own sake; they do not care for its importance to mankind, they do not especially desire to attain excellence on it, and they only put enough energy into its performance to accomplish immediate and necessary results. Their hearts are not in it—they are ever looking beyond and over it to find objects of interest. Other things excite, stimulate and inspire them; their work alone is dull and lonesome. Labor thus performed can never be of substantial quality; can never greatly add to the happiness or progress of mankind, never bloom into true success. A life spent thus in unwilling labor, in which the heart has no place, is a sad failure.

There are others again who fail in their life's work because they are ashamed of it and think it beneath them. They blame fortune or circumstances for having condemned them to a toil which they consider degrading. Such persons make a fatal mistake. It is in them not in their work that the fault lies. For if they do not perform what is committed to them with fidelity and zeal, how can they be fitted for a higher post. Who can decide which labor is higher or lower than another, which is of more or less value to mankind? It is not the work, but the manner in which it is done, that determines its value. The faithful day's work on our engines and in the workshop, is far more honorable, useful and elevating than that of a schemer, or the flushed and eager speculator who counts his gains by thousands but whose labor adds nothing to the prosperity, happiness, or virtue of humanity.

R. R. CENTRE.

SAD EXPERIENCE.

FERGUS FALLS, MINN., Aug. 1882.

Editor Firemen's Magazine:

It falls to my lot to inform you of what came very nearly being a sad calamity—in which one of our worthy Brothers figured quite conspicuously. The member in question is Bro. Ed. Dennis, Magazine Agent of No. 81.

In order to make this narrative complete, it will be necessary to take the readers back several months, to the time when Bro. Dennis first began studying the Indian dialect. The great number of Indian inhabitants in this quarter led Bro. D. to believe that a knowledge of their language might prove beneficial to him at some time in life, so he applied himself very assiduously, and was making fine progress. When, one day, his engine was stationed in the wilderness for the purpose of making some repairs on the road. Having some leisure, he naturally started out to explore the neighborhood, when he very suddenly came upon an old Indian squaw, who was comfortably seated on a log. Being

master of the Indian tongue, as he supposed, he approached the squaw and addressed several remarks to her, when to Bro. D.'s greatest chagrin, and quicker done than related, she picked up her crutch, which had been lying concealed in the grass, and brought it down upon his head with a vengeance, at the same time emitting a blood-curdling shriek for help. In response to her cry came a small brigade of squaws who compelled Bro. D. to beat a hasty retreat to his engine. His engineer, who was an eye witness to the chase, says that Ed. flew like the wind, and succeeded in boarding the train just in time to escape a number of blows dealt out by the squaw and her loyal companions. As you may all well imagine, Bro. D. was fearfully frightened, and now refuses to make his usual run, for fear of again gazing on the countenances of his female persecutors.

So endeth his first experience with the red man, and with it my story.

Fraternally, Modoc.

N. B.—The cause of the misunderstanding between Ed. and the squaw has just come to light. By mistake, he spoke Irish to her, and her tribe is down on that kind of talk; hence her fury.

THE ADOPTED DAUGHTER.

JERSEY CITY, N. J., Aug. 30, 1882.

Editor Firemen's Magazine:

Adopted Daughter, pray tell to me,
Why art thou called the number Three?
Thy name is lisped by many a tongue;
Thy praises o'er the land are sung.
Pray, tell me, child, art thou content?

I know thou art of tender age:
But who has kept a whiter page?
Ah! do not think that I am bold
To question thee, for I am told
That thou art strong, though still in youth,
And that thy principle is Truth.

I, the questioner of this delicate young maiden, as I supposed her to be, spent the innocent days of my childhood in a country home. Those were days to which I can look back with pleasure. How well do I remember the many times I wandered o'er the green fields and through the woods, wondering at all the beautiful things God had created.

"Oh! the happy days of childhood." How much more would we appreciate them now if we could but go back and live them over again.

But God knows what is best for us. If we had no care nor sorrow we could never realize His goodness. But, to return to my subject. When I reached the age of eighteen, I came to reside in a noisy city. I was ignorant, as you will soon perceive; I knew nothing about the leading topics of the day, and everything seemed to me strange and bewildering. Among the many other subjects of discussion, I heard my friends make mention of the adopted daughter. Eagerly I listened—the Adopted Daughter! Whom did they mean? I heard one of them say that she often gave liberally to widows, and I concluded that, whomever she might be, she was an example of charity and love, and I longed to make her acquaintance. I pictured her to myself as a beautiful young girl, who had lost her parents, and had been adopted by an old gentleman of wealth, who gave her all that heart could wish and loved her as his own child. But why did they call her "Number Three?" Was she the third one he had adopted? A few days later, as I was writing, a bright thought came to my mind, viz: "Perhaps the Adopted Daughter is fond of poetry; if so, I will have the exceeding pleasure of making her acquaintance." Immediately I wrote to her the lines which you find at the beginning, and to my great joy received a letter the following week,—but imagine my surprise when I opened it and read as follows:

JERSEY CITY, Dec. 12, 1880.

MY YOUNG FRIEND: Permit me to state to you that the Adopted Daughter is not a young lady, but a number of Locomotive Firemen who have formed a Brotherhood, and have been organized under the name "Adopted Daughter, No. 3." In this Lodge we have a sick fund, and also a benefit for widows. Our motto is "Benevolence, Sobriety and Industry."

Yours respectfully,

ADOPTED DAUGHTER.

P. S.—We hope that you will be as deeply interested in this Lodge as you were in the young lady. We cordially invite you to make our acquaintance, and fully understand the objects of our Brotherhood.

A. D.

Although it placed me in a peculiar position, I was not sorry that I had written. They treated my ignorance so kindly; for, instead of laughing at me, they had written to me full information and called me their friend. Surely a Lodge of this kind ought to flourish. May the blessing of God rest upon it, and may one after another step "over the line" until all are God's "adopted" children.

HATTIE C. RULON.

For Firemen's Magazine.

REPLY TO E. P. K.

BY BLACK JACK TWEED.

Tim Fagan, the bould,
Is a daisy I'm tould;
His letters show Tim is no fool.
May the best kind of luck
Light upon you, my duck,
For in troth, Fagan dear, you're a jewel.

E. P. K., I much fear,
Is a true engineer;
I judge from the tone of his letter.
But in this, my reply,
I'll endeavor to try
And remind him he ought to know better.

One has not to be smart
To perform such a part
As to make a bright engine all black.
Sure, any blind mule
Could aisy pump her too full,
And splash water and soot through the stack.

The first driver I got,
I'll own up on the spot,
Was a good one; Joe Betts was his name.
Had but little consate,
Though he run "98;"
He resembled the one in my "drame."

But number two, I will swear,
Was a regular bear;
I assure you that he was a "divil."
No matter a jot
How well I kept her hot,
To the stoker he couldn't "spake civil."

E. P. K. must be looney
To be talking so spooney
Of drivers using grate bar and poker.
I won't tell you his name,
But number two would raise KANE
If ever I happened to choke her.

As for teaching to clean,
Most drivers I've seen
Would not take to themselves so much
trouble.

They find better sport
In making more dirt,
So as to make the green stoker work double.

There's a saying that's true,
Known to me and to you,
Young roosters learn from oldones to crow.

So the stoker that's green
When learning to clean,
Must get the old stokers to tell what they
know.

LARAMIE CITY, W. T., Sept. 10, 1882.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

NORTH SPRINGFIELD, Mo., Aug. 25, 1882.

Editor Firemen's Magazine:

I herein send you a few items for the Magazine, relating to No. 51. Our ex-Financier, Bro. H. R. Favor, is at Pittsburg, Kansas, running an engine. Bros. Isaac Waites and J. H. Truesdale, our genial Magazine Agent, are running engines 3 and 5, respectively, in the yards at this place. Bro. Waites has a ten pound boy, whom he contemplates pressing into service as fireman. Bros. Dryden and Beckerly are holding down the right hand sides of two Baldwin ten-wheelers. Bro. Ball is running extra; Bro. Ball came very near having a collision, for which he was in no way to blame, as his orders were all right.

Bros. Knox, Hulse and Hohle have been running extra; they are good, reliable men, and, in fact, the same can be said of all of No. 51's members, as they are all good boys.

Fraternally yours,
TRUCK WHEEL.

PRIDE OF MISSOURI.

ST. JOSEPH, Mo., Aug. 29, 1882.

Editor Firemen's Magazine:

I would like to let the boys hear from No. 43 through your valuable Magazine. In the first place, I shall speak of Bro. C. M. Thomas; at our last meeting in July we elected him Master; of course he was very much pleased. Two weeks later he was promoted to the right hand side; still he was not happy, so, on Tuesday, August 15th, he walked to the altar with one of our south sixth street belles, Miss Maggie Kesler, and became a married man. Now, Bro. Thomas has taken three responsible positions, as follows: husband, locomotive engineer and Master of No. 43. Wishing him success and happiness, we trust that he may fill his new positions manfully.

Next comes Bro. Jno. Widener; he crossed over to the right hand side and goes along the road with his watch in his hand counting the telegraph poles, trying to run fifteen miles per hour with one little speed recorder.

Another gent departed for Chicago a few weeks since. The initial of his name is Isaac Dupuis. The prospect of his return with a wife is good, as the attractions there are great. Bring her along, Isaac; let the good work go on.

For No. 43's standing, it is good; we have a new regalia, out of debt, and plenty of money in the bank. Dear Editor, you will remember that less than a year ago we came very near losing our charter. We are not afraid of it now. Bro. L. Mooney was our Delegate to the Convention, with plenty of gold dust and the required documents to entitle him to a front seat.

Bro. R. Morris deserves great credit for the way he kept our books when Financier. When he took the books there were four dollars in the treasury, and the Lodge one hundred dollars in debt. Look at us now! The way we keep in good shape is to simply let those who fail to pay their dues drop into the Missouri River. Our membership numbers only fifty-two, but you can depend upon every one. Hoping that you will publish this, I remain

Yours in B. S. and I,
EDWARD.

WORDS OF CHEER.

DUBUQUE, IOWA, Sept. 15, 1882.

Editor Firemen's Magazine:

As a member of a new Lodge, I desire to make an opening for our writers, in the Magazine.

Our Lodge is located at Dubuque, Iowa, and known as Key City, No. 106; we meet the 1st and 3rd Sundays of every month. Our meetings are well attended and are quite interesting.

We have had encouraging letters from the District Secretaries, J. M. Dodge, of San Diego, Cal., H. G. Cormick, Centralia, Ills., A. H. Tucker, Mason City, Ia.

The sad death of Bro. Hibbard cast a gloom over us, for he was one of our leading members and took an active part in the meetings.

Bro. Geo. Welch has gone over on the other side and is running an engine on the Caledonia branch of Dubuque Division of the C. M. and St. P. Ry. We all wish him success.

We think a great deal of the Magazine, as it gives us the general news from all the boys, as well as other good reading matter; it has a good moral influence which is elevating and refining. I noticed some verses in September issue which were good and true; they were signed "Wife of a B. of L. F. man" and were from Boone, Ia. They called to my mind the words of Solomon, "Who hath woe, who hath sorrow, who hath contention, who hath wounds without cause, who hath

babbling, who hath redness of eyes?" "They who tarry long at the wine-cup." Look not upon the wine when it is red, for at last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder. Let us see to it that no B. of L. F. man bears these disgraceful but sure signs of too much liquor.

With good wishes for the B. of L. F., I am yours in B. S. and I,

L. W. BARKER.

MEMORIES OF OUR MOTHERS.

TUCSON, ARIZONA, Oct. 4, 1882.

Editor Firemen's Magazine:

I hope you will pardon me for asking room in your most valuable Magazine, that is always replete with so much interesting and instructive matter, for a communication that must, necessarily, lack the rhetorical embellishment that adorns the articles of your columns. But I feel called upon by a sense of duty to acknowledge, for myself, and for the Brotherhood of Firemen everywhere, our indebtedness to "Mrs. Sigourney," for her eloquent words contained in the September issue. They are so touching, so full of pathos, and so ardently expressive of that deep and abiding affection which only a Mother can know and feel, that they fail not to move even the heart of a fireman to pulsations of love, and to bring before him, in vivid imaginations, her, who was, and is his best friend on earth. The history of the world's civilization, of its religion, its refinement, and all that is beautiful in the human character is written in one word, and that word is *woman*. Mother is the sublimest word in our language; we speak it with reverence, and hallow it and honor it through all the perils and vicissitudes of our lives.

We know that she who watched over us in the helplessness of infancy, who held our little hands to the leading string, who taught our lips to slip a baby prayer, and conducted us with affectionate hand to the threshold of manhood, will not cease to pray for us now, that in humbly battling for an honest living, we carry our lives in the hollow of our hands. Yes truly, there are "heroines at home as well as heroes on the rail," and the heart, through all the perils of the fireman's life, holds the memory and the image of the loved ones at home, and soothed, and blessed by the reflection that he is ever remembered and prayed for there. "The hero on the rail" would scarcely have the courage to face the

dangers that ever beset him at his post of duty. Care-hardened and reckless, as he may seem to be, the railway fireman is not lost to all the promptings of affection, and if he has many sins to answer for, forgetfulness of a mother's love and care is not one of them.

Oh! yes, full well we know that there are tearful eyes at home that follow, in vivid visions, far into the mystic distance, their sons who ride the rail from "Strand to Strand."

Ours is a hard life but it is honorable, and by a faithful performance of duty, come what will, we shall discharge the undying obligation we owe to our dearest friend—our mother.

We thank you "Mrs. Sigourney" for your words of compliment and comfort. They sink deeply into our hearts and do us good. "You sit and wait, and waiting, watch and pray." May your prayers be answered is the wish of all firemen and especially of "S."

"CACTUS."

For Firemen's Magazine.

THE MAGAZINE.

BY T. P. O'BOURKE.

Here comes the carrier: what's he bringing?

A letter from my friend Eugene?

Perhaps a note from Walt. or Charley;

Ah! 'tis the Firemen's Magazine!

Eagerly, I tear the wrapper,

Gaze upon the glowing headlight;

Open out the welcome pages,

Scan the news with wild delight.

On the open page before me,

'Neath the cover first I see,

M. Quad's personal reminiscence

"From the Ohio to the Sea."

Turning over, George B. Griffith,

Gathers items "here and here;"

Next a "war tale" sentimental,

And a poem: "Would You Care?"

"Our Exchanges," witty fellows,

Free Press, Peck and Boomerang,

Stirred me to uproarious laughter

Till the very welkin rang.

Now I hear a bold "Cool Conscript"

Spurning Prince von Bismarck's gyves;

And (some hen-pecked benedict) telling

Why our girls make such poor wives.

How "Afghan's Fight" resisting slavery,

Let the correspondent tell,

While the poet, in dulcet numbers,

Sings about "The Old Church Bell."

Bill Nye meets returning Kersikes,
Riding in a "special car;"
And the "Mighty Nelson's" dying,
'Mid the victors' shouts of war.

At Uncle Sam's Department ladies,
Enquiringly I take a look;

And puzzle o'er "some new arithmetic"
Which can't be found in Bryant's book.

In the "cannon's mouth" the blide bird nestles
As hoped for by Buchanan Read;
And the abbreviating Texas grocer
Makes "Drs." of his garden seed.

And railroad bars from "rebel" cannon
Come madly hissing thro' the air;
As Mrs. Hammond's sadly musing
At sunset on "The Bridge at Aire."

Next comes a story illustrating
That "all is fair in love and war;"
And a cynic weeps alike for those
In hearses and in Hymen's car.

Here's a lesson in zoology,
Illustrating a specimen mule;
Also, a most "Barber"-ous sketch
Of artists of the tonsorial school.

"Life" defined in beauteous language,
And how its victories may be won,
By enthusiastic perseverance,
Is copied from the *Lowell Sun*.

"The swarth Egyptian as a soldier,"
Is dubbed a coward by *Pall Mall*.
Prof. Mezzroff tells the Fenians
How cheaply they may disenfranchise.

How drear 'twould be in cold Siberia,
Shivering 'neath the glaciers' shade,
Had not the poet, W. Peberdy,
Warbled in "The Forest Glade."

Editorials here I find in plenty,
All pregnant with ennobling truths,
And lessons sage that might be heeded
By numbers of our stoking youths.

Jack Tweed, my dear, your dreaming, I fear,
Is getting to be quite contagious,
For here's Tim Fagan and another fierce Pagan
Have taken to dreaming outrageous.

Correspondence now before me lies;
The first epistle is full of good things,
And soundly rates those nondescripts,
The vile black-listed good-for-nothings.

Sweet little "Gracie," pleasing child,
Half orphan, wanting mother's care,
May papa's smile be still your sun
And you his light of life, forever.

From Longview, Texas, Mrs. E. R.
Sends news of Busybody and Tattle.
We all have met this dubious pair
And heard their noisy hollow prattle.

"Rock Islander" comments in general;
And from his ripening orange grove
Comes "J. M. D." with fragrance laden
To tell of "the offspring of his love."

That good wise mother, Mrs. Sigourney,
Extols "the heroines who sit and wait;"
And a timid "amateur" from Aurora
Begs leave his story to relate.

The evils of the sparkling cup—
Hear "Fireman's Wife" plead and deplore!
Heed! ward thy fate, nor longer sup
The vile and treacherous "one glass more."

And lady, heed the Muse's voice,
No longer hoard thy valued store,
But sing—'twill make us all rejoice—
Not "one," but hundreds "more."

A "stoker" on his "trial trip,"
Brings "Pickings from the Garden City;"
To "Hymen's Altar," "Robin Hood"
Drags victims whom we all might pity.

From Texarkana, Arkansaw,
We skip to the "Pacific Coast,"
Then back again to Philadelphia
To hear "United 60" boast.

The cold Northwest we visit next,
To Mandan, Clinton, on the way.
At Mason City we are flagged
Till "A. H. T." has had his say.

Read "Oneonta's newsy notes,"
And "Ex's" wisely moulded thought;
By Henry Crane thro' "Egypt's" wilds,
To "R. R. Centre" we are brought.

In Lorne Park we enjoy the picnic
With "Mogul" and the "Old Dominion;"
Then fly to Galveston with "Mac,"
And in "Forest City" fold our pinion.

We stop to take a "Border Breath"
Before we further westward roam;
At Oakland wharf, board C. P. train,
Hailing joyously our "return home."

Equipped with *Broncho*, pack and gun,
Comes now the wandering pilgrim Tim,
Bound for a cruise against the "Reds."
We must, perforce, recruit with him,

Lest in the unpeopled wilderness
Some heartless brave should "lift his hair"—
Then who would fill our favorite's place?
What balm could heal our wild despair?

These personal paragraphs are good,
To all the "boys" they bring us near;
We almost feel we're in their midst
Enjoying their wit, success and cheer.

Miscellaneous matters, resolutions,
Of sympathy, regret, respect,
Notices, transfers and expulsions,
And now we close our retrospect.

From month to month within the book
Such precious gems are ever seen;
A fund of knowledge always fresh
Is bound up in the Magazine.

The mouth-piece of our Order grand—
The eye thro' which the soul is seen;
May truth and wisdom ever shine
Transcendent in our Magazine.

LITERARY.

Written for Firemen's Magazine:

TIM FAGAN AMONG THE INDIANS.

III.

To the end that I may be better understood, I shall here give a brief explanation of the condition of things as they then existed on the frontier. In doing so, a striking parallel is noticed in the affairs of to-day at the same or similar places.

For some time the Indians had been contemplating a war to the bitter end against the pale-face. They were stung with humiliation at seeing the white man roam over their hunting-grounds and

wantonly destroy their game. They saw no improvement emanating from their association with the whites, but on the contrary a degradation that was distressing to observe. They, therefore, determined to rid their country of such debasing tyrants. As to the truth of these charges, indeed, they had too many reasons to make them. At the time of which I write—1866—as it is to-day along the borders of Texas, Arizona and other territories, the very lowest stratum of our society found a field for operations, where the law, that they so many times eluded, could not reach them. They claimed to be settlers, miners, stock-men or something of the kind, when, on the contrary, they were ruffians whose hands were

stained with blood; the exceptions to this were deplorably rare. These men called the loudest for Government aid when their interests needed it, and the granting of this assistance, through ignorance of the true state of affairs, made it appear to the Indians that our people not alone approved of such crimes, but supported their continuance by the army. Often had these desperadoes banded together, and in the guard of Indians attacked and robbed emigrant trains and drove off their stock. These would, perhaps, before they found a market for their stolen goods, in turn be attacked by a veritable band of red-skins and lose their plunder, if not their worthless lives. If, however, they escaped with their lives, they would at once rush for the nearest garrison, make a sorry complaint, and ask to be assisted to recover *their* stock. I remember an occurrence of this kind when a few of these horse thieves under false representation, such as I have stated, had gained an escort and were about leaving the fort, when four men road up and gave an account of an attack on their camp the night previous by Indians—as they thought—with a loss of the greater number of their herd; thereby depriving them of the means to continue their journey—they were emigrants to Oregon.

The officers in command came at once to the conclusion that the same band of Indians must have attacked both camps. So it came about that the thieves who had stolen the cattle with the men whom they had stolen them from, in company with the escort, immediately took up the trail of the Indians who had just broken camp an hour before. After traveling some miles, without sparing our horses, we saw the herd far ahead of us driven at a wild scattering pace by the Indians. We were rapidly gaining on them, but just at this time the horse thieves suddenly turned to the right on pretense of heading the Indians off, to keep them from entering the "bad lands"—a very wild broken piece of country and admirably adapted for ambush. They knew well that on the recovery of the stock, which now appeared certain, their identity would become known, the result of which would be their death; even before our arrival at the garrison they, therefore, took the first opportunity for their escape. This but gives an idea of the chaos that existed along the border at that time, nor, indeed, has it improved much since.

It was in this year that Red Cloud, the famous Chief of the Sioux nation, had

concluded that the time had come for the execution of those plans that he had conceived and nurtured for so long a period. He had emissaries in almost every tribe from Canada to the Gulf, urging and exhorting them to rise in arms in defense of their people and their country, whilst he, a man of powerful influence and a most logical and convincing orator, a Chief in the very flash of his eye and the carriage of the eagle-feather that stood erect from his scalp-lock, pleaded with all his force among his own people and those in his immediate vicinity.

His arguments were similar to those of Demosthenes to the Greeks in Athens, to arouse them from the disgraceful apathy to which they had sunk, rising with the consciousness of their right and justice in defense of their country against the hordes of the oncoming Philip of Macedonia. I have yet a very clear recollection of Red Cloud's oration in the summer of 1866 at Fort Laramie, in reply to Generals Harney, Terry and other prominent members of the United States Government, who were commissioned at Washington to come and make propositions and offer inducements to this Chief and his tribe, to enter on an assigned reservation, on which would be erected dwellings for their use and all the farming implements necessary would be supplied, with competent workmen to teach them their uses. Red Cloud, standing erect, his arms folded and his dark green blanket thrown loosely about him, something after the fashion of the Roman toga, replied to these overtures in a shower of eloquence—bright, brilliant and flashing. As he proceeded he became excited, and extending one long, large-boned arm, he commenced at first in a quite measured manner to gesticulate; then, as he became more animated, he threw the end of the blanket that rested on his right arm to the care of the other in a swift but graceful movement, and soon his whole body, with the fire fairly blazing from his eyes, was wreathing in the agony of earnestness.

"We are a free people," he cried, "since the early morning of the centuries that have flown; never having a slave or hearing the debasing clink of a slave's chain. We roam at will and seek the deer where he whistles his mate. Our rest we find where the soft wind chants amongst our tall pines. Let those who desire to live in houses be gratified, but let them not inflict that punishment on others who wish it not. Let them have their plows and their harrows and the toil

of the ground, we want none of those degrading instruments of the degenerate pale-face, who needs a counterfeit courage imprisoned in a bottle and peddled as you would the robe of a buffalo or the soft fur of the beaver or mink. This land, those plains and these mountains, with the game that roams upon their breast, and the fish that disturbs and provokes the waters that sings amongst

the tall grasses of our valleys, are the inheritance of my people and the children of my people for generations to follow, given to us by the Great Spirit when the sun was young, and many stars were yet unborn. It is ours," he roared, "and its defense is ours whilst the nails shall grow on our finger tips, or our blood shall feed a wound."

TIM FAGAN.

(To be continued.)

PERSONAL.

BRO. Foster is handling the throttle between Little Rock and Texarkana.

WM. LYNCH and family have just returned from New York where they have been visiting friends and relatives.

BRO. John C. Clark of South St. Louis has been made happy again by the arrival of a little daughter.

R. B. WILLIAMS, of Buffalo No. 12, is among the last promotion to the right side.

BRO. Andrew Leighton and wife of St. Paul are visiting friends in the Hoosier State.

MAGIC CITY, No. 114, returns thanks to Bro. Stevens for a Chart presented by him.

THE many friends of Bro. Henry Cooper of No. 61, will regret to hear of his serious illness at Winnipeg.

AMONG the balance of our right hand men we find Bro. C. H. Perry of No. 36. He took his stand among them recently.

FINANCIAL matters are kept in "apple pie order" in No. 113 by the united efforts of Bros. Will Dean and William Hull.

BRO. P. H. Kiley, Past Master of No. 42, has been promoted to the right side and is now running the pusher at Savannah.

OUR new Lodges are not slow in producing model Engineers. Elmo, No. 42, has launched Bros. P. H. Kiley and Jas. Farmer. Good wishes and abundant success to them.

THREE promising young engineers are Bros. H. Obenhouse, M. Hurley and John J. Sweeny.—No. 21 can justly be proud of them.

THE Wabash Road has secured the services of two faithful men—Messrs. Phalon and Feleter, both of Industrial Lodge.

BRO. Chas. Norton, formerly a firesy of No. 28, has ripened into an Engineer. He treads the right side with becoming grace.

BRO. Rathbone of No. 46 desires to return thanks to Bro. D. E. Hayes of No. 102, for favors shown him in his travels through Iowa.

THE right hand side of Engine 103, on the L. and N. R. R., is now presided over by James Scanlan of Falls City Lodge No. 103.

THE Officers and members of Capital Lodge No. 46 desire to return thanks to Bros. Geo. McGarrahan of No. 44 for valuable services rendered them at one of their meetings.

F. W. DORIS is running a switch at Prairie Du Chien. T. Leavy is hostler at the same place and C. E. Thompson has a like position at Madison. These three boys are proudly claimed by No. 42.

THE Magazine congratulates the gallant Tim Fagan upon his marriage and hopes that when he has concluded his pilgrimage among the Indians he may be able to give us something upon the subject of "Life among the Fagans."

In behalf of the Order we extend to Brother and Mrs. Hynes our most hearty congratulation and be this our wish—that they may live long and that their lives may be filled with health, wealth and happiness to the end.

FRANK Hammill, M. Barlow and J. H. Stadler may be counted in with the lucky chaps, who receive their just deserts. They were promoted to the right side on the 1st of October.

ON his return from the Convention Bro. Samuel C. Myers, of No. 10, was welcomed home by a new daughter. Mother and daughter doing well and Father accordingly proud.

BROS. Cherrington of No. 101, McKay of No. 29 and Hammill of No. 26 desire to extend their thanks to Bros. Leahy and Hays of No. 95 and Winwood of No. 47 for the many favors shown them during their stay in Chicago.

ONE of our good men from No. 113 tells us that Bro. Clark, of No. 28, called on them and gave them some valuable information. This was very kind of Bro. Clark and we appreciate him accordingly.

WE are all glad to learn from No. 67 that Bro. Connors is convalescing; he was dangerously scalded some time ago through a washout plug in the fire-box blowing out.

Two weighty objects pressing on Bro. Westons mind. Mogul engine 462 and Baby Mogul, weighing just 12 lb. Like the other boys of No. 67, he shows a decided preference for the latter.

A NEW member was duly initiated into the household of Bro. C. W. Piper of Buffalo. He is a 9 pounder and a source of great pleasure to his parents; in time he will, no doubt, be a qualified to become assistant Financier of No. 12.

AN Officer of great worth has recently sprung up in No. 8. We refer to Bro. Thos. Molter, formerly Financier but now Secretary of said Lodge. He is an excellent manager and a first class business man, as is required to place a Lodge at the head of the rolls.

HIRAM PROUT, the Financier of Falls City Lodge No. 103, is entitled to great credit for the efficient and judicious management of his affairs. We hope that his work meets with the cordial appreciation of this Lodge.

IT is with great pleasure that we note the marriage of our esteemed friend Wm. F. Hynes, of Rocky Mountain Lodge No. 77, to Miss Lena Usher of Denver, Col. Brother Hynes has long been looked upon as the beacon light of our Brotherhood, and as Associate Editor of the Magazine he has gained for himself a name that is honored wherever it is spoken.

AMONG our list of runners we are now privileged to enroll the name of Bro. Frank Hammill, of No. 26.—He got there just lately. If he runs an Engine as well as he runs the Financial business of his Lodge, then we may expect to hear from him again in the future.

SINCE the Convention, Brother A. H. Tucker of No. 29 has been placed in charge of a switch engine at Mason City. Brother Tucker is equal to any responsibility in his calling and we hope to see him reach the summit. If we were his employer, the best engine on the road would not be to good for him.

THROUGH the columns of the Magazine Bro. O. D. Smith of J. M. Raymond Lodge No. 49, desires to extend his hearty thanks to Bros. Grant and Finlon of No. 6, Horton of No. 92 and Cherry of No. 83, for favors shown him during his trip from the Rio Grande to the Mississippi.

A VOTE of thanks was extended by No. 79 to the following officers: Jas. Leahy, Master; Jos. Rourk, Financier; F. W. Clough, Rec. Sec., and also to John Hayes, Delegate to the Ninth Annual Convention, for the able and excellent manner in which they performed their respective duties. The administration of these officers will not soon be forgotten, by the members of No. 95.

IT gives us great pleasure to copy the following item, taken from a Madison paper, as the groom is a good member of Elmo Lodge No. 42:

"MARRIED—Mr. Arthur J. Ragan was wedded to Miss Rosa Scharpf by Rev. C. Giver of the Lutheran Church, on the 3d inst.

Arthur is one of the progressive young men of Prairie du Chien, and he is to be congratulated on his good fortune in winning so fair a bride. The young husband and wife have a host of friends here who wish them joy."

TWO of No. 59's members were chosen to take care of D. & R. G. Engines 401 and 164 at the Mining Exposition in Denver, they having kept the cleanest engines on their divisions, Bro. Geo. E. Edwards from the New Mexico Division and Bro. Wm. D. Yates from the Gunnison Division.

No. 17 with 40 members reports 17 Engineers, No. 59 can do nearly as well with 80 members with such men as Miles, O'Neil, Vandevender, Munroe, Harvey, Hinman, Hill, Case, Shea, Russell, McLaughlin, J. D. Sullivan, Shannon, Spade, Carr, Wade, Caton, Salter, Ryan, Kinney, Sheehan, Fahy, Mann, Edwards, Maloy, Nance, Atkinson, Brennen and Freeman on the right hand side, 29 out of 80.

THE members of Vigo Lodge No. 16, at Terre Haute, Ind., express their sincere thanks to Miss Lizzie Jeffers for two beautiful satin banners, appropriately inscribed, presentend by her to the Lodge. They were suspended in the banquet hall during the Convention and were greatly admired by the guests. They will serve as a memento to that delightful occasion. The members of No. 16 have good cause to rejoice in the knowledge that they are honored with the esteem of so estimable a lady as Miss Jeffers.

"WHAT fools these mortals be." The gay and festive Arthur has made the final plunge; and the papers say, Married, in Central City, Col., Sept. 9th 1882: Mr. Arthur Josselyn to Miss Jennie Miller, of Louisiana, Mo. Bro. Josselyn is a member of No. 59, and occupies a position as *fuel agent* on the pay car engine, on the D. & R. G., while the bride is very prepossessing young lady from the above named place. The Magazine wishes them all the joy to be found in this life, and may it last long for them.

RESOLUTIONS.

10.

CLEVELAND, O., Sept. 27, 1882.

At a regular meeting of Forest City Lodge No. 10, B. of L. F., held in their hall, Sunday Sept. 10th 1882, the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, It has pleased the Almighty Ruler of the Universe to take from our midst our beloved Brother Bennett, thus reminding us of the uncertainties of life and the certainties of death, this admonishes us to prepare for that life which is to come, and

WHEREAS, Bro. Bennett, by his upright manly bearing, strict attention to his duties and kindness to all, made himself a general favorite, therefore be it

Resolved, That by his death Forest City Lodge No. 10, B. of L. F., has lost one of its highest lights and that each and every member has indeed lost a brother and this community one of its most valued citizens.

Resolved, That we extend to the widow and to his family our heartfelt sympathy in this their greatest affliction. May they not be as those without hope, overbearing in mind, that for true consolation they must look to Him who giveth and who taketh away, and may our Heavenly Father care for them until they meet Him, who has only gone before, in our earnest and heartfelt prayer.

Resolved, That as a tribute of respect to our departed brother we drape our charter for the space of sixty days.

Resolved, That we extend our thanks to the Officers of the N. Y. P. & R. R. for their kindness in furnishing transportation to the brothers and friends from Youngstown and return. Be it further

Resolved, That these resolutions be entered upon the records of this Lodge and a copy be presented to the widow and family of our deceased brother and also that they be published in the Firemen's Magazine.

T. H. SHEPPARD,
CHARLES L. STONE,
H. HALLER,
Committee.

16.

TERRE HAUTE, IND., Oct. 9, 1882.

At a regular meeting of Vigo Lodge No. 16, of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, held Sunday October the 8th, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, This Lodge has been made the recipient of two beautiful satin banners, by Miss Lizzie Jeffers, of this city, inscribed "Benevolence, Sobriety and Industry" and "B. of L. F.," respectively, and

WHEREAS, Miss Jeffers has, on previous occasions, given substantial evidence of her appreciation of the aims and purposes of our Brotherhood, therefore be it

Resolved, That the sincere thanks of this Lodge are due and are hereby extended to Miss Jeffers for the beautiful banners that now adorn our Lodge room, of which she has been the generous donor.

Resolved, That we warmly appreciate the interest manifested by Miss Jeffers in the welfare of our Lodge and that we shall use our utmost endeavors to so conduct ourselves as to be worthy of her continued esteem and friendship.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be transmitted to Miss Jeffers under seal of the Lodge and that they be published in the Firemen's Magazine.

ROBERT EBBAGE,
F. H. MULLEN,
E. V. DEBS,
Committee.

32.

ELLIS, KANSAS, Sept. 16, 1882.

At a special meeting of Border Lodge No. 32, B. of L. F., the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, It has pleased our Superior Ruler to call from our midst our highly esteemed Brother Frank H. Cook, thus reminding us of the uncertainty of life,

WHEREAS, In the death of Bro. Cook No. 32 has lost a sincere and faithful member, his wife a dutiful husband and the community an upright and honorable citizen;

Resolved, That we extend our deepest sympathy to the friends of our deceased Brother

and especially to the desolate wife whose hopes were so cruelly blasted by the death of her husband;

Resolved, That as a mark of honor to our deceased Brother, we drape our charter for the space of thirty days;

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be forwarded to his wife and one to his brother T. H. Cook and be published in the Firemen's Magazine.

A. H. CHAPMAN,
A. H. BRITTAIN,
W. E. WALSH,
Committee.

52.

LOGANSPOUT, IND., Sept. 10, 1882.

At a regular meeting of Good Will Lodge No. 52, B. of L. F., held at their hall on Sunday Sept. 10th 1882, the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, It has pleased Almighty God in His infinite wisdom to remove from our midst our highly esteemed Bro. John Rau thus reminding us of the uncertainty of life,

WHEREAS, In the death of Bro. John Rau, No. 52 has lost a true and honored member, his sisters a kind and loving brother, his parents a dutiful son, and the P. C. & St. L. R. R. a trusty Engineer, therefore be it

Resolved, That we extend our deepest sympathy to the friends of our deceased Brother;

Resolved, That the thanks of this Lodge be extended to our Engine Dispatchers, Mr. John Hawkins and Mr. Thomas Knight, for making arrangements allowing so many of us to be present at the funeral;

Resolved, That we extend our thanks to the ladies for their contribution of a wreath and cross of flowers, and to Mrs. Rolis for a pillow of flowers with the letters B. of L. F. woven with flowers.

Resolved, That we tender our thanks to Tippecanoe Lodge No. 36, for the use of their regalias.

Resolved, That we drape our Charter and Lodge room for the space of thirty days in token of respect to the memory of the deceased, and that a copy of these resolutions be presented to the family of the deceased and that they be published in the Firemen's Magazine.

MART. W. JAMISON,
AMBROSE ROSS,
JOHN MALAY,
Committee.

117.

LONDON, Sept. 25, 1882.

At a meeting of Beaver Lodge No. 117, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, Bros. James Drummond, James Logan and John Cooper of Avon Lodge No. 38, B. of L. F., having kindly taken a great interest in, and going to a great deal of trouble to assist in organizing Beaver Lodge No. 117, B. of L. F.,

Resolved, That we tender Bros. Drummond, Logan and Cooper our sincere thanks for the labor they have performed, and the kindly interest they have taken in our welfare. May they continue to be shining lights in the good cause, and may we unite with them in the promotion of a still greater interest in the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen;

Resolved, That copies of these resolutions be sent to Bros. Drummond, Logan and Cooper, and that a copy be sent to the Firemen's Magazine for publication.

W. STRONGMAN,
C. COLLINSON,
E. CHAPMAN,
Committee.

CARD OF THANKS.

LOUISVILLE, KY., Sept. 28, 1882.

To the Officers and Members of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen:

GENTLEMEN: The 23d day of this month I received of C. F. Hahn, Secretary and Treasurer of J. W. Richardson Lodge No. 144, a draft for the sum of one thousand dollars, (\$1000) on the policy of my late husband J. W. Richardson, which I hereby acknowledge and thank you for.

I also wish to tender my sincere thanks to the members of Lodge No. 104, for their sympathy and assistance at the burial of my husband, and I hope and pray that your noble Order may long last, and continue to be a blessing to the widow and fatherless.

Yours very gratefully,

LIZZIE RICHARDSON.

PHOTOGRAPHS.

Those wishing the photographs that were taken during the last Convention can be supplied with at the following rates:

Locomotive presented to W. R. McKen: Cabinet Size 25c; 10x12 50c.

Procession: 10x12 50c.

Executive Committee: \$1.00.

All orders must be paid in advance.

Address:—D. W. WRIGHT, Photographer, Terre Haute, Ind.

ORDER REVOKED.

The order issued September 18th, reclaiming the charter of Colonial Lodge No. 119, at River du Loup, Quebec, is revoked this 18th day of October; the said Lodge being again in good working order.

E. V. DEBS, F. W. ARNOLD,
G. S. & T. G. M.

LODGE NOTICES.

We request all Lodges to examine their Lodge advertisement in this issue of the Magazine. If there is any mistake in the names or addresses of the Officers, the name or location of the hall or the time of meeting, immediate notice should be given us so that the corrections can be made.

E. V. DEBS, F. W. ARNOLD,
G. S. & T. G. M.

IMPORTANT.

It is important that the dates should be given by the Officers of Subordinate Lodges in reporting the admission, withdrawal, suspension, rejection, expulsion or reinstatement of members. It is required by law and should be invariably observed as our records must show all these dates.

In reporting expulsions the cause should be given and in the case of withdrawals it should be stated whether they are final or limited. When a limited withdrawal is reported the number of the Lodge to be joined should be given. By observing these instructions, Officers will save themselves and the Grand Lodge much trouble.

E. V. DEBS, F. W. ARNOLD.
G. S. & T. G. M.

ELECTION OF MAGAZINE AGENTS.

We call the attention of Subordinate Lodges to Sections 2 and 3 of Art. 3 of the By Laws providing for the election of Magazine Agents. It will be noticed that Magazine Agents should be elected at the first meeting in November. Immediately after the election the name and address of the Agent should be sent to the G. S. & T. for publication in the Magazine.

New Agents should apply at once to the G. S. & T. for subscription blanks and proceed to canvass for the ensuing year.

Orders should be sent in immediately after the 1st of December in order that the Editor may know how many copies to have printed.

The Magazine for 1883 will undergo a complete change and will be far superior to all preceding issues.

Progress is the order of the day and the Magazine must advance and develop with the Brotherhood.

Let every Agent begin the work in earnest and let every Lodge give him their full co-operation and support.

The circulation of the coming year must reach at least 12,000 copies.

E. V. DEBS, F. W. ARNOLD,
G. S. & T. G. M.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Messrs. James Frizzell and James Sweeney will please correspond with the Financier of No. 21. Address: K. C. Donohew, 7306 Main Street, South St. Louis, Mo.

John Curtis and J. Cappenger are hereby requested to correspond with the Financier of their lodge, Geo. Shuster, P. O. Box 772, Danville, Ills.

Bro. Ed. Crane of Clark-Kimball Lodge No. 113, is requested to correspond with the Financier of his Lodge.

N. B. Wicks of No. 83 is hereby requested to correspond with the Financier of his lodge, John O'Malley, Box 406, Fort Worth, Texas.

T. C. Boag and E. Graves are requested to correspond with the Financier of No. 97.—Address: H. E. Moore, Box 72, Los Angeles, California.

DEATHS AND DISABILITIES.

F. D. MILLSPAUGH,

Brother Millsbaugh, of Pine City Lodge No. 81, was killed on the N. P. R. R. by the overturning of his engine July 24th. He was in bad standing at the time of his death, owing to non-payment of assessments.

A. G. REVEAL,

Brother Reveal, of Hercules Lodge No. 63, died July 26th of injuries received May 4th from his engine running off a misplaced switch. His policy is payable to Melissa P. Reveal of Danville, Ills.

MYRON L. HIBBARD,

Brother Hibbard, of Key City Lodge No. 106, was killed in a railroad accident July 26th. His policy is payable to his mother, Mrs. S. H. Hibbard, whose residence is East Bethel, Vt.

JOSEPH THOMAS,

Brother Thomas of Rose City Lodge No. 45, died of Chronic Diarrhea, August 1st. He was in bad standing at the time of his death, owing to non-payment of assessments.

JOHN RAU,

Brother Rau, of Good Will Lodge No. 52, died of Tuberculosis August 3d. Policy payable to Mrs. Lena Rau of Logansport, Ind.

W. C. BENNETT,

Brother Bennett, of Forest City Lodge No. 10, died of Typhoid Fever August 31st. Policy payable to Mrs. I. M. Bennett of Cleveland, Ohio.

WM. BAKER,

Brother Baker, of Stuart Lodge was pronounced disabled for life Sept. 5th by the responsible physicians. His ailment is Phthisis Pulmonalis and his case is incurable. His insurance will be payable to himself as per Section 7 of Art. 5, of the Constitution.

F. H. COOK,

Brother Cook, of Border Lodge No. 32, was killed Sept. 14th by the explosion of his engine. His policy is payable to Mrs. Annie Cook.

T. P. SPENCER,

Brother Spencer, of Great Western Lodge No. 24, was killed October 6th by his engine running off a misplaced switch near Muskego, I. T. Brother Spencer was running the engine and himself and fireman were killed. Both were members of our Order. His policy is payable to Mrs. Maggie Spencer of Parsons, Kansas.

J. W. WALKER,

Brother Walker, of Great Western Lodge No. 24, was killed October 6th. He was firing for Brother T. P. Spencer and both were killed in the same wreck. His policy is payable to Mrs. Florence E. Walker, his wife, whose residence is Parsons, Kansas.

ADMISSIONS BY CARD.

Lodge.	Name.	From No.
3	T. Quinn	21
6	J. H. Selby	70
6	S. M. Stevens	14
23	Daniel Eaton	74
28	M. J. Cronin	30
28	R. H. Miller	77
49	Robert Zink	36
52	J. Devers	36
63	E. D. Maney	36

WITHDRAWALS.

Lodge.	Names.	Remarks.
8	Horatio Little	Final.
12	Wm. Pettibone	To join No. 103.
14	S. M. Stevens	To join No. 16.
18	C. E. Wilkins	To join No. 57.
22	Thos. J. Colvin	Final.
24	R. A. Willett	Final.
31	A. B. Schaap	Final.
35	W. H. Dean	Final.
36	Robert Zink	To join No. 49.
48	J. Smith	Final.
48	John Triplett	Final.
69	W. Manon	Final.
77	John O'Brien	To join No. 61.
84	Orville Blodgett	To join No. 116.
84	Martin McGregor	To join No. 5.

EXPULSIONS.

Lodge.	Names.	Cause.
11	T. J. Smith	Non-payment of dues.
11	E. Devine	Non-payment of dues.
13	Emory Errickson	Non-payment of dues.
13	Frank McQuade	Non-payment of dues.
29	Hawley Richards	Non-payment of dues.
30	F. H. Battell	Non-payment of dues.
30	F. H. Grossley	Non-payment of dues.
30	W. H. Edgerton	Non-payment of dues.
32	Chas. McDonald	Non-payment of dues.
32	Ed. C. Harvey	Non-payment of dues.
33	H. J. Montgomery	Non-payment of dues.
33	Jesse Curran	Non-payment of dues.
36	Dennis Casey	Non-payment of dues.
36	Sam'l. J. Rogers	Non-payment of dues.
36	Pat. Boler	Non-payment of dues.
43	L. H. Bird	Non-payment of dues.
48	Melvin A. Martin	Non-payment of dues.
56	J. L. Murphy	Non-payment of dues.
56	C. W. Hopson	Non-payment of dues.
59	John Hibler	Non-payment of dues.
59	Jno. Shehan	Non-payment of dues.
59	Jno. McLaughlin	Non-payment of dues.
75	E. Wright	Non-payment of dues.
75	Geo. R. Still	Non-payment of dues.
75	Milton Glass	Non-payment of dues.
75	E. A. Mace	Contempt of Lodge.
77	J. Mize	Non-payment of dues.
77	A. S. Warlick	Non-payment of dues.
77	Thomas Hynes	Non-payment of dues.
97	E. A. Murphy	Non-payment of dues.
97	C. Hurd	Non-payment of dues.
97	H. Longstaff	Non-payment of dues.
97	C. Mooney	Non-payment of dues.
97	P. Doyle	Non-payment of dues.

BENEFICIARY STATEMENT.

OFFICE OF THE GRAND SECRETARY AND
TREASURER, B. OF L. F.

Terre Haute, Ind., Oct. 1st, 1882.

To Subordinate Lodges:

SIRS AND BROTHERS: The following is a statement of the Beneficiary Fund for the month ending September 30th, 1882:

RECEIPTS.

No.	Back Assess'ts	Ass't 9&10.	Ass't 11&12	Total.	No.	Back Assess'ts	Ass't 9&10.	Ass't 11&12	Total.
1	\$	\$29 00		\$29 00	57	56 00	\$82 00		138 00
2		9 00		9 00	58	28 00	62 00		90 00
3		86 00		86 00	59	14 00	61 00		75 00
4		30 00		30 00	60	6 00	49 00		55 00
5		24 00		24 00	61	66 00	63 00	3 00	132 00
6					62	9 00	24 00	24 00	57 00
7	2 00	16 00		18 00	63	6 00	26 00		32 00
8	12 00			12 00	64	2 00	21 00		23 00
9	1 00	14 00		15 00	65	2 00	25 00	26 00	53 00
10	6 00	33 00		39 00	66		33 00		33 00
11		12 00		12 00	67		59 00		59 00
12	11 00	77 00		88 00	68	1 00	26 00		27 00
13					69		29 00		29 00
14	2 00	45 00		47 00	70	16 00	25 00		41 00
15		32 00		32 00	71		49 00		49 00
16	4 00	80 00		84 00	72	1 00			1 00
17	3 00	32 00		35 00	73	5 00	32 00		37 00
18					74	2 00	25 00		27 00
19					75	23 00	70 00	22 00	115 00
20	3 00	33 00		36 00	76				
21	12 00	39 00		51 00	77	16 00	59 00		75 00
22	6 00	43 00		49 00	78		34 00		34 00
23		19 00		19 00	79				
24			\$34 00	34 00	80			22 00	22 00
25	2 00	27 00		29 00	81	10 00	20 00		30 00
26	1 00	40 00		41 00	82	23 00	48 00		71 00
27		54 00		54 00	83	2 00	27 00		29 00
28	5 00	39 00		44 00	84	1 00	34 00		35 00
29			41 00	41 00	85				
30	5 00	22 00		27 00	86		56 00		56 00
31	28 00	57 00		85 00	87	16 00	16 00		32 00
32	1 00	28 00		29 00	88		42 00		42 00
33	5 00	41 00		46 00	89			46 00	46 00
34		24 00		24 00	90				
35	3 00	20 00		23 00	91		31 00		31 00
36	12 00	44 00		56 00	92	6 00	19 00		25 00
37	1 00	53 00		54 00	93			30 00	30 00
38	2 00	53 00		55 00	94				
39			38 00	38 00	95		102 00		102 00
40	7 00	50 00		57 00	96				
41					97	2 00	38 00		40 00
42		20 00		20 00	98		25 00		25 00
43			51 00	51 00	99	3 00	50 00		53 00
44	7 00	19 00	16 00	42 00	100				
45	16 00	51 00		67 00	101		51 00	54 00	105 00
46		1 00		1 00	102		18 00		18 00
47	26 00	16 00	1 00	43 00	103			18 00	18 00
48		26 00		26 00	104				
49	5 00	21 00		26 00	105		26 00		26 00
50	1 00	56 00		57 00	106				
51		30 00	30 00	60 00	107		27 00		27 00
52		38 00		38 00	108		17 00		17 00
53	1 00	27 00	26 00	54 00	109		20 00		20 00
54	3 00	44 00	21 00	68 00	110		14 00		14 00
55		26 00		26 00	111		20 00		20 00
56		25 00		25 00	112			23 00	23 00

Balance on hand Sept. 1st \$2,363 00

Received during month 4,225 00

Total \$6,588 00

DISBURSEMENTS.

By Claims 14, 15, 16 and 17 \$4,000 00

Balance on hand Oct. 1st \$2,588 00

Respectfully Submitted,

EUGENE V. DEBS, G. S. & T.

Grand and Subordinate Lodges.

GRAND LODGE.

F. W. Arnold, Room 2, Pioneer
Block, Columbus, O. Grand Master
W. E. Burns, 1726 Indiana Ave.,
Chicago, Ills. Vice Grand Master
E. V. Debs, Terre Haute, Ind.,
Grand Secretary and Treasurer
S. M. Stevens, Terre Haute, Ind.,
Grand Organizer and Instructor

GRAND EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

H. Walton, Chairman, West Philadelphia, Pa.
F. M. James, Secretary Centralia, Ills.
L. C. Hill Parsons, Kan.
D. E. Barry, Buffalo, N. Y.
S. Vaughn Toronto, Can.

GRAND TRUSTEES.

W. Maroney, Chairman Chicago, Ill.
W. F. Hynes Denver, Col.
D. Ross Stratford, Ont.

DISTRICT SECRETARIES.

T. R. Baldwin, Drawer 854 St. Thomas, Ont.
J. M. Sheline, Box 1181 Sioux City, Iowa
J. McDougough, 110 W. Ave. H., Galveston, Tex.
M. Shick Jersey City, N. J.
A. P. Greene, 41 Kneeland St. Boston, Mass.
G. W. Rae Fort Gratiot, Mich.
W. E. Sullivan, 2210 S. 6th St., St. Joseph, Mo.
W. R. Dean Eagle Rock, Idaho
F. P. Sargent, Box 208 Tucson, Arizona
T. E. Green, Box 1278 Galesburg, Ills.
S. C. Myers, 97 Lawrence St. Cleveland, O.
F. Hammill Baraboo, Wis.

SUBORDINATE LODGES.

1. DEER PARK; Port Jervis, N. Y.

Meets at Rosencrans Hall, Pike St. Alternate
Sundays at 2 o'clock P. M. and
Thursdays at 7:30 P. M.

C. E. Barkman, Box 21 Master
F. L. Smith, Box 361 Secretary
A. J. Shiner, Box 654 Financier
C. E. Barkman, Box 21 Mag. Agent

2. HAND IN HAND; Providence R. I.

Meets at Engineer's Hall, No. 26 Exchange
Place, first Monday and third Wednes-
day of each month at 8:30 P. M.

C. E. Clark, Valley Falls, R. I. Master
E. H. Turner, Valley Falls, R. I. Secretary
G. D. Oliver, 330 North Main St. Financier
T. Powers, 80 Atwells Ave. Mag. Agent

3. ADOPTED DAUGHTER; Jersey City, N. J.

Meets at Union Hall, Cor. 4th and Grove
Sts., the first and third Wednesdays of
each month at 10 o'clock P. M. and second
and fourth Sundays at 2 o'clock P. M.

E. W. Davis, 172 Pavonia Ave. Master
E. Ely, 205 Pavonia Ave. Secretary
B. D. Maxwell, 314 E. 23rd St.
New York City, N. Y. Financier
E. W. Davis, 172 Pavonia Ave, Mag. Agent

4. GREAT EASTERN; Portland, Maine.

Meets at Engineer's Hall, Cor. of Congress
and Temple Sts., the first and third Sun-
days of each month at 1 o'clock P. M.

A. E. Dennison, 85 Fore St. Master
A. J. Keagan, 65 Alder St. Secretary
F. O. Mitchell, 28 Merrill St. Financier
A. E. Dennison, 85 Fore St. Mag. Agent

5. CHARITY; St. Thomas, Ontario.

Meets at B. of L. E. Hall, No. 573½ Talbot
St., every Friday evening at 8 o'clock
P. M.

G. D. Westfall, Box 33 Master
T. R. Baldwin, Drawer 854 Secretary
M. J. McAndrew, Box 33 Financier
G. Johnson Mag. Agent

6. PRIDE OF THE WEST; Desoto, Mo.

J. W. Walker, Box 103 Master
Wm. Hearst Secretary
J. W. Evans Financier
P. H. Coyne, Box 103 Mag. Agent

7. POTOMAC; Washington, D. C.

A. N. Spamer, 44 Eager St. Master
M. Hurley, 1008 6th St., S. W. Secretary
J. C. Graham, 319 D St., S. W. Financier
R. M. Smith, 130 Carnall St,
S. E. Mag. Agent

8. RED RIVER; Denison City, Tex.

Meets on Cor. of Main St. and Burneth
Ave. the first and third Sundays of each
month at 8 o'clock P. M.

E. J. Bouchard Master
T. H. Motter, Box 136 Secretary
J. K. Arthur, Box 136 Financier
J. F. Matthews Mag. Agent

9. FRANKLIN; Columbus, Ohio.

Meets at B. of L. E. Hall, No. 62½ N. High
St.—fourth floor—the first and third
Mondays of each month at 7:30 P. M.

C. H. Mason, 15 Summit St. Master
J. G. McClure, 144½ N. High St. Secretary
C. B. Cavey, 407 N. High St. Financier
F. J. Keistler, 214 S. High St. Mag. Agent

10. WEST CITY; Cleveland, Ohio.

Meets at K. of P. Hall, 180 Ontario St., the
second and fourth Sundays of each
month at 2 P. M.

H. Holler, 17 Waring St. Master
S. C. Myers, 97 Lawrence St. Secretary
T. H. Sheppard, 154 Pelton Ave. Financier
W. P. Sheets, 30 Lake St., Alle-
ghany, Pa. Mag. Agent

11. EXCELSIOR; Phillipsburg, N. J.

Meets at Gwinner's Hall, South Main St.,
the second and fourth Sundays of each
month at 2 o'clock P. M.

W. W. Carling Master
C. A. Stevenson, Box 106 Secretary
J. W. Sinclair Financier
H. Lott Mag. Agent

12. BUFFALO; Buffalo, N. Y.

Meets at Conductor's Hall, 253 Michigan
St., every Friday at 8 o'clock P. M.

A. L. Jacobs, 543 S. Division St. Master
D. E. Barry, 510 Seneca St. Secretary
C. W. Perry, 244 N. Division St. Financier
R. B. Williams, 320 N. Division
St. Mag. Agent

13. WASHINGTON; Jersey City, N. J.

T. E. Kelton, Rosell, N. J. Master
P. D. Mead, 217 Communipaw
Ave. Secretary

C. A. Wilson, 135 Pacific Ave. Financier
G. Lewis, 250 Communipaw
Ave. Mag. Agent

14. EUREKA; Indianapolis, Ind.

Meets on Cor. of Washington and Meridian
Sts. every Tuesday at 8 o'clock P. M.

B. F. Gorden, 77 Indiana Ave. Master
W. Hugo, 79 N. Noble St. Secretary
J. A. Tweedie, 253 E. Washing-
ton St. Financier
J. Farrell, 121 John St. Mag. Agent

- 15. ST. LAWRENCE; Montreal, Can.**
 J. McTeer, 194 Congregation St. . . . Master
 H. Taylor, 181 Magdelane St. . . . Secretary
 J. Ryan, Box 54 Financier
 P. Champagne, 183 Burgeois St. . . . Mag. Agent
- 16 VIGO; Terre Haute, Ind.**
 Meets at A. O. U. W. Hall, Cor. 8th and Main Sts., the second and fourth Sundays of each month at 2 o'clock P. M.
 O. E. Fox, 1826 Sycamore St. . . . Master
 E. V. Debs Secretary
 J. Smith, 205 N. Eleventh St. . . . Financier
 A. J. Mullen Mag. Agent
- 17. OLD POST; Vincennes, Ind.**
 Meets at B. of L. F. Hall, Cor. of 7th and Broadway Sts., every Sunday at 2 P. M.
 H. M. Hogan Master
 T. A. Galloway, Care O. & M. Shops Secretary
 C. A. Cripps Financier
 C. A. Bruce Mag. Agent
- 18. WEST END; Slater, Mo.**
 Meets at Odd Fellows Hall, Main St., every Sunday at 1 P. M.
 M. Short Master
 T. B. Crawford Secretary
 F. A. Briggs, L. Box 53 Financier
 P. Gibney Mag. Agent
- 19. TRUCKEE; Wadsworth, Nevada.**
 G. Abbay, Box 8 Master
 F. Murray, Box 8 Secretary
 F. J. George, Box 8 Financier
 E. Shepley, Box 8 Mag. Agent
- 20. STUART; Stuart, Iowa.**
 Meets at Engineer's Hall, Gould Building, South Division St., the first and third Sundays of each month at 2 P. M.
 C. L. Bunch, Box 247 Master
 C. C. Kimball, Box 71 Secretary
 C. K. Rost, Box 398 Financier
 E. Cahon, Box 6 Mag. Agent
- 21. INDUSTRIAL; South St. Louis, Mo.**
 Meets at Engineer's Hall, on Main St., between Roberts and Vine Sts., every Sunday at 1:00 P. M.
 W. J. Edy, 2d and Blow Sts. . . . Master
 J. H. Clark, 3d St., between Primm and Lesson Sts. . . . Secretary
 K. C. Donehue, 7306 Main St. . . . Financier
 F. Fuller, 2d St., between Kraus and Nebraska Sts. . . . Mag. Agent
- 22. CENTRAL; Urbana, Ill.**
 Meets in K. of U. B. Hall, Cor. of Main and Markets Sts., every Sunday at 2:30 P. M.
 W. Rundel, Box 345 Master
 R. C. Burns, Box 370 Secretary
 J. Laird, Box 517 Financier
 C. B. Foote, Box 198 Mag. Agent
- 23. PHOENIX; Brookfield, Mo.**
 Meets at Odd Fellows Hall, the second and fourth Sundays of each month.
 L. R. St. John Master
 M. DeVoy Secretary
 H. Mangel Financier
 J. D. Ray, Hannibal, Mo. . . . Mag. Agent
- 24. GREAT WESTERN; Parsons, Kan.**
 L. C. Hill, Box 63 Master
 F. F. Wiggins, Box 113 Secretary
 J. Tierney, Box 701 Financier
 J. Emery Mag. Agent
- 25. CONNECTING LINK; Boone, Ia.**
 Meets at Engineer's Hall, on 8th St., between Marshall and Tama Sts., the first and third Sundays in each month at 2:30 P. M.
 W. H. Fuller, L. Box 814 Master
 C. A. Wheeler, L. Box 584 Secretary
 J. D. Russell Financier
 C. A. Wheeler, L. Box 584 Mag. Agent
- 26. ALPHA; Baraboo, Wis.**
 E. Thompson Master
 J. D. Coughlin Secretary
 J. K. Hawes, Box 841 Financier
 G. M. Dopp Mag. Agent
- 27. HAWKEYE; Cedar Rapids, Ia.**
 Meets at Room 13, Cor. of 2d St. and 2d Ave, in Post Office Block, the first and third Sundays of each month at 2 P. M.
 M. W. Cary, L. Box 504 Master
 F. D. Ford, L. Box 354 Secretary
 C. W. Phelps, Box 1010 Financier
 E. Meacham Mag. Agent
- 28. ELKHORN; North Platte, Neb.**
 M. B. Tarkington Master
 H. J. Clark, Box 177 Secretary
 P. H. Sullivan, Box 921 Financier
 J. N. Bonner Mag. Agent
- 29. CERRO GORDO; Mason City, Iowa.**
 Meets at K. of P. Hall, Cor. of 5th and Commercial Sts., the first and third Sundays of each month at 7:30 P. M.
 A. H. Tucker, Box 167 Master
 F. McKay, Box 167 Secretary
 C. Currie, Box 259 Financier
 J. J. Nihill, Calmar, Iowa Mag. Agent
- 30. CEDAR VALLEY; Waterloo, Ia.**
 Meets at Good Templar's Hall, Pardu Block, on 4th St., between Commercial and Jefferson Sts., the first and third Sundays of each month at 2 P. M.
 C. O. Grassley, Box 416 Master
 R. A. Corson, Box 406 Secretary
 A. E. Girard, Box 795 Financier
 C. A. Clough Mag. Agent
- 31. E. R. CENTRE; Atchison, Kan.**
 Meets at Hall 710 Commercial St., between 7th and 8th Sts., the second and fourth Sundays of each month at 2:30 P. M.
 S. Walters, 109 Robert St. . . . Master
 A. Studer, 203 South Liberty St. . . Secretary
 J. A. Sweeney, 417 R St. Financier
 S. Walters, 109 Robert St. . . . Mag. Agent
- 32. BORDER; Ellis, Kan.**
 F. J. Schuyler, Box 138 Master
 J. D. Rippey, Box 243 Secretary
 A. H. Britton, Box 303 Financier
 A. H. Chapman, Box 302 Mag. Agent
- 33. SUCCESS; Trenton, Mo.**
 H. H. Stamper, Box 242 Master
 W. Marsden, Box 413 Secretary
 C. A. Carson, Box 292 Financier
 J. Dipple Mag. Agent
- 34. CLINTON; Clinton, Ia.**
 Meets in B. of L. E. Hall, on 4th St., between 9th and 10th Aves., the first and third Sundays of each month at 2 P. M.
 H. W. Stephens, Box 189 Master
 J. W. Adams, Box 985 Secretary
 J. W. Adams, Box 985 Financier
 G. B. Sipp Mag. Agent
- 35. AMBOY; Amboy, Ills.**
 Meets in Engineer's Hall, over No. 19 Main St., the first and third Sundays of each month at 3 P. M.
 C. R. Rosier, Box 420 Master
 G. W. Bainter, Box 498 Secretary
 T. Hinchcliff, Box 408 Financier
 W. Williams, Box 416 Mag. Agent
- 36. TIPPECANOE; Lafayette, Ind.**
 Meets Cor. of 4th and Ferry Sts.
 J. H. Brewer, 161 Union St. . . . Master
 P. Leindecker, Care L. E. & W. Shops Secretary
 W. S. Beemer, 153 North St. . . . Financier
 Mag. Agent

- 37. NEW HOPE; Centralia, Ills.**
Meets at Engineer's Hall, in first block east of I. C. Depot, the first and third Sundays of each month at 2 P. M.
E. L. Welton, Box 291 Master
F. P. Morse, Box 291 Secretary
F. M. James, Box 202 Financier
H. G. Cormick, Box 151 Mag. Agent
- 38. AVON; Stratford, Ontario.**
Meets in Forester's Hall, Market Square, the first and third Sundays every month at 2 P. M.
Ben. Tapp, Box 818 Master
G. Nursey, Box 818 Secretary
F. Mingay, Box 108 Financier
Mag. Agent
- 39. TWIN CITY; Rock Island, Ills.**
Meets at B of L. E. Hall, Star Block, on 2d Ave, opposite Harper House, the second and fourth Sundays of each month at 2 P. M.
E. W. Mason, 520 E. 9th St., Davenport, Iowa Master
H. J. Frick, Box 1228 Secretary
W. H. Gray, Box 309 Financier
S. Nichols Mag. Agent
- 40. BLOOMING; Bloomington, Ills.**
Meets in Engineer's Hall, North Centre St., between Front and Washington Sts., every Tuesday evening.
E. Browning, 720 W. Chestnut St. Master
C. Monahan, Jefferson House Secretary
J. Devine, 811 W. North St. Financier
J. Johnson, 708 E. Washington St. Mag. Agent
- 41. ONWARD; Mandan, Dakota.**
N. A. Ames, Box 275 Master
A. W. Sprague, Box 84 Secretary
J. F. Reilly Financier
E. W. Haskins, Box 195 Mag. Agent
- 42. ELMO; Madison, Wis.**
Meets in Sharp's Hall, Cor. of Dayton and Charter Sts., the first Tuesday and third Wednesday of every month at 2 P. M.
A. Morgan Master
W. D. Scampton, Box 1725 Secretary
M. O'Loughlin, Box 1198 Financier
J. Farmer Mag. Agent
- 43. ST. JOSEPH; St. Joseph, Mo.**
Meets at Daunkmyer Hall, Cor. of 9th and Olive Sts., the second and fourth Sundays of each month at 2:30 P. M.
C. Thomas, 2324 S. 6th St. Master
I. Dupuis, 2324 S. 6th St. Secretary
H. Boyer, 2135 S. 6th St. Financier
Mag. Agent
- 44. F. W. ARNOLD; East St. Louis, Ills.**
T. Halpin, Box 171 Master
W. McGarrahan, Box 171 Secretary
T. J. Hayes, Box 288 Financier
T. J. Hayes, Box 288 Mag. Agent
- 45. ROSE CITY; Little Rock, Ark.**
Meets in Engineer's Hall, No. 113 Main St., up stairs, every Monday at 7:30 P. M.
B. Schimmelpennig, 208 S. Cross St. Master
H. H. Burrus, 1223 W. 4th St. Secretary
H. H. Burrus, 1223 W. 4th St. Financier
Mag. Agent
- 46. CAPITAL; Springfield, Ills.**
Meets at Engineer's Hall, Munroe St., between 6th and 7th Sts., the first and third Sundays of each month at 2 P. M.
J. Summerville, 1112 E. Monroe St. Master
A. D. Hensley, 1155 N. 9th St. Secretary
E. Jolly, care Wabash Shops Financier
S. Clark, care Wabash Shops Mag. Agent
- 47. TRIUMPHANT; Chicago, Ills.**
Meets in Railway Chapel, State St., the second and fourth Sundays of each month at 2:30 P. M.
Angus Menish, 8158 S. LaSalle St. Master
F. J. Rosbach, 1323 State St. Secretary
John Devine, 1462 Indiana Ave. Financier
J. W. Miller, 1323 State St. Mag. Agent
- 48. W. F. HYNES; Peoria, Ills.**
Meets in Druids Hall, Cor. Main and Adams Sts., opposite Court House, the first and third Mondays of each month at 8 P. M.
G. Gates, Box 59, Warsaw, Ills. Master
A. Chapman, 615 1st St. Secretary
T. Curran, 308 Maple St. Financier
T. W. Welch, 705 1st St. Mag. Agent
- 49. J. M. RAYMOND; Decatur, Ills.**
Meets on Morgan St., between Eldorado and Cerro Gordo Sts., every Sunday at 8 P. M.
A. H. Sutton, Box 1137 Master
Wm. J. Pursell, Box 672 Secretary
W. W. Donaldson, Box 672 Financier
Wm. J. Pursell, Box 672 Mag. Agent
- 50. GARDEN CITY; Chicago, Ills.**
J. J. Delaney, 5,208 Dearborn St. Master
W. E. Compher, 4527 Butterfield St. Secretary
A. S. McAllister, 4904 S. Dearborn St. Financier
J. J. Hanahan, 3757 Dearborn St. Mag. Agent
- 51. FRISCO; North Springfield, Mo.**
Meets at Good Templar's Hall, between Commercial and Boonville Sts., the second and fourth Saturdays at 7:30 P. M.
J. A. Dryden, Box 40 Master
J. Hulse Secretary
M. W. Burwell, Box 64 Financier
J. Truesdale, Box 173 Mag. Agent
- 52. GOOD WILL; Logansport, Ind.**
Meets at Good Will Hall, Cor. of Spear and 12th Sts., every Saturday at 2:30 P. M.
S. Bricker, L. Box 626 Master
A. Ross, L. Box 626 Secretary
M. W. Jamison, L. Box 626 Financier
F. E. Wolfkill, L. Box 626 Mag. Agent
- 53. EMPORIA; Emporia, Kan.**
Meets in A. O. U. W. Hall, southeast Cor. of Commercial St. and 5th Ave., the second and fourth Sundays of each month at 7 P. M.
C. Rich, L. Box 609 Master
C. Raymond, Box 857 Secretary
G. E. Brooks Financier
R. S. Mears Mag. Agent
- 54. ANCHOR; Moberly, Mo.**
Meets in Good Templar's Hall, on Reed St., second door west of Post Office, every Tuesday at 2 P. M.
F. Nebergall, Box 667 Master
G. Zang, Box 667 Secretary
J. W. Cass, Box 667 Financier
A. U. Brown, Box 667 Mag. Agent
- 55. BLUFF CITY; Memphis, Tenn.**
Meets in Fuchs' Hall, No. 16 Johnson Ave., the first and third Sundays of each month.
W. C. Nance, L. & N. R. R. Shops. Master
C. E. Ringwald, L. & N. Shops. Secretary
J. Fuchs, No. 16 Johnson Ave. Financier
W. Buchanan, L. & N. Shops. Mag. Agent
- 56. BANNER; Stansberry, Mo.**
Meets in Odd Fellow's Hall, Cor. 2d and Park Sts., every Sunday at 4 P. M.
Levi Smith, Box 76 Master
F. J. Collins Secretary
A. Coffenberger Financier
P. McDermott Mag. Agent

- 57. BOSTON; Boston, Mass.**
Meets in Engineer's Hall, 47 Hanover St., third floor, the first and third Sundays of each month at 10 A. M.
A. W. Spurr, Henderson House, Hammond St., Boston Highlands. Master
R. P. S. Jones, 58 Washington St., Charlestown District. Secretary
J. C. Edwards, 21 Salem St., Charlestown District. Financier
W. C. Green, No. 2 Smith St., Salem, Mass. Mag. Agent
- 58. SACRAMENTO; Rocklin, Cal.**
J. M. Keys. Master
C. C. Brown. Secretary
C. C. Brown. Financier
F. Schnabel. Mag. Agent
- 59. ROYAL GORGE; South Pueblo, Col.**
Meets in Engineer's Hall, Cor. of Union Ave. and C. St., over South Pueblo National Bank, third floor, every Monday at 7:30 P. M.
E. H. Mayo, L. Box 45. Master
J. Hopkins, L. Box 572. Secretary
J. A. Hill, L. Box 45. Financier
J. J. Sullivan, 341 Halliday St. Mag. Agent
- 60. UNITED; Philadelphia, Pa.**
J. R. Anderson, 2356 N. 3d St. Master
E. T. Green, 2013 N. 3d St. Secretary
J. Shepherd, 2510 Alder St. Financier
J. Shepherd, 2510 Alder St. Mag. Agent
- 61. MINNEHAHA; St. Paul, Minn.**
Meets in Druid's Hall, Cor. of 7th and Jackson Sts., the second and fourth Sundays of each month at 3 P. M.
C. Montgomery. Master
J. J. Spellman, 573 Jefferson Ave. Secretary
J. H. Sawyer, Box 275. Financier
H. Oliver, 745 Paine Ave. Mag. Agent
- 62. VANBERGEN; Carbondale, Pa.**
Meets in Atkin's Hall, Cor. Main and Wall Sts., the second and fourth Sundays of every month at 3 P. M.
W. Ellis. Master
J. A. Bryden, Box 70. Secretary
O. E. Histed, Box 288. Financier
P. W. Johnson, Box 284. Mag. Agent
- 63. HERCULES; Danville, Ills.**
D. Morgan, Box 772. Master
J. C. Burroughs, Box 772. Secretary
G. Shuster, Box 772. Financier
D. Morgan, Box 772. Mag. Agent
- 64. SIOUX; Sioux City, Iowa.**
A. Canfield, L. Box 6. Master
J. M. Sheire, Box 1181. Secretary
H. W. Butterfield, Box 751. Financier
E. A. Bennett. Mag. Agent
- 65. FORT RIDGELY; Sleepy Eye, Minn.**
J. A. Ashworth, Box 84. Master
L. A. Bullard, Waseca, Minn. Secretary
W. W. Williams, Box 26. Financier
W. W. Williams, Box 26. Mag. Agent
- 66. CHALLENGE; Belleville, Ont.**
Meets in Marble Hall, Front St., the second and fourth Sundays of every month at 2:30 P. M.
E. L. Adamson, G. T. Ry. Master
T. Daly, Jr., G. T. Ry. Secretary
J. Logue, G. T. Ry. Financier
E. Morris, G. T. Ry. Mag. Agent
- 67. DOMINION; Toronto, Canada.**
Meets in Occidental Hall, Cor. of Queen and Bathurst Sts., the first and third Sundays of each month at 2:30 P. M.
J. Scott, 24 Tananley St. Master
W. J. Walker, 417 1/2 Queen St. W. Secretary
S. Vaughan, 24 Charlotte St. Financier
S. Sinnott, cor. Wellington and Strachan Aves. Mag. Agent
- 68. EAU CLAIRE; Eau Claire, Wis.**
M. Cuddy. Master
A. McKay. Secretary
H. Schultz. Financier
R. M. White. Mag. Agent
- 69. ISLAND CITY; Brockville, Ont.**
Meets in Merrill's Block, the second Sunday of every month at 2:30 P. M.
R. J. Turnbull, Box 154. Master
F. Barr, Box 294. Secretary
F. G. Lawrence, Box 225. Financier
Mag. Agent
- 70. LONE STAR; Longview, Texas.**
C. Reich, L. Box 364. Master
J. A. Gremm, L. Box 364. Secretary
J. A. Gremm, L. Box 364. Financier
J. A. Christman, L. Box 364. Mag. Agent
- 71. SUSQUEHANNA; Oneonta, N. Y.**
C. Banker, Box 445. Master
W. Hand, Box 725. Secretary
C. B. Whitaker, Box 564. Financier
D. B. Cornell, L. Box 866. Mag. Agent
- 72. WELCOME; Camden, N. J.**
Meets at Lentsfelder Hall, northeast Cor. of 3d and Federal Sts., the first and third Sundays of each month at 2 P. M.
J. Gibbs, 414 Hamilton St. Master
J. Colton, 424 Mickle St. Secretary
J. Colton, 424 Mickle St. Financier
G. H. Parker, Glassboro, N. J. Mag. Agent
- 73. BAY STATE; Worcester, Mass.**
Meets in Room 9, Piper's Block, 419 Main St., the first Thursday at 7:30 P. M. and the second and fourth Sundays at 1 P. M. of each month.
D. R. Parker, 22 Houghton St. Master
C. L. Dodge, Piedmont Court. Secretary
C. E. Bullard, 32 Plymouth St. Financier
G. P. Cooper, 113 Beacon St. Mag. Agent
- 74. KANSAS CITY; Kansas City, Mo.**
Meets at A. O. F. Hall, 1215 W. 9th St., every alternate Monday at 7:30 P. M.
J. Fleming, 1325 St. Louis Ave. Master
W. Piercey, 1323 13th St. Secretary
J. Mulvihill, 1325 St. Louis Ave. Financier
M. Harley, 1515 Genessee St. Mag. Agent
- 75. ENTERPRISE; Philadelphia, Pa.**
Meets in Grand Army Hall, northeast Cor. of 39th and Market Sts., the second and fourth Sundays of every month at 2 P. M.
E. H. Knowles, 3735 Elm St. Master
G. B. Garrett, 128 N. 32d St. Secretary
F. Dupell, 422 N. 35th St. Financier
C. H. Maul, 658 N. 40th St. Mag. Agent
- 76. NEW EARS; Fergus Falls, Minn.**
G. W. Swartz, Box 252. Master
T. Bardsley, Box 252. Secretary
J. B. Gaston, Box 252. Financier
C. H. Remington, Box 252. Mag. Agent
- 77. ROCKY MOUNTAIN; Denver, Col.**
Meets at B. of L. E. Hall, Room 14, Crow & Clark Block, Halliday St., between 14th and 15th Sts.
A. H. Chapman, Box 1588. Master
A. Clark, Box 1588. Secretary
W. F. Hynes, Box 1588. Financier
W. F. Hynes, Box 1588. Mag. Agent
- 78. GOLDEN EAGLE; Sedalia, Mo.**
Meets in I. O. F. Hall, Cor. Ohio and 3d Sts., the first and third Saturdays of each month at 7:30 P. M.
H. A. Miller, Box 1100. Master
C. T. Keik, Box 1100. Secretary
W. H. Clark, Box 1100. Financier
J. Costin, Box 1100. Mag. Agent

- 79. J. M. DODGE**; Roodhouse, Ills.
Meets at I. O. M. A. and B. of L. F. Hall,
north side of Square, every Saturday at
7:30 P. M.
G. B. Giddings, L. Box 1144 Master
H. Adams, L. Box 1174 Secretary
W. Donnelly, L. Box 1165 Financier
J. Stoffels Mag. Agent
- 80. SELF HELP**; Aurora, Ills.
Meets at Engineer's Hall, 8th and Broad-
way Sts., the second and fourth Sundays
of each month at 8 P. M.
C. F. Earl, Box 478 Master
T. Byron, Box 375 Secretary
G. Goding, Box 252 Financier
T. Byron, Box 375 Mag. Agent
- 81. PINE CITY**; Brainerd, Minn.
F. D. Millsbaugh, Box 18 Master
W. Wadham, Box 552 Secretary
W. Wadham, Box 552 Financier
E. E. Dennis Mag. Agent
- 82. NORTHWESTERN**; Minneapolis, Minn.
Meets at Sweedish Bros.' Hall, No. 220
Nicolet Ave., the first Saturday at 7:30 P.
M. and the third Sunday at 8 P. M. of
each month.
F. L. Harvey, 327 Nicolet Ave. Master
A. W. Dean, 310 19th St. N. Secretary
J. Newton, 510 14th Ave. S. Financier
Z. G. Hanscom, 1129 7th St. S. Mag. Agent
- 83. TRINITY**; Forth Worth, Tex.
Meets at Engineer's and Firemen's Hall,
Quality Hill, upper end of South Main
St., every Friday at 8 P. M.
J. Moynihan, L. Box 406 Master
C. S. Eastman, L. Box 406 Secretary
J. O'Malley, L. Box 406 Financier
J. H. Smith Mag. Agent
- 84. CALHOUN**; Battte Creek, Mich.
Meets in Whitcomb Block, the second and
fourth Sundays at 2 P. M. and the first
Wednesday at 7:31 P. M. of each month.
H. A. Beardsley, Box 455 Master
J. Tighe, Box 1823 Secretary
G. Kelly, Box 1084 Financier
C. S. Simmons, Box 1084 Mag. Agent
- 85. FARGO**; Fargo, Dakota.
J. Burns, Box 1798 Master
A. Bassett, Box 1798 Secretary
G. E. McCormack, Box 1722 Financier
S. P. Olson, Box 1798 Mag. Agent
- 86. BLACK HILLS**; Laramie City, Wyoming.
P. Mathison Master
F. E. Roffee, Box 136 Secretary
J. F. Chopper, Box 230 Financier
J. Brebner, Box 219 Mag. Agent
- 87. SUMMIT**; Rawlins, Wyoming.
C. B. Hart Master
J. C. Crane Secretary
G. A. Moncton Financier
P. Johnson, Box 102 Mag. Agent
- 88. MOORING STAR**; Evanston, Wyoming.
Meets in Engineer's Hall, Front St., every
Thursday at 7:30 P. M.
C. E. Stuart Master
J. J. LeCain Secretary
E. W. Dennis, Box 124 Financier
P. Peterson Mag. Agent
- 89. SILVER STATE**; Carlin, Nev.
Meets at Engineer's Hall every Tuesday
at 4 P. M.
R. Trewick Master
O. W. Hollibaugh, Box 43 Secretary
O. C. Thompson, Box 42 Financier
W. R. Capell Mag. Agent
- 90. SAN DIEGO**; National City, Cal.
J. A. McNeil Master
J. M. Dodge, Box 317 San Diego Secretary
A. A. Gamble Financier
A. Gamble Mag. Agent
- 91. GOLDEN GATE**; San Francisco, Cal.
G. Resing, 1724 Stevenson St. Master
T. W. Martin, 728 16th St. Secretary
J. C. McCreagh, S. P. R. R. Shops, Financier
A. J. Cunningham, S. P. R. R. Shops Mag. Agent
- 92. INTER-STATE**; Texarkana, Tex.
T. D. Sharit Master
F. B. Smith Secretary
C. B. Hall Financier
T. Ryan Mag. Agent
- 93. GATE CITY**; Keokuk, Iowa.
Meets at Engineer's Hall, Cor. of 8th and
Main Sts., the second and fourth Sun-
days at 2 P. M. of each month.
Z. Moore, L. Box 7 Master
M. J. Donahue, Box 651 Secretary
J. H. Carter, Box 651 Financier
George Sick, Box 810 Mag. Agent
- 94. CACTUS**; Tucson, Arizona.
F. D. Simpson, Box 218 Master
M. H. Adams, Box 218 Secretary
F. P. Sargent, Box 218 Financier
F. M. Wiley, Box 218 Mag. Agent
- 95. CHICAGO**; Chicago, Ill.
Meets at Engineer's Hall, 241 Milwaukee
Ave., Cor. of Green St., the first Tuesday
and the third Friday of each month at
7:30 P. M.
J. Leahy, 74 N. Sangamon St. Master
R. S. Fullinwider, 341 Walnut
St. Secretary
C. A. Miller, 643 N. Robey St. Financier
E. W. Wallbaum, 188 Milton
Ave. Mag. Agent
- 97. ORANGE GROVE**; Los Angeles, Cal.
Meets at Firemen's Hall, over S. P. R. R.
offices, San Fernando St., the 1st, 10th
and 20th of each month at 7 P. M.
C. Elton, Box 72 Master
F. R. Shaffer, Box 72 Secretary
H. E. Moore, Box 72 Financier
F. J. Harner, Box 72 Mag. Agent
- 98. PERSEVERANCE**; Terrace, Utah.
Meets at Engineer's Hall, Cor. of 3d and
Cedar Sts., every Tuesday.
E. A. Peck Master
R. W. Shields Secretary
G. W. Jacobs Financier
G. W. Jacobs Mag. Agent
- 99. ROCHESTER**; Rochester, N. Y.
Meets on first floor, between State and
Mill Sts., on Market St., the second and
fourth Wednesdays of each month at
7:30 P. M.
A. H. Sharp, 60 Tappan St. Master
J. R. Sproat, 162 North Ave. Secretary
C. W. Beach, 23 Foechner St. Financier
R. Callon, 67 Hudson St. Mag. Agent
- 100. ADAIR**; Bowling Green, Ky.
Meets at Depot, on Adams St., opposite
Ritter House, every Monday at 7 P. M.
C. O. Dixon Master
M. J. Collins Secretary
J. Martin Financier
G. Wilkes Mag. Agent
- 101. ADVANCE**; Creston, Iowa.
Meets at Engineer's Hall, on Union St.,
every Monday at 7:30 P. M.
J. V. Cherrington, Box 812 Master
A. E. Finley, L. Box 229 Secretary
J. C. Quarterman, Box 54 Financier
C. Kendall, Box 439 Mag. Agent
- 102. CONFIDENCE**; East Des Moines, Iowa.
D. E. Hayes Master
W. N. Smith Secretary
J. C. Musgrove Financier
P. Combs Mag. Agent

- 103. FALLS CITY; Louisville, Ky.**
Meets at Whedekind Hall, on Market St., between 6th and 7th Sts., every Wednesday at 2 P. M.
T. Pidgeon, 1518 12th St. Master
T. McGuire, 948 Dumesnell St. Secretary
H. Prout, Broadway Hotel Financier
T. Newton, 1518 12th St. Mag. Agent
- 104. J. W. RICHARDSON; Louisville, Ky.**
J. A. Hoke, Bender's Drug Store. Master
C. F. Hahn, Bender's Drug Store. Secretary
C. F. Hahn, Bender's Drug Store. Financier
G. Bux, 1128 Washington St. Mag. Agent
- 105. PROGRESS; Galesburg, Ills.**
T. E. Green, Box 1278 Master
H. W. Walbaum, Box 1137 Secretary
J. C. Herron, Box 1185 Financier
T. E. Green, Box 1278 Mag. Agent
- 106. KEY CITY; Dubuque, Iowa.**
Meets at Good Templar's Hall, 640 Main St., the second and fourth Sundays of each month at 7:15 P. M.
W. McDonald, Box 1373 Master
E. Adams, 137 High St. Secretary
T. Welch, 18th St., between Washington and Elm Sts. Financier
E. Adams, 137 High St. Mag. Agent
- 107. ECLIPSE; Gallon, Ohio.**
Meets at Rister's Hall, 29 Main St., every Thursday at 7:30 P. M.
C. H. Ness Master
J. A. Farnsworth, Box 283 Secretary
A. N. Jenkinson, Box 196 Financier
W. Shull Mag. Agent
- 108. PIONEER; Chama, New Mex.**
M. E. Duxstad Master
K. B. Rhelm Secretary
J. Law, L. Box 8 Financier
H. S. Smith Mag. Agent
- 109. PEACE; St. Louis, Mo.**
G. W. Bouchard, 1313 Pratt Ave. Master
W. J. Pourcelle, 2716 Gamble Ave. Secretary
W. A. Isbell, 320 Montrose Ave. Financier
W. A. Isbell, 320 Montrose Ave. Mag. Agent
- 110. OLD GUARD; Bucyrus, Ohio.**
Meets at Engineer's Hall, Cor. of Sandusky Ave. and Mansfield St., the second and fourth Sundays of each month at 2 P. M.
W. T. Craig Master
W. C. Bruce Secretary
J. R. Gordon, L. Box 235 Financier
G. D. McLaughlin Mag. Agent
- 111. BEACON; Mattoon, Ills.**
Meets at Engineer's Hall, West Broadway St., the first and third Tuesdays of each month at 7:30 P. M.
J. F. Gleason, Box 498 Master
F. S. Strickland, Box 833 Secretary
H. H. Kirchgraber, L. Box 142. Financier
L. Welsh, Box 205 Mag. Agent
- 112. EVENING STAR; Mt. Vernon, Ills.**
Meets at Masonic Hall, Stratton's Block, the second and fourth Sundays of each month at 3 P. M.
W. C. Vawter Master
C. Joyce Secretary
J. Murphy Financier
A. J. Randall, L. Box 126 Mag. Agent
- 113. CLARK-KIMBALL; Eagle Rock, Idaho.**
Meets every Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.
Wm. Hull, Master
Will R. Dean Secretary
Will R. Dean Financier
E. B. Nye Mag. Agent
- 114. MAGIC CITY; Cheyenne, Wyoming.**
Meets in Hall over Post Office every Sunday at 4 P. M.
A. Heenan, Box 229 Master
C. Madson, Box 625 Secretary
F. W. Dudley, Box 625 Financier
J. Dunn, Box 625 Mag. Agent
- 115. GULF CITY; Galveston, Texas.**
J. M. Donough, 110 West Ave. H. Master
J. H. Steinhoff, Ave. N, between 19th and 20th Sts. Secretary
J. L. Frainne, 27th St. and Ave. H. Financier
J. H. Steinhoff, Ave. N, between 19th and 20th Sts. Mag. Agent
- 116. ST. CLAIR; Fort Gratiot, Mich.**
Meets in Odd Fellow's Hall, on Huron Ave., (Edison's Block,) the first, third and fourth Sundays of every month at 2:30 P. M.
R. E. Allen, Box 57 Master
G. W. Rae, Box 31 Secretary
J. J. Rae, Box 31 Financier
J. N. Timens Mag. Agent
- 117. BEAVER; London, Ont.**
Meets in Engineer's Hall, on Water street, the second Tuesday and fourth Friday of every month at 7:30 P. M.
R. Gowanlock, 384 South St. Master
S. S. Fletcher, 221 Maitland St. Secretary
J. W. Cox, 76 Hamilton Road. Financier
W. Temple, 109 Calborne St. Mag. Agent
- 118. STAR OF THE EAST; Richmond, Quebec.**
Meets in Odd Fellow's Hall, near Locomotive Shops, the first two Wednesdays of every month at 8 P. M. and the last two Saturdays of every month at 3 P. M.
R. A. Leonard, Richmond Sta. P. O., Master
J. Damant, Richmond Sta. P. O., Secretary
G. Scott, Richmond Sta. P. O. Financier
T. A. Bonner, Richmond Sta. P. O. Mag. Agent
- 119. COLONIAL; River du Loup, Quebec.**
T. Findley Master
F. Gosselin Secretary
R. Findley Financier
C. Walker Mag. Agent
- 120. FORTUNE; Syracuse, N. Y.**
Meets in I. O. of G. T. Hall, 197 Seymour St., every Saturday at 7:30 P. M.
S. T. Vrooman, Care J. Doyle, 197 Seymour St. Master
F. H. Livingston, 157 Madison St. Secretary
G. J. Walters, 146 Butternut St. Financier
C. S. Vrooman, Care J. Doyle, 197 Seymour St. Mag. Agent
- 121. FELLOWSHIP; Corning, N. Y.**
Meets in Grove's Block, East Market St., the first and third Sundays of each month at 4 P. M.
O. L. Baker, Box 867 Master
H. Krebs, Box 310 Secretary
G. R. Quick Financier
J. Krebs, Box 310 Mag. Agent
- 122. H. B. STONE; Beardstown, Ill.**
Meets every Tuesday evening at 7:30 o'clock.
G. Hertline Master
S. A. Mayall Secretary
C. C. Catlin, Box 193 Financier
W. Elwood, Box 215 Mag. Agent
- 123. OVERLAND; Omaha, Neb.**
J. Casey, 608 13th St. Master
F. Crawford, U. P. Round House. Secretary
T. F. Barry, 1112 Chicago St. Financier
G. T. Anderson, U. P. Round House Mag. Agent

FIREMEN'S MAGAZINE.

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THE BETROTHAL.

The prairie schooner went slowly through the deep sand, drawn by its team of mules. By their side trudged the driver wearily, pausing now and then to wipe away the drops of perspiration from his forehead and to glance behind him over the long track cut by the wheels in the snow-white, alkali-covered desert. Far away to the west the great mountains lifted their heads into the clear sky, standing like sentinels guarding the approach to a promised land. Seated on the front seat of the wagon was a girl about twenty, dressed in a cotton gown, with a great sun-bonnet on her head. The utter plainness of her surroundings and her apparel could not disguise her beauty, and, in spite of her long ride through clouds of alkali dust, she somehow continued to look fresh.

"Allie," said the man, at last, "we'll get there 'bout five, I reckon."

"I hope so, father, 'cause the animals are 'bout worn out, an' I expect you aint so peart as you might be."

"That ar's a fact. This yer's bin the hardest day yet, 'cordin' to my way of lookin' at it."

"Never mind, daddy; it'll be all right when we get once across the mountains. What's that? Over yonder, I mean," pointing as she spoke to the figure of a horse and his rider, just on top of one of the small hills.

The man took a long look, and then said:

"It's a white man, I think, and he's comin' this way. Allie, reach me down my rifle off'n them hooks."

The girl did as she was told, and the father examined the weapon to see that it was all right. Then, placing it on his shoulder he trudged along once more. The solitary rider approached the wagon much faster than they at first thought he would, and in about twenty minutes he was close enough to hail.

"Hol' on, stranger!" sung out the old man. "Who are you, an' what's your bizness?"

"My name's James Burton, and I'am

scout and mountain man. What's yours, and whar did you come from?" was the reply, in frank, clear tones, as the stranger drew his horse to a stop.

"I'm John Duncan, late of Pike county, an' bound for Californy. This yer's my daughter Allie."

Burton bowed somewhat awkwardly in response to the blunt introduction, and seeing the old man drop his rifle into the hollow of his arm, rode forward. Strangers, when you are once assured of their good faith, are far to seldom met with in the desert to permit of all parties being anything but cordial. In half an hour after Burton had joined old Duncan and his daughter, to hear them talk one would have supposed they were old friends. An interchange of news between them resulted, by the time they reached the water hole, in making each one acquainted with the history of the other. When they camped for the night the young man assisted the elder in releasing the mules from their heavy harness, and in gathering fuel from the scanty greasewood bushes for the fire. He cut the bacon in slices for Alice to fry, and contributed as his share of the supper a leg of venison he had hanging from his saddle, having shot the deer to which it had belonged, as he told the girl, the day before, in the park, as all small valleys, walled in by mountains, are called in the West. After supper the two men sat by the fire, smoking and talking, and when the girl climbed into her bed in the wagon, and the men had rolled themselves up in their blankets and lain on the ground, she could still hear the hum of their voices until she fell asleep.

The next day they started out bright and early, and by night had reached the foot of the long ascent which led to the pass through the mountains. The day following this, by nightfall, they had got into the pass itself. Here, at the base of an enormous peak, they camped. By this time young Burton and Alice Duncan had become very intimate. He thought her one of the most delightful and fascinating girls he ever saw, and she had come to the conclusion that she

had never met quite so splendid a man. That evening after supper the old man announced that he was very tired and proposed to turn in at once.

Burton and the girl made up their minds to sit up for a while and talk. Soon the long-drawn snores of the sleeper told them that they were practically alone, and the conversation between them became interspersed with longer and longer pauses.

"Allie," said Jim, and paused.

"Yes," said Alice, timidly.

"It seems to me as how—at least I mean that— Do you know—it's pesky hard climbin' thou' this yer pass."

"Is it?" said Alice, in a singularly embarrassed tone.

"Yes," continued Jim. "It's kinder tough. An' it's sorter dangerous, too. Road agents round here, you know."

There was a pause, and then Alice said:

"Oh!"

Jim cleared his throat vigorously.

"Don't you kinder think I could sorter, as it were—well, you know what I mean."

"Not very well; Mr. Burton."

"No? Well, I don't wonder much. What I mean is: Don't you think—at least couldn't I—Alice, I love you!" he broke out in desperation. "Will you love me?"

The question was asked at last, and as Jim turned eagerly toward the girl to hear her answer he got one look in her eyes by the bright moonlight. Whatever he saw there it was sufficient to tell him all he wanted to know without any words. He took her hand and drew her toward him.

Just at that moment the deep growl from the great yellow dog belonging to old man Duncan startled the lovers. Jim hastily kissed the girl, and then, releasing her, stretched out his hand for his rifle.

"What is it, Alice?" he asked in a low tone.

"I don't know. Bose sees or scents something."

The dog had risen and walked to the end of the wagon, where he stood looking down the trail.

"Hadh't you better wake your father, Allie?" asked Jim.

"No. If it's anything Bose will do that."

As she spoke the dog turned to where Duncan was lying, and, seizing his shoulder, shook him. The old man sat up in a moment.

"What is it, Burton?" he asked.

"I don't know yet," Jim responded. "The dog sees something, but I have not myself seen or heard—"

"Oh! Listen!" whispered Alice.

"Horses," said Jim, after a pause. "An' shod, too," he added, as a clink of metal upon stone struck his ear.

Duncan got up hastily and took his rifle. With a movement of his foot he scattered the fire, and the two men then crept forward a few yards to where the trail took a short curve. Here, looking around the edge of the rock, they saw a party of five men riding slowly up towards them. The wide sombreros, the leggins, with bright silver buttons down them, the short jackets, with glistening gold onzas in place of buttons, told the watchers that a party of Mexicans were before them. Duncan gazed long at the leader, or rather at the horse he rode. The moonlight was bright enough to enable him to see as if it were day, and he watched the horse, a coal-black with a white star on the forehead, and four white feet—he turned to Burton and said: "That's Jose Gonzalez."

Not a man lived upon the border in those days but what had heard of Jose Gonzalez, the Mexican bandit. A man who seemed to revel in bloodshed and crime; who never spared man, woman or child; who had committed more murders than he was months old; for whose head there were rewards offered in four or five places, his own State, Chihuahua, in Northern Mexico, being one.

When Jim recognized him, or rather his famous horse, he felt that thrill which all brave men feel when brought face to face with a great danger.

"What'll we do, Jim?" asked Duncan, in a whisper.

"We kin shoot from here; they'll be in range in a minute or two; or we can go back an' hide, an' trust to luck. They may not see us."

"Guess we better shoot. There's Allie, you know."

"I know; but they may pass an' not see us."

"All right. We'll hide then."

No sooner said than the two men went back to the wagon. While they were away, Alice had put out the sticks from the fire. The wagon had been drawn up close to the rock, and was, fortunately, in the deep shadow. As is always the case with moonlight in the mountains, the shadows are as deep as the blackest night. Jim drove the mules and his horse into a little rift in the rocks in which they could stand, and then, plac-

ing Alice behind a boulder, he took his station at one end of the wagon, while Duncan stood at the other.

The waiting men could hear the Mexicans coming up the trail, one of them singing a Spanish love song. As they rounded the corner from which the two men had seen them, Jim braced himself for the possible fight. Nearer and nearer came Jose, riding in front, and the two men in the shadow fairly held their breaths as he passed. Following him came his four men. All had passed in safety except one, when one of the mules in the rift squealed. The bandits stopped instantly, and as they did so Duncan saw two of them in line in the moonlight. To level his long rifle and fire was the work of a second, and the two Mexicans fell from their horses, one shot through the breast and the other with his head torn fairly open by the passing bullet. A second after, Burton, the young man, fired, and another of the bandits fell. Jose and his remaining follower threw themselves from their horses and took refuge behind some large stones. They were at a terrible disadvantage, for while they were in the bright light their enemies were in the shadow. For all that Jose fired in the direction of the first shot he had seen, and as Duncan had not taken the precaution of moving as soon as he shot, the bullet from the bandit's rifle struck him. He sank to the ground with a moan of pain. At that moment Jose's companion raised his head above the rock. Jim fired, ending that Mexican's trouble forever. This left Jose and Jim each unhurt, and each one thoroughly trained in all the experiments of border warfare. Once more Jose tried firing at the place where he had seen the flash of a rifle, but as Jim had moved instantly he only succeeded in sending the bullet through the wagon. As he fired, Jim shot at him, but only succeeded in wounding him in the shoulder. Then there was a long pause, each one trying to see the other without himself being seen. At last Jim, slowly and quietly, worked himself up the trail to a point where he could see behind the rock where Jose was. Gazing carefully, he saw the Mexican's legs only, and, aiming, fired. The ball struck the bandit in the hip, wounding him, as it afterwards turned out, fatally. Then, for the first time, Jim felt at liberty to look after the old man.

Going to where he was, he found him lying in a pool of blood, insensible. Raising him in his arms, he carried him

to where the girl had been placed, and hastily telling her what was the matter, left Duncan there and went after a canteen of water. Calling the dog he made him lie down in front of the wagon, as he knew that any attempt on Jose's part to attack them would be noticed by Bose.

Returning to Duncan and Alice, he found the old man had regained consciousness. Giving the water to Alice, Jim made a fire, by the light of which he began to examine the wounded man. Duncan had been shot through the left breast, and he was evidently bleeding internally. He could not speak, but when Jim examined the wound the old man shook his head, showing perfect knowledge of his desperate state. Then he looked anxiously from Alice to Jim.

"It's a bad wound, old man," said Jim. Duncan nodded impatiently and looked again at Alice. "I told her to-night, afore this thing begun," said Jim, answering the look, "that I loved her, an' if she'll have me, an' I reckon she will, I'm goin' to marry her fust chance I get."

The old man looked at his daughter inquiringly, and she, putting her head down on his shoulder, said:

"Yes, father."

The expression of Duncan's face changed to one of intense satisfaction. Then feebly he took Alice's hand in his, and with the other reached out for Jim's. Jim gave him his hand at once, and the old man joined the two. Then, laying a hand on the girl's bowed head, he looked first at one and then at the other. Then—he fell back, dead.

Before leaving the spot the next morning, Jim went to the spot where Jose had hid. Here he found the Mexican had bled to death from his wounds. It took Jim about two hours to bury the men, and then he dug a grave at the foot of the rock, in which he placed the body of the old man, cutting in the stone his name.

Placing the weeping girl in the wagon, he once more started the mules, and two days afterwards he reached Fort Kearney. Here the chaplain made Jim and Alice husband and wife, nor did she ever have cause to regret her choice.

Boston Post: "Yes, Judge," said a prisoner, "I admit that the back of my trousers were tangled in the dog's teeth, and that I dragged the animal away, but if you call that stealing a dog no man on earth is safe from committing crime."

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY.

By the flow of the inland river,
 Whence the fleets of iron have fled,
 Where the blades of the grave-grass quiver,
 Asleep are the ranks of the dead ;
 Under the sod and the dew,
 Waiting the judgment day ;
 Under the one, the Blue ;
 Under the other, the Gray.

These in the robings of glory,
 Those in the gloom of defeat ;
 All with the battle-blood gory,
 In the dusk of eternity meet ;
 Under the sod and the dew,
 Waiting the judgment day ;
 Under the laurel, the Blue ;
 Under the willow, the Gray.

From the silence of sorrowful hours
 The desolate mourners go,
 Lovingly laden with flowers,
 Alike for the friend and the foe.
 Under the sod and the dew,
 Waiting the judgment day ;
 Under the roses, the Blue ;
 Under the lilies, the Gray.

So with an equal splendor
 The morning sun-rays fall,
 With a touch impartially tender,
 On the blossoms blooming for all.
 Under the sod and the dew,
 Waiting the judgment day ;
 Brodered with gold, the Blue ;
 Mellowed with gold, the Gray.

So, when the summer calleth,
 On forest and field of grain,
 With an equal murmur falleth
 The cooling drip of the rain ;
 Under the sod and the dew,
 Waiting the judgment day ;
 Wet with rain, the Blue,
 Wet with rain, the Gray.

Sadly, but not with upbraiding,
 The generous deed was done ;
 In the storms of the years now fading,
 No braver battle was won.
 Under the sod and the dew,
 Waiting the judgment day ;
 Under the blossoms, the Blue ;
 Under the garlands, the Gray.

No more shall the war-cry sever,
 Or the winding rivers be red ;
 They banish our anger forever
 When they laurel the graves of the dead.
 Under the sod and the dew,
 Waiting the judgment day ;
 Love and tears for the Blue ;
 Tears and love for the Gray.

TELEGRAPHY.

In these days of energy and push, of rapid fortunes and quick disasters, it is an interesting subject to the student of current events, when glancing at the past; he may note the progress that, by comparison, stamps the present century as the most remarkable in the Christian era.

The knowledge of man, within the limits of the past century, nay, within the brief years of the present generation, has been brought to a state of culture never before attainable. Discoveries have been made and appliances perfected which open to the vision of all the avenues to a universal intelligence, whose approaches are as various as the appliances themselves.

All the various branches of science within the compass of the human mind have, by the genius which stamps the age, been so developed and so simplified that ignorance is no longer excusable or to be defended, and knowledge, being within the reach of all, has become an open book, even to the casual observer.

Perhaps in no other particular has this evidence of advancement and progression been more marked than in the extension of the commerce of the world, and in the invention of those appliances which have brought the nations of the earth, with their great variety of products and manufactures, in close connection. The steamship ploughs the waves and carries within her broad arm port the interchange of luxuries and necessities between our shores and foreign lands. The railroads which stretch over our vast continent their network of iron and steel, levelling distance, bridging the valleys, climbing the mountains and leaping the flowing rivers, carrying into the far-off Western wilds the sturdy emigrant and the ambitious miner, have performed giant labor in the development of the resources and industries of a land richly endowed by nature with all the elements of wealth and sustenance.

The barren prairies have yielded to the ploughshare of the husbandman, and vast fields of grain are waving their luxuriant forms, where but a short time before roving herds of animals grazed upon the plains, undisturbed by the crack of the rifle, the click of the mower or the advancing stride of civilization.

From the Atlantic to the Pacific towns and villages and cities have sprung up

almost as miraculously as though under the touch of the wizard's wand; the growing and wide-spreading population have given an added impetus to the inventor and the manufacturer; new industries to supply new wants are constantly being developed and utilized for the benefit of mankind.

Delving beneath the surface, the sturdy miner forces from their hidden beds the coal, the iron and the precious metals, thus contributing to the comfort of a people, advancing the progress of invention, and adding to the material wealth of a great and growing nation.

But even these appliances are insufficient to keep pace with the onward march of civilization and of commerce. The means of communication between distant points must be more rapidly and securely established. The systematic transportation of the mails, however expeditious it may be, is no longer available for the practical purposes of trade or the conveyance of intelligence, which must be instantly accomplished in order to be of benefit or value, and to supply this want the inventive minds have been laboring successfully in the production and use of the electric telegraph.

No longer must trade remain inactive, awaiting the ordinary but somewhat tardy transmission of intelligence, but with the quickness of thought the electric current darts from continent to continent, over the land and under the sea; and the whole world is now, as it were, within speaking distance and upon speaking terms.

The piping notes of peace or the trumpet blasts of war are heard in our own land simultaneously with their utterance, although the scene of active operations may be thousands of miles away; and the pulse of the American market beats spontaneously with the fluctuations of the London Exchange or the Paris Bourse. The imaginary girdle of the sprightly Puck has become a living reality; the genius of humanity has "snatched the lightning from the gathering clouds," and the wonderful in nature has succumbed to the wonderful in man.

As the subject of telegraphy, with its uses and abuses, is to form the basis of the narratives contained in the following pages, a short compendium of the most important phases through which, as a science, it has passed, from theory to practice, from speculation to an established and important fact, may not be out of place.

Long before telegraphy attained its

present perfection by the introduction of voltaic electricity as its motive power, individuals and nations were in the habit of communicating information of battles, defeats and victories by means of beacon fires, signals of sounds, of dumb signs and of lamp signals, as proposed by Æneas.

The flag signals, as universally practiced at sea for communicating between ships, has long been in successful operation with gratifying results. The "tello-grap" of Chappe, invented in 1792, and brought into use during the French Revolution, was another step in the direction of making "conversation at a distance" a practical success. This device consisted simply of a cross-bar erected on a pole, from which arms were suspended, and by means of ropes the arms were capable of a variety of movements, which, by a systematic arrangement, were easily operated and understood.

From these arose many plans of a telegraph, notably the "semaphore," a French modification, which came into use in 1816, and is in practical operation to-day on some lines of railroad for signal purposes.

The North American aborigines made use of regular stations, and spelled words by means of fires of various hues and substances, and the Indians of the Northwestern territory made use of this means to convey the information of the approach of General Fremont as he passed through their regions.

But in the meantime, in 1745, Franklin had flown his kite, and had drawn the electricity from the clouds, while Newton and others labored to bring it into general use.

The earliest records of this power of transmitting the electric fluid to any distance, of which we have any knowledge, carries us back to the year 1727, when the annals of science tell us that one Stephen Gray, a pensioner of the Charter House, London, made some random experiments which led to the inference that electricity could be transmitted through strings and wire. He employed a wire about seven hundred feet long, suspended in the air by silk threads, and connected it with an excited glass tube at one end, while another person observed the electrification at the opposite end.

Various attempts were made after that time to ascertain the distance to which the electric fluid could be transmitted by an insulated wire. The inquiry was taken up in 1733 by Dufay and Symner,

but no fresh results seem to have been obtained. Then came Franklin, and a little later Dr. Winkler, a German professor, became identified with researches in physical experiments, but even at this time no one seems to have had the remotest idea of turning it to any practical purpose. In 1746 the "Leyden jar" was discovered, which tended greatly to assist experiments in the transmission of electric power, and about that period the name of Desaguilliers, a Frenchman, and Dr. Watson, a Welch Bishop, are recorded as being connected with electricity.

The latter stretched a wire across the river Thames, over the old Westminster bridge, in 1747, and at a later period he repeated the experiment by transmitting an electric charge through a wire 2,800 feet long. In the following year he succeeded in operating through 10,000 feet of wire, suspended on wooden poles erected on Shooters' Hill.

Dr. Franklin made similar experiments at Philadelphia in the year 1747 by stretching wires across the Schuylkill river; and Dulac, we are told, experimented in the same year on wires that were extended across the lake of Geneva; but nobody, not even our own great genius, Dr. Franklin, seems to have harbored the slightest suspicion of the great results to which these early inquiries would ultimately lead.

In the year 1774 Le Sage, a Swiss physician, operated at Geneva on a telegraph comprising twenty-four insulated metallic wires, each wire connected with a pith ball electroscope, which corresponded with one letter of the alphabet. From this, therefore, we must date the ripening into a system of the idea of transmitting intelligible sounds, and to the Swiss doctor is to be accorded the honor of having given it a practical form. This instrument was submitted to Frederick the Great, but found no favor with the Prussian King.

The introduction of the railroad, with its various attendant requirements, peremptorily demanded the speedy development of some practical system of telegraphic communication. A general spirit of inquiry and experiment manifested itself, and an instrument invented by Mr. Wheatstone was in active operation at an early date, on the road between the towns of London and Bristol.

To Professor Samuel F. B. Morse, of New York, however, undoubtedly belongs the title of having been the first inventor of the art of writing legible

characters at a distance by means of electro-magnetism, and to our own time and generation has been left the duty, so successfully performed, of taming and subduing the fiery electrical current. In 1837 Morse's telegraph was first publicly exhibited in New York, and was at once recognized as the most simple and efficient—though still incomplete—but seven years after, in 1844, it was brought into practical use, and the cities of Washington and Baltimore had actual telegraphic communication.

From that time we may regard the system of telegraphy as a successful and satisfying science, and, yielding to the increased public demand, it has made prodigious and astounding strides. Oceans and territories have been wired by the galvanic thread, and "the uttermost parts of the earth" have been brought within the circle of civilization.

ONLY A BRAKEMAN.

BY EVERETT A. BUDD.

Only a brakeman! killed by the train;
Only a brakeman! by accident slain.
Onward, rush onward, no time for delay;
Blow the shrill whistle and hasten away.

Only a brakeman! cries the wild throng;
Only a brakeman! been called by Death's
gong.

Why should the eye glisten? Why should
the heart ache?
'Tis only a brakeman who's set his last brake.

Only a brakeman! the editors write,
Only a brakeman! 'Twas late in the night,
He was doing his duty—the train broke in
two,
When down to his death the brakeman fell
through.

Only a brakeman! but the pride of some
heart;
Only a brakeman! but in some busy mart
Are eyes that are weeping and hearts that
are hushed,
Because a poor brakeman was yesterday
crushed.

Only a brakeman! but a true-hearted boy,
Only a brakeman! but a mother's joy,
For whom there's no muffle for the coarse
iron wheel
That grinds on her heart as on the grooved
steel.

OUR EXCHANGES.

PRINCE BISMARCK.

"Gath," in Cincinnati Enquirer.

Bismarck got his name from the town of Bismarck, about one hundred miles west of Berlin, near the River Biese. Mark means "march," or line of defence of a feudal lord or soldier. Hence, probably, Bismarck, or the march on the Biese. Some say it is derived from Bishop's mark, because some local Bishop was entrusted with the defence of the mark or march. The founders of the family were cloth merchants, or belonged to that guild. This guild was accused of being aristocratic, and 150 years before the discovery of America Claus Bismarck, the principal founder of the family, was driven out. He assisted the State of Brandenburg, in which lies Berlin, to get its independence of the German Empire. One of the Bismarcks 200 years ago was the step-brother of Count Zizendorf, the founder of the Moravians. It was a warrior family.

Schonhausen is a small village governed by a Bailiff. Near its church is a respectable old mansion with a broad roof, two stories and a basement high, having farm buildings around it. The house has enormous walls, and is built in the form of a quadrangle, and above its door the arms of the Bismarcks are carved on a shield. Next to them is the Catte family, also celebrated for its devotion to the royal house of Prussia.

Bismarck's mother was named Menken, a name familiar to circus goers in this country. His mother's father was a Republican at the outbreak of the French revolution, and his daughter was an orphan when married to Bismarck. He was the fourth or fifth child. The family, getting some estates farther up towards the Baltic Sea, in Pomerania, Bismarck passed much of his youth there.

In 1832 Bismarck began to study law; he loved history, particularly that of his own country. When he went to the University he was a thin, graceful boy, with rather benevolent eyes. He was not very animated, but watched things.

He went to the University of Gottingen, though he wanted to go to Heidelberg, but his mother said he would drink too much beer there. Before going to Gottingen he fought a duel at Berlin with a young Jew, and cut off the Jew's spectacles, while he himself was wounded in the leg. During his school holidays he traveled in the Hartz Mountains.

He fought about twenty duels at Gottingen, and was only wounded once, still carrying the scar on his face. He seldom went to the lectures, but by a good memory and a peculiar kind of industry, passed his examinations pretty well. Among Bismarck's school companions was Mr. Motley, afterwards Minister for the United States to Austria. It is said that there was only one student whose society Bismarck preferred to Motley's.

He played all kinds of tricks on tradesmen and professors, and even ladies. He went to Court at twenty, and met Prince William, now King of Prussia, there.

At twenty-three he went, like all Prussians, into the army, and his father's estates threatening total ruin, the son sent the old couple back to Schonhausen to retirement. His mother died in Berlin in 1839.

For a time Bismarck carried on his father's estates and sat in the Provincial Legislature of Pomerania. He constantly rode horseback, had moody spells, and some called him mad. He drank porter mixed with champagne, read deeply yet carelessly, visited England and France, and married in 1847, at the age of thirty-two, Joanna Perkammer, whom he carried to Switzerland and Italy on a tour, and seeing the King at Venice, was called to dine, and a talk on politics after dinner is said to have started him in favor with the King. He sat in borrowed clothes on that occasion, not having his court suit along.

His first son was born in his own nest of Schonhausen. He had three children. The second was born at Berlin, and the third at Frankfurt.

In 1847 he went into politics, taking a stand against the Liberal party and for

the feudal and kingly privileges. As a member of the Diet at Frankfort, he became the defender of the King, right or wrong. It occurred to him that the German Confederation was a trap in which Austria kept Prussia fast.

An agitation arose in Prussia in 1847 for such a Constitution as the English had, and the King called a Diet to carry out that intent. Bismarck arose, with a ruddy countenance, a blonde beard, thick, short hair and very tall stature. He protested against modern Liberalism and the influence of foreigners in Prussia. The Liberal press opened on him. He also made a severe speech against the Jews.

He opposed the taking away of any of the privileges of the King, even to the granting of taxation to the Legislature.

"The Prussian Crown," he said, "must never be forced into the position of the English Crown, which appears more like an ornament at the apex of the edifice of State. In our monarchy I recognize it as the supporting pillar." The King asked him to his hunting parties.

Hearing one night at a beer saloon some member of the royal family insultingly mentioned, Bismarck broke his beer glass over the offender's head.

The King appointed him Ambassador to the German Diet at Frankfort in 1851. That was the beginning of his real prominence, now thirty years old.

Austria was all influential in the Diet, and the new comer assumed his heaviest dignity and began to look down on the Deputies under Austrian and Democratic influence. He boarded in the house of a Prussian merchant, rose late, took a horseback ride before dinner and often wore his military uniform. He afterwards kept a villa at Frankfort, and showed much hospitality in it. He wore a medal which he had gained by saving a man's life, and it was his only decoration.

He labored to limit the arbitrary power of the President of the Diet, and devised the secret scheme to push Austria out of Germany. He was frequently in Paris. In 1858 Bismarck was recalled from Frankfort and sent to St. Petersburg as Minister, where his health began to show signs of decay. He learned the Russian language as rapidly as he had learned French and English, and gave some time to the education of his children. In 1862 he was made Ambassador to Paris for a little while, and then put at the head of the Prussian Government.

In two years he was made a Count,

and had drawn Austria into the Danish embroglio, a war resulting and Denmark being plundered of her German Duchies. Austria proposed to make an independent State out of these conquests, while Bismarck desired a German Confederation under the leadership of Prussia.

The war with Austria was now precipitated by Bismarck. He regarded Austria as an Oriental and not a German power, and determined to put Prussia at the head of Germany.

In the spring of 1866 he was fired at and slightly wounded by a young man. Five shots were fired and three of them struck him, while Bismarck had his assailant by the throat. He walked to his house and ate his dinner as usual, and it is said that nobody at his table ate but himself. The King came to see him and the people serenaded him. The assassin committed suicide.

FOR OLD TIMES' SAKE.

Brooklyn Eagle.

"Back again," said a very dilapidated looking individual, sauntering up to the cashier's desk in the business department of the Eagle and assuming a classic pose, evidently to impress the cashier favorably. "Back again, I say, old man," repeated the seedy chap. The cashier looked up from a roll of hundred dollar notes he was in the act of counting, took a furtive glance at the apparent tramp and said, "We haven't anything for you to-day."

"Well, that's good," said the tramp. "So you take me for a beggar, do you? I see. I have remained away too long. Well, well; out of sight, out of mind. You really do not remember me? Come now, take a long look and brush up your dormant faculties," and the tramp struck another attitude more imposing than the first. The cashier inspected the face of the tramp with a searching gaze, that would have done credit to a full-blooded story-paper detective, but without recognizing the features.

"I never saw you before," said the cashier.

"Is it possible that you, my old school fellow, could have become so enamored of the vanities of this world as to cut an old friend simply because his back is not covered with broadcloth and fine linen? Sir, this wrecks my faith in the honesty of man. Hereafter I am a believer in total depravity and universal cussedness. There was one time when you were—"

"Come, see here, you have gone far enough," said the cashier, "I am very busy, and if you haven't any business with me you had better leave."

"Then I have gone entirely out of your life," said the tramp, heaving a deep sigh, but showing no signs of leaving. "Henceforth, I suppose, we are to consider ourselves strangers to each other? And so I have lived all these years to see a noble nature hurled from its pedestal of purity by the glitter and tinsel of riches. Ah, my friend, it is indeed too true that few people can stand the corroding influences of prosperity."

"If you do not leave at once I shall be obliged to have you removed by force," said the cashier, entirely losing patience.

"Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them," quoted the tramp. "When I was a youth I felt that my lot in life was a high one. I felt that I was born to greatness, as our lamented friend well puts it. Then I attempted to achieve greatness, and after a time lived in hope that greatness would be thrust upon me, but it wasn't thrust worth a cent."

"Will you or will you not go?" said the cashier, thoroughly exasperated.

"Young man, this is cruel. If your memory was not blinded, by the pride which cometh with success, I am sure you would help an old friend down the hill of life. Come now, for old times' sake, let me have a couple of dollars. I'll—" The tramp never finished the sentence, and as he pulled himself together on the sidewalk outside the office he muttered, "That lay is dead bad."

A VISIT TO ST. HELENA.

BY H. MARIA DODGE.

We had been out thirty days from Liverpool in the steamer *Duke of Wellington*, bound for Cape Town, when one morning just at sunrise the cry of "Land ho!" brought all the passengers on deck. Glad enough were we when told the land was St. Helena.

Great, rugged, precipitous cliffs from six hundred to two thousand feet high encircle the island, which is of volcanic origin. But the island is not all barren. As we approached nearer we saw that in the valleys there was much vegetation, and in some places the rich luxuries of the tropics.

A narrow inlet cuts into the northern shore, between two long, ridgy moun-

tains, at the feet of which, in a little valley, is an old-fashioned hamlet. It is Jamestown, the port town of this crown colony of Great Britain.

It is a very little town, lying low upon the rocky shore, with the main street directly in the valley. The whole front of the precipice above is one vast battery, consisting of innumerable staircases, leading from casement to casement, cut in the solid rock.

We land on a little stone jetty or pier which is the only landing place in the harbor, and glance around. How strong and impregnable the place seems, made so just to guard a solitary, almost friendless, broken-hearted man whom the fortune of war and the spite of a cruel government had condemned to exile in this lonely spot. What precautions they took to guard against any escape? The remains are still to be seen of the intricate system of bells, very much like the style of the modern fire-alarm, attached to every gun. If at any time a traitor should have dared to touch one, the whole garrison would have been alarmed by the ringing, and every soldier on the alert.

The garrison at present numbers only one hundred and nineteen men, but in Napoleon's day Sir Hudson Lowe had three thousand men under him on the island. Every little ravine where landing was possible was guarded by a fort, and a relay of guards watched night and day, so much did they fear the caged lion they had in their midst.

Longwood, where Napoleon lived, is on a plateau of fifteen hundred acres in the interior of the island. The distance from the port is about three miles, over a most rocky and inhospitable road. We chartered a team, after no little haggling about prices, and at 10 o'clock we started for the place consecrated for us by so many memories.

A high, gloomy peak towered on our left, Cuckold's Point, twenty-seven hundred feet above the sea level. This peak collects all the clouds in the vicinity for a crown, and as we rode along its base, the crown turned into a shower bath. It ended as abruptly as it came, and a gorgeous rainbow sprang from the mist and sunshine, spanning a long plain, in the mist of which we saw a long, low structure surrounded by gardens and a fence in good repair, which our driver informed us was Longwood.

At the words our minds went back sixty years, and we could almost see the short, stout figure of Napoleon pacing

with bowed head and folded arms to and fro upon the broad, low piazza, or standing by that piece of broken wall and gazing out upon the open sea, far beyond which lay France and the fields of his glory.

In the days when the imperial exile made Longwood his home the English colors floated over the mansion; but to-day the French tri-color waves there. In 1858 Louis Napoleon purchased the house and the surrounding grounds of the English government, and appointed a perpetual guard over them.

We left our carriage without the grounds and approached the gateway, where a little French sentinel with a fierce mustache stood on guard. At our expressing desire to visit the place, he lowered his musket and politely ushered us into the enclosure. Here we were met by an officer in the dress of the old National guard, wearing the cross of the legion of honor, who officiated as guide, after we had entered our names on the visitors' book.

The house at Longwood has been kept in excellent repair. It is an unobtrusive, one story and a half building, with its center somewhat elevated. The room in which Napoleon died, a really stately apartment, is in this portion of the house. On the spot where stood the bed on which he breathed his last, there is a bust of the hero on a pedestal of black marble surrounded by an iron railing.

All the rooms are in a state of most thorough order and neatness, but there is not a particle of furniture in any of them. When we asked the guide the reason of this he replied, with a voice trembling with feeling:

"The rooms are better desolate and empty."

The old veteran's emotion suggested the reason, corroborated by what he added, after a brief hesitation:

"The furniture he used can not be found, and we would not desecrate the rooms with any other," and the Frenchman dashed an involuntary tear from his bronzed cheek.

Those who kept watch and ward over the place of his exile and death could hardly restrain their emotion whenever we spoke his name. The door of every room opens upon the long piazza, and we stepped out and looked toward the sea. What a glorious prospect, yet sad to the eyes of the imperial exile!

We went out into his garden, where the anaranths and passion flowers planted by his own hands still grow in great

profusion. Here is an artificial little pond full of gold and silver fish, the descendants of those that the Emperor fed. The walks are kept well-trimmed. A steep wood path leads down to a secluded little dell named Slane's Valley. Here, in a spot of his own choosing, near a little fountain, and hedged in by willows, the dead body of the Emperor was laid to rest on the day following his death. Here for almost twenty years the drooping willows tossed and whispered over his grave.

We knelt on the soft grass, and looked into the empty grave. The body that rested there, now slumbers under the magnificent dome of Des Invalides, in the midst of the splendid capital where it once received the plaudits of empires; but somehow amidst the soft sound wind and waving willows, this seemed the most fitting resting place for the hero.

A DRAPED LOCOMOTIVE.

Burlington Hawkeye.

"To me," said the sad passenger, "there is something inexpressibly mournful in a draped locomotive; and especially so when it is draped in mourning for a dead engineer. The President of a railway company stands a long way from the engine, and when he dies the engine mourns as we sorrow for a rich uncle whom we never saw and who left us nothing. But the man who was a part of his engine's life, who spurred her up the long, steep, climbing mountain grades, and coaxed her around dizzy curves, and sent her down the long level stretches with the flight of an arrow, who knew how to humor all her caprices, and coaxed and petted and urged her through blinding storms and rayless night, and blistering heat and stinging cold, until engine and engineer seemed to be body and soul of one existence—then, when that man at last gets his final orders and crosses the dark river alone, with only the fadeless target-lights of sure eternal promise gleaming brightly on the other side; and when there is a new man on the right hand side and a new face looks out of the engineer's window, I think I can see a profound and sincere sorrow in the panting spirit of power, standing in the station draped with fluttering sable emblems of its woe, waiting for the caressing touches of the dead hands that it will never feel again. And engineers tell me that for days and days the engine is fretful under the new

hands; it is restless and moody—starts off nervously and impatiently sometimes, and then drops into a sullen gait and loses time; that no man can get as much out of an engine as its own engineer.”

“Do you remember only a year or two ago,” the jester said, “only last summer, I believe it was, an engineer on the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy, running west from Chicago, died in his engine? Died right in his place, running, between Galesburg and Monmouth, and sat there, with his hand on the lever, and his sightless eyes gazing glassily down the track, not noticed until the fireman looked up to see why he did not whistle for Monmouth Station. And how many miles that train had thundered along with the dead engineer looking out of the cab window into eternity, no one knew and no one knows.”

LUNCHEON FOR A TRAMP.

New York Sun.

A tramp walked into the office of Broker McKinley yesterday morning. His coat was russet-colored, his trousers were bitten off at the heels, his vest needed pulling down, his celluloid collar wanted washing, his boots leaked, and his hat had holes in it from which hay-seed occasionally dropped.

“It’s the old story, I suppose,” said the broker; “you want to get to Jersey City, Saratoga, Newport, or some other seaport town, and then you’ll get a job.”

“No, sir, said the tramp, “I don’t want a cent. I’m starving, and only want a meal.”

Broker McKinley relented. Said he: “My man, here’s an order on Fisk & Robins for a meal. I’m glad to see you are so honest. I have been deceived so often that I’m losing faith in humanity. Whenever you want a meal come in.”

The tramp thanked him and departed. In the afternoon Mr. McKinley received a bill of which the following is a transcript:

J. R. McKinley to Fisk & Robins:	Dr.
TRAMP'S LUNCH.	
Raw oysters	20
Porterhouse steak, with mushrooms	85
Boiled eggs	25
French green peas	15
Stewed tomatoes	15
Asparagus	25
Pot coffee	20
Rice pudding	10
Apple pie	10
Total	\$2 25

McKinley came over after the close of business.

“What are you giving me?” he said to Uncle John Fisk.

“Giving you nothing,” replied Uncle John blandly. “You sent one of your customers over for a meal, and I gave him one.”

“Customer! He was a tramp, and I wanted you to give him coffee and a plate of hash.”

“Well, here’s your order,” said Uncle John. “The order read: ‘Give the bearer a good square meal, and send the account to me.’”

Broker McKinley sadly paid the bill, after eating a free lunch, and departed. Uncle John Fisk said: “I thought the dishes were piling pretty lively over at that chap’s table, but then I presumed that he had been caught ‘long’ on the bear market. Shabby? Well, nearly all speculators look shabby. It’s only brokers who wear good clothes.”

A STREET CAR SCENE.

Salt Lake Tribune.

A New York man went into a crowded car and asked if he could have the seat which was then occupied by a hat, whose owner was sitting in the next seat. The man, angrily grasping the hat, answered, “Yes, take it, if you’re a hog.”

“I’m so near one, that I guess I’ll take it,” said the other.

JOURNALISTIC courtesy: “Which editor do I want to see?” asked a young man who was smoking a cigarette and wore a hat about the size and shape of a tablespoon, as he opened the door of the editorial rooms and gazed about him. “Well,” said the trotting horse reporter, ceasing for an instant his labors in connection with a sketch of the life and career of Passaic, “you look as if you really ought to see the editor with the club, but probably I am mistaken. As a general friend of humanity, however, I would advise you to shoot the torch.” “Do what, sir?” inquired the young man. “Shoot the torch—put out that dizzy little street pipe.” “Do you mean this cigarette?” asked the visitor. “That’s it,” was the reply. “You just drop that thing or else sherry yourself around the corner. We get enough cigarette smoke from young ducks that come around here Saturdays with society items.”

In a Western mine there is this notice: “Do not fall down this shaft, as there are men at work at the bottom of it.”

TIME'S SOLILOQUY.

Bill Nye.

Old, call you me? Ay, when the corner-stone of the universe was laid I was on deck. Before the first circus joke had shot athwart the morn, I was there. When the morning stars sang together I might have been seen with my new hour-glass and crude mowing machine, taking it all in.

Amid the bloom and verdure of paradise I gazed upon the new world radiant with celestial smiles. Ere the foot of man had trod the velvet green of the new earth, and before the range had been all fed down like a base ball ground, I was there.

I am the oldest inhabitant. The song of the lark and the twitter of the guinea hen were first heard by me. When Adam opened out for himself and pre-empted the Garden of Eden, I was on hand. When Noah rounded up his stock and built his boat, I was there.

I saw Babylon, Assyria, Palmyra and Cheyenne rise, flourish and bust. Nero, Pontius Pilate and Susan B. Anthony entered upon the great stage of action during my life-time. The ruins of Balbec and Nineveh were once proud structures. I saw them in their rise and fall. I control the fate of empires and ward caucuses. I give them their glory and splendor and then bust them in the snoot. Sooner or later I gather them in with my lawn mower and plant them in the sweet remotely. I spread silken tresses on the brow of beauty and polish the dome of the man on the front seat at the "Black Crook." I paint the blush of beauty on the cheek of the school-ma'am and encourage the sickly fuzz on the upper lip of the bilious masher.

I mature the giant oak that grows for centuries, as well as the cucumber that matures in two weeks. I pile up the salary of the newspaper nabob and accumulate interest on the twenty-four per cent. note.

I bring around the fall elections and the silver wedding with its dollar-store casters and seventy-five-cent butter dishes. I plant the false teeth in the mouth of the venerable and scatter sciatica and sadness wherever I go. Young and beautiful or old and wheezy, I put the kibosh on them all.

THE largest locomotive in the United States is being constructed at Sacramento. Its weight will be, when in running order, seventy tons.

HOW BEN HILL BECAME A SLAVE-HOLDER.

Extract from His Autobiography.

I married in 1845. My wife had seven slaves, large and small, left her by her father, who died when she was an infant. We thus began life with eight slaves. When my father and mother died the slaves selected their owner among the children, and I had to take two more, who would go with no other child, and paid for them. My wife had one other brother left an orphan with her. He married several years after we did, and determined not to keep his slaves. They were not willing to go out of the family, and I bought them. I now had fourteen slaves. I was a professional man living in town, and did not need them. I was willing to hire them out. The result was, I bought some land near the town, and moved on it with the slaves, and told them to support themselves under my protection. The slaves increased and married wives and husbands, and raised children, and to keep them together I bought them all. I also bought several others who had to be sold, and who selected me as their owner. In a few years my small place was insufficient for them, and, rather than part with them, I bought a larger plantation in the country and placed them on it, and removed my family back to town. I was thus a slaveholder from 1845 to 1865—just twenty years. My slaves increased from eight to eighty-seven, and during all that time there were but two deaths among them. I realized no profit from them; and all of them will testify that I cared better for them than they have been able to care for themselves "since freedom came."

DE TOCQUEVILLE: I cannot be happy or even calm without the encouragement and sympathy of some of my fellow-creatures.

WHEN a dark and gloomy crisis in your life is reached, and destruction seems to overwhelm you—only remember that the blackest, fiercest storm passes quickest, and the earth is always the brighter after it.

WHEN a nation gives birth to a man who is able to produce a great thought, another is born who is able to understand and admire it.

A VENERABLE BUFFALO ROBE.

THE TREASURE WHICH A GEORGIAN CLINGS
TO TENACIOUSLY.

Atlanta (Ga.) Constitution.

"Yes," said a well-to-do business gentleman of Atlanta to a Constitution representative yesterday, "that buffalo robe is old, worn, faded, ugly and worm-eaten, but I wouldn't take \$5,000 for it."

"Then you are not as sensible as I thought you were," replied the reporter, as he eyed the buffalo robe spread upon the floor.

"Sensible or not, I mean it. I have been offered \$100 and \$200 for it repeatedly, and once had an offer of \$500. "See," continued the speaker, pointing to the faded hieroglyphics on the inside of the robe, "that was painted by a Sioux Indian artist seventy years ago, and for many winters kept warm the body of one of the greatest chiefs that tribe ever produced. That robe was his treasure, and for it he fought and many of his best braves died."

"That's a good speech and well delivered, but it sounds like a snake story," remarked the cedar shaver, as the gentleman paused, out of breath.

"No, it's no snake story, and I will show you why I value that robe so much. My father was a Georgian, and when Georgia sent her soldiers to the Mexican war he shouldered his gun and went along. From the time he left home till the treaty of peace was signed he stayed with his regiment, and when at last he came home that robe was all he brought with him. He put great store by it, and always kept it in his room. To his family he told how he got it. One day during the war he was scouting with a detachment of his regiment, and came upon a band of Indians. A fight was the result, and after a few volleys the Indians retreated, or rather those who could did so. Among the wounded was an old chief, and when the soldiers came up to where he lay on the battle-field there was some talk of killing him, for he was recognized as the most heartless, cruel and fearless Indian on the plains, but my father interfered, and from his own canteen put water between the wounded chief's parched lips. But his wounds were mortal, and soon all knew that the cruel, heartless chief was dying. Just before death he beamed my father to his side, and by signs gave him that

robe. This is how it came into the family."

"And that is why you wouldn't take \$500 for it?"

"No, not exactly. When the late war came on I enlisted, and when my old father sent my tricks to the camp he sent that robe. I did not want to take it, because it was so cumbersome, but when he insisted I yielded. Well, I went to Virginia, and while trotting around after Stonewall Jackson, lost the robe. Everybody in my regiment knew of the robe, its history and its loss, and every one kept an eye open for it. Well, about the time of the Cross Keys and Port Republic fights I learned one day that my robe was in Stonewall Jackson's tent. I went to see, and sure enough it was there. When I entered the tent, or rather looked into the tent, old Stonewall was lying upon my robe. Finally I mustered courage to tell him of my loss. He heard my story with patience, and then said that the robe had been brought to him about a week before by an Alabama soldier. He offered to surrender it, but I couldn't take it, and told him to keep it—at the same time giving him its history—and I would get it after the war, if he did not lose it. Well, he kept it. At the Battle of Chancellorsville he received his death wound, and when he died he died on that robe, and I believe that some of that red which looks like paint is some of the hero's blood. After his death I claimed the robe, then doubly dear to me, and sent it home. Now, would you take \$5,000 for it? I can prove every word of my story true."

COLDEST PLACE IN THE WORLD.

New York Sun.

The coldest place on the earth is not, as has hitherto been believed by meteorologists, Yakutsk, in Siberia, but Verkhoyansk, in the same region, lying in 67½ degrees north latitude, on the River Yana.

Its lowest mean winter temperature is 48.6 degrees below zero centigrade. This is the cold pole of the earth in Asia, the corresponding pole in America being to the northwest of the Parry Islands, and the line joining these two places does not pass through the North Pole itself, which is thus, in all probability, outside the line of greatest cold.

It is well known that in the tropics, on the other hand, the greatest heat is not at the equator, but some distance north and south of it.

SLEEP FOR CHILDREN.

There is no danger that children can sleep too much. The old proverb: "Who sleeps, eats," is illustrated in those little ones who sleep most. Wakeful children are always peevish, irritable and lean. If they can be induced to sleep abundantly they are quite likely to become good natured and plump. Their sleep should be as much during the hours of darkness as possible, and therefore it is better that they should go to bed before sunset to have their sleep out, than to sleep long after sunrise in the morning. It is well to let any healthful, growing child or young person sleep until he wakes himself, and then give him such an amount and variety of out-door exercise as shall make him glad when bedtime returns.

THE NUMBER OF WORKINGMEN.

The number of workmen employed in iron and steel making in the United States in 1870 was 77,555, whose wages per year amounted to \$40,514,981. In 1880, according to census statistics, the number of workmen employed in this branch of manufacturing industry had increased to 140,978, whose wages amounted to \$55,736,785 per year. The capital invested in the business has nearly doubled since 1870, and the quantity of iron and steel produced has doubled, but it will be observed that the average yearly wages of employes has fallen from \$522 per head in 1870 to \$94 per head in 1880.

KEEP YOUR FRIENDS.

Never cast aside your friends if by any possibility you can retain them. We are the weakest of spendthrifts if we let one friend drop off through inattention, or let one push away another, or if we hold aloof from one for petty jealousy or heedless slight or roughness. Would you through away a diamond because it pricked you? One good friend is not to be weighed against the jewels of all the earth. If there is coolness or unkindness between us, let us come face to face and have it out. Quick, before the love grows cold. Life is too short to quarrel in, or to carry black thoughts of friends. It is easy to lose a friend, but a new one will not come for calling, nor make up for the old one when he comes.

LAWYERS ON WHISKY.

Judge Adams, of the Supreme Bench of Iowa, in closing his lectures before the law school of the State University the other day, spoke words of sterling worth when he said that he had "practiced law at the bar for a quarter of a century, dealing with men of all manner of habits, and he knew from personal observation that the use of intoxicating liquors was not in any sense whatever an aid in the prosecution of legal business. The men he most feared to meet at the bar were cool-headed, self-poised men of temperate habits." There are volumes of good, practical sense in these few words of the wisdom of experience. Many a brilliant mind with bright prospects of success and fame in the legal profession has gone down in darkness and sorrow because of the fatal habit of seeking a stimulous from strong drink.

A KISS WHICH HAS THE SNAP OF
A CORK FLYING FROM A SAR-
SAPARILLA BOTTLE.

Norristown (Pa.) Times.

The Maine girl, tall and ruddy, kisses as though she were taking an impression on the chewing gum of her native State. The Massachusetts girl kisses in the Greek style, flavored with brown bread. The New York girl goes at it as if she were dabbling in a Wall street speculation. The kiss of the New Jersey girl is fiery as a taste of apple-jack, better known as Jersey lightning. Little Delaware's girls are as soft as the peaches which grows there. A Maryland kiss is rich and juicy as a terrapin stew. In the Old Dominion you are met with a genuine hospitality; the girls kiss as though they wanted you to stay. The Ohio girl is described as possessing the comprehensive qualities of the Ohio man—she wants all she can get and gets all she can. A Louisiana kiss is said to be like eating sugar cane, while North Carolina girls stick like tar. But the Pennsylvania girl's kiss has the snap and force of a cork flying from a sarsaparilla bottle. It produces a sensation something like that felt by a man with elastic suspenders when a button tears off while he is stooping. It kind-o'-makes a man wish his mouth was as broad as a front yard, and that the kiss could spread all over it.

THE AMERICAN NAVY.

THE ROOT OF THE TROUBLE—WHAT THE
NAVAL OFFICERS HAVE TO SAY
OF THE VESSELS UNDER
THEIR COMMAND.

During a recent brief visit to that section of the American navy which then lay off Fortress Monroe I met quite a number of naval officers and conversed with them on naval subjects. * * * The Tennessee is a wooden ship of the first class and one of the finest in our service. She cost \$1,799,000 in the beginning and has since swallowed \$1,200,000 in repairs. Her total cost to the United States is \$4,189,000. In the opinion of competent naval officers she should now be duplicated for \$1,000,000. In the opinion of other competent naval gentlemen who are in command of her as a war vessel she is not worth more than she could sell for, for old iron and kindling wood. Her armament is on a par with her general efficiency as a man-of-war. I was shown through a gun deck grinning with immense smoothbores.

"They look terrible enough," said I, noting the official contempt.

"Oh, yes; but they will not throw metal with any execution beyond a very limited range. They are like the 'honest watch-dog' we read about. Their bark is more savage than their bite. We've got a gun about four feet long up on the spar deck, a little rifled thing, that loads at the breech, which will throw a solid shot 3,000 yards further than this monster piece of cast iron. Every one of them require seventeen men to handle; the drill looks nice to a landsman, while not a sailor or powder-monkey aboard but knows that in an engagement with improved artillery and ships of steel, such as they have seen abroad, these guns would be comparatively worthless. The fort on shore over there is full of them, awaiting the inspection which is to condemn them as old iron."

"But surely the navy has something better than these?"

"A few rifled cannon. The Tennessee has two heavy pivot rifled pieces on the spar deck. They are long range and the best in the service; but while they will throw an eleven-inch shell four miles with some precision, they will not stand comparison with the guns carried by other naval powers. With a gun that carries a mile or two further, and a ves-

sel that sails three to five knots faster, we could not cope successfully in a sea fight."

I asked him his idea of what we ought to have in the way of a navy.

"Not a very large one. We have no use for it. But we want to build a dozen fast steel ships—fast enough, mind you, to speed with the best vessels of war afloat. Then for armament, instead of the immense weight of iron we are carrying, each vessel should have a couple of the best breech-loading rifled guns, mounted. Such a vessel, so armed, could sail around this great ship and sink her at leisure. She would be as to us something like a man armed with a repeating rifle would be to another man armed with an old-fashioned pepper-box pistol. The matter was pretty well covered in the report of the Board of Naval Officers and in the bill now pending before Congress.

"I tell you, you have no idea how sensitive we feel about these things. I've got four hundred men here on this ship, as brave and gallant a crew as ever handled a man-of-war. There isn't a man among them but what, if the order were given to-night, would clear decks for action or stand out to sea against any naval power afloat without flinching, just as the six hundred charged at Balaklava, and work these smoothbores until we were scuttled or blown out of water. But just as the Light Brigade went thundering on the enemy's guns to death, there isn't an old salt among them who wouldn't know that those who have the making of the American navy have blundered; yes, sir, criminally blundered."

VALUE OF A RAILROAD TRAIN.

Few have any conception of the money value of an express train. The handsome locomotive and elegant cars are admired as the train comes puffing into the depot, but when seen from the point of view furnished by the Hartford Courant, the spectator is astonished at the responsibility placed in the hands of the engineer, fireman, conductor and brakemen:

A railroad official the other day gave some interesting figures as to the value of the midday express from New York, which was a fair representative of the fast express trains on the Consolidated road.

There was an engine, tender and eight cars. The engine and tender, which are

always considered together, were valued at \$10,500, the baggage car \$1,000, the postal car \$2,000, the smoking car \$5,000, the two ordinary passenger cars \$10,000 each, and the three palace cars \$15,000 each; total, \$83,000.

This is a low, rather than an excessive estimate for one of the fast expresses, as some of them, with more cars, are worth \$100,000 at least.

The palace cars, put down at \$15,000, are, in many cases, worth an average of \$18,000. These cars came into use soon after the sleeping coaches, the first being used in 1863. In some instances these cars have cost as high as \$25,000 and \$30,000, where the interior workmanship was very elaborate.

From the figures given, it will be seen that a comfortable dwelling may be built for the cost of an ordinary passenger car, and that the money expended for a palace coach would erect a very handsome brick or brown stone front residence.

It is an interesting reflection that the safety of one of those costly trains, to say nothing of the passengers, devolves almost wholly upon one man—the engineer.

There are other train men, the conductor, baggagemaster, fireman and three or four brakemen, but the hand upon the lever and the brain directing it have an immense responsibility.

PEOPLE WHO FREEZE YOU.

There are human beings who are strangely endowed with the gift of freezing others at sight. Some of these have the faculty of reducing the temperature of a room to freezing point by their very entrance and by the clammy way in which they take position and begin the chilling exercise which they are pleased to call by the name of conversation.

By the time such persons have cast a formal glance on each of the company assembled it seems as if cold perspiration was drizzling down from the ceiling and congealing as it drizzled. It is not necessary for persons of this kind to say much. Their looks speak louder than their words.

There are disagreeable women who, by the severe way in which they handle their knitting or rattle their newspaper, make all who are within reach of their unlovely countenances feel as if hailstones the size of goose eggs were suddenly slipped down the backs of their necks.

An evening spent in the company of one of these freezers is enough to inspire one with a desire to go to Greenland's Icy Mountains in order to get warm.

When the disagreeable person retires from the circle which has been the victim of this chilling influence, it is as when the spring sunshine unlocks the ice-bound streams. There is a feeling of relief in the heart of each person as the voluntary sigh which betokens the coming of liberty rises from each breast. When the thaw begins the victims of the freeze recover animation as did the corpses on the Ancient Mariner's ship.

If a cheery and breezy person happens to enter the room as the freezer departs, tongues are unloosed, rigid countenances are unlocked and a flow of happy interchange of sentiment takes the place of the dreadful gloom which sat as ghostly icebergs in every part of the room.

Right welcome is the departure of one who bears this chilling influence to congenial solitudes of dismal woe. Better is the heart of summer with swarms of flies and myriads of mosquitoes than the chilly coolness which is brought about by the presence of the disagreeable person.

OSCAR WILDE wrote in the private album of his hotel at Niagara: "The roar of these waters is like the roar when the mighty wave of democracy breaks on the shores where kings lie couched at ease."

A SWEET thing: "Are you going to take that ugly pug dog with you again, Carrie?" asked Charles. "I really believe you take him simply to make yourself lood prettier by the contrast." "Don't be jealous of poor Pug," replied Carrie. "I'll take you some time when I want to look especially handsome."

INDIGNATION: "It is not only foolish, but positively wicked, for these men to attempt to coerce their employers, remarked the good Deacon Jones, in reference to the strikers. "Why are they not content with what is given them, without attempting to ruin the business of the country just when the new crops are so promising and prosperity is everywhere ready to smile on this fortunate land? It's like flying in the face of Providence." The Deacon paused a moment, overpowered by the force of his emotions; but he recovered his speech again to say: "And while I think of it, John, you might as well mark up them potatoes another quarter."

NEAT HOUSEKEEPING.

Household.

A capital motto to be hung over the kitchen door is this: "Thou desirest truth in the inward parts;" and the woman who, when she expected company at tea, always went the first thing and washed the cellar stairs, had tendencies in the right direction. She did it, she said, to "settle her mind," and there is no doubt whatever that it was a source of deep and heartfelt satisfaction to her, as she sat in the parlor and entertained her guests with sprightly conversation, or presided with ease and dignity at her daintily dressed table, to reflect that the hidden and gracious virtues symbolized by clean cellar stairs were also hers.

A habit of thoroughness is something which most people need to cultivate with assiduity, and in no profession is it more needed, or does it count for more, than in ours, dear, dear housekeepers who read this. There is an unmistakable air about a perfectly neat house which is felt by all those who come into it; there is no use in trying to make it appear that neatness and order are characteristics of your home unless they are.

There is reason to think that some women are in this matter content to seem, without caring to be, but it is a very transparent deceit. "If there is to be any dirt in the house, said the best housekeeper I ever knew, "let it be where I can see it; let it lie on the parlor table and chairs, rather than be allowed to remain under the beds and in corners, where it will become rich soil for the development and growth of germs of disease."

There is a great difference between a disorderly housekeeper and an untidy one; there are often cogent reasons why a woman cannot possibly always have her house in the order she loves; it may be the one severe trial of her life that she cannot carry out her ideas in this respect, and she may be deserving of credit for accepting the situation with equanimity, especially if, as is frequently the case, she may also be obliged to endure that injustice of being rated a failure as a housekeeper, when, in reality, she is irreproachable, so far as neatness is concerned. This is certainly of paramount importance; it is a truth sadly forced home, sometimes, that life and death wait upon the discharge of what appear to be simple and even unimportant matters.

A MONSTER LOCOMOTIVE.

The new sixty-ton engine of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company has been christened "Jumbo" by the employees of the corporation. This mammoth in the way of mechanism weighs over sixty tons, and is fifteen tons heavier than a class "K" engine, the largest in use heretofore. It has a five-foot driving wheel, with a thirty-three-inch truck under the smokestack. In the rear of the drivers there is one six-wheel swivel-truck, which will enable the engine to turn a sharp curve. The cylinder is 17x24, the same size as is used on class "K" engines. The water-tank, which surrounds the fire-box, has a capacity of 2,000 gallons. The engine is constructed to run in either direction, and has pilots at both ends, thus doing away with the necessity of a turn-table. The iron horse is in one solid frame, and while shorter than other engines, is three feet higher. Hard or soft coal may be used, and the fire-box is eight feet deep. The engine virtually reverses itself, this movement being obtained by the use of hot water instead of steam. The injector checks enter the boiler behind the dome, thus protecting the pipe in case of accident. "Jumbo" made the run from Altoona to this city, drawing fifteen freight cars, some parts of the trip being made at the rate of a mile in fifty-nine seconds. The engine is the invention of Theodore N. Ely, superintendent of motive power and machinery of the Pennsylvania Company, and was constructed at Altoona.

THE BURSTING OF THE MONSOON.

The brief message which reached us a day or two ago from Bombay—"the monsoon has burst"—has a meaning in it which only those who have lived in India can fully understand. On the regular "bursting" of the monsoon the very existence of the people of India may be said to depend. But for the monsoon the whole country would perish under its glaring sun; and during the early days of June Anglo-Indians look anxiously for the brief announcement of its coming. The southwest monsoon sets in generally toward the end of April, the steady wind sweeping up from the Indian ocean and carrying with it dense volumes of vapor which slowly collect in dark masses of clouds as they approach the continent. From Adam's Peak in

the Isle of Spices, right along the eastern and western Ghauts and the Nilgiris, every hill-top is gradually shrouded in mist, instead of standing out clear and sharp against the sky. Darker and denser become the cloud masses; the horizon assumes a heavy leaden appearance, sometimes kindling into a lurid glare—answering to the sense of oppression, both mental and physical, which accompanies it. The atmosphere becomes “close” and oppressive alike to man and beast; but the heat is borne with patience, for relief is at hand. Flashes of lightning play from cloud to cloud, and heavy thunder reverberates through the heavens; the wind suddenly springs up into a tempest, and along the shore the white waves are tossed in foam against the rocks or over the burning sand. Then a few great heavy drops of rain fall like balls of lead from the apparently lead sky; the forked lightning is changed to sheets of light, and suddenly the flood gates of heaven are opened, and not rain, but sheets of water, are poured forth, refreshing the parched earth, carrying fertility over the surface of the country, filling the wells and natural reservoirs with a fresh store, and replenishing the dwindling rivers and streams. The whole earth seems suddenly recalled to life. Vegetations may also be seen to grow, and from the baked mud of the river banks emerge countless fishes, which for weeks or months before have lain there in torpor. The phenomena of the bursting of the monsoon are repeated from hill to hill top, till the whole country, from Cape Comorin to Bombay and the great plains beyond is similarly visited. Then follows a period of comparative repose, during which the welcome rains continue to fall, with but short intervals, for three or four months, invigorating and refreshing all things.

MILITARY EPISODE.

This story is found in the memoirs of a Prussian officer of distinction. He was at the time on the staff of General Winterfield, one of the most skillful and competent Captains of his day, and Winterfield was the General in command at the time spoken of.

Two soldiers had been condemned to death. In a drunken condition they had assaulted an officer of the line, and one of them had drawn a knife upon him, but he could not positively say which of the twain held it. And the men them-

selves did not know. Neither of them remembered anything about it. So both of them were condemned to be hung.

They were both excellent soldiers, and only one of them had been guilty of using a weapon.

The officers of the division, including him who had been assaulted, asked that the men might be pardoned. At length Winterfield said he would pardon one of them. Only one had held a knife, and only that one ought to die. He would pardon one, and the men must themselves decide which of them should be shot.

How should the decision be made?

“Let us shake the dice,” said one of the condemned.

And the other agreed to it. And anon it was agreed to by all interested. The two men took their places by the side of a big drum, and were to throw the dice upon its head. Two dice were given them, and a proper box for shaking.

The first man threw two sixes. He groaned in agony. He felt that he had consigned his comrade to death.

But when the second came to throw he also threw two sixes. “Wonderful!” cried the lookers-on. They were ordered to shake and throw again.

This time the second man threw first—two aces. “Ho! Good? You will live, Peter.” But when Peter threw, the dice presented those same two aces. And now the beholders were wonder-stricken, indeed.

Another throw was ordered, and Peter threw a five and a duce. The other threw—five—duce. After the excitement had again subsided the men shook once more. The first threw two fours. “Oh! now throw fives and save yourself, Peter.” Peter threw—two fours.

At this point the Colonel ordered them to stop. He went and reported the marvelous result to Winterfield. Said he: Clearly, General, Providence will have those two men to be saved.”

And saved they were. The General cared not to oppose the wonderful fate of the dice. It did seem providential, and so he accepted it.

And the redeemed soldiers lived to prove that the saving fate had given back to Prussia two of the very best and bravest of her sons.

We can no more have back old times by gathering the same people in the same place than we could have back a dead friend by seating his skeleton in his accustomed place.

DELONG AND FRANKLIN.

New York Mail and Express.

The points of resemblance between Franklin and DeLong are too striking to escape attention now and in the records of historians hereafter. Their mission to the polar seas was substantially the same; both failed to accomplish the work for which they set forth; both exhibited the most heroic qualities of daring, endurance and fortitude, and both died of starvation. There is another point of resemblance which has pathetic interest, as the world remembers the woman whose faith in her husband's return has remained steadfast through long months of suspense, but is to-day broken by the intelligence sent by Melville from the *Lena delta*. Like Franklin, DeLong leaves behind him a noble wife to mourn his fate, and her sorrow challenges the sympathy which the world bestowed so freely upon Lady Franklin. It remains for the American people to see that the memory of DeLong is honored like that of Franklin by his countrymen. The first duty of the Nation is to see that the body of the explorer, with the bodies of his comrades, is brought to America for honorable interment. It will then be a duty to see that a monument such as England erected to Franklin, is reared to the memory of a hero whose name will henceforth be a synonym for bravery and manly fortitude.

MATURE REFLECTION.

Brooklyn Eagle.

"My darling, have you thought of the happy summer that our lives will be when we are joined for better or worse?"

"Oh! yes, John, I've thought of it."

"And have you thought of the bright home that we will build on the foundation of our affection, and which will be painted with the dying flashes of the sun and furnished with the silver and gold that makes the night of the heavens beautiful?"

"Oh! yes, John, I've thought of it."

"Have you thought of the years that will come to us across the sea of time, white-capped, but blue with promises of years to come?"

"Sure's you're born, John, I've thought of it."

"And have you thought—? have you—? have—?"

"Oh! yes, John, more than all the rest, and John, let us name it after you."

THE BATTE OF LIFE.

Some one asked the Duke of Wellington what his secret was for winning battles. And he said that he had no secret, that he did not know how to win battles, and no man knew. For all, he said, that man could do was to look beforehand steadily at all the chances, and lay all possible plans beforehand; but from the moment the battle begun, he said, no mortal prudence was of use, and no mortal man could know what the end would be. A thousand new accidents might spring up every hour, and scatter all his plans to the winds; and all that man could do was to comfort himself with the thought that he had done his best and to trust in God.

Now, my friends, learn a lesson from this, a lesson for the battle of life, which every one of us has to fight from our cradle to our grave—the battle against misery, poverty, misfortune, sickness—the battle against worse enemies even than they—the battle against our own weak hearts and the sins which so easily beset us; against laziness, dishonesty, profligacy, bad tempers, bad-heartedness, deserved disgrace, contempt of our neighbors and just punishment from Almighty God. Take a lesson, I say, from the great Duke for the battle of life. Be not fretful and anxious about the morrow. Face things like men; count the chances like men; lay your plans like men; but remember, like men, that a fresh chance may at any moment spoil all your plans; remember that there are a thousand dangers round you from which your prudence cannot save you. Do your best, and then, like the great Duke, comfort yourself with the thought that you have done your best, and, like him, trust in God. Remember that God is really and in very truth your Father, and that without Him not a sparrow falls to the ground; and are ye not of more value than many sparrows, O ye of little faith?

Remember He knows what you have need of before you ask Him; that He gives you all day long, of His own free generosity, a thousand things for which you never dream of asking Him; and believe that in all the chances and changes of this life, in bad luck as well as in good, in failure as well as success, in poverty as well as in wealth, in sickness as well as health, He is giving you and me and all mankind good gifts, which we in our ignorance, and our natural dread

of what is unpleasant, should never dream of asking Him for, but which are good for us nevertheless—like Him from whom they come, the Father of Light, from whom comes every good and perfect gift; who is neither neglectful, capricious, nor spiteful, for in Him is neither variableness nor shadow of turning, but who is always loving unto every man, and His mercy is over all His works.

A HIGHRAND REGIMENT UNDER FIRE.

"Form square!" The morning mists hung heavily over the low hills on which the army was encamped. The regiment of kilted giants silently obeyed the order; a drizzly, dismal rain began to fall, and the enemy could be dimly seen, making preparations for the attack. On a knoll to the left, a masked battery, which had been constructed during the night, opened fire on this devoted square. Ranks thinned out, but were silently filled up; shell after shell burst in their midst, still not a murmur was heard save the groans of the wounded and dying. Appealing looks were cast toward the Colonel as he grimly sat his horse, outwardly calm, but bitterly grieving for the loss of his brave men. Strong arms grasped their guns, fierce eyes glared at that terrible, death-dealing battery, but no murmur. The galloping of a horse was heard in a lull of the terrible uproar, and an orderly was seen to dash up to the Colonel. A whispered order; his stern face lighted up. The soldiers saw it, and well could they define its meaning. A shudder of joy ran through the square; hands silently clasped, heads which had begun to droop were proudly uplifted, and every eye was upon their beloved Colonel. He turned: "Men! The order is to silence yonder battery; you all know your duty. Remember you are Highlanders."

The silence was at last broken, and those gallant men, who for thirty minutes had stood under that galling fire, nearly one-third of the regiment dead or wounded, without murmuring, now gave a shout which resembled the roar of a mighty cataract. And gallantly did they avenge their losses. In sixty minutes more they were marching back to their position with pibrochs sounding triumphantly, leaving every gun of that fatal battery spiked.

EVERY-DAY HEROS.

BY NATHAN D. URNER.

Oh, yes; they are all around us,
And in every walk of life;
Heroes the best, that stand the test
In many an unmarked strife;
Heroes of home, of shop, of farm,
And at duty's call alone,
Though unaware of honor's share,
And by noisy fame unknown.

From a flame-girt lofty window
Wild faces and hands entreat
Vast crowds, agape, that no means can shape,
For aid from the icy street;
When a bootblack climbs an adjacent pole,
And swift from its peak impels
A rope of wire down the wall of fire,
And the cry, "They are saved!" upswells.

High waving his danger signal,
The under-paid switchman speeds
O'er the quivering ridge of a broken bridge,
That to death and destruction leads,
To sink, as the thundering train slows up,
O'ertaxed in the headlight's glare,
While but few can know what to him they
owe,
Though he should be dying there.

Oh, yes; they are all around us,
And to instance their deeds were vain,
So hidden away in the crowds are they,
In the paths obscure and plain;
From those whose chivalry, unesteemed,
Through a lowly lifetime shines,
To such in the rout whose acts stand out
From the rest like starry signs.

And nothing is lost, though hidden,
That springs from heroic seed;
In the larger force, and the higher course
That are shaped from a single deed
The environment of a mass of men
May brighten and spread apace,
Till the deeds shall throng all paths along
To the glory of all the race.

When the Italian census was taken King Humbert himself filled up a census paper in due form, setting down the name and ages of members of his family, together with other particulars. The King describes himself as Humbert of Savoy, while under the heading "profession" he has added, "King of Italy." The document will be preserved in the archives of the Campidoglio. At the Vatican Leo XIII. inscribed himself as by profession "Pope," and as to his means and method of gaining a livelihood added: "Supported by the alms of the faithful."

GREAT IN DEATH.

The lives of the truly great are simple and void of ostentation. Love of display no more enters into the daily life of a genuinely solid man, a profoundly intellectual man, than does water into the composition of pure wine. Men of genius and men who do the thinking for the world dwell for the most part away and far removed from the showy things of fashion. They have no time to enter into the business of trifles or to mingle in the pastimes of the butterflies, that love novelty as a moth does the glare. Simple in all things, their simplicity is perpetuated to the ending of life, and even in their entombment no mocking display comes to disturb their going out from the dwellings of men. What more simple life can be well imagined than that of Longfellow—than that of his friend, the poet-philosopher, Emerson? And yet they were great men. The world pronounces them such, and over their newly-made graves two continents lately stood in mourning. Not only in their works is contained the wisdom they wrote, but in their lives as well, and not the least important lesson to learn is the simplicity attending their peaceful, unostentatious funerals in the quiet country churchyards of Cambridge and Concord.

HOW GLADSTONE LOOKS.

London Correspondent Boston Herald.

Mr. Gladstone is one of the clearest, readiest talkers I have ever heard. He sits on the front row of the members' pews, on the left hand side, facing the Speaker, close by the end of the table, which stands in front of the white-wigged clerks. Perhaps I should have said he reclined there, for he doesn't exactly sit. His head is thrown back and rests upon the upper edge of the pew-back, his hands are clasped in his lap, his legs are sprawled out in front, and he has the general appearance of a man sound asleep. But he isn't. Now and then the eye-lids half open and a shade of expression crosses the wrinkled features, as the old man mentally makes a note for future use. When his opponent has ceased speaking Mr. Gladstone comes to his feet with surprising agility, and advances a step or two to the end of the table. There is a little red box here containing his documents, and he places the ends of his right hand fingers upon this

box. He lifts his chin rather above its normal height, like a man used to talking to a gallery, and as the words flow freely from between his lips, he emphasizes them by prodding the box with the tips of his straightened fingers. As Mr. Gladstone talks he grows. In silence and repose you see a thin and shriveled old man, with long, slender legs, swollen joints, a hooked nose, sunken eyes, a sparsely clothed head, rather narrow through the temples, but broad and high over the ears, straggling white whiskers, which shamle down the sides of his face and under his throat, and a general air of physical decay that is not altogether reassuring. But as the chin goes up, and his chest protrudes, and the words begin to roll out with rapidity and resonance, as the eyes kindle and the smile of conscious power spreads over the old face, you begin to feel the reason of the Premier grip upon the politics of Great Britain. He has the perfect confidence of the practical speaker, and that eloquence of manner, no less than of words, which proclaims the orator. He is by all odds the most admirable talker I have heard in England. He uses no notes, and, as soon as he has finished what he has to say, he slouches back upon his seat, apparently in that state of complete physical collapse which Charles Dickens ascribes to the old paralytic, who is always throwing his pillow at some one, and immediately falling helpless in his chair.

SOLDIERING ON THE FRONTIER.

Lapsing again into a reflective mood, Gen. Webb went back to his early career as a soldier. "I spent," he said, "nine years in the army, thirty-four years as editor of the *Courier and Enquirer*, and nine years in the diplomatic service. I entered the army at seventeen, and at eighteen commanded Fort Gratiot, on Lake Huron, with 20,000 Indians under me. At that time Detroit had 2,000 inhabitants."

BURLINGTON Hawkeye: Young man, beware of stock and grain speculations! If you want an "option" that is safe, get the option to the hand of a good sensible girl of marriageable age, and put up a lot and a neat little cottage as a margin. It will be the grandest speculation you ever made, and will bring you big profits. You can stake your last dollar on that and be safe.

For Firemen's Magazine:

A LEADVILLE ROMANCE.

BY T. P. O'ROURKE.

One pleasant eve, not long ago,
A Leadville belle, with heart aglow,
Went out to meet her lover;
The God of Day had hid his light,
And thro' the sable folds of night
The stars shone bright above her.

She heard the deep, stentorian calls
Of "rustlers" in the dancing halls
Yell, "Boys, trot out yer ladies!"
Exultant cries of "Keno, here,"
Anon came wafted to her ear
From out the gaming hades.

But soon she paused beyond the din,
The houses, scattered grew, and thin,
And now, among the mines,
Swift hurrying on with eager pace
Soon gained the lovers' trysting place,
Amid the sombre pines.

She gazed around and heaved a sigh;
Sylvander nowhere could she spy.
Then down upon a knoll
She sat to wait, while visions bright
Of circling arms caressing tight
Enraptured, filled her soul.

A Cinnamon Bear, in quest of prey,
Meandered, heedless, down that way,
And spied the fair Miss Kalsar;
She heard him rustling through the trees,
But thought Sylvander, prone to tease,
Was trying to surprise her.

Two brawny arms her ribs compress,
With vice-like boa constrictor stress,
Which, no doubt, did delight her;
She raised her lips, his lips to meet,
And murmured softly, gently, sweet:
"Hug tighter, dearest, tighter!"

The conquered bear slunk to his lair,
To hide his shame and deep despair
In lonely solitude;
Nor ventured forth for many a day
To search the woods in quest of prey
Along that mountain rude.

LEADVILLE, COL., Oct. 18th, 1882.

N. E. CHAPMAN, for seventeen years Master Mechanic of the Cleveland & Pittsburg Road, has resigned his position. He has accepted the position of Master Mechanic on the Baltimore & Ohio Road, from Washington to Chicago, with headquarters at Baltimore. Mr. Chapman is universally respected. For many years he has been President of the Master Mechanics' Association of the United States.

SPONTANEOUS FORESTS.

A writer in a Virginia paper combats the opinion held by many arboriculturists that open country is never converted into a forest through the operation of natural causes, and as establishing the fact that such change does sometimes occur, brings forward the case of the Shenandoah Valley. When first settled, about one hundred and sixty years ago, it was an open, prairie-like region, covered with grass, on which fed herds of deer, buffalo, elk, etc., and having no timber except on ridgy portions of it; but in consequence of its settlement the annual fires were prevented, and trees sprang up almost as thickly and regularly as if seed had been planted. These forests, having been preserved by the farmers, now cover a large part of the surface with hard wood trees of superior excellence. These facts would also seem to substantiate the theory that the treeless character of the prairies of the West is due to the annual burning of the grass by the Indians.

For Firemen's Magazine:

AT THE GRAVE.

BY W. PEBERDY.

What wondrous canopy is this,
That stands to bear the name,
A record of his birth and bliss,
The secret of his fame?
Oh, wondrous shrine—emblazoned art—
The sculptor's pride and pay;
A record of the afterpart
Humanity must play;
When all the acts of life are o'er,
In which our rank installs
Each actor—then, as once before,
The final curtain falls.
Known to himself, and perhaps the world,
His sacred virtues lie;
Success has prosperity unfurled
The secrets of the sigh.
Such honor'd tablets mark the spot,
Where, moldering to decay,
The shapes of friends—disturb it not,
That consecrated clay.
But let it rest in peace; forgive,
If malice you should know;
And let a pardon freely live,
To recompense the foe.
'Tis not a place where human deeds
Recall the faults gone by;
Nor yet for manly hearts to breed
A detrimental tie.

EDITORIAL.

Labor is the crowned King of the world.

The time to be sorry for a wrong is before you do it.

That man is a good man who makes present and future provision for his wife and little ones.

Judging the future of our Order by the past, we may well say that our skies are to be gilded with the gold of success.

Wives, mothers, fathers, children, all learn to bless our noble Brotherhood for the cheer it brings in the hour of sickness and death.

A fireman's life is in constant danger. He is a wise man who provides against the day of calamity. Our Brotherhood offers the means for such provisions.

Organization is the lever that moves the world. Well-organized bodies of men are as resistless as the rush of an engine.

Gambling and drinking are the prime curse of railroad men. Our Order seeks to lead them away from these vices up to the high plane of sobriety and industry.

"Benevolence, Sobriety, and Industry," the three crowning virtues of a good man's life, is the motto of our Order. Prosperity will never turn her face from the glittering trinity.

Drunkenness leads to shame and death. Duty hides her face from the drunken man. Love is drowned in the drunkard's cup. Hate, revenge, lust and murder sit laughing on the brim of the bowl

of death. Shun drunkenness, men of the engine, as you would shun the assassin's knife or the highwayman's pistol.

There is no nobler sight than a strong, manly, upright man. A man who stands always square-toed on the line of duty. One who never yields to temptation. One who is strong as a lion yet gentle as a dove.

"The bravest are the tenderest;
The loving are the daring."

THE LAST.

We have placed before our readers the last number of our Magazine for the year 1882. A year that has been full of hard work, but bringing with it great results for our Brotherhood. We feel that in every way our organization is prosperous. The future is rich with promise, and it is not stretching the truth the least to say that the coming year will find us the greatest organized body of laboring men in the world. Organized for no political purpose; organized for no hopes of gain. We stand together upon the broad platform of Benevolence. A platform upon which no selfishness can climb; where political contention finds no footing; where stand only those whose hearts sympathize with their fellows; those who pledge themselves to stand by the widow and orphan when death has laid a brother fireman low.

One of the great instrumentalities in bringing about what we have done, and what we will do, is our Magazine. We have striven to place before our readers the principles upon which our Order is founded. We have continually

called attention to the absolute necessity for prompt and complete obedience to our laws. We have said words of encouragement to the weak, and have made the strong more zealous in the good cause. To do this as well as it has been done requires much thought and labor. To issue such a magazine as ours is no slight task. But we promise our readers that the good work will not go backwards.

The coming year we expect to revise the entire work. Our editorial matter will be fuller and broader in its scope. We expect to impress the necessity for such an Order as ours upon all engineers and upon all railway officials. We will take an advanced position in favor of laboring men upon all questions of interest to them. We will teach that labor and capital are united in interest, and that arbitration is the best method of settling differences between employer and employed. We will hold up the benevolent, the sober and the industrious man as the brightest example of manhood and good citizenship.

In these endeavors we desire to be seconded by our readers of the past year. Continue to favor us by your patronage, and our great aim will be to make the Firemen's Magazine an honor to our craft and a welcome visitor in the home of every one in the land interested in the cause of labor and the advancement of the laborer.

Slowly the shadows of the present year are lengthening, soon to be extinguished by the light of the sun of 1883. Brothers and toilers all over the land, good-bye to the hopes and fears, the failures and successes of 1882; welcome the toil, the reward, the sorrow and the joy of 1883.

God comfort the hearts of the loved ones left behind by our dead brothers, dead in the year 1882. The pride of our organization is that its helping hand eased somewhat the sorrows of the living, and in the coming year we expect to hear, again and again, the grateful words, "God bless and prosper the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen."

CORRESPONDENCE.

FRUITS OF FRIENDSHIP.

BUFFALO, N. Y., Oct. 29, 1882.

Editor Firemen's Magazine:

Seeing nothing from No. 12 of late, I will, though not an able writer, ask for a small space to contribute a few items to our valuable Magazine.

I will take for my subject this time
"Friendship."

There is certainly something very refining in an intimacy cemented by the pure principles of friendship. Mind naturally seeks to commingle with its kindred spirit, and, in doing so, it grows better and wiser for the intercourse. It seeks, too, for expansion—for a greater

scope of power and for a higher and holier state. In congenial society, where high moral principles prevail, it finds food for its growth. Hence, we should cultivate the ties of friendship and strive to enlarge that communion of spirit, whereby one is made better and purer. We should seek ardently for that nobler state, and though we find that the progress is not rapid as we desire, we should take advantage of our opportunities and derive all the improvement possible. We should endeavor to cultivate and merit the friendship of those whose worth shines pre-eminent in their characters; making them patterns of excellence for others to admire and imitate. Friendship is a flower that blooms in all

climates: it may be seen flourishing on the snow-capped mountains of Northern Russia, as well as in the more favored valleys of sunny Italy: everywhere cheering us by its exquisite and indescribable charms. Friendship is but one of the manifold modes of expressing this noble Brotherhood: being all bound together by a deep and everlasting bond of fraternity and love. No surveyed chart; no national boundary line; no rugged mountain or low, fertile valley can be a barrier to its growth. Wherever it is watered with the dew of kindness and affection, there you will be sure to find it. Many begin friendship only to cancel it on slight occasions: and thus great enmity often succeeds a tender affection. Let friendship creep gently to a height; if it rushes, it may soon run itself down. Friendship often ends in love—but love in friendship, never! Friendship for a generous stranger, is commonly more sincere than that which we have for the nearest relative. The great cause of the frequent quarrels between relatives, is their being so much together. Constant companionship is not enjoyable, any more than constant eating is a possibility. Oft times we sit too long at the table of friendship, when we out sit our appetites for each others thoughts. Whatever is excellent hath most of unity—and as a river divided into several streams becomes weak, so friendship shared amongst many is always languid and impotent. It is said to be a positive fact, that friendship cannot long exist between many persons.

Yours, fraternally,

A. L. J.

ORIENTAL NOTES.

CORNING, N. Y., Oct. 5, 1882.

Editor Firemen's Magazine:

It is with much pleasure that I take advantage of my leisure moments to give you a few items from Fellowship Lodge No. 121, of which I have the honor of being a member. Just one month ago to-day we had the pleasure of meeting Brother S. M. Stevens, the Grand Organizer and Instructor, who organized our Lodge, which is located in this place, and has a membership of nineteen (19) good men. With Brother O. L. Baker as Master, we are sure to prosper; our meetings are held twice a month, the first and third Sundays; everything looks promising and our future is very encouraging. Several worthy men having applied for admission. Our Lodge is composed of

excellent material, and every one is doing his utmost to promote the welfare of the Order; although No. 121 is a young Lodge and a small one, the members are all anxious to make it one of the "Banner" Lodges of the B. of L. F., and that those noble principles of "Benevolence, Sobriety and Industry," are strictly adhered to and faithfully carried out is the earnest wish and ambition of every member of No. 121. Since our organization, Brothers Robert Brewer and Henry Veazie have had the honor of presiding on the right hand side, with credit to themselves.

Our Magazine agent, Brother M. D. Robinson, is a faithful and energetic worker; the manner in which he obtains subscriptions for the Magazine is a caution to book agents and an example which they would do well to follow. When his noble form (in the neighborhood of 220 pounds,) is seen approaching, a feeling of respect and awe seems to strike all who see him coming, and when he comes up with his polite bow and a smile that the sirens of mythology could not resist, he hands them a copy of the Magazine for inspection and says, "I hope you will subscribe." They will at once and say, "Please put down my name with the others." Then Brother Robinson turns around and in a stage whisper says, "So much more for the cause of B., S. and I." Our Financier, Brother George R. Quick, in the discharge of his duties, shows how well the Lodge acted in choosing him for Financier. He is one of those men whose energy and business tact will carry him through in whatever position in life you place him; when he strikes the boys for cash they come down at once with a will that shows they mean business. Brother A. L. Golden attends to the spiritual welfare of the boys, and is the "right man in the right place."

Should you deem this, my first attempt, worthy of space in our valuable Magazine, I think it would be read with interest by the boys of No. 121. Hoping to do better next time, I remain yours, in B., S. and I.,

"OBSERVER."

A RIDE OVER THE SANTA FE.

LAMPANAS, TEXAS, Sept. 18, 1882.

Editor Firemen's Magazine.

After a pleasant stay in Galveston, with its beautiful beach and invigorating surf-bathing, we conclude to take a ride over the above named road, and think a de-

scription of it may interest, at least, some of your readers; the train left Galveston at 5:45 A. M., and was in charge of Conductor Dillon and Engineer McDonough, two Irish Lords in reduced circumstances; we like their genial faces, as we hailed from the Emerald Isle ourselves. Galveston is connected to the main land by rail, a two-mile bridge built on stilts with a draw bridge in the center; when they get off the bridge they cross the G., H. & H. Railway, then for about 100 miles the road runs through a stock country, and stock is so numerous that the Engineer must keep a vigilant eye on them. The first important point is Richmond, leaving which, we have a three-mile race with the G., H. & S. A. train. Toot goes the whistle! Rosenberg! we are ahead! change cars shouts the brakeman! for G., H. & S. A. and N. Y., T. & M. Railways. Ten minutes for lunch, off again. Sealy the first freight division. Bremond's narrow guage crosses here; after passing two or three more growing towns we arrive at Brenham; the Train Master has his office here and the Austin branch of the H. & T. C. crosses. Evidence of a splendid corn and cotton crop everywhere; away we go; this road must be doing a very large freight business; we meet or pass trains at almost every siding; symptoms of a growing and prosperous country all along the line. Milano Junction, 2:45 P. M., twenty minutes for dinner, not a very good one either. I. & G. N. Railway crossing; away again by several little towns; 4:10 P. M., we cross the M. P. Railway at Temple, this town is about sixteen months old, but has already gained vast proportions; we change engines here; our new engineer is another Mac. The road from Temple to Fort Worth runs through a very picturesque country through mountain passes, over precipices, across chasms, forming horse-shoe curves. Cleburne, another junction; the Dallas branch of the Santa Fe was formerly the N. Y., T. & M. C. Railway, but purchased by the former company; if they keep on Gould will find in them a dangerous rival. Fort Worth! everybody change here; we intersect the T. & P., the M. P., the Fort Worth and Denver City Railways. We spend a day and find it a town of some importance. We return to Temple to visit Lampasas Springs; the town is built in a valley surrounded by high hills. Those health giving waters are composed of white sulphur iron and magnesia; we did not stay long enough to derive any benefits from the bathing. We predict a

bright future for this town of healing waters. Long may your Order and Magazine reign is the wish of C. A. M.

A MOTHER'S GRATITUDE.

EAST DES MOINES, IOWA, Oct. 8, 1882.

Editor Firemen's Magazine:

You have requested the mothers and sisters of your members to contribute to your Magazine. I pen these lines, not expecting them to add to what has been already said, but in the hope that some one may be encouraged, and also because my heart overflows with gratitude to the leaders of this grand and noble institution. What glorious means are being used to make great and good men of those whose lives are in perpetual danger. How many things to prompt them to be sober, industrious and benevolent. God bless you! noble men, for the interest you have taken in our sons and brothers; the whistle of every train sends a chill over us lest it should bring us sad tidings. If it is not our son it is surely the son of some mother whose heart will wring with anguish. We are glad that our dear ones belong to the Brotherhood. We note how eagerly they watch for the Magazine and how heartily they respond to the calls of the Lodges, in the payment of dues, etc.

God bless every member of the Brotherhood is my prayer and hoping that all may do right, thereby promoting the good of each other, I am very truly,

MRS. C. M.

A PARTING TRIBUTE.

(The following letter was written by Brother A. H. Green to St. Lawrence Lodge No. 15, and is published by request of the Lodge.)

To the Worthy Master, Officers and Brothers of St. Lawrence Lodge No. 15, B. of L. F.:

DEAR SIRS AND BROTHERS:—Believing that it is to the best interests of our noble Brotherhood that I should become a member of Adair Lodge No. 100, I now beg to apply for my withdrawal card in order to deposit it with that Lodge. Believe me, Worthy Master and Brothers, it has cost me a very great effort, indeed, to determine to sever my connection with my mother Lodge, No. 15, the Lodge in which I first saw the light of our noble Order. In taking this step, I feel somewhat like a young girl—daughter of fond and loving parents—whose home from her birth upward has been all that she

desired, but has determined to forsake those dearly beloved parents and give up those cherished comforts of her old home, tare herself from all this, in order to cast her lot, for better or for worse, with him she has chosen for her husband. I feel all this—if I may be allowed the comparison—but at the same time I feel that I can be of greater benefit to the Order in general and to No. 100 in particular by withdrawing from my mother Lodge and depositing my card with the last named Lodge.

At a distance of over one thousand miles I cannot be of any material use or benefit to my mother Lodge. I can do naught to advance her particular interests, and last, though not least, I have no voice in anything that may be of vital interest to our noble Brotherhood. By becoming a member of No. 100, I shall still continue to take the liveliest interest in the welfare of No. 15 and of its members individually, and I will thus again be better able to work for the benefit of the Brotherhood at large, and while since my coming here I have done all in my power—and that has been little indeed—for the welfare and best interests of Adair Lodge No. 100, I will be the better prepared and better enabled to work on in her behalf and thus become a more useful member and co-worker for the advancement of the B. of L. F.

I assure you, Worthy Master and Brothers, that time nor distance have not nor can ever obliterate from my heart the very warm attachment I have toward No. 15, nor will I ever forget the very many courtesies and numerous acts of kindness which I have received at your hands. It will be a source of pleasure to me to look back and review the pleasant meetings we had from the organization of your Lodge up to the time when I and Brother Lang left Montreal to come here. It was a source of very great pleasure to me to be placed in the honorable position as Master of your Lodge, and I regret very much that my coming here prevented me from serving my term of office to the end, and I can not let this opportunity pass without thanking you, one and all, for the warm and hearty manner in which you co-operated to make my office a pleasurable one to myself.

I am aware of very many failings and short-comings on my part during my membership of your Lodge, but it is very pleasant to look back with the knowledge that I did my best, and that my efforts, however barren of good results they may have been, were duly appreciated.

I am proud to belong to a Brotherhood of men whose three great pillars of strength are Benevolence, Sobriety and Industry, lit up by the great Head Light of Holy writ, and I am proud to know that my mother Lodge is the equal of any Lodge in the Order in the practical illustration of those three strong pillars of virtue, and I feel sure she will always continue to hold her place in the front rank of our increasing roll of Lodges. In withdrawing from your Lodge—our fraternal home—I shall not be leaving our fraternal family circle, for have we not brothers here in Bowling Green? Being thus assured, I feel better prepared to withdraw from No. 15. Before closing, I would say a word or two in behalf of the Worthy Master and members of Adair Lodge No. 100, than whom I have not met a better set of men in my wanderings up and down this world. Since I came among them I have been treated with many courtesies, many little acts of kindness, all of which are open to any of you should you be fortunate enough to come this way. They will ever be ready to treat you as they have done me.

Wishing for the prosperity and welfare of your Lodge as a body and its members individually, in the future as in the past, and again thanking you one and all for your many acts of kindness toward me, I respectfully beg you will grant me my withdrawal card and allow me to become a member of Adair Lodge No. 100.

Yours, fraternally,

ALBERT H. GREEN.

PRACTICAL CHARITY.

SALIDA, COLORADO, October 6, 1882.

Editors Firemen's Magazine:

As a few ideas have occurred to my mind, which perhaps may prove a benefit to some of our brothers, I shall use my utmost endeavor to put them in tangible form. Although having never had any practical experience in writing for publication, I hope you will give me a little space in our valuable Magazine. I wish to say a few words in regard to our Brotherhood. Oh, how grand, how sublime, that word sounds! Christ called man his brother. What a vast world of thought the word implies. All that is noble, grand and good is embodied in that one single word. I often wonder if we all have stopped to consider the real definition of the word. If there are any who have not, (and I believe from observation that there are many,) I beg of you,

in the name of our noble Order and by all that you hold dear on earth, stop, and do so at once before it may be forever too late. How frequently a brother comes to us with some petty tale of the misdeeds of another brother. And, in some cases, magnifying it to such an extent that it appears as though the brother was really guilty of some gross misdemeanor, when, in fact, after an investigation, it is found that the accused is guilty of no crime, or, if any, so trifling that the Lodge is not willing to enter proceedings against him. How much better it would be for a brother to go to him, if he has reason to believe that that brother is pursuing a course which is likely to bring shame and disgrace upon himself or our noble institution, and tell him, in a kind and brotherly way, of his fault; reason with him kindly and affectionately, and, in nine out of every ten instances you will find that he will forsake his vice, or whatever it may be, and be reclaimed from what might have been his utter ruin. And, in the future, you will find in him a warm and personal friend. On the other hand, if you prefer charges against him under these circumstances, you have a bitter enemy, engendered with a loathsome feeling of contempt. And now one other thought, in connection with this subject, and I have done. Benevolence, I want to ask how many of us understand the real meaning of this word? I fear that there are many of us who do not. Brothers, it does not only signify pecuniary benefits by any means. The most sublime, the most exalting and charitable definition of the word consists in thought and word. Oh, how many there are of us who have never thought of this! When we are tempted to say something mean of a brother, let us remember the noble teachings of our Order. The obligation, which we all have taken in the presence of Almighty God and our fellow brothers, and in future we will be better men, and the world will say and believe that we are what we profess to be. Our noble Brotherhood will stand before the world as a bright morning star stands in the heavens, far eclipsing in beauty, grandeur and brilliancy all others surrounding it. And, now I feel as though I am transgressing upon your valuable time and patience, as well as our valuable Magazine. But I do not see as I could have expressed the few thoughts which I give in any less space, so I hope you will be lenient with me this time. I will promise that if ever I write another letter for the Magazine that I will be as concise

as possible. I am a member of Rocky Mountain Lodge No. 77, and I am at present stationed at Salida, on the D. & R. G. R. R. Hoping this will meet with your approbation and that of the Brotherhood at large, I am your brother in B., S. and I.,
HARRY L. YOUNG.

A WANDERER'S REFLECTIONS.

Editors Firemen's Magazine:

In my ramblings I am brought in contact with many elements of human nature, and I often wonder if the brothers ever think how essential it is that we should all thoroughly understand the principles which govern our Order; that we should give a little time each day to a cultivation of those principles. I doubt if you can find many who really do understand the fundamental purposes for which we are organized, and a very, very few in each Lodge that rightly understand and properly interpret the Constitution which governs us. How many are there that have the impressions of the first lessons that are taught them and give them daily a thought. Most brothers only give ear to that which in the form of business comes before the Lodge, as the resolution of Brothers A. or B. I tell you we do not give enough heed at our meetings to the part which comes in the order of business, No. 20. We create and try to accomplish too much business. I will allow we must have just so much, but is it necessary we should occupy our whole meeting with strictly business, and by the time that business is over every one is tired and wants to go home or out, anywhere but the Lodge room. Would it not be better if we commenced our meetings with a debate—good of the order? By beginning business first, I sometimes think members forget they are bound by any fraternal ties, but having met with some good fellows of their own calling in life, and so they are going to advance their own ideas of things and argue it in an every day engine house style, without any regard to time and place. And it does not make any difference to them, they are going to persist to the bitter end, if it takes all day. We do not give our business enough thought, but rush it along or enter into an argument without even a thought as to its purport. Now, my idea is that we lay it over until another meeting, and in the meantime give the business our quiet thought and due consideration, and come to our meeting prepared to vote intelligently on the subject without argument

from others, but according to our own honest convictions. We are all too much wedded to the idea that we are prepared to offer just what is wanted, and if any other member opposes our will it touches our vanity, and we are pretty apt to get mad "all over," for don't we know it all? And the other fellow is altogether too presuming. We are not willing enough to abide by the decisions of the majority. We must think that we are only one in this great Brotherhood, and, if our arguments do not prevail, let us quietly accept the situation and feel that perhaps it was not for the best. But if it was, we can rest assured that time will vindicate us. And now, brothers, as I said in the commencement, let us strive to work as the principles of our noble Order teach, and educate ourselves accordingly. If we would have powerful minds, we must think! If we would have faithful hearts, we must love! If we but strive to this end, we shall be better ourselves and of more help to others. WANDERER.

REFLECTIONS FOR FIREMEN.

ROODHOUSE, ILLS., Oct. 30 1882.

Editor Firemen's Magazine:

This lovely afternoon, as I sit idly watching the youth and beauty of our city strolling by, a few thoughts suggest themselves to me which, if transferred to the pages of our Magazine, may be interesting. I wish to be entertaining to the readers in general, but to firemen in particular. Well, we know that he is daily and hourly exposed to danger and death. Many engineers consider their firemen far beneath them in social and mental standing. They forget the days that they served in the same capacity. Should you, reader, be so unfortunate as to be associated in your labors with such a man, bear up patiently, for after long and faithful service promotion will surely crown your efforts. No matter though your engineer treat you badly, bear in mind "A soft answer turneth away wrath." There is an eye that watches over the humble fireman in his dirty, greasy and dangerous calling. If there is a class of men who needs more than another to be prepared for death, it is the firemen. His condition is even more perilous than that of the engineer, because he is not in so good a position to watch for danger. Often blinded by the fire and busy with shoveling coal, he feels nor fears danger until the crash is over and the hissing of steam, the crash-

ing of timbers, the groans and wails of injured ones are ringing in his ears, a warning to him to meet his God. Caught in the debris, he sees the flames coming nearer and nearer to claim their victim. Then it is that his thoughts turn homeward to his wife and children. If by his efforts he has made provision for his dear ones, then he dies like a man, knowing that through his neglect his home shall not be robbed of necessities. Think, dear brother, that this may one day be your lot, and, as I am a fireman, it may be mine. Let us, therefore, make hay while the sun shines; let us be prepared for every emergency, and above all, let us procure our wives and children the protection they have a right to demand of us. If we do not look after our own interests, nobody will; nor do we deserve that they should. If we do not keep our dues and assessments paid, nobody will have to bear the consequences but ourselves. Be wise and keep all demands promptly paid; then you need have no fears. Brothers, while you prepare your engine for a trip be sure that you prepare yourself also, for it may be your last. Promptness in all your duties and a strict adherence to the laws of our Brotherhood cannot fail to implant good habits within us. We will be more useful to society, more faithful and better firemen, more capable of promotion; in short, it will give us such merits as will make themselves recognized by our employers. In conclusion, I will say that the members of No. 79 are doing well and striving to live up to the teachings of the B. of L. F., and those who have not as yet become engineers are, by their good bearing, paving their way to rapid promotion. Hoping that every fireman in the Order may develop into an engineer of great merit, I am,

A MEMBER OF No. 79.

FORTUNATA'S BUDGET.

SYRACUSE, N. Y., Oct. 17, 1882.

Editor Firemen's Magazine:

I looked in vain for correspondence from Fortune Lodge in your last Magazine. Perhaps because of the recent organization of the Lodge, the members are all too busy to find time to write of its progress. Thinking that this may be the case, and acting on the principle of the small wheels taking the lead, I venture to write a little, hoping that by doing so the larger wheels may be incited to follow and make deeper impression.

No. 120, although composed of few members, is rapidly gaining, and each seems to be deeply in earnest and anxious to do well his part, and at nearly every meeting new members are added.

My husband takes the Magazine, and we greatly prize it and eagerly read its contents. I read the editorial entitled "The Last Ride," and was impressed with the idea that wives might learn a good lesson from the same instructive source—that is, let us not part from our husbands with frowns on our brows and harsh words on our lips, as they are leaving us to take what may be their "last ride." But let us pray the Divine Master to guide them safely, and when they have orders to "pass over to the right side" of the River of Death, that they may be admitted to the Grand Lodge above.

I think "Alexia" should not be disheartened because "Young Wife" can make light her daily tasks, while she herself cannot. By her title of "Young Wife," I judge that she has not got two firemen in miniature (as I, a wife of many years' experience, have), who, in the midst of a day's baking or washing, will call for lunch, for they must go to Buffalo, and then, if not watched, will use my kitchen stove for a locomotive, and rake the ashes over the hearth in vain endeavors to get up steam. Then the kitchen chairs must be used to construct a train, and such hoot-tooting and screeching as would set one wild, until nerves can bear no more and order is restored.

But God bless the boys, for they exert a powerful influence for good over the fathers. Notice the fireman who has one or more boys. When he has thrown down the scoop for the day, how eagerly and quickly he hastens home to enjoy the evening rest with his boy. And he will shun vice and wickedness to set an example before his son. So, "Alexia," if you, like myself, are hindered sometimes in your tasks, be not discouraged. Perhaps "Young Wife" may also find insurmountable hindrances to *her* work (in the sweet bye and bye.)

FORTUNATA.

LUKEWARM MEMBERS.

Editor Firemen's Magazine:

I would like to say a few words in regard to those dawdlers who, after obtaining their membership, let all interest in their Lodge cease, beyond paying their

dues and assessments and an occasional attendance of Lodge. Do they ever think that if all were to shift or try to throw all responsibility on others how soon the B. of L. F. would become a thing of the past? I am charitable enough to think that they do not realize how much the Grand Officers have done; how many sacrifices they and other working members have undergone to bring our Order to its present standing. If they did they would arouse themselves and go to work with an earnest desire to do their share of the labor which must be done to perfect the aims of our noble order; to care for the weak and unprotected; to provide for the disabled, for widows and orphans; to extend a helping hand to the erring; to bring up to a higher standard of morality every member of the B. of L. F.; to show the world that they abhor drunkenness, dishonesty and all of their kindred vices; that the members of the B. of L. F. are men of as pure a purpose and as ambitious to excel in the cause of right and justice as anybody in the land; that their operations are lofty; that their aims are to promote the welfare of all their associates and to redeem from obloquy the locomotive fireman; to show that the body of men which compose the engine men of to-day is entitled to as much respect as any other body of men. Let every member do all that he is capable of doing, and see what a tower of strength we will become. Every drone in the hive increases the burden of the workers. Be ready and watchful in everything pertaining to the interests of our Order, and by so doing you will advance your own interests. Tolerate nothing that will prove detrimental to us as an Order, and by so doing we will be protected individually. Let every member become an earnest worker for the cause, and a glorious future spreads out before us.

Yours sincerely,

EAGLET.

REWARD OF MERRIT.

CEDAR RAPIDS, IA., Sept. 6, 1882.

Editor Firemen's Magazine:

A very interesting surprise took place at the residence of Bro. Phelps a few evenings ago; ever since Bro. Phelps has been a member of 27, he has been looked upon as an exemplary young man and an efficient officer, and as the duties of Financier are tedious and trying where there are so many members, we thought

we would be justifiable in surprising Bro. Phelps; consequently, a number of members consisting of Bros. Day, Calkins, Van Pelt, Walbrand, Fitzgerald and a few others proceeded to Bro. Phelps's residence on Sanford Street, and greatly surprised him, as he had just come in and had not yet washed himself; but always ready and obliging, chairs were produced and the Brothers cordially invited to be seated. When Bro. E. D. Doy who had been chosen spokesman for the occasion arose and said:

BRO. PHELPS, "The object that calls us together to-night in your beautiful home, is to take some substantial notice of the services rendered the B. of L. F. by you as our Financier, you who for two years have labored so faithfully and made so many sacrifices of time in the discharge of the duties incumbent on the office; as our object is justice to all, we consider that it would not be right to allow such services to go unrewarded. Bro. Phelps. I ask you in behalf of the Brothers of Hawkeye Lodge, No. 27, to accept this clock as a small token of esteem and respect for your valuable services, and may the memory of it ever find a place in the depths of your heart and amidst the cares of the future may it be as a flood of sunshine bringing joy with the trials of life; may it also remind you of the many friends you have in No. 27. Do not forget that each figure on its dial is a milestone in the journey of life and when you have pulled out from the last station of life and crossed the river may you be safely harbored in the celestial Roundhouse and hear from the omnipotent Master Mechanic of the universe the welcome "Enter thou in the joys of thy Lord".

Bro. Phelps was so overwhelmed that he could utter no words and one could see his tearful expression that actions speak louder than words. After a few remarks of congratulation, the Brothers departed leaving Bro. Charlie and his estimable lady to ponder upon the fate of their new friend.

E. D. E.

AN ELEGANT LODGE ROOM.

DECATUR, ILLS., Oct. 15, 1882.

Editor Firemen's Magazine:

To-day we had one of the nicest meetings that J. M. Raymond Lodge has ever held; we had a good attendance, and in our cozy new hall every face looked pleasant. A vote of thanks was returned to Mrs. Vail for two elegant mottoes; also to Bros. Knowlton, Litterer and Houser for their services in remodeling and arranging the Lodge room and furnishing two handsome pictures; also to Mr. L. Hart for a picture. Our Lodge room is in tip top condition now, and as cosy as a home. It is a pleasure to attend meetings when we can assemble in a cheer-

ful, homelike room. Let all Lodges, whose members appear disinterested in attending meetings, go to work and fit up their Lodge rooms; you need not necessarily go to much expense, but, keep it clean and furnish it as much as your means will allow, and see what a magnetic effect it will have on the boys. It does not cost much to adorn your walls with pictures, and how much pleasanter it is than to have to stare at cold and bare walls. Then, too, a pleasant Lodge room is wonderfully refining. What man cares to leave a pleasant fireside in exchange for a cheerless, uncomfortable dingy room? Not many, I am sure. Since the work can be done just as well in a nice room as in a cheerless one, why not have a good Lodge room?

In conclusion, permit me to say that we will be very much pleased to have any member who chances this way to give us a call, and we will endeavor to give him a welcome.

Fraternally yours,
W. J. PURSEL.

THE MAN TO BE A HUSBAND.

ROODHOUSE, ILLS., Oct. 20, 1882.

Editor Firemen's Magazine:

The man to be a husband is the one who prefers the company of his wife and family to that of his associates at the club room or saloon.

How men can, night after night, leave their homes and exchange the company of a true and noble woman for men as thoughtless and neglectful as themselves is entirely beyond my comprehension. Perhaps only one short year ago a man of this kind would have sacrificed anything in his possession to enjoy his leisure hours in the company of this same woman, whom he was then courting and deluding by pretending that he was, and ever would be, all devotion and true love. What has so soon changed him? Why is not her company to-day as delightful as it was a year ago? Perhaps because she is not so gay and light-hearted as she was then, and not quite so particular about her personal appearance.

He simply sees the change—he never stops to investigate the cause. If he would but give the matter a little careful thought, he could soon trace the greatest part of her failing back to himself. His lack of appreciation when she has endeavored to make home as inviting and cheerful as possible, his way of finding

fault with what she has spent hours in preparing for his comfort, his habit of grumbling when asked to attend to some small matter about the house which is too much for her strength—these, and a hundred other causes, tend to so discourage and dishearten her that, little by little, she loses her former brilliancy and fascination, and, in short, all that made her attractive in the eyes of the man who, at the altar, promised to love and protect her.

Intemperance, too, has helped to steal the roses from many a woman's cheek and transplanted them on the cheeks of her "leige lord," more properly known as a disgusting sot. Where drunkenness finds an abode all of the tender devotion between man and wife must necessarily die out, and no person will blame a woman for refusing to receive the caresses of an intoxicated husband, who is repulsive in the extreme. Men who can let strong drink alone are the ones likely to make good husbands, for the reason that they have not so many temptations to seduce them from their homes and firesides. A man who is firm in this respect is invariably possessed of many other good and noble qualities, all of which go towards making up a most desirable husband.

Fraternally,
V. B. G.

POPULAR EXPRESSIONS.

DENVER, COL., Oct. 17, 1882.

Editor Firemen's Magazine:

I'm of the opinion, that it is not generally known, that the origin of the expression: "struck for wages", or "kicked for more pay" was conceived in, and brought forth from the fruitful and energetic mind of the adventurous Micky Go-aisy, a native of "rebel" Cork.

Micky was a lad who was full of dreams of the far off; he was a dismounted Quixotte, who possessed a burning eagerness to explore the latitudes of the equator, and bring from the coral reefs of the South Seas such relics as he knew would make him a hero of the wildest adventures amongst his companions at home, or that would adorn the hearth where he first saw the light; in short Micky was romantic in the extreme. One day, sauntering along Merchants Quay, an opportunity was offered him to ship as cabin boy which he gladly embraced.

After being at sea for some months Micky saw not the romance that he so

confidently expected, but on the contrary an uninterrupted drudgery and hard work, for which he received little or no pay. One day as the captain was walking the quarter, he heard an unusual noise in the cabin, on going to the companion-way and looking down, he saw Micky lying on his back, kicking with both feet and striking the air with his hands. The captain in astonishment called to him and asked what was the matter? "Mather" said Micky "begorra I'm kicking for more pay, and striking like blazes for wages".

TIM FAGAN.

WHO SHOULD BE A WIFE?

TRENTON, MO., Oct. 22, 1882.

Editor Firemen's Magazine:

Has that woman a call to be a wife who walks the streets with a little pocket-book hanging on her arm, buying all kinds of foolishness, from the time her husband's train leaves until its arrival?

Has that woman a call to be a wife who carries her husband's hard-earned wages on her head and back, keeps hired girls and reads dime novels?

Has that woman a call to be a wife who has a smile for every husband but her own?

Has that woman a call to be a wife whose house is disordered and the baby too dirty to touch, when her husband comes off the road tired and in hope of finding some comfort at home?

If I had to fill the place of some of our railroad boys who have to support some of those fair ladies, I should prefer to have my meals *still* served up at a side table.

AMEN.

A GOOD BEGINNING.

BEARDSTOWN, ILLS., Nov. 12, 1882.

Editor Firemen's Magazine:

We cheerfully return thanks to Instructor Stevens for his kindness to us during the time of our organization. We are now thoroughly established in the Brotherhood, and we intend to so conduct ourselves that Bro. Stevens may be proud of us, as we are of him. He left many friends in Beardstown, who will give him a welcome when he comes again. H. B. Stone Lodge is a beginner, and will be anxious to learn all she can from older members of the Order who may happen this way. Any information will be thankfully accepted by

"ALL THE BOYS."

LITERARY.

TIM FAGAN AMONGST THE INDIANS.

IV.

Written for Firemen's Magazine:

Red Cloud was the man who had aroused the Apaches, the Comanches, Arapahoes, Cheyennes, Black Feet, Flat Heads, Crows and Sioux to gather in the Wind River Valley, from there to issue like a whirlwind and sweep the plains of every pale face that robbed them of their liberty. His plans were simple, comparatively easy of execution, and soldier-like: Each and every contingent from the different tribes on its line of march to the place of rendezvous, should pillage, burn and destroy; sparing only from their terrible wreck such horses and cattle as would be of service. The carrying out of this part of the programme would be of double service to their cause. It would not alone give them a number of horses and cattle and weaken the common enemy in supplies and transportation, but would also have a tendency to lead the settlers and emigrants from believing any rumor which they may have heard of the concentration of the Indians in large numbers, seeing so many small bodies scattered over the country. This brings me to that part of my history from which I have deviated: The report of Lavelle of a small body of Indians in the Black Hills.

This was one of the many bands on their way to report at Red Cloud's headquarters. They had with them a few head of cattle, several mules and a number of ponies. The greater part of this stock they had run off from the different ranches along their route. It was near 8 o'clock in the evening when Lavelle made the report, and a few minutes after twenty of us, detailed for that duty, were riding into the night, accompanied by Lavelle and two renegade Sioux to guide us to the camp. As I have already stated, the camp was about fifty miles from the garrison, in the very midst of the mountains. We must reach it in the morning before they break camp. We rode all night; the darkness was thick, seldom could we ride faster than a walk. Often we were obliged to feel our way

down the rugged side of the mountain, and gently lead the horse to the scant footing we had found. Daylight saw us in a deep narrow defile that looked wild and haggard, with its huge dark barren sides frowning in upon us. And now

"Our weary steeds were hardly led,
We were well secured and lightly fed;
Our own repast was soon prepared,
And with the keenest relish shared."

This was our first halt. It was near a clear spring of cool water that modestly kissed the foot of the mountain. Our breakfast was early prepared; a cup of the clear water with a piece of the bread and pork that we hastily jammed into the saddle bags before leaving. This we cheerfully shared with our horses, and gratefully did they accept. We had removed the bridle-bit from their mouth, but the saddle kept its place. After about two hours' ride from that rest we entered a long narrow valley, on each side towered mountains covered with heavy pine timber. At the head of our little column rode Lavelle and the brave, but impulsive, Lieutenant Bigam, who was in charge of the party. The two Sioux were not seen for the past hour, and treachery was feared. Suddenly the head of the column halted, and at once Bigam shouted: "Front into line. Charge!" Every man, with a genuine war whoop, made a dash for the front, and in another instant we were riding through the ashes of the Indian camp-fires. They were quietly taking their breakfast of some venison which was toasting over the fire, when we unexpectedly interrupted them. Now all was confusion—whooping, yelling, shooting and running in every direction to make their escape. They must have thought that a whole regiment had pounced upon them; they were utterly bewildered. The attack was brief, it had suddenly begun and almost as suddenly ended. We lost no time in packing the mules and ponies, with the contents of the camp. Every man provided himself with a long spear; some had a buffalo robe thrown partly about him and hung loosely over the saddle. Others wore savage looking caps made of the fur of the wild-cat—all from the spoils of war. Soon, with frightful yells and goading them with our long spears, we drove the packed train

down the valley headed for Fort Laramie. The wild break-neck pace of that morning is not easily forgotten. Fort Laramie must be made before night. Why? Well, we would not be so anxious had we not known that something near 500 Sioux were resting easy about ten miles north of us. Perhaps those two missing Sioux had gone to give them the alarm, or had not some of those who had just escaped our attack went on a similar errand? If so, and such a band of Indians should make the exit of this valley before we did, our doom was sealed. It is many miles yet before we can leave it, and now we must ride. However, before we had rode ten miles we were joined by the two mistrusted Sioux, who shared our fear, rather than allayed it. They reported that they had reason to believe the hostile Sioux were moving in our direction. It was a long ride at such a gait; the tall dark pines seemed to nod and mock at our fear, the huge mountains

seemed to grow higher and blacker. We urged our horses to their very utmost; we yell and strike at the flying, frightened stock before us like Indians. After all, perhaps we are only hurrying to a death that awaits us at the opening; but no, there it is clear and free. With a cry of joy we dash out to the open space before us, and wheeling to the left we turn for Fort Laramie. Now we can see the sun again, and feel its rays. Crossing the North Platte four miles from the garrison and ascending the bluffs that overlook the Fort, we saw on one side the sun sinking near the horizon, and far behind us a dark moving mass enveloped in a cloud of dust, sweeping across the plain, that we had just left, like a tornado. It was the hostile Sioux, but a little late. In a few minutes our tired and faithful horses rested within the garrison. This was my first skirmish with the reds.

TIM FAGAN.

(To be continued.)

PERSONAL.

MINNEHAHA Lodge, No. 61, boasts of more than ninety engineers among her members.

No. 4 has lost another good member in Bro. M. Lynch, who went West and was immediately placed upon the right side.

BRO. JOHN HARRITY, the popular young engineer on the Manitoba Railway, was married to Miss Agnes K. Warner, a dashing young lady of Minneapolis.

A LITTLE daughter came lately to Bro. B. Bradley and wife, of No. 61. May she prove a joy to the parents and a blessing to the household.

THE promotion to the right side of Messrs. Geo. L. Bodley and A. W. Niles gives us great pleasure. We like to see the merit of these gentlemen recognized.

Bro. John Hart, of No. 121, is the happy father of a little girl baby. They say that John looks as fatherly as though he had received this blessing many years ago.

THE Delegates assembled at the Ninth Annual Convention will not soon forget the earnestness with which Bro. Wilson, of No. 13, toiled, and which marked his prominence as a Delegate.

WE are personally acquainted with Bro. J. A. McHugh, of No. 103, and are glad to learn that he is running on the Manitoba Railway. Bro. Wm. Wallace, of the same Lodge, is similarly engaged.

WE are much pleased to note the promotion of Bros. Casper Wrydert and P. Wilson, of Advance Lodge No. 101. They are first-class men and their Lodge is proud to see them going to the front.

ONE of Bluff City's members writes: "If any of our sister lodges intend giving a ball, they would do well to call on Bro. J. Larkin and E. Dwyer, who are the boss "hustlers" in that line.

ROYALLY does Bro. Mayo, of 59, preside over the right side of his engine. He is the Master of his Lodge, too, and one of the boys who never does "things by halves."

Just twenty-five of No. 37's boys have stepped over to the right hand side since her organization. Bros. Cormick, Quirk and Weldon recently helped to complete the number.

A LITTLE "come together" took place in Amboy in which Bro. Rosier of No. 35 and his engine figured prominently. As Charley escaped unhurt, we consider it an accident of minor importance.

THREE good boys, together in a bunch, are Bros. H. Byron, C. McCallum and John Hyndman, of No. 54. They ought not to bunch together so closely, or there will not be enough to go around.

BRO. A. DELONG, who was a Delegate from No. 71 at both the Boston and Terre Haute Conventions, has been given a position as engineer since his return from the latter Convention.

BRO. F. O. MITCHELL, of No. 4, has just made his debut as an engineer. He closed his record as a stoker creditably, and we can safely vouch for his conduct in the future.

ANOTHER victory for the B's! TWINS! Born to Bro. and Mrs. Peter Staff, of No. 14. A representative of each sex. Bro. Staff's bosom swells with pride.

SO faithful has Bro. T. Curran, Financier of No. 48, performed his duties, that only a look at the boys brings out their assessments. We thought he had some kind of a scheme on account of the full returns he makes.

PROMOTIONS come "en masse" from Baraboo. The latest are Bros. G. McDermott, E. Hunter, C. H. Perry, B. Apker, N. W. Bennett, W. G. Wallace, M. Barlow, A. W. Foster, J. H. Stadler and Frank Hammill.

WE have a new engineer out West who says that married men do "things by halves." He made this an excuse for negligence on the part of one of his friends. If that is true, boys, *don't* get married.

No. 35, although small, is steadily pushing her way to the front. Bro. Thomas Hinchcliff, one of her leading lights, has been deservedly promoted. He may be seen at all times in the Clinton yards presiding over his engine.

THE Master of No. 101, Bro. Cherrington, together with Bros. Tom Burns and James Allen, of the same Lodge, have crossed the deck and now stand on the right hand side. These promotions are well deserved.

ALBERT MITCHNER, a member of No. 60, was reported and published among the expelled, by *mistake*. He is and always has been a good and worthy Brother.

A LETTER received from J. F. F. Hale, Esq., a pioneer member of our Order, shows that the world is using that clever gentleman in good style. His merit has recognized by the railway officials, who have given him a fine position at Austin, Nev.

THE worthy Master of No. 37, E. L. Welton, was married to Miss Addie Andrews on the 17th of October. They have the good wishes of a large circle of friends, both in and out of the Brotherhood.

WHEN last heard from Bro. James Browell, of No. 54, was in Indian Territory. The members of his Lodge, and particularly the Financier, are desirous of hearing from him; if his scalp has not been taken let him at once respond to this call.

THROUGH the columns of the Magazine the officers and members of Trinity Lodge, No. 83, desire to return thanks to Mr. John O'Connor, foreman of the car department at Fort Worth, Tex., for his kindness to them.

THE members of Gulf City Lodge No. 115 congratulate Tim Fagan on his matrimonial ventures. May his married life be smooth, his cup of happiness be filled to overflowing and all his troubles be little ones.

BRO. P. A. McFEE left us, and, as we supposed, departed for other fields; but in a couple of days *he* returned, and Miss Ada Cook, one of Ottumna's most popular young ladies, accompanied him as Mrs. McFee.

THE air is full of rumors concerning Bro. Nebergall, of No. 54. It is observed that the young lady lives awfully far, and that Frank has decided to lessen the distance between them by becoming her other self. The rumors may be groundless.

THE Magazine Agent of No. 124, Bro. Mike Maloy, has one of the most competent assistants in the Northern country, in the person of Mrs. Rathbone. This estimable lady is the mother of Bro. Rathbone, and devotes the most of her leisure time in the interest of the B. of L. F., by securing subscribers for Bro. Maloy.

THERE is a certain citizen of Missouri who had better not tamper with our Archy Clark in the future, for Archy is preparing to retaliate. A word to the wise is sufficient, and Jack will take the hint.

BRO. SHERIDAN, of No. 4, went West and found his fortune. He has thrown aside the scoop, and you can now see him with a pen behind each ear, rushing matters in a freight office in Little Rock, Arkansas.

FOR hospitality the boys of No. 71 can not be outdone. To this fact Bro. Andrew J. Regan, of No. 4, can testify, as he had occasion to partake of their hospitalities on his way from the Convention.

No. 115 has among its members one who is said to be quite a favorite among the young ladies of Lampasse. John Jay is the lucky individual in question, and the boys are daily expecting to be informed of his coming nuptials.

THEY look exceedingly well on the right side of their engines. Bros. Nat. Vail, Wm. Burke and Angus McPherson, of No. 5; they make as good an appearance as though they were old hands at the business.

THE temptations out West proved too much for Bros. W. Mercer, M. Ray and C. Galbraith, so they packed up their collar boxes and went hither. They are employed on the B. & M. R., and despite the distance that lies between them and their Lodge, they still stick to No. 101.

IT'S out, now, and everybody knows it, that Bro. A. C. Hennell, of No. 44, is married. Miss Mary E. Campbell is the fortunate lady. The wedding took place at Belleville, Ills. Mr. and Mrs. Hennell will always find a place of welcome in the Brotherhood.

ROCKY Mountain Lodge is right at the front. Of her members Bros. Harry Adams and W. E. Smith have resigned the scoop and taken the throttle. Bro. J. N. Smith, of Vigo Lodge, No. 16, and Bro. R. O'Harra, of Truckee Lodge, No. 19, stationed in Denver, are also running in that locality.

THERE is none so proud as Bro. Tom Black, of No. 15, nor has any one ever had better grounds for it. It is a boy, and the smartest little chap that ever set foot on Canadian soil. He is fully half as large as his father, a credit to the Order in general and Tom in particular.

JAMES McDONOUGH, of No. 115, and Lou Snyder, of 45, are to spend the Christmas holidays with ladies who only a short time ago were strangers. The former with a beautiful daughter and the latter with a lovely wife—formerly Miss Roberts.

NOT only is Bro. G. D. Westfall, of No. 5, Master of his Lodge, but also of his engine; he became master of the latter only a short time ago. Not to be outdone Bro. McAndrew, Financier of the same Lodge, went and done likewise. They are both master of the situation.

THE members of Great Eastern Lodge, No. 4, report that Bro. G. E. Sheridan has left them to take a position in the offices of the Memphis & Little Rock Railroad, with headquarters at Little Rock. They regret losing such a good man as Bro. Sheridan, but their loss will be No. 45's gain.

No. 84 tendered a vote of thanks to Bro. C. S. Simons for the able and efficient manner in which he has discharged all the duties connected with his office (that of Magazine Agent) during the year. His successor will have to get around pretty lively in order to get ahead of him.

BRO. THOS. O'NEIL, of No. 73, has made a valuable acquisition to his possessions, by taking unto himself a wife. Tom, in all his modesty, concealed the fact from us, but we heard from a collateral source that he had his policy transferred. A word to the wise is sufficient.

CARDS are out for the marriage of Bro. Wm. J. Edy, of Industrial Lodge No. 21, to Miss Grace North, of Kimmiswick, Mo. Bro. Edy is one of the beacon lights of our Order, and his hosts of friends will join us in extending our hearty congratulations upon the happy occasion.

SID. VAUGHAN, of Toronto Lodge, sailed for Europe on the 18th of November, to be gone about three months. He will be greatly missed by his many friends at home and in the Brotherhood at large. We all wish him a happy voyage and a safe return.

THE boys of No. 61 are delighted because Bros. J. B. Miller and C. Montgomery are so situated that they can attend meetings occasionally. The former is running on the Wisconsin division of the Omaha Railway. They are both favorites, and their presence will be enjoyed.

ALTHOUGH we have not the honor of a personal acquaintance with Bro. Chas. Given, Master of Alexia Lodge No. 96, from what we learn through other parties his acquaintance is a thing to be desired. Being a man of excellent reputation we trust that we may meet and know him.

WITH sorrowing hearts the boys of No. 64 bade farewell to Bro. J. M. Sheire; he was one of Sioux's charter members, and on account of being stationed in St. Paul was obliged to withdraw to join No. 61. He is one of our District Corresponding Secretaries, a prominent member in the Order and altogether a good man. We share your sorrow, Sue.

AFTER a long struggle with adversity, No. 44 has again taken her place among our "bon ton" Lodges. This splendid piece of work was accomplished by months of toil on the part of Bro. T. J. Hayes, her shrewd little Financier, who, with the assistance of several others, has planted her high among her sister Lodges.

ONE of our quiet toilers is Bro. Frank Dupell, Financier of No. 75. His letters are short and to the point. In his quiet way he manages, as if by magic, the financial matters of No. 75. Enterprise is one of our largest Lodges, and to keep her in good shape requires much work. We appreciate Frank and could hardly spare him from our corps of Financiers.

WITH the coming Winter our thoughts turn to cheerful firesides, etc. At least the thoughts of our Minnehaha boys did; due, probably, to the severity of Northern Winters. For further details we recommend that you enquire of Bros. Geo. P. Irwin and H. T. Dole. The former converted Miss Fannie E. Haggerty into Mrs. Irwin and the latter, Miss Josie Shaw to Mrs. Dole.

BRO. MERSEREAN, of No. 12, and Bro. Field, of No. 50, extend thanks to the following members of the Order for favors shown them on their trip to Montana, viz.: W. Bender and H. Church, of No. 39; Bros. Miller and Brown, of No. 68; Bros. Fowler, Bodreker and Brown, of No. 81, and Bro. Gould, of No. 41. They say that the Brotherhood is only appreciated when one is among strangers and in need of friends. At such times its value cannot be estimated.

MR. AND MR. THOMAS CREEN, who were married last week, returned from their wedding trip to Terre Haute and Chicago on

Tuesday. On their arrival, Mrs. Creen was presented with the following gifts: A handsome pearl card case, the groom; deed for a house and lot in Galesburg, and \$100 cash, bride's father; bedroom set, leather bed and pillows, twenty-five yards carpet, table-cloth, one dozen damask towels, one-half dozen damask napkins, one set silver tea spoons and silver berry spoon, dinner set and tea set of dishes, bride's mother; dressing bureau, Mr. and Mrs. J. Creen; silver pickle caster and sugar bowl, James Reddington; silver butter dish, Anthony Reddington; one large album, Will Creen; one set of glass goblets, Miss Mamie Creen; marble-top center table, parlor lamp, silver butter knife and sugar spoon, Mr. and Mrs. J. Keneft and son; one pair of vases, Katie Keneft; silver dinner caster, Mr. and Mrs. J. Flynn; one set of silver ten spoons, Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Dougherty; one set of pillow shams, Miss Maggie Malley; the bride's cake, Mrs. Hoban; one dozen damask napkins, Mamie Hoban; complete set of glassware, 42 pieces, John Cassidy, Jr.; one-half dozen damask towels, Mrs. M. Hurley; toilet set, Misses English and Dougherty; four damask towels, Miss Kate Retledge; table-cloth and neckerchief, Miss B. Hoban; pair glass cake stands, Miss E. Spencer; china tea set, parlor lamp and moustache cup and saucer, Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Weir, Chicago; glass fruit dish, fancy work case and half-dozen towels, Mr. and Mrs. G. Hammer, Chicago; one pair blankets, Mr. and Mrs. J. McFarland, St. Augustine.

The above is an extract from a Galesburg paper. Mr. and Mrs. Creen being honored members of the Brotherhood family we proudly chronicle the same. We are personally acquainted with both members of the new firm and can safely vouch for their future happiness.

Bro. Creen's merits as a husband can be measured to a certain extent by the record he has made while serving in the capacity of Master, Magazine Agent and Delegate of No. 115 to Ninth Annual Convention.

LAI D TO REST.

The following is an account of the burial of the late John C. Quarterman, who died at Creston, Iowa, on the 26th of October, 1882. The deceased was an honorable member of our Order, and he will be sadly missed from our ranks:

The funeral of the late John C. Quarterman took place this forenoon from the residence of his mother on the South Side. The services were conducted by Rev. N. H. Whitlesey, of the Congregational Church. The funeral was in charge of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, of which Order the deceased was a beloved member, and the members of which turned out in regalia. Hose Company No. 1, of the C., B. & Q. shops, also attended. Besides the members of these two organizations, there were in attendance a large number of railroad employes and other citizens, friends and acquaintances of the deceased and the family.

Among those present from abroad were John Crawford, of Burlington, J. A. Leech,

founder of the Order of Locomotive Firemen, L. Mooney, J. W. Farwell and Charles Murray, all of St. Joe. The pall bearers were J. A. Leens, Frank Parkhill, John Crawford, of Burlington, John Burns, Harry Holloway and Craig Armstrong.

At the grave the ritualistic service was read by L. Mooney, followed by prayer by Chaplain James Carr. At the close of the ceremonies Mr. Leech made a short address.

The casket was of beautiful black velvet and silver, and was the last gift of the Brotherhood. Many lovely floral offerings were the testimonials of sorrowing hearts. The remains were laid to rest in Graceland Cemetery at 11.30 o'clock.

The Brotherhood desires us to return thanks in their name to Mrs. S. E. J. Sawyer and other kind ladies who rendered them such valuable and timely aid; also to Hose Company No. 1, to the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers and to the many friends of the Order, of the deceased brother and of his family.

FRANK REYNOLDS.

In the July Magazine we denounced Frank Reynolds, an expelled member of Pride of the West Lodge No. 6, as a notorious fraud. The article had no reference to Frank H. Reynolds, of Trinity Lodge No. 83, at Fort Worth, Texas. The latter is a thoroughly honorable man and a worthy member of our Order. While denouncing the former for his rascality, in unmeasured terms, we are constrained to make the distinction between the two so as not to wrong an honest and honorable man.

BALLS, SOCIALS, ETC.

MEMPHIS, TENN.

Bluff City Lodge No. 55 gave their second annual ball October 23. The committees were made up of active members, and of course the affair proved a grand success.

CLEVELAND, OHIO.

The members of Forest City Lodge had their fourth annual ball October 26, and it was an immense success. The following notice of the affair is taken from a Cleveland paper:

Last evening Forest City Lodge No. 10, of the Brotherhood of Firemen, held their fourth annual ball at the City Armory with an attendance of over 300 couple. The event was one of the most pleasant and successful of the kind yet held in the city this fall, and a good sized sum of money was netted for the fund for disabled members of the Brotherhood and wives and orphans. The following gentlemen acted as officers of the ball: Messrs. E. M. Crane, J. W. Sweeney, T. H. Shepperd, Z. B. Mansfield, C. L. Stone, F. W. Geugenbach, C. M. Lindsey, James McAdams, S. C. Meyers, G. E. Jones, T. E. Stoneman, S. Quackenbush, H. Hollar, A. H. Buse, J. A. Summers and C. McBoile.

ST. THOMAS, ONT.

The first annual ball of Charity Lodge No. 5 occurred November 21, with T. R. Baldwin as chairman of the managing committee. Success was certain. We hope the boys all had a good time.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

On the 29th of November occurs the ninth annual ball of Eureka Lodge No. 14. All neighboring sister Lodges have been invited and a grand time is expected.

KEOKUK, IOWA.

We are in receipt of an invitation to the third annual ball of Gate City Lodge No. 93, which takes place on the 29th of November. With our thanks for the compliment, we wish the boys much success.

CHICAGO, ILL.

Triumphant Lodge No. 47 will give their third annual ball November 30. The boys at Chicago know how to manage balls and socials and the one now in progress will be no exception to the rule.

INTERVIEWS ON TALMAGE.

The above is Col. Robert G. Ingersoll's latest work. It consists of a series of interviews upon the great Presbyterian minister, Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, who has been devoting considerable of his time lately in assailing the doctrines of Ingersollism. The book is written in the inimitable style of Col. Ingersoll and is replete with historical research and the choicest gems of literature. He does not seek to convince by slander or by appealing to the prejudices of his readers—he states the propositions of his opponent fully and fairly and then answers them in a clear, logical and comprehensive manner. Whether we agree with him or not we are bound to admit his candor and honesty. He gives all others every right he claims for himself—he has only words of kindness for those who honestly differ with him. He is one of the most profound thinkers and writers of the age and his books can be read with profit by all classes.

His "Interviews on Talmage" are particularly interesting and will well repay the reading of them.

For deep thought, clear logic and the rarest gems of eloquent expression, this book has scarcely an equal. It may be had by addressing the sole publisher, C. P. Farrell, 1421 N. Y. Ave., Washington, D. C.

RESOLUTIONS.

24.

PARSONS, KAS., Oct. 22, 1882.

At a regular meeting of Great Western Lodge, No. 24, held this day in Fisher's Hall, the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, It has pleased the Almighty God, in His divine wisdom, to remove from our Brotherhood, and from their family circles, our beloved brothers, Thomas T. Spencer and J. W. Walker, who were killed on the night of October 6th, 1882, at Muskogee, I. T., by the overturning of their engine, and

WHEREAS, This very forcibly calls to our minds that there are "misplaced switches" daily open to us all, warning us to so conduct ourselves as to be ever ready to receive that last "go ahead" signal which we all have to expect, therefore be it

Resolved, That, since our deceased brothers were men of strict integrity and honor, worthy in every way of the respect of all mankind, it is but a just tribute to their families that we extend to them our heartfelt sympathy in this, their hour of trial, and advise them to seek solace and comfort in Him who doeth all things well.

Resolved, That a copy of the foregoing be presented to the bereaved families, that the same be spread upon the record of this Lodge and published in the Firemen's Magazine.

L. C. HILL,
G. EWING,
L. BAKER,
Committee.

79

ROODHOUSE, ILLS., Nov. 23, 1882.

At a regular meeting of J. M. Dodge Lodge No. 79, the following resolutions were adopted:

Resolved, That the members of No. 79 extend their thanks to Mrs. Presley, wife of Bro. Harry Presley, for a beautiful Chromo presented them;

Resolved, That these resolutions be published in Firemen's Magazine and a copy be sent to Mrs. Presley.

J. B. MILTON,
J. CURTIS,
J. TRUE,
Committee.

101.

CRESTON, IOWA, October 30, 1882.

At a regular meeting of Advance Lodge No. 101, B. of L. F., held this day, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, It has pleased the Almighty God in his mysterious providence to remove from our midst after a short illness our highly esteemed and respected Financier and Brother, John C. Quarterman, thus reminding us in the midst of all we love and hold dear to prepare for death; and,

WHEREAS, By the death of Bro. Quarterman the Brotherhood has lost a true and valuable member, this Association a firm friend and genial companion, his mother a kind and affectionate son, his sister a loving brother; therefore be it

Resolved, That we condole with relatives and friends of deceased, and especially to the disconsolate mother and sister we extend our heartfelt sympathy on this sorrowful occasion, assuring them that he was honored and loved as a man and brother by his fellow firemen.

Resolved, That the thanks of Advance Lodge No. 101 are due and are hereby tendered to Bros. J. A. Leach, L. Mooney and other members of Lodge No. 43, for their kindness in assisting us to pay the last tribute of respect to our departed Brother.

Resolved, That we extend to Mr. C. W. Eckerson, our master mechanic, and to Mr. H. Breitenstein, our foreman, the thanks of this Lodge for their many favors.

Resolved, That to any and all who in any way assisted in doing honor to the memory of our dear Brother, Advance Lodge owes a debt of gratitude that words cannot express.

Resolved, That we drape our Charter in mourning for thirty days, and that these resolutions be placed on our minutes and that they be printed in the city papers and in the B. of L. F. Magazine, and that a copy be sent to the bereaved mother.

E. A. FINLEY,
WM. MCCLURE,
GEO. IOE,
Committee.

102.

EAST DES MOINES, IOWA, Nov. 5, 1882.

At a special meeting of Confidence Lodge No. 102, B. of L. F., held in their hall, the following preamble and resolutions, expressing sorrow at the death of Bro. E. B. Spencer, were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, It has been the will of the Almighty God to take from our midst our beloved Brother, E. B. Spencer, be it

Resolved, That in the death of Bro. Spencer the B. of L. F. has lost a true and worthy member.

Resolved, That the thanks of this Lodge be extended to our Past Master, Bro. D. E. Hayes, for accompanying E. B. Spencer, father of the deceased, to Fargo to take charge of the remains; also to Fargo Lodge No. 85 for kindness shown the deceased during his illness.

Resolved, That we extend to the parents and sister of Bro. Spencer our heartfelt sympathy in their affliction; and be it further

Resolved, That our Charter be draped in mourning for the space of thirty days.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be presented to the afflicted family and be published in the Firemen's Magazine.

J. CLAREY,
J. C. MUSGROVE,
J. WHITTAKER,
Committee.

112

MT. VERNON, ILLS., Oct. 22, 1882.

At a regular meeting of Evening Star Lodge, No. 112, B. of L. F., the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, It has pleased our Heavenly

Father to remove from our midst to His home on high our friend and brother, J. G. Boswell, who was killed at Ashley, Ills., on October 10th, 1882, by the overturning of his engine, therefore be it

Resolved, That in the death of Bro. Boswell our Lodge has lost a worthy and honored member, and his wife a kind and loving husband.

Resolved, That we extend to the wife and relatives of our lamented brother our heartfelt sympathy in their great affliction, and that our charter be draped in mourning for the space of thirty days.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be placed upon the records of this Lodge and sent to the editor of the B. of L. F. Magazine for publication.

A. TANKESLY,
JOHN MURPHY,
R. W. LINDLEY,
Committee.

CARD OF THANKS.

NORTH WALES, PA., Oct. 20, 1882.

To the Officers and Members of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen:

GENTLEMEN: I wish to acknowledge the receipt of the one thousand dollars (\$1,000) paid to me on account of the death of my husband; also, to tender to you my devout thanks for the benefit you have bestowed upon me. I shall ever feel a sincere regard for you, hoping there will be a special Providence over you in all hours of danger, and may this favor to me have a return to you in true benevolence. May God bless the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, is the earnest wish of

Your friend,

EMMA B. NEAVILLE.

AN ACKNOWLEDGEMENT.

DANVILLE, ILLS., Oct. 18, 1882.

To the Officers and Members of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen:

GENTLEMEN: I, on the 13th day of October, received from Mr. G. Shuster, of Hercules Lodge, No. 63, B. of L. F., a draft for the sum of one thousand dollars (\$1,000), due me on the death of my husband, A. G. Reveal, who was a member of the above named Lodge.

I hereby tender my sincere thanks to the members of Hercules Lodge for their sympathy and assistance through the sickness and death of my husband.

With an earnest wish for the prosperity of your noble Order, I remain

Very gratefully yours,

MRS. MELISSA P. REVEAL.

IMPORTANT.

It is important that the dates should be given by the Officers of Subordinate Lodges in reporting the admission, withdrawal, suspension, rejection, expulsion or reinstatement of members. It is required by law and should be invariably observed as our records must show all these dates.

In reporting expulsions the cause should be given and in the case of withdrawals it should be stated whether they are final or limited. When a limited withdrawal is reported the number of the Lodge to be joined should be given. By observing these instructions, Officers will save themselves and the Grand Lodge much trouble.

E. V. DEBS,

G. S. & T.

F. W. ARNOLD.

G. M.

PHOTOGRAPHS.

Those wishing the photographs that were taken during the last Convention can be supplied with at the following rates:

Locomotive presented to W. R. McKeen: Cabinet Size 25c; 10x12 50c.

Procession: 10x12 50c.

Executive Committee: \$1.00.

All orders must be paid in advance.

Address:—D. W. WRIGHT, Photographer, Terre Haute, Ind.

ELECTION OF MAGAZINE AGENTS.

We call the attention of Subordinate Lodges to Sections 2 and 3 of Art. 3 of the By Laws providing for the election of Magazine Agents. It will be noticed that Magazine Agents should be elected at the first meeting in November. Immediately after the election the name and address of the Agent should be sent to the G. S. & T. for publication in the Magazine.

New Agents should apply at once to the G. S. & T. for subscription blanks and proceed to canvass for the ensuing year.

Orders should be sent in immediately after the 1st of December in order that the Editor may know how many copies to have printed.

The Magazine for 1883 will undergo a complete change and will be far superior to all preceding issues.

Progress is the order of the day and the Magazine must advance and develop with the Brotherhood.

Let every Agent begin the work in earnest and let every Lodge give him their full co-operation and support.

The circulation of the coming year must reach at least 12,000 copies.

E. V. DEBS,

G. S. & T.

F. W. ARNOLD,

G. M.

ORDER REVOKED.

The order issued September 18th, reclaiming the charter of Colonial Lodge No. 119, at River du Loup, Quebec, is revoked this 18th day of October; the said Lodge being again in good working order.

E. V. DEBS, F. W. ARNOLD,
G. S. & T. G. M.

LODGE NOTICES.

We request all Lodges to examine their Lodge advertisement in this issue of the Magazine. If there is any mistake in the names or addresses of the Officers, the name or location of the hall or the time of meeting, immediate notice should be given us so that the corrections can be made.

E. V. DEBS, F. W. ARNOLD,
G. S. & T. G. M.

DEATHS AND DISABILITIES.

J. G. BOSWELL,

Of Evening Star Lodge No. 112, was killed October 10 by his engine running into a herd of cattle and leaving the track. His policy is payable to his wife, Mrs. Lydia Boswell.

M. STAPLETON,

Of Susquehanna Lodge No. 71, was killed October 17 by his engine going through a bridge. His policy is payable to Mrs. Mary Stapleton.

JOHN QUARTERMAN,

Of Advance Lodge No. 101, died of Malarial Fever October 26. His policy is payable to his mother, Mrs. K. R. Quarterman.

E. B. SPENCER,

Of Confidence Lodge No. 102, died of Diphtheria October 30. His policy is payable to his mother, Mrs. L. E. Spencer.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Thomas Bates, of Falls City Lodge, No. 108, is requested to correspond with his Lodge.

Bros. Ed. Riley and John Cullen, of J. M. Dodge Lodge No. 79, will please correspond with their Financier.

Bro. M. Brown, of Lodge No. 50, is hereby requested to correspond with Bro. George P. Irwin, whose address is St. Cloud, Minn.

Bro. W. S. James, of No. 61, is respectfully requested to correspond with the Financier of his Lodge.

C. Rogers, of Stuart Lodge, No. 20, will please correspond with the Financier of his Lodge. Address C. K. Rost, box 470, Stuart, Iowa.

E. R. Black and G. L. Hardenburg are hereby requested to correspond with the Financier of No. 8—J. E. Arthur, box 126, Denison, Texas.

ADMISSIONS BY CARD.

Lodge.	Name.	From No.
5	M. McGregor	84
5	S. Keerner	37
21	Jno. A. Hayes	16
43	J. A. Leach	31
61	Jno. O'Brien	77
65	J. C. Curtis	65
80	A. W. Rollins	105
100	A. H. Greene	15
103	Wm. Pettibone	12
112	C. J. Sutter	37
112	A. Bruns	55
116	O. Blodgett	84

WITHDRAWALS.

Lodge.	Names.	Remarks.
15	A. H. Greene	To join No. 100.
19	C. H. Pierce	To join No. 39.
30	L. Keelne	To join No. 106.
34	L. M. Clark	Final.
38	Dan. Hartley	To join elsewhere
42	J. Farmer	Final.
53	B. E. Case	Final.
53	B. E. Smith	Final.
55	Andrew Bruns	To join No. 112.
56	T. W. Dailey	Final.
59	Thos. Davin	Final.
59	J. E. Miles	Final.
73	H. T. Peck	Final.
77	A. E. Hayes	To join No. 8.
88	Wm. Warner	Final.
90	C. H. Symmes	Final.
94	G. C. Thomas	To join elsewhere
105	A. W. Rollins	To join No. 80.
113	Fred. Crane	To join No. 91.

EXPULSIONS.

Lodge.	Names.	Cause.
2	Wm. Bennett	Non-payment of dues.
2	Thos. Langston	Non-payment of dues.
14	John Fox	Non-payment of dues.
37	WT Henshilwood	Non-payment of dues.
37	Louis Smith	Non-payment of dues.
37	H. L. Dickinson	Non-payment of dues.
43	R. Z. Gray	Non-payment of dues.
59	Harry Stone	For selling liquor.
63	Wm. Southwell	Defrauding members.
75	C. French	Drunkenness.
76	Gus Geesa	Non-payment of dues.
76	F. N. Spotford	Non-payment of dues.
76	C. J. Curran	Non-payment of dues.
82	M. F. Hulet	Non-payment of dues.
95	J. Maxwell	Non-payment of dues.
95	C. N. Wheeler	Non-payment of dues.

REINSTATEMENTS.

No. 30—F. H. Evans.
No. 30—J. A. Fields.
No. 32—Ed. C. Harvey.
No. 32—C. McDonald.
No. 36—Dennis Casey.
No. 55—Andrew Bruns.
No. 83—Fred. Sexton.
No. 59—Wm. Spade.

BENEFICIARY STATEMENT.

OFFICE OF THE GRAND SECRETARY AND
TREASURER, B. OF L. F.

Terre Haute, Ind., Nov. 1st, 1882.

To Subordinate Lodges:

SIRS AND BROTHERS: The following is a statement of the Beneficiary Fund for the month ending October 31st, 1882:

RECEIPTS.

No.	Back Assess'ts	Ass't 11&12	Ass't 13&14	Total.	No.	Back Assess'ts	Ass't 11&12	Ass't 13&14	Total.
1	\$1 00	\$27 00		\$28 00	64	6 00	\$23 00		29 00
2	22 00	18 00		40 00	65				
3	3 00	86 00		89 00	66	2 00	35 00		37 00
4		25 00		25 00	67	2 00	60 00		62 00
5		24 00		24 00	68	7 00	27 00		34 00
6	10 00			10 00	69	1 00	32 00		33 00
7	4 00	11 00		15 00	70	8 00	15 00		23 00
8	3 00	29 00	\$23 00	55 00	71		44 00		44 00
9		14 00	13 00	27 00	72		76 00		76 00
10	3 00	28 00		31 00	73	6 00	30 00		36 00
11		43 00		43 00	74	4 00	19 00		23 00
12	22 00	83 00		105 00	75	14 00	104 00		118 00
13		60 00		60 00	76	22 00	22 00		44 00
14	5 00	47 00		52 00	77	22 00	66 00		88 00
15	1 00	34 00		35 00	78		34 00		34 00
16	11 00	84 00		95 00	79	3 00	31 00		34 00
17	4 00	35 00		39 00	80			26 00	26 00
18		36 00		36 00	81	21 00		3 00	24 00
19		32 00		32 00	82	11 00	28 00		39 00
20		34 00		34 00	83	1 00	28 00		29 00
21	9 00	49 00		58 00	84		34 00		34 00
22		42 00		42 00	85	16 00	4 00		20 00
23		21 00		21 00	86		58 00		58 00
24			36 00	36 00	87	7 00	11 00		18 00
25	4 00	26 00		30 00	88		41 00		41 00
26	2 00	42 00		44 00	89				
27	1 00	54 00		55 00	90	19 00	18 00	16 00	53 00
28	5 00	39 00		44 00	91		28 00		28 00
29			39 00	39 00	92			28 00	28 00
30	8 00	16 00		24 00	93		43 00	47 00	90 00
31	7 00	58 00		65 00	94				
32	7 00	25 00		32 00	95	1 00	103 00		104 00
33	6 00	44 00		50 00	96				
34	6 00	20 00		26 00	97	1 00	37 00		38 00
35	1 00	20 00		21 00	98		24 00		24 00
36	12 00	45 00	1 00	58 00	99	3 00	50 00		53 00
37	3 00	52 00		55 00	100	14 00		50 00	64 00
38	7 00	50 00		57 00	101			21 00	40 00
39			46 00	46 00	102		19 00		18 00
40	2 00	51 00		53 00	103			18 00	36 00
41	16 00	16 00		32 00	104	20 00	16 00		27 00
42		20 00		20 00	105		27 00		27 00
43			50 00	50 00	106		20 00		20 00
44	6 00	5 00		11 00	107		24 00		24 00
45	20 00	51 00		71 00	108		19 00		19 00
46	24 00	10 00		34 00	109		22 00		22 00
47	25 00	49 00		74 00	110	1 00	14 00		15 00
48		26 00		26 00	111		19 00		19 00
49	9 00	24 00		33 00	112		1 00		1 00
50		48 00		48 00	113		10 00		10 00
51			33 00	33 00	114		11 00		11 00
52	2 00	38 00		40 00	115		1 00	20 00	21 00
53					116				
54	7 00	11 00		18 00	117				
55		26 00		26 00	118				
56		2 00		2 00	119				
57	16 00	72 00		88 00	120				
58					121				
59	1 00	33 00		34 00	122				
60	11 00	53 00		64 00	123				
61	24 00	72 00		96 00	124				
62		3 00	25 00	28 00	125				
63	13 00	30 00		43 00	126				

Balance on hand Oct. 1st \$2,588 00
Received during month 4,386 00
Total \$6,974 00

DISBURSEMENTS.

By Claims, 18 and 19 \$2,000 00
Balance on hand Nov. 1st \$1,974 00
Respectfully Submitted,
EUGENE V. DEBS, G. S. & T.

Grand and Subordinate Lodges.

GRAND LODGE.

F. W. Arnold, Room 2, Pioneer
Block, Columbus, O. Grand Master
W. E. Burns, 1726 Indiana Ave.
Chicago, Ills. Vice Grand Master
E. V. Debs, Terre Haute, Ind.,
Grand Secretary and Treasurer
S. M. Stevens, Terre Haute, Ind.,
Grand Organizer and Instructor

GRAND EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

H. Walton, Chairman, West Philadelphia, Pa
F. M. James, Secretary Centralia, Ills
L. C. Hill Parsons, Kan
D. E. Barry, Buffalo, N. Y
S. Vaughn Toronto, Can

GRAND TRUSTEES.

W. Maroney, Chairman Chicago, Ill
W. F. Hynes Denver, Col
D. Ross Stratford, Ont

DISTRICT SECRETARIES.

T. R. Baldwin, Drawer 854 . . . St. Thomas, Ont
J. M. Sheire, C., St. P. M. & O.
R. R. St. Paul, Minn
J. McDonough, 110 W. Ave H., Galveston, Tex
M. Shick Jersey City, N. J.
A. P. Greene, 41 Kneeland St. . . Boston, Mass
G. W. Rae Fort Gratiot, Mich
W. E. Sullivan, 2210 S. 6th St., St. Joseph, Mo
W. R. Dean Eagle Rock, Idaho
F. P. Sargent, Box 208 . . . Tucson, Arizona
T. E. Creen, Box 1278, . . . Galesburg, Ills
S. C. Myers, 97 Lawrence St. . . Cleveland, O
F. Hammill Baraboo, Wis

SUBORDINATE LODGES.

1. DEER PARK; Port Jervis, N. Y.
Meets at Rosencrans Hall, Pike St. Alter-
nate Sundays at 2 o'clock P. M. and
Thursdays at 7:30 P. M.
C. E. Barkman, Box 21 Master
F. L. Smith, Box 361 Secretary
A. J. Shiner, Box 654 Financier
C. E. Barkman, Box 21 Mag. Agent

2. HAND IN HAND; Providence R. I.
Meets at Engineer's Hall, No. 26 Exchange
Place, first Monday and third Wednes-
day of each month at 8:30 P. M.
C. E. Clark, Valley Falls, R. I. . . Master
E. H. Turner, Valley Falls, R. I. . . Secretary
G. D. Oliver, 330 North Main St. . . Financier
T. Powers, 80 Atwells Ave . . . Mag. Agent

- 3. ADOPTED DAUGHTER;** Jersey City, N. J.
Meets at Union Hall, Cor. 4th and Grove
Sts., the first and third Wednesdays of
each month at 1 o'clock P. M. and second
and fourth Sundays at 2 o'clock P. M.
E. W. Davis, 172 Pavonia Ave. . . . Master
E. Ely, Pavonia Station . . . Secretary
B. D. Maxwell, 314 E. 23rd St.
New York City, N. Y. . . . Financier
E. W. Davis, 172 Pavonia Ave, Mag. Agent
- 4. GREAT EASTERN;** Portland, Maine.
Meets at Engineer's Hall, Cor. of Congress
and Temple Sts., the first and third Sun-
days of each month at 1 o'clock P. M.
A. E. Dennison, 85 Fore St. . . . Master
A. J. Reagan, 65 Alder St. . . . Secretary
F. O. Mitchell, 23 Merrill St. . . . Financier
A. E. Dennison, 85 Fore St. . . . Mag. Agent
- 5. CHABITY;** St. Thomas, Ontario.
Meets at B. of L. E. Hall, No. 573½ Talbot
St., every Friday evening at 8 o'clock
P. M.
G. D. Westfall, Box 33. . . . Master
T. R. Baldwin, Drawer 854 . . . Secretary
M. J. McAndrew, Box 33. . . . Financier
G. Johnson Mag. Agent
- 6. PRIDE OF THE WEST;** Desoto, Mo.
J. W. Walker, Box 103. . . . Master
Wm. Hearst Secretary
J. W. Evans Financier
P. H. Coyne, Box 103 Mag. Agent
- 7. POTOMAC;** Washington, D. C.
A. N. Spamer, 44 Eager St. . . . Master
M. Hurley, 1008 6th St., S. W. . . . Secretary
J. C. Graham, 319 D St., S. W. . . . Financier
R. M. Smith, 130 Carnall St.
S. E. Mag. Agent
- 8. RED RIVER;** Denison City, Tex.
Meets on Cor. of Main St. and Burneth
Ave. the first and third Sundays of each
month at 3 o'clock P. M.
E. J. Bouchard Master
T. H. Motter, Box 136 Secretary
J. K. Arthur, Box 136 Financier
J. F. Matthews Mag. Agent
- 9. FRANKLIN;** Columbus, Ohio.
Meets at B. of L. E. Hall, No. 62½ N. High
St., fourth floor—the first and third
Mondays of each month at 7:30 P. M.
C. H. Mason, 15 Summit St. . . . Master
J. G. McClure, 144½ N. High St. . . . Secretary
C. B. Cavey, 407 N. High St. . . . Financier
F. J. Keistler, 214 S. High St. . . . Mag. Agent
- 10. FOREST CITY;** Cleveland, Ohio.
Meets at K. of P. Hall, 180 Ontario St., the
second and fourth Sundays of each
month at 2 P. M.
H. Holler, 17 Waring St. . . . Master
S. C. Myers, 97 Lawrence St. . . . Secretary
T. H. Sheppard, 154 Pelton Ave. . . . Financier
E. W. Crain, 431 Lake St. . . . Mag. Agent
- 11. EXCELSIOR;** Phillipsburg, N. J.
Meets at Gwinner's Hall, South Main St.,
the second and fourth Sundays of each
month at 2 o'clock P. M.
W. W. Carling Master
C. A. Stevenson, Box 106. . . . Secretary
J. W. Sinclair Financier
H. Lott Mag. Agent
- 12. BUFFALO;** Buffalo, N. Y.
Meets at Conductor's Hall, 253 Michigan
St., every Friday at 8 o'clock P. M.
A. L. Jacobs, 543 S. Division St. . . . Master
D. E. Barry, 510 Seneca St. . . . Secretary
C. W. Piper, 241 N. Division St. . . . Financier
R. B. Williams, 320 N. Division
St. Mag. Agent
- 13. WASHINGTON;** Jersey City, N. J.
T. E. Kelton, Rosell, N. J. . . . Master
P. D. Mead, 217 Communipaw
Ave. Secretary
C. A. Wilson, 135 Pacific Ave. . . . Financier
G. Lewis, 259 Communipaw
Ave. Mag. Agent
- 14. EUREKA;** Indianapolis, Ind.
Meets on Cor. of Washington and Meridian
Sts. every Tuesday at 8 o'clock P. M.
B. F. Gorden, 77 Indiana Ave. . . . Master
C. Zepp, 93 Malott Ave. . . . Secretary
Wm. Hugo, 79 N. Noble St. . . . Financier
J. Farrell, 121 John St. . . . Mag. Agent
- 15. ST. LAWRENCE;** Montreal, Can.
Meets at St. Charles Club House, Cor. Wel-
lington and Richmond Sts., every alternate
Sunday 2:30 P. M.
H. Taylor, 181 Magdelane St. . . . Master
E. Upton, 42 St. Etienne St. . . . Secretary
J. Ryan, 211 Burgeois St. . . . Financier
P. Champagne, 183 Burgeois St. . . . Mag. Agent
- 16 VIGO;** Terre Haute, Ind.
Meets at A. O. U. W. Hall, Cor. 8th and
Main Sts., the second and fourth Sun-
days of each month at 2 o'clock P. M.
O. E. Fox, 1326 Sycamore St. . . . Master
E. V. Debs Secretary
J. Smith, 205 N. Eleventh St. . . . Financier
A. J. Mullien Mag. Agent
- 17. OLD POST;** Vincennes, Ind.
Meets at B. of L. F. Hall, Cor. of 7th and
Broadway Sts., every Sunday at 2 P. M.
H. M. Hogan Master
T. A. Gallaway, Care O. & M.
Shops Secretary
C. A. Cripps Financier
C. A. Bruce Mag. Agent
- 18. WEST END;** Slater, Mo.
Meets at Odd Fellows Hall, Main St., the
2nd and 4th Saturday evenings of each
month.
M. Short Master
T. B. Crawford Secretary
F. A. Briggs, L. Box 53 Financier
J. B. Murphy Mag. Agent
- 19. TRUCKEE;** Wadsworth, Nevada.
Meets in Engineers' Hall every Friday
evening at 7:30 P. M.
G. Abbay, Box 8. Master
J. Van Buren, Box 8 Secretary
J. F. George, Box 8 Financier
C. E. McBean, Box 8 Mag. Agent
- 20. STUART;** Stuart, Iowa.
Meets at Engineer's Hall, Gould Building,
South Division St., the first and third
Sundays of each month at 2 P. M.
C. L. Bunch, Box 247 Master
M. C. Kimball, Box 71 Secretary
C. K. Rost, Box 398 Financier
E. Cahon, Box 6 Mag. Agent
- 21. INDUSTRIAL;** South St. Louis, Mo.
Meets at Engineer's Hall, on Main St.,
between Roberts and Vine Sts., every
Sunday at 1:00 P. M.
W. J. Edy, 2d and Blow Sts. . . . Master
J. H. Clark, 3d St., between
Prim and Lesson Sts. . . . Secretary
K. C. Donehue, 7306 Main St. . . . Financier
F. Fuller, 2d St., between
Kraus and Nebraska Sts. . . . Mag. Agent
- 22. CENTRAL;** Urbana, Ill.
Meets in K. of U. B. Hall, Cor. of Main and
Markets Sts., every Sunday at 2:30 P. M.
W. Rundel, Box 345 Master
R. C. Burns, Box 370 Secretary
J. Laird, Box 517 Financier
C. B. Foote, Box 198 Mag. Agent

- 23. PHOENIX; Brookfield, Mo.**
Meets at Odd Fellows Hall, the second and fourth Sundays of each month.
L. R. St. John Master
M. DeVoy Secretary
H. Mangel Financier
J. D. Ray, Hannibal, Mo. Mag. Agent
- 24. GREAT WESTERN; Parsons, Kan.**
Meets in Fisk's Hall (up-stairs) on North side of Johnson Ave., every alternate Sunday at 2:30 P. M.
J. Emery, Box 112 Master
C. M. Long, Box 840 Secretary
J. Tierney, Box 701 Financier
C. Anderson, Box 367 Mag. Agent
- 25. CONNECTING LINK; Boone, Ia.**
Meets at Engineer's Hall, on 8th St., between Marshall and Tama Sts., the first and third Sundays in each month at 2:30 P. M.
W. H. Fuller, L. Box 814 Master
C. A. Wheeler, L. Box 584 Secretary
J. D. Russell Financier
C. A. Wheeler, L. Box 584 Mag. Agent
- 26. ALPHA; Baraboo, Wis.**
Meets in Engineers' Hall, on 3rd St., the 2nd and 4th Sundays of each month at 2 P. M.
J. K. Hawes Master
G. Graham Secretary
F. Hammill, Box 1341 Financier
G. M. Dopp, Box 600 Mag. Agent
- 27. HAWKEYE; Cedar Rapids, Ia.**
Meets at Room 13, Cor. of 2d St. and 2d Ave., in Post Office Block, the first and third Sundays of each month at 2 P. M.
M. W. Cary, L. Box 504 Master
F. D. Ford, L. Box 354 Secretary
C. W. Phelps, Box 1010 Financier
E. Meacham Mag. Agent
- 28. ELKHORN; North Platte, Neb.**
M. B. Tarkington Master
H. J. Clark, Box 177 Secretary
P. H. Sullivan, Box 921 Financier
J. N. Bonner Mag. Agent
- 29. CERRO GORDO; Mason City, Iowa.**
Meets at K. of P. Hall, Cor. of 5th and Commercial Sts., the first and third Sundays of each month at 7:30 P. M.
A. H. Tucker, Box 167 Master
F. McKay, Box 167 Secretary
C. Currie, Box 259 Financier
J. J. Nihill, Calmar, Iowa Mag. Agent
- 30. CEDAR VALLEY; Waterloo, Ia.**
Meets at Good Templar's Hall, Pardu Block, on 4th St., between Commercial and Jefferson Sts., the first and third Sundays of each month at 2 P. M.
C. O. Grassley, Box 416 Master
R. A. Corson, Box 406 Secretary
A. E. Girard, Box 795 Financier
C. A. Clough Mag. Agent
- 31. R. B. CENTRE; Atchison, Kan.**
Meets at Hall 710 Commercial St., between 7th and 8th Sts., the second and fourth Sundays of each month at 2:30 P. M.
S. Walters, 109 Robert St. Master
A. Studer, 203 South Liberty St. Secretary
J. A. Sweeney, 417 R St. Financier
S. Walters, 109 Robert St. Mag. Agent
- 32. BORDER; Ellis, Kan.**
F. J. Schuyler, Box 138 Master
J. D. Rippey, Box 243 Secretary
A. H. Britton, Box 303 Financier
A. H. Chapman, Box 302 Mag. Agent
- 33. SUCCESS; Trenton, Mo.**
H. H. Stamper, Box 242 Master
W. Marsden, Box 413 Secretary
C. A. Carson, Box 292 Financier
J. Dipple Mag. Agent
- 34. CLINTON; Clinton, Ia.**
Meets in B. of L. E. Hall, on 4th St., between 9th and 10th Aves., the first and third Sundays of each month at 2 P. M.
H. W. Stephens, Box 189 Master
J. W. Adams, Box 985 Secretary
J. W. Adams, Box 985 Financier
C. S. Keith Mag. Agent
- 35. AMBOY; Amboy, Ills.**
Meets in Engineer's Hall, over No. 19 Main St., the first and third Sundays of each month at 3 P. M.
C. R. Rosier, Box 420 Master
G. W. Bainter, Box 498 Secretary
T. Hinchcliff, Box 409 Financier
H. Williams, Box 416 Mag. Agent
- 36. TIPPECANOE; Lafayette, Ind.**
Meets Cor. of 4th and Ferry Sts.
J. H. Brewer, 161 Union St. Master
P. Leindecker, Care L. E. & W. Shops Secretary
W. S. Beemer, 153 North St. Financier
Mag. Agent
- 37. NEW HOPE; Centralia, Ills.**
Meets at Engineer's Hall, in first block east of I. C. Depot, the first and third Sundays of each month at 2 P. M.
E. L. Welton, Box 291 Master
F. P. Morse, Box 291 Secretary
F. M. James, Box 202 Financier
H. G. Cormick, Box 151 Mag. Agent
- 38. AVON; Stratford, Ontario.**
Meets in Forester's Hall, Market Square, the first and third Sundays every month at 2 P. M.
Ben. Tapp, Box 318 Master
G. Nursey, Box 318 Secretary
F. Mingay, Box 103 Financier
Mag. Agent
- 39. TWIN CITY; Rock Island, Ills.**
Meets at B. of L. E. Hall, Star Block, on 2d Ave. opposite Harper House, the second and fourth Sundays of each month at 2 P. M.
E. W. Mason, 520 E. 9th St., Davenport, Iowa Master
H. J. Frick, Box 1228 Secretary
W. H. Gray, Box 194 Financier
S. Nichols Mag. Agent
- 40. BLOOMING; Bloomington, Ills.**
Meets in Engineer's Hall, North Centre St., between Front and Washington Sts., every Tuesday evening.
E. Browning, 720 W. Chestnut St. Master
C. Monahan, Jefferson House Secretary
J. Devine, 911 W. North St. Financier
J. Johnson, 708 E. Washington St. Mag. Agent
- 41. ONWARD; Mandan, Dakota.**
Meets at Odd Fellows' Hall, every Saturday at 7:30 P. M.
N. A. Ames, Box 275 Master
J. W. McQuay, Box 275 Secretary
J. F. Reilly Financier
E. W. Haskins, Box 195 Mag. Agent
- 42. ELMO; Madison, Wis.**
Meets in Sharp's Hall, Cor. of Dayton and Charter Sts., the first Tuesday and third Wednesday of every month at 2 P. M.
A. Morgan, Box 1903 Master
W. D. Scampton, Box 1725 Secretary
M. O'Loughlin, Box 1903 Financier
J. Farmer Mag. Agent
- 43. ST. JOSEPH; St. Joseph, Mo.**
Meets at Daunkmyer Hall, Cor. of 9th and Olive Sts., the second and fourth Sundays of each month at 2:30 P. M.
C. Thomas, 2324 S. 6th St. Master
I. Dupuis, 2324 S. 6th St. Secretary
H. Boyer, 2135 S. 6th St. Financier
Mag. Agent

- 44. F. W. ARNOLD**; East St. Louis, Ills.
Meets at Finke Hall, the 1st and 3rd Tuesdays of each month at 8 P. M.
T. Halpin, Box 171 Master
F. Quirk, Box 282 Secretary
T. J. Hayes, Box 288 Financier
C. Timblin Mag. Agent
- 45. ROSE CITY**; Little Rock, Ark.
Meets in Engineer's Hall, No. 113 Main St., upstairs, every Monday at 7:30 P. M.
B. Schimmelpfennig, 208 S. Cross St. Master
H. H. Burrus, 1223 W. 4th St. Secretary
H. H. Burrus, 1223 W. 4th St. Financier
Mag. Agent
- 46. CAPITAL**; Springfield, Ills.
Meets at Engineer's Hall, Munroe St., between 6th and 7th Sts., the first and third Sundays of each month at 2 P. M.
J. Summergill, 1112 E. Monroe St. Master
A. D. Hensley, 1155 N. 9th St. Secretary
E. Jolly, care Wabash Shops Financier
S. Clark, care Wabash Shops Mag. Agent
- 47. TRIUMPHANT**; Chicago, Ills.
Meets in Railway Chapel, State St., the second and fourth Sundays of each month at 2:30 P. M.
Angus Menish, 3158 S. LaSalle St. Master
F. J. Rosbach, 1323 State St. Secretary
John Devine, 1462 Indiana Ave. Financier
J. W. Miller, 1323 State St. Mag. Agent
- 48. W. F. HYNES**; Peoria, Ills.
Meets in Druids Hall, Cor. Main and Adams Sts., opposite Court House, the first and third Mondays of each month at 8 P. M.
G. Gates, Box 59, Warsaw, Ills. Master
A. Chapman, 615 1st St. Secretary
T. Curran, 303 Maple St. Financier
T. W. Welch, 705 1st St. Mag. Agent
- 49. J. M. RAYMOND**; Decatur, Ills.
Meets on Morgan St., between Eldorado and Cerro Gordo Sts., every Sunday at 3 P. M.
A. H. Sutton, Box 1137 Master
Wm. J. Pursell, Box 672 Secretary
W. W. Danaldson, Box 672 Financier
Wm. J. Pursell, Box 672 Mag. Agent
- 50. GARDEN CITY**; Chicago, Ills.
Meets in Brown's Hall, Cor. 47th and State Sts., the 1st and 3rd Saturdays of every month at 7:30 P. M.
J. J. Hannahan, 3757 S. Dearborn St. Master
F. W. Smith, 4010 State St. Secretary
A. S. McAllister, 4904 S. Dearborn St. Financier
J. J. Hannahan, 3757 Dearborn St. Mag. Agent
- 51. FRISCO**; North Springfield, Mo.
Meets at Good Templar's Hall, between Commercial and Boonville Sts., the second and fourth Saturdays at 7:30 P. M.
J. A. Dryden, Box 40 Master
J. Hulse Secretary
M. W. Burwell, Box 64 Financier
J. Truesdale, Box 173 Mag. Agent
- 52. GOOD WILL**; Logansport, Ind.
Meets at Good Will Hall, Cor. of Spear and 12th Sts., every Saturday at 2:30 P. M.
S. Bricker, L. Box 626 Master
A. Ross, L. Box 626 Secretary
M. W. Jamison, L. Box 626 Financier
F. E. Wolfkill, L. Box 626 Mag. Agent
- 53. EMPORIA**; Emporia, Kan.
Meets in A. O. U. W. Hall, southeast Cor. of Commercial St. and 5th Ave., the 2nd and 4th Sundays of each month at 7 P. M.
C. Rich, L. Box 609 Master
C. Raymond, Box 957 Secretary
G. E. Brooks Financier
R. S. Mears Mag. Agent
- 54. ANCHOR**; Moberly, Mo.
Meets in Good Templar's Hall, on Reed St., second door west of Post Office, every Tuesday at 2 P. M.
F. Nebergall, Box 667 Master
G. Zang, Box 667 Secretary
J. W. Cass, Box 667 Financier
F. Emery Mag. Agent
- 55. BLUFF CITY**; Memphis, Tenn.
Meets in Fuchs' Hall, No. 16 Johnson Ave., the first and third Sundays of each month.
W. C. Nance, L. & N. R. R. Shops . Master
C. E. Ringwald, L. & N. Shops Secretary
J. Fuchs, No. 16 Johnson Ave. Financier
W. Buchanan, L. & N. Shops Mag. Agent
- 56. BANNER**; Stansberry, Mo.
Meets in Odd Fellow's Hall, Cor. 2d and Park Sts., every Sunday at 4 P. M.
Levi Smith, Box 76 Master
F. J. Collins Secretary
A. Coffenberger Financier
P. McDermott Mag. Agent
- 57. BOSTON**; Boston, Mass.
Meets in Engineer's Hall, 47 Hanover St., third floor, the first and third Sundays of each month at 10 A. M.
A. W. Spurr, Henderson House, Hammond St., Boston Highlands, Master
R. P. S. Jones, 58 Washington St., Charlestown District Secretary
J. C. Edwards, 21 Salem St., Charlestown District Financier
W. C. Green, No. 2 Smith St., Salem, Mass. Mag. Agent
- 58. SACRAMENTO**; Rocklin, Cal.
J. M. Keys Master
C. C. Brown Secretary
C. C. Brown Financier
F. Schnabel Mag. Agent
- 59. ROYAL GORGE**; South Pueblo, Col.
Meets in Engineer's Hall, Cor. of Union Ave. and C St., over South Pueblo National Bank, third floor, every Monday at 7:30 P. M.
E. B. Mayo, L. Box 45 Master
J. Hopkins, L. Box 572 Secretary
J. A. Hill, L. Box 45 Financier
E. B. Mayo, L. Box 45 Mag. Agent
- 60. UNITED**; Philadelphia, Pa.
J. R. Anderson, 2356 N. 3d St. Master
E. T. Green, 2013 N. 3d St. Secretary
J. Shepherd, 2510 Alder St. Financier
J. Shepherd, 2510 Alder St. Mag. Agent
- 61. MINNEHAHA**; St. Paul, Minn.
Meets in Druid's Hall, Cor. of 7th and Jackson Sts., the second and fourth Sundays of each month at 3 P. M.
C. Montgomery Master
J. J. Spellman, 573 Jefferson Ave. Secretary
J. H. Sawyer, Box 275 Financier
H. Oliver, 745 Palme Ave Mag. Agent
- 62. VANBERGEN**; Carbondale, Pa.
Meets in Atkin's Hall, Cor. Main and Wall Sts., the second and fourth Sundays of every month at 3 P. M.
W. Ellis Master
J. A. Bryden, Box 70 Secretary
O. E. Histed, Box 288 Financier
P. W. Johnson, Box 284 Mag. Agent
- 63. HERCULES**; Danville, Ills.
D. Morgan, Box 772 Master
J. C. Burroughs, Box 772 Secretary
G. Shuster, Box 772 Financier
D. Morgan, Box 772 Mag. Agent

- 64. SIOUX;** Sioux City, Iowa.
A. Canfield, L. Box 6 Master
J. M. Sheldre, Box 1181 Secretary
H. W. Butterfield, Box 751 Financier
E. A. Bennett Mag. Agent
- 65. FORT RIDGELY;** Sleepy Eye, Minn.
J. A. Ashworth, Box 84 Master
L. A. Bullard, Wascen, Minn. Secretary
W. W. Williams, Box 26 Financier
W. W. Williams, Box 26 Mag. Agent
- 66. CHALLENGE;** Belleville, Ont.
Meets in Marble Hall, Front St., the second and fourth Sundays of every month at 2:30 P. M.
E. L. Adamson, G. T. Ry Master
T. Daly, Jr., G. T. Ry Secretary
J. Logue, G. T. Ry Financier
E. Morris, G. T. Ry Mag. Agent
- 67. DOMINION;** Toronto, Canada.
Meets in Occidental Hall, Cor. of Queen and Bathurst Sts., the first and third Sundays of each month at 2:30 P. M.
J. Scott, 21 Tananley St. Master
W. J. Walker, 417½ Queen St. W. Secretary
J. Pratt Financier
S. Sinnott, cor. Wellington and Strachan Aves Mag. Agent
- 68. EAU CLAIRE;** Eau Claire, Wis.
Meets at A. O. U. W. Hall, 208½ Barstow St., the 2nd and 4th Sundays of each month at 2 P. M.
M. Cuddy, Box 877 Master
A. McKay, Box 1050 Secretary
H. Schulze Financier
R. White Mag. Agent
- 69. ISLAND CITY;** Brockville, Ont.
Meets in Merrill's Block, the second Sunday of every month at 2:30 P. M.
R. J. Turnbull, Box 154 Master
F. Barr, Box 294 Secretary
F. G. Lawrence, Box 225 Financier
F. G. Lawrence, Box 225 Mag. Agent
- 70. LONE STAR;** Longview, Texas.
C. Reitch, L. Box 364 Master
J. A. Greinum, L. Box 364 Secretary
J. A. Greinum, L. Box 364 Financier
J. A. Christman, L. Box 364 Mag. Agent
- 71. SUSQUEHANNA;** Oneonta, N. Y.
C. Houghton, Box 472 Master
A. Judd, Box 554 Secretary
W. Hand, Box 725 Financier
E. R. Barnes Mag. Agent
- 72. WELCOME;** Camden, N. J.
Meets at Lentsfelder Hall, northeast Cor. of 3d and Federal Sts., the first and third Sundays of each month at 2 P. M.
J. Gibbs, 414 Hamilton St. Master
J. Colton, 424 Mickle St. Secretary
J. Colton, 424 Mickle St. Financier
G. H. Parker, Glassboro, N. J. Mag. Agent
- 73. BAY STATE;** Worcester, Mass.
Meets in Room 9, Piper's Block, 419 Main St., the first Thursday at 7:30 P. M. and the second and fourth Sundays at 1 P. M. of each month.
D. R. Parker, 22 Houghton St. Master
C. L. Dodge, Piedmont Court Secretary
C. E. Bullard, 32 Plymouth St. Financier
G. P. Cooper, 113 Beacon St. Mag. Agent
- 74. KANSAS CITY;** Kansas City, Mo.
Meets at A. O. F. Hall, 1215 W. 9th St., every alternate Monday at 7:30 P. M.
J. Fleming, 1325 St. Louis Ave. Master
W. Piercey, 1323 13th St. Secretary
J. Mulvihill, 1325 St. Louis Ave. Financier
M. Harley, 1515 Genessee St. Mag. Agent
- 75. ENTERPRISE;** Philadelphia, Pa.
Meets in Grand Army Hall, northeast Cor. of 39th and Market Sts., the second and fourth Sundays of every month at 2 P. M.
E. H. Knowles, 375 Elm St. Master
G. B. Garrett, 128 N. 32d St. Secretary
F. Dupell, 422 N. 35th St. Financier
C. H. Maul, 658 N. 40th St. Mag. Agent
- 76. NEW ERA;** Fergus Falls, Minn.
Meets in 'Odd Fellows' Hall, the 1st and 3rd Sundays of each month at 7 P. M.
B. F. Parks, Box 147 Master
G. B. Dickinson Secretary
J. B. Gaston, Grand Forks, Dakota, Ter Financier
J. Lenahan, Box 252 Mag. Agent
- 77. ROCKY MOUNTAIN;** Denver, Col.
Meets at B. of L. E. Hall, Room 14, Crow & Clark Block, Halliday St., between 14th and 15th Sts.
A. H. Chapman, Box 1588 Master
A. Clark, Box 1588 Secretary
W. F. Hynes, Box 1588 Financier
W. F. Hynes, Box 1588 Mag. Agent
- 78. GOLDEN EAGLE;** Sedalia, Mo.
Meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, Cor. Ohio and 3d Sts., the first and third Saturdays of each month at 7:30 P. M.
H. A. Miller, Box 1100 Master
C. T. Kelk, Box 1100 Secretary
W. H. Clark, Box 1100 Financier
J. Costin, Mag. Agent
- 79. J. M. DODGE;** Roodhouse, Ills.
Meets at I. O. M. A. and B. of L. F. Hall, north side of Square, every Saturday at 7:30 P. M.
G. B. Giddings, L. Box 114 Master
H. Adams, L. Box 1174 Secretary
W. Donnelly, L. Box 1165 Financier
J. Stoffels Mag. Agent
- 80. SELF HELP;** Aurora, Ills.
Meets at Engineer's Hall, 8th and Broadway Sts., the second and fourth Sundays of each month at 3 P. M.
C. F. Earl, Box 478 Master
T. Byron, Box 375 Secretary
G. Goding, Box 252 Financier
T. Byron, Box 375 Mag. Agent
- 81. PINE CITY;** Brainerd, Minn.
H. A. Boarder, Box 624 Master
C. S. Larson, Box 301 Secretary
W. Wadham, Box 552 Financier
A. McDonald, Box 458 Mag. Agent
- 82. NORTHWESTERN;** Minneapolis, Minn.
Meets at Sweedish Bros.' Hall, No. 220 Nicolet Ave., the first Saturday at 7:30 P. M. and the third Sunday at 3 P. M. of each month.
F. L. Harvey, L. Box 187 Master
A. W. Dean, 310 19th St. N. Secretary
J. Newton, 510 14th Ave. S. Financier
Z. G. Hanscom, 1129 7th St. S. Mag. Agent
- 83. TRINITY;** Forth Worth, Tex.
Meets at Engineer's and Firemen's Hall, Quality Hill, upper end of South Main St., every Friday at 8 P. M.
J. Moynihan, L. Box 406 Master
T. Tuncy Secretary
J. O'Malley, L. Box 406 Financier
J. H. Smith Mag. Agent
- 84. CALHOUN;** Battle Creek, Mich.
Meets in Whitcomb Block, the second and fourth Sundays at 2 P. M. and the first Wednesday at 7:30 P. M. of each month.
H. A. Beardsley, Box 455 Master
J. Tighe, Box 1823 Secretary
G. Kelly, Box 1084 Financier
C. S. Shimmons, Box 1084 Mag. Agent

- 85. FARGO**; Fargo, Dakota.
G. A. Kingsley Master
S. P. Olson, Box 1141 Secretary
A. Bassett, Box 1796 Financier
C. A. Wagner Mag. Agent
- 86. BLACK HILLS**; Laramie City, Wyoming.
Meets at K. of P. Hall, Second St., every
Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.
P. Mathison Master
F. E. Roffee, Box 136 Secretary
J. F. Chopper, Box 230 Financier
J. Brebner, Box 219 Mag. Agent
- 87. SUMMIT**; Rawlins, Wyoming.
C. B. Hart Master
J. C. Crane Secretary
G. A. Moncton Financier
P. Johnson, Box 102 Mag. Agent
- 88. MORNING STAR**; Evanston, Wyoming.
Meets in Engineer's Hall, Front St., every
Thursday at 7:30 P. M.
C. E. Stuart Master
J. J. LeCain Secretary
E. W. Dennis, Box 124 Financier
P. Peterson Mag. Agent
- 89. SILVER STATE**; Carlin, Nev.
Meets at Engineer's Hall every Tuesday
at 4 P. M.
R. Trewick Master
O. W. Hollibaugh, Box 43 Secretary
O. C. Thompson, Box 42 Financier
C. H. Oliver Mag. Agent
- 90. SAN DIEGO**; National City, Cal.
J. A. McNeil Master
J. M. Dodge, Box 317 San Diego Secretary
A. A. Gamble Financier
A. Gamble Mag. Agent
- 91. GOLDEN GATE**; San Francisco, Cal.
G. Resing, 1724 Stevenson St. Master
T. W. Martin, 726 16th St. Secretary
J. C. McCreagh, S. P. R. R. Shops, Financier
A. J. Cunningham, S. P. R. R.
Shops Mag. Agent
- 92. INTER-STATE**; Texarkana, Tex.
T. D. Sharit Master
F. B. Smith Secretary
C. B. Hall Financier
T. Ryan Mag. Agent
- 93. GATE CITY**; Keokuk, Iowa.
Meets at Engineer's Hall, Cor. of 8th and
Main Sts., the second and fourth Sun-
days at 2 P. M. of each month.
Z. Moore, L. Box 7 Master
M. J. Donahue, Box 651 Secretary
J. H. Carter, Box 651 Financier
George Sick, Box 310 Mag. Agent
- 94. CACTUS**; Tucson, Arizona.
Meets at B. of L. F. Hall, Rear of Porter's
Hotel, 1st and 3rd Mondays of each
month at 7 P. M.
F. D. Simpson, Box 218 Master
M. H. Adams, Box 218 Secretary
F. P. Sargent, Box 218 Financier
F. M. Wiley, Box 218 Mag. Agent
- 95. CHICAGO**; Chicago, Ill.
Meets at Engineer's Hall, 241 Milwaukee
Ave., Cor. of Green St., the first Tuesday
and the third Friday of each month at
7:30 P. M.; and the last Sunday of each
month at 2:30 P. M.
J. Leahy, 74 N. Sangamon St. Master
R. S. Fullinwider, 341 Walnut
St. Secretary
C. A. Miller, 643 N. Robey St. Financier
E. W. Wallbaum, 188 Milton
Ave. Mag. Agent
- 96. ALEXIA**; Wellsville, Ohio.
C. S. Given Master
W. P. Scheets Secretary
S. J. Clark Financier
W. P. Scheets Mag. Agent
- 97. ORANGE GROVE**; Los Angeles, Cal.
Meets at Firemen's Hall, over S. P. R. R.
offices, San Fernando St., the 1st, 10th
and 20th of each month at 7 P. M.
C. Elton, Box 72 Master
F. R. Shaffer, Box 72 Secretary
H. E. Moore, Box 72 Financier
F. J. Harner, Box 72 Mag. Agent
- 98. PERSEVERANCE**; Terrace, Utah.
Meets at Engineer's Hall, Cor. of 3d and
Cedar Sts., every Tuesday.
E. A. Peck Master
R. W. Shields Secretary
G. W. Jacobs Financier
G. W. Jacobs Mag. Agent
- 99. ROCHESTER**; Rochester, N. Y.
Meets on first floor, between State and
Mill Sts., on Market St., the second and
fourth Wednesdays of each month at
7:30 P. M.
A. H. Sharp, 60 Tappan St. Master
J. R. Sproat, 162 North Ave. Secretary
C. W. Beach, 23 Foehner St. Financier
R. Callon, 67 Hudson St. Mag. Agent
- 100. ADAIR**; Bowling Green, Ky.
Meets at Depot, on Adams St., opposite
Ritter House, every Monday at 7 P. M.
C. O. Dixon Master
M. J. Collins Secretary
J. Martin Financier
G. Wilkes Mag. Agent
- 101. ADVANCE**; Creston, Iowa.
Meets at Engineer's Hall, on Union St.,
every Monday at 7:30 P. M.
J. V. Cherrington, Box 812 Master
A. E. Finley, L. Box 229 Secretary
J. C. Quarterman, Box 54 Financier
C. Kendall, Box 439 Mag. Agent
- 102. CONFIDENCE**; East Des Moines, Iowa.
Meets at Good Templars' Hall, Cor. 5th and
Locust Sts., the 2nd and 4th Sundays
of each month at 2 P. M.
J. Anderson Master
I. K. Carter Secretary
J. Musgrove Financier
J. Clarey Mag. Agent
- 103. FALLS CITY**; Louisville, Ky.
Meets at Whedekind Hall, on Market St.,
between 6th and 7th Sts., every Wednes-
day at 2 P. M.
T. Pidgeon, 1518 12th St. Master
T. McGuire, 946 Dumesneil St. Secretary
H. Prout, Broadway Hotel Financier
T. Newton, 1518 12th St. Mag. Agent
- 104. J. W. RICHARDSON**; Louisville, Ky.
J. A. Hoke, Bender's Drug Store, Master
C. F. Hahn, Bender's Drug Store, Secretary
C. F. Hahn, Bender's Drug Store, Financier
G. Buxe, 1128 Washington St. Mag. Agent
- 105. PROGRESS**; Galesburg, Ills.
T. E. Green, Box 1278 Master
H. W. Walbaum, Box 1137 Secretary
J. C. Herron, Box 1185 Financier
T. E. Green, Box 1278 Mag. Agent
- 106. KEY CITY**; Dubuque, Iowa.
Meets at Good Templars' Hall, 640 Main
St., the second and fourth Sundays
of each month at 7:15 P. M.
W. McDonald, Box 1873 Master
E. Adams, 137 High St. Secretary
T. Welch, 18th St., between
Washington and Elm Sts. Financier
E. Adams, 137 High St. Mag. Agent
- 107. ECLIPSE**; Gallion, Ohio.
Meets at Rister's Hall, 29 Main St., every
Thursday at 7:30 P. M.
C. H. Ness Master
J. A. Farnsworth, Box 263 Secretary
A. N. Jenkinson, Box 196 Financier
W. Shull Mag. Agent

- 108. PIONEER:** Chama, New Mex.
 M. E. Duxstad, Master
 K. B. Rhein, Secretary
 J. Law, L. Box 8, Financier
 H. S. Smith, Mag. Agent
- 109. PEACE:** St. Louis, Mo.
 Meets every alternate Sunday, at Summit Hall, Cor. Ewing Ave. and Market Sts.
 G. W. Bouchard, 1314 Pratt Ave., . . Master
 W. J. Pourcelle, 2718 Gamble Ave. Secretary
 Louis Fisher, 2811 Adams St. Financier
 W. A. Isbell, 320 Montrose Ave, Mag. Agent
- 110. OLD GUARD:** Bucyrus, Ohio.
 Meets at Engineer's Hall, Cor. of Sandusky Ave. and Mansfield St., the second and fourth Sundays of each month at 2 P. M.
 W. T. Craig, Master
 W. C. Bruce, Secretary
 J. R. Gordon, L. Box 235 Financier
 G. D. McLaughlin Mag. Agent
- 111. BEACON:** Mattoon, Ills.
 Meets at Engineer's Hall, West Broadway St., the first and third Tuesdays of each month at 7:30 P. M.
 J. F. Gleason, Box 498, Master
 F. S. Strickland, Box 833 Secretary
 H. H. Kirchgraber, L. Box 142, Financier
 L. Welsh, Box 295 Mag. Agent
- 112. EVENING STAR:** Mt. Vernon, Ills.
 Meets at Masonic Hall, Stratton's Block, the second and fourth Sundays of each month at 3 P. M.
 W. C. Vawter Master
 C. Joyce Secretary
 J. Murphy Financier
 A. J. Randall, L. Box 126 Mag. Agent
- 113. CLARK-KIMBALL:** Eagle Rock, Idaho.
 Meets every Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.
 Wm. Hull, Master
 Will R. Dean, Box 365, Butte, Wyoming, Territory Secretary
 Will R. Dean, Box 365, Butte, Wyoming, Territory Financier
 E. B. Nye Mag. Agent
- 114. MAGIC CITY:** Cheyenne, Wyoming.
 Meets in Hall over Post Office every Wednesday at 7 P. M.
 A. Heenan, Box 229 Master
 C. Madison, Box 625 Secretary
 F. W. Dudley, Box 625 Financier
 W. McGuire Mag. Agent
- 115. GULF CITY:** Galveston, Texas.
 Meets in Temple of Honor Hall, Cor. of Centre and Market Sts., the 1st and 3rd Wednesdays of each month.
 J. M. Donough, 110 Ave. H west . . Master
 J. H. Steinhoff, Ave. N, between 19th and 20th Sts. Secretary
 J. L. Prairie, Cor 27th St. and Ave. H. Financier
 J. H. Steinhoff, Ave. N, between 19th and 20th Sts. Mag Agent
- 116. ST. CLAIR:** Fort Gratiot, Mich.
 Meets in Odd Fellow's Hall, on Huron Ave., (Edison's Block), the first, third and fourth Sundays of every month at 2:30 P. M.
 R. E. Allen, Box 57 Master
 G. W. Rae, Box 31 Secretary
 J. J. Rae, Box 31 Financier
 J. N. Timens Mag. Agent
- 117. BEAVER:** London, Ont.
 Meets in Engineer's Hall, on Waterstreet, the second Tuesday and fourth Friday of every month at 7:30 P. M.
 R. Gowanlock, 364 South St. . . . Master
 S. S. Fletcher, 221 Matland St. . . . Secretary
 J. W. Cox, 76 Hamilton Road Financier
 W. Temple, 109 Calborne St. Mag. Agent
- 118. STAR OF THE EAST:** Richmond, Quebec.
 Meets in Odd Fellow's Hall, near Locomotive Shops, the first two Wednesdays of every month at 8 P. M. and the last two Saturdays of every month at 3 P. M.
 R. A. Leonard, Richmond Sta. P.O., Master
 J. Damant, Richmond Sta. P.O., Secretary
 G. Scott, Richmond Sta. P. O. Financier
 T. A. Bonner, Richmond Sta. P. O. Mag. Agent
- 119. COLONIAL:** River du Loup, Quebec.
 Meets in the English School House, every Wednesday at 8 P. M.
 R. Findley Master
 F. Gosselin Secretary
 H. D. Brown Financier
 C. Walker Mag. Agent
- 120. FORTUNE:** Syracuse, N. Y.
 Meets in I. O. of G. T. Hall, 197 Seymour St., every Tuesday evening at 7:30.
 S. T. Vrooman, Care J. Doyle, 197 Seymour St. Master
 F. H. Livingston, 157 Madison St. Secretary
 G. J. Walters, 146 Butternut St. Financier
 C. S. Vrooman, Care J. Doyle, 197 Seymour St. Mag. Agent
- 121. FELLOWSHIP:** Corning, N. Y.
 Meets in Grove's Block, East Market St., the first and third Sundays of each month at 4 P. M.
 O. L. Baker, Box 867 Master
 H. Krebs, Box 310 Secretary
 G. R. Quick Financier
 J. Krebs, Box 310 Mag. Agent
- 122. H. B. STONE:** Beardstown, Ill.
 Meets at B. of L. E. Hall, Cor. Main and State Sts., every Tuesday evening at 7:30 o'clock.
 G. Hertline Master
 S. A. Mayall Secretary
 C. C. Catlin, Box 198 Financier
 W. Elwood, Box 215 Mag. Agent
- 123. OVERLAND:** Omaha, Neb.
 J. Casey, 608 13th St. Master
 F. Crawford, U. P. Round House. Secretary
 T. F. Barry, 1112 Chicago St. Financier
 G. T. Anderson, U. P. Round House Mag. Agent
- 124. PILOT:** Perry, Iowa.
 H. A. Draper Master
 M. Maloy Secretary
 E. G. Fox Financier
 M. Maloy Mag. Agent
- 125. GUIDE:** Marshalltown, Iowa.
 Meets at Whitten's Hall, on the 2d and 4th Sundays of each month at 2:30 P. M.
 S. C. Cook, Box 1,307 Master
 W. W. Hill, Box 115 Secretary
 G. S. Tubs, Financier
 F. W. Snider, Mag. Agent
- 126. COMET:** Austin, Minn.
 Meets at Engineer's Hall, Cor. Main and Mill Sts every Sunday at 2 P. M.
 A. Pullar Master
 F. McWhorton Secretary
 P. Chambers Financier
 C. Gillette Mag. Agent
- 127. NORTHERN LIGHT:** Winnipeg, Manitoba.
 Meets at Odd Fellows Hall, every Sunday at 2 P. M.
 H. Cochrane Master
 R. Curran Secretary
 H. Bell Financier
 H. Lynes Mag. Agent
- 128. LANDMARK:** Glendive, Montana.
 W. T. Field Master
 J. H. Casey Secretary
 W. T. Field Financier
 F. Mersereau Mag. Agent